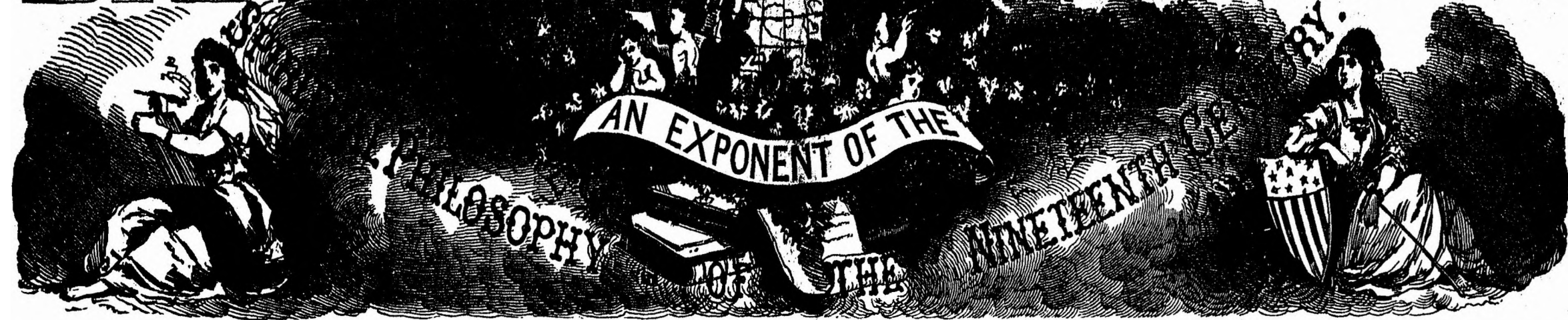


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NO. 19.

THE PERSIAN POET—OMAR KHAYYAM.

This poet, like a city buried long,
By English poet was in searching found,
And made at once his own sweet singing ground,
The melted melody of golden song:
Now to this shrine Fame brings a pilgrim throng,
Who wander curious with delight around,
And see what gems of poetry abound,
They pick them up and do the dead no wrong!
I turn such thoughts anew in rippling rhyme,
Because their music haunts admiring mind;
I list this minstrel in the summer time,
And know that paradise is not behind,—
'Tis here and now within the sheltered bower,
Where poet sings like nightingale to flower!

The golden flocks that wander in the night,
Led by the moon, their shepherd clothed in white,
In darkness startled by the feet of dawn,
Have scattered in the distance with affright!

Shall we, too, fear the brightness of the day,
Which opens wide life's tavern door? or say—
This is relief and bliss indeed to know
That duty lies in this delightful way?

For this the morning wakes us from our sleep,
And calls the soul from cells of dungeon deep,
Held fast by silent sentinels of night,
And gives us choice of act to smile or weep,

Here is the day arrayed in sunshine bright;
Here is the golden orb of welcome light,
Why should we frown or fear or fret to-day?
In sooth it seems to be against the right!

No false pretence of grief can call for grief,
No blind adherence to outworn belief;
We've learned all growth of good is based in joy,
And life below has days of beauty brief!

Like caravans that cross the desert sand,
We move across the earth a wasting band,
And camp to rise no more beneath the stars,
Tho' spirit flies to some diviner land!

Nay, what so sweet as this our mother earth,
The home of friendship, love and laughing mirth,
Where we are known and know and wish to stay,
Nor long at all for any higher worth!

We are content with pleasure as it flies,
For sweet bewitchment is within her eyes,
And taste of good in smiling joy is found,
And always some revelation of surprise!

Then take whatever Nature wisely sent;
Since in your life—for you 't were surely meant,
And now 's the hour to have it as your own,
To relish all its comfort and content.

Make Beauty yours, and have companion Bliss;
If you enjoy your life, then naught 's amiss,
You riches hold in friendship of the heart,
And saints and angels have no more than this!

Is it not well to love with eager youth?
Is it not well to ply own and ruth—
And dress the mind with silk and gold of praise,
And be engirt with garments white of truth?

This is the love I read in heart of rose;
This truth its dear delicious beauty shows,
It drew it from the shining summer sun,
In satisfied assurance and repose!

So we may trust the all-encircling plan;
Love never would the world of pleasure ban,
And falsely tempt us to a pit of ill;
Then wherefore turn aside from good, O man?

When days are done and I in silence lie,
While all the stars and summer months go by,
And wake not with the crow of cock at morn,
I then shall know indeed what 't is to die!

But while I'm here, Joy's knowledge would I gain,
And so my manhood's might in love maintain,
And pass like bird or flower the pleasing time,
Or in sweet use like fruit or growing grain!

So will I live that when at last I'm dead,
This shall in words of music be well said;
He lived in friendship with the red, red rose,
And, like it, petals pure in summer shed.

O'er my still dust may bending roses bloom,
And nightingales sing out to banish gloom,
And may my ashes tree of beauty feed,
And fragrant flowers keep watch on empty tomb!

If there's another world akin to this,
I'll there repeat the story of pure bliss,
And pass the hours with song and happy heart,
Still loving wine and lips that love to kiss!

Fairhaven, Mass. WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The Brotherhood Period.

It is supposed that the brotherhood period is now. The trouble is it is not sensed. Time is eternally on now.

Human beings, everywhere, are nearer akin, more alike than is generally imagined. The actual is now and ever in embryo. Every future is in embryo. Men do not sense the fact, consciousness has not deepened to it.

All of the "beyond" is now, and it will come to individuals as individuals are capacitated to sense it. The difference between the eternal now and the eternal future, is in the capacities of men. The eternal now is within the five senses; the eternal future, is beyond the five senses. There is grosser material sense, there is finer material sense—the physical body shall low sense, the spirit body deeper sense.

Human beings do not now generally sense the brotherhood period. They stand as clouds to it. Their inner selves are not open to it. There is grandeur, but sight is not extended to it. They sense and have consciousness only of that within the shallow five senses. Hence, life's ills and irregularities. All the ills and irregularities of life are in limited sense, shallow consciousness, incomplete man and woman. In the completer man and woman is the all of grandeur, the all of glory, the all of the brotherhood period. Real ignorance is death and misery; real knowledge is life and joy. Real ignorance has no ear to the voice within; real knowledge hears and observes its every whisper.—*The Enterprise.*

The nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet and ceaseless energy.

The Gospel of Violence.

BY PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

An esteemed correspondent asks: "What is this new age, on the threshold of which the world stands, and what do you see as the mission of the twentieth century? Truly, to us, it seems the age of spirit and mind."

Judging from the signs of the times, I fear, dear friend, that our hopes cannot be realized until after the fratricidal strife which is rapidly involving many nations and races, and which only the teachings of Spiritualism could have prevented and may bring to an end.

Jesus taught a gospel of peace and love: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God," completes the commandment: "Love ye one another." The so-called "Christian" nations preach and live up to a gospel of violence.

The ancient Persians venerated a Supreme Intelligence, self-subsisting, principle of all; but, in order to account for the good and evil in nature and in man, they admitted two secondary principles—Ormuzd, the god of light, author of all good, and Ahriman, god of darkness, source of all evil, of all suffering. These two principles were always at war with each other—Ahriman being bent on defeating every plan conceived by Ormuzd for the happiness of man, who, torn between these contrary forces, suffered in consequence.

The Christians, with less consistency, will admit of but one, omnipotent God, but give him an adversary, a rebelled angel almost as powerful as he, since Satan and his myrmidons' sole occupation is to lead man astray, tempting even the just to defy God and trample upon his laws—a sad reflection on the All-Father's justice and love, but Satan is a valuable invention, and the gospel of terror has made the church powerful.

So many things are called good that Jesus condemned, and so many he commended are ignored by modern Christian society, that his doctrine, as interpreted now, confuses the simple minds who humbly search the Scriptures. We, Spiritualists particularly, are looked upon as sold to the devil, because we try to sift the pure grain from the chaff, and make it the spiritual food it was intended for.

The spirits teach us nothing that Jesus would disavow—any more than would any of the other great reformers the spirit-world has sent to different nations at different times. All religions have a common basis and common aspirations; their priests have hidden the spiritual beneath material symbols until the reason of the people foundered in the maelstrom of superstition.

Spiritualism is a religion of love, therefore a religion of peace; it cannot endorse the gospel of violence.

When nations go to war, even on the laudable(?) pretext of carrying the blessings of the Christian religion—and of profitable commerce—to benighted peoples, are they following the precepts of its alleged founder? Is it not, rather, that though they take their name from the New Testament, they conform their actions to the doctrine of the Old? The vengeful Jehovah, ordering the slaughter of thousands on the flimsiest pretext, is the "God of Battles" they should invoke, not the Prince of Peace.

The student finds here a problem of evolution and counter-evolution very hard to explain. The ferocious Jew of the Old Testament is become a gentle, peaceful citizen; the beneficiaries of the New Dispensation are truculent warriors, bent on shedding blood. The race of Samsons has disappeared; no great man signals his prowess nowadays by killing ten thousand Filipinos—or Philistines—with the jawbone of an ass; but the world has progressed, the most perfect instruments of destruction are at the command of the would-be Samsons; they, too, may kill their ten thousands, and our "dear boys" write exultingly home to the mother who on her bended knees is beseeching "Our Lord Jesus Christ to guard her darlings": We have killed so many Filipinos, or Boers, as the case may be.

The scriptural ass has not lost his jawbone; he makes good use of it and brays—mostly from the pulpit: "Kill! kill! That is the way to spread Christian civilization!" This is no exaggeration; the majority of preachers favor expansion by force of arms. It was but the other day, a Bishop, (I have lost the clipping, and I forget his name and sect), was reported to have declared that the military power of the United States should be immediately put in motion to invade China, avenge the murdered missionaries and carry the blessings of the Christian religion to that people of barbarians. This is the spirit of Torquemada, revived and modified to suit modern ideas of right. The rack and funeral pyre are no longer possible, but to coerce, by force of arms, other people to think as we do, is an act very pleasing to the deified Teacher who went among the publicans telling of the God who is love.

It is certainly a great pity missionaries and their followers should be massacred by a heathen Chinese rabble; but, with no thought of justifying the latter or even of going into the merits of the case, I cannot help remarking that these god-fearing men must have known that they carry their lives in their hands when they go to preach the gospel in foreign parts. The Apostles, the Disciples, the early Christians joyfully confessed their faith when the confession meant death. They had no avenging army at their back. They sought the crown of martyrdom and were glorified. Had not the Master died on the cross, who could have summoned ten thousand angels to his aid?

China has a civilization many centuries

older than that of Europe. She possesses historical records which extend to over ten thousand years. She was a powerful empire when the Israelites were a wandering tribe; she had sages, wise laws, a stable government, when the names "England," "France," "Germany" had not been invented and the peoples of those countries were little better than savages, when Rome was but a nest of robbers. Her religious system was of the simplest: Recognition of a supreme, creative Power, and the "cult of the ancestors," a family worship which is nothing more or less than Spiritualism—communion with the spirits of the dead, of the loved ones, invisible protectors and guardians of the family.

The Jesuits obtained from the emperor, Kam-Hi, permission to found settlements in the various provinces and teach the gospel of Him crucified. This was in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Kam-Hi died in 1722, and was succeeded by his son Tung-Tchin, a wise and just ruler, much beloved by his subjects. The proselytizing zeal of the Jesuits led them too far; complaints came from various parts of the empire. Tung-Tchin sent for three of the Fathers highest in authority, and addressed them in the following mild terms, as related by the Jesuit Parenin: "Your Europeans in the province of Fo Kien wished to destroy our laws and were disturbing our people; the courts have referred them to me and I have had to provide against the continuance of these disorders; the interest of the empire demanded it."

"What would you say if I sent a host of Lamas and Bonzes to your country to preach their law? . . . How would you receive them?"

"If you deceived my father, you must not hope you can succeed in deceiving me. You want the Chinese to become Christians, you are obeying your law, I know; but what would become of us then? the subjects of your kings! . . . My Christian subjects believe only you; in times of trouble they would listen to no other voice but yours. I am well aware nothing of the sort need be feared at present, but when your vessels come by the thousand and tens of thousand, then there might occur momentous disorders."

Tung-Tchin proceeded to show how, the Empire being surrounded by dangerous neighbors, it would be folly to allow an internal element of danger to spread unchecked. He finally announced this decision: "I give you permission to reside here [at Peking] and also at Canton, so long as you will give no new cause of complaint. If you do give any I will not let you stay here nor at Canton."

This mild reprimand and gentle warning were not heeded; fresh complaints were made to the Emperor, who finally ordered all the Jesuits in the Empire to be sent to Macao, a Dutch settlement, though having a Chinese garrison. No violence was used; the exodus took place in the most orderly manner, under the kind and courteous supervision of the authorities. But the "folly of the cross" cannot be controlled; many Jesuits, well versed in the Chinese and Tartar languages (Parenin himself among them), stayed hidden or returned in disguise, taking up their abode in the distant provinces and even at Canton. They kept quiet and were not disturbed until after Tung-Tchin's death. His son and successor to the throne, Kung-Lung, finally gave satisfaction to his people by expelling the disguised Jesuits. They were conducted under guard to Macao, and a solemn edict was issued forbidding any of their cloth to return to China.

Times have changed, in China and elsewhere, and the present Empress is not a Tung Tchin or a Kung-Lung in diplomatic gentleness, but the question remains the same and Tung Tchin's argument is as good as ever. "Let us alone!" say the Chinese; "we will send you to heaven, to our heaven, in our own way, whether you will or not!" say the missionaries. Meanwhile in our wealthy cities, hundreds of little street arabs are growing in vice and squalor, for whom a good dinner would be a dream of heaven.

But I must heed China's request and "let her alone"; she has almost made me lose sight of the main subject I had in mind, when I began this article. Never in our land, has human life been held so cheap. The criminal law has lost its terrors, the sacred laws of nature no longer speak to the conscience of the evildoer; parricides, fratricides, infanticides and suicides supply a daily quota of sensations to our journals; wives are murdered by the husbands who swore to support and protect them; husbands are slain by the soft hands which, anon, soothed their aching brows with their caressing touch. Family tragedies, as unexplainable as they are horrible, occur with increasing frequency we hear of men murdering wives and children and cutting their own throats, leaving the neighbors aghast at such unaccountable destruction. Even little children, sweet little tots scarcely able to lip a prayer, try to kill.

That there are at times epidemics of crime is an undisputed fact. Crime is a disease; like any disease it may become epidemic; but it is of the mind, and the learned faculty cannot dissect the mind to search for mental microbes, and if they knew of such, they would be at a loss where to seek for the mental serum that would kill the microbes, or by which we could all be made immune against criminal temptations. Spiritualism might give them a key to this baffling mystery. When we dwell complacently on the good offices of our spirit-friends, how they help, advise and inspire us, we should not forget that in this spirit zone immediately round us there is as much evil as there is good; nay, more evil than good, for the progressive spirits whom we meet there traverse it on some loving mission rather than tarry

in its heavy atmosphere longer than necessary. Who would gainsay this have only to look around them and remember that death liberating an incarnate spirit does not cleanse them, *ipso facto*, of their evil propensities.

Obsession, possession, are as positive facts as inspiration; they may be for good or for bad, and when we read that Jesus cast out devils, we may accept the fact, though we do not believe in devils, fallen angels warring with their creator for the possession of man's soul. Jesus, the immaculate medium, had power, by reason of his perfect purity, to command the spirits of wicked men to cease tormenting their victims. We may not command obsessing spirits to depart, but, if worthy—by our sincere efforts to live rightly, and unselfish desire to help others—of the assistance of pure spirit guides, we may succeed in relieving the victim of obsession, and persuading the obsessor to enter the path of progression.

Then again, an accepted spirit teaching is that thought is substance; that not only it is interchangeable at long distances by the conscious action of sender and receiver, but that the receiver may be unconscious of its coming, and, also, that set adrift, without any determined destination, on the vibratory wave evolved from our aural, it is bound to reach some one, somewhere, find lodgment in some brain. Thought is transmissible from the incarnate spirit to the incarnate, as shown by mediumship; thought is substance, and substance must be innocuous, deleterious or wholesome; it cannot be without effect.

Spiritualism is opposed to capital punishment; we have often heard described the sufferings and consequent vindictiveness of the victims of legal murder. How much more we should be opposed to war, when we think of the thousands slain with rage in their hearts and a curse on their lips! Can the spirits of those victims of insensate hatred look down with love and charity on the advocates and executors of war?

From every battlefield rise a tumultuous host of forms, pallid but for the lurid glare of their aura burning with anger. They separate, they fly aimlessly, razing the ground, poisoning the atmosphere with the effluvia of exasperated evil passions. They may settle finally somewhere, seek shelter in some following's aura, communicating to his spirit the disease which tortures theirs; but wherever they have passed, and distance nor ocean present an obstacle to spirit or thought, they have left their trail on which men breathe the desire to kill. Already, in our land, the spirit of militarism is rampant, bidding fair to destroy the liberties so dearly bought by our forefathers.

The Revolutionary war was a justifiable conflict, inspired by no spirit of greed, no hypocritical pretence. Resisting wrong, fighting for freedom is an inalienable right; patriots go into the battle with hearts full of love—the sacred love of country, and if they fall that love uplifts their spirit, fills their soul so there is no room for angry passions. If victorious, their thoughts turn at once to peace, the safeguard of their country's future happiness. Washington resigning his military office after securing the freedom of his country, is the noblest, grandest figure recorded in the history of the human race. He was assisted by celestial intelligences; in him dwelt a lofty spirit, sent on a mission few have read correctly. He did not come as one of the seers or teachers of the ages; he did not found a religion, he founded a nation. He laid the foundations of those institutions under which a people would be nurtured and grow in the free exercise of rights that tend to the unfoldment of the soul. The spirit world watched over the development of the young nation, the fertile soil which, in due time, was to receive the seeds of Spiritual Truth—seeds which promised a bountiful harvest from which the spiritually starving world might be fed.

It is of this grand destiny of our country we should be proud and endeavor to guard against evil contingencies, not of her material greatness and prosperity. We are an instrument in the hands of the angelic powers to turn the search-light of Truth upon the superstition-bound peoples, as our example in the past has kindled new hopes in their breasts and obtained for them more liberal institutions. We are not the "chosen people of God with a mission to civilize or christianize" unwilling peoples by force of arms.

This opening century will make or mar our destiny; it will seal the fate of nations for ages to come. From the blood-stained fields of the Philippines and of South Africa, thousands of Ahrimans shrieking, "Kill! kill!" From distant China the cry is echoed, and the awful appeal clashes with a sinister wail from mysterious India—the dying breath of starved millions of beings. The mournful dirge rises, floats over mountain and valley, over sea and ocean, drowning the roar of battle, sending a cold shudder to every human heart that throbs with altruistic fervor.

And, amidst it all, hear the sweet, sad voice of the Ormuzds of the spiritual world: "Stay," it says, "stay brothers; stop this dreadful butchery; you retard the progress of your race, you defeat our efforts to teach it happiness, you swell the ranks of its enemies! Stay, let charity bind your wounds and love cleanse your hearts of the poison of hate. Love is the panacea, love is the physician and priest who will cure poor humanity of every ill. Listen to the voice of love!"

Are we, Spiritualists, helping the Ormuzds with thought, speech and action? Are we huzzabing for the Ahrimans, or, rapt in self-contemplation, do we remain indifferent to the possible mission of the twentieth century?

In the Light of God.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

"On one occasion when I was in prayer, I had a vision in which I saw how all things are seen in God. I cannot explain what I saw, but it remains deeply imprinted on my soul. . . . I believe that had the Lord been pleased to send me that great revelation of himself earlier in life it would have kept me back from much sin. The vision was so delicate, so subtle, so spiritual."—SANTA THERESA.

In these words from Santa Theresa there is touched a vital truth. If man could see "how all things are seen in God," the entire conduct of life would be revolutionized. As Santa Theresa says: . . . "Had the Lord been pleased to send me that great revelation of himself earlier in life it would have kept me back from much sin."

All humanity would be restrained from a great proportion of the sin and evil now in the world if only the true nature of life were known; the real nature of man and the real nature of his relation to the divine universe and to God. So far in the history of life on this planet all study and research and progress has been somewhat largely based on the physical nature of life. Religion has, of course, recognized that man is a spirit, and has an immortal destiny; the great religious teachers of all ages have appealed to this truth to arouse and stimulate and nurture the higher qualities; but still, even at the best, all this appeal has too largely regarded the spiritual nature as potential rather than immediate; the tacit concession, to a great degree, at least, has been that man, at the present, is an inhabitant of a physical world, and that his physical nature must have its due consideration. One world at a time has been a watchword with some. A deeper philosophy strikes at the very root of this conception.

Man is primarily and fundamentally, as well as potentially, a spirit here and now, and an inhabitant of the spiritual universe.

This is the only true basis on which to build up our conceptions of conduct and of destiny. The province of the mind is to control the body and the senses, and to grasp forces on a higher plane than that of the physical. The term plane is rather a misnomer. There are no fixed planes of life with one set of ideas and possibilities exclusively belonging to it, and another plane furnished in some other equally definite way. There are, instead, degrees and conditions. That which we call matter is really spirit, only in its cruder form. As thought and purpose and aspiration enter into it, so does it become refined and spiritualized. Here is the keynote of the whole scale of existence, and therefore no one need live on the physical plane or in the physical universe to any greater extent than just the limit of his own degree in the achievement of spirituality. So much of spirituality as he has achieved, so much does he live in the spiritual rather than in the physical universe. Annie Besant has well said:

"We call this life. It is not life at all. We call it life; it is simply the limited, imprisoned, dull, dwarfed existence which the soul takes to itself for a short time of its experience, in order to gain certain physical knowledge which otherwise it would be unable to acquire for lack of suitable instruments. But as you become men of meditation, that higher life becomes a sort of dream, recognized as an illusion, as duties that have to be discharged, obligations that have to be paid, where much has to be done; but the world, it is a world of prison, not the world of life; and then we realize that we ourselves are that living, active, powerful, perceiving intelligence to whom the worlds lie open, and Heaven is the native land, the natural and rightful dwelling-place. . . . It is not necessary to loose the powers of the lower mind while you are busy evolving the higher. The fact is, you have them much more at your command, and just because you do not wear them out by worry and anxiety, they are much more available when you want to use them; indeed, common-sense is very marked. Reason, logic, intelligence, caution, prudence, all these qualities come out strongly and brilliantly. The man becomes greater and not less on the mental plane, because he works in a region beyond and above the intellect. He is given his life. He is not robbed of the lower life. He has lost it, and in losing he finds it. Resigning the lower, he finds the higher flowing into him fully, and the lower is more brilliant than it ever was before. He asks for nothing; everything comes to him. He seeks for nothing; all things flow to him unasked. He makes no demands; nature pours out on him her treasures."

The moment one asserts his spiritual freedom and his spiritual power he changes the forces of his life. For this is the development of the powers of the psychic body, which has its sight, its hearing, its far-reaching and infinitely penetrating perceptions; and all these powers, so infinitely more potent than the powers of the physical senses, can be called into being now and here; can be drawn upon for daily use, can be utilized in every way for the achievement of higher life.

If the majority of the inhabitants of the world were blind and deaf, and only an occasional person could see and hear, the general verdict, the prevailing opinion, would be that the assertion on the part of the exceptional person that he could see and hear was, at the best, very questionable; that the probability was that he was either intentionally or unintentionally deceiving himself and others; that if his claims were true, it argued a very abnormal and undesirable state; but that in all

Continued on Fifth Page.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE FUTURE.

If we were leaving life's delightful shore,
And faring far, not knowing where we tend,
But only that the present had an end,
Would we desire that life should be more?
Would we be glad that time at last was o'er,
And fond farewell to all its fortune send?
And then to leave in any care like this,
I will believe in beauty yet to be;
I will have hope to share a larger bliss,
And better world of new delight to see:
I go to prove it all addition sweet—
To what the days did here in friendship meet!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

THE SUNSET OF LIFE.

As when the sun has sought the west,
All joy of color is expressed,
And every beauty of the day
Springs to our sight in rich array,
While twilight round the picture steals,
And sense of silent peace reveals;
So when a friend ascends on high,
Like splendor fills the bounding sky;
The very doors of heaven swing wide,
And all below is beautified;
A vision comes before our sight,
To lead us to the land of light;
And so it melts into the blue,
A sign and seal of life that's true;
And true it is with friendship fair,
And guiding love and constant care!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Samuel Thomson, Pioneer and Hero.

BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

The idea of heroism is generally associated with the battle field, the clash of arms, the roar of artillery, the roll of musketry, the piercing life, and the hoarse rattle of the drum. But there have been those who were valiant heroes who never smelled gunpowder nor traversed the field of blood, death and agony. Such an one was Samuel Thomson. He challenged the ancient popular school of medicine, diving deep the glow of reform, cutting a wide furrow, upturning many errors, and laying bare a multitude of medical falsities. It was a tough, obstinate job, full of huge bowlders, amid thick growths of weeds, through briars and prickly thorns. Seemingly it was unpromising labor to attempt to break up such a field and reduce it to comeliness.

He at once encountered a class interest, an affiliated band of professionals, arrogant and assuming, ready to act as a unit, also a community wedded to conservatism, not believing any good could come out of a humble, commonplace Nazareth, the people in the main taking it for granted that the M. D.s were know-alls, holding the keys of life and death. It was assumed they were learned because titled, holding a diploma, a sheepskin parchment as a testimonial, couched in a dead language, therefore authoritative, and permissive to bleed, purge and blister *ad libitum*. Only cheap tinsel—in many cases a lie in all deception. This diploma business is well illustrated in the case of a well-to-do farmer in Connecticut, who sent his son John to Yale College many years ago, where he graduated, receiving the sheepskin. Coming home he made a poor show—as was near a cipher as he well could be. One day the father conversing with two or three of his neighbors, the college-varnished boy came along, when the old gentleman said: "I can't understand it; Johnny has been through college, and here he is with all sorts of sense but common sense." Unfortunately, there are many more Johnnies, even down to today. A mule never can be graduated into a clean-limbed Arabian courser.

Samuel Thomson was born in Alstead, New Hampshire, Feb. 9, 1789, born at an inauspicious time, for a reformer in those days had before him a Gethsemane and a calvary, persecution and crucifixion, or their equivalents. He was born to poverty, privation and hard labor, a trinity that made him a pioneer and a hero in due time. At an early age, as early as his fourth year, he was kept busy during the "live long" day; with increase of years his tasks were multiplied, taxing his bodily powers to the utmost. His father was in debt for the farm which must be paid for from its products; so there must be long continuous "bone labor."

The country was sparsely settled, barring a school, so young Thomson worked on, learning as much as possible in the great school-house of Nature, being his own preceptor and tutor, gathering in those solid attainments which in after years so plentifully fruited. At ten years of age, conditions so changed that a school was established which he was permitted to attend one month. In this short period he received all his book and school-master education, not a very large capital to start with in the battle of life. The father being a rigid Baptist was anxious for the boy's soul, and in addition to what he had already learned, made him attend "divine services" every Sunday, going quite a distance afoot, rain or shine. This mingling of whippings and means of grace, severity and theology caused the boy to declare if such was religion, he wanted none of it.

Hard work and hard, flinty theology in about equal proportions gave him a distaste for farm work. His ten years of hardships were sorry fore-tokens for the future. He saw no way of escape, entering on his second decade with a weary heart. When fourteen years of age, bright sunshine entered the home and spread over the farm. His father cracked the hard shell of his theology, emerged emancipated from creeds and ordinances, becoming a believer in Universalism, which banished his severity, made a new man of him, a "change of heart," coming as soon as he cast aside the old theological swaddling clothes. Thereafter the boy was victimized by the severity and religious rigidity of his father, but still had to face hardships and privations. The details of his career during his minority I need not recount, only noting that he continued to exhibit his predilection for a knowledge of roots and herbs and their medicinal properties, which developed in childhood. Twice in his own person he demonstrated their efficacy.

Reaching his majority March 9, 1810, his father deeded him half of the Alstead farm of one hundred and twenty-five acres, which he carried on three years, his father being on a wild farm which he had purchased in Vermont. About this time his mother died, having remained at the old homestead. During her sickness the son closely watched the progress of the disease and the doctors, the results from day to day evidencing utter incompetence. Speaking of the event in his narrative, he said the doctors called the disease galloping consumption, remarking, "I thought it a very appropriate name, for with mercury, opium and vitriol, they galloped her out of the world in about nine weeks." He soon had the same disease, but persistently refused the galloping medicines, successfully healing himself.

He married July, 1820, and for a year, until the birth of the first child, nothing untoward clouded the home. The birth of the child was followed by a lingering sickness, one phase of it being a series of convulsions for several days. Six doctors were in attendance, a sextuple of evils, which possibly might have been more truthfully characterized if I had prefixed an E to evils. The bickerings and wrangling of the doctors disgusted him, and they were summarily dismissed. He called in two others known in the village as root doctors, but there was nothing which could overcome the depletive treatment of the Regulars. His wife remained somewhat weakly throughout her life. With the children subsequently born, his experiences and observations increased his distrust of doctors, in all exigencies he falling back on his own resources. His success becoming noised abroad, he was called upon to minister to patients outside of his own family, his practice being only a neighborhood affair. He gathered roots and herbs having medicinal qualities, with no idea of becoming a practitioner of medicine, only to be ready for emergencies in his family and among his neighbors. As a result of his experience and observations

from childhood, he formulated a system of practice, based on principles so sound and consonant with the vital economy that no M. D. has yet been found able to controvert them.

The central idea of Dr. Thomson was to assist Nature, conserve the vital power inherent in the human system, instead of administering poisons which under any and all conditions are disturbing elements. Poisons are not medicines; they do not antagonize disease, rather, health. The cornerstone of the old, orthodox school of medicine is a dogma couched in this Latin phrase—*contraria, contrarius curantur*, which put into plain English means just this—administer a poison to create a new disease, as possibly when the vital power is fighting the new disease, the primary one somehow or other, in a mysterious way, will slip out; but there is no surety it will do so. This infernal dogma has made innumerable human wrecks, and largely tenanted graveyards. Hence Dr. Thomson based himself on a philosophy which discarded the ygarities of the popular medical schools, following the line of common sense which dictates a treatment of vital observations by a mode of procedure which will aid the natural, normal functions of the vital system, rather than antagonize them.

Finding the calls to minister to the sick a serious interference with his farm labors, he debated with himself whether or no he should become a practitioner of medicine. Of two things he was sure: First, that a reform in medical practice was needed. Second, that the elements of reform inhered in his own system. He conferred with his friends; the consensus of opinions was favorable, and his own judgment concurring, he decided to become the Pioneer of medical reform. This was a tremendous undertaking for a man who had received only a month's schooling, and endured hardships and privations, with scarcely any intercourse with the world. In his Narrative he speaks as follows touching his assumption of the duties and responsibilities of a practitioner of medicine:

"After I had come to a determination to make a business of the medical practice, I found it necessary to fix upon some system or plan for my future government in the treatment of disease; for what I had done had been, as it were, from accident and the necessity arising out of the particular cases that came under my care, without any fixed plan, in all which I had been governed by my judgment and the advantages I had received from experience. I had no other assistance than my own observations, and the natural reflections of my own mind, unaided by learning or the opinions of others. I took Nature for my guide and experience as my instructor, and, after seriously considering every part of the subject, I came to certain conclusions concerning disease and the whole animal economy, which more than forty years' experience has perfectly satisfied me is the only correct theory. My practice has invariably been conformable to the general principles upon which my system is founded, and in no instance have I had reason to doubt the correctness of its application to cure all cases of disease, when properly attended to; for that all disease is the effect of one general cause, and may be removed by one general remedy, is the foundation upon which I have erected my fabric."

I might quote further an analytical presentation of the new or reformed system, which is unnecessary for the purpose of this sketch. The germinal essence is in the above quotation, where it is declared that "disease is the effect of one general cause, and may be removed by one general remedy." This antipode to the orthodox school within a few years has been enunciated by some of the orthodox themselves, and most of the reform schools of medicine are pivoted upon it. Since the promulgation of Dr. Thomson's system, there has been a better understanding of the organic laws, a clearer conception of the functional activities of the human economy and the nature of the nervous machinery; but with all the widening of knowledge, there has nothing arisen which invalidates the basic principle of his system. It remains unimpeached and unimpeachable.

Dr. Thomson met the fate of reformers, the penalties imposed upon those who act and run counter to the conservatism of their time. His enemies, the Orthodox practitioners, were getting unscrupulous in their endeavors to ruin his practice, also ruin him in character and property. They feared argument and fair play. With the spirit of an assassin they followed him, emulating the Father of lies. Their fiendish malignity was unbridled. It invaded the tribunals of justice, suborned officers of the law, causing his arrest on a charge of murder, his incarceration in a filthy prison where he was forced to keep company, for forty days with thieves, robbers and all grades of criminals. He was finally tried and acquitted, the presiding judge scathingly scoring the grand jury who favored the indictment. Persecution was continuous, vexatious and costly, but Dr. Thomson persevered and had the satisfaction to see his system of practice established, even winning over many of the old schools, who being reasonable men, abjured the errors, follies and falsities in which they had been educated. Surely he can be truthfully called a pioneer, and a hero as well, for he bravely withstood persecution and obloquy, swearing not a hair's breadth from the line of duty, obeying conscience, ministering to the afflicted, through a system of medical practice which paved the way for a wide medical reform, far reaching in its effects, promising in the future still more beneficent results.

It is a lamentable fact that the history of medicine from its first to its last page is a record of the bickery, dissension and devilishness of the ruling class for the time being. "A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit," and it would be well if the people should "hew it down and cast it out." Class legislation is always vicious; ever has been and ever will be. Some fifty years ago the orthodox practitioners foisted into the statutes of several States a law that no one practicing medicine without an orthodox diploma should collect a compensatory fee. So outrageous was the law that it soon became a dead letter, and was repealed. The M. D.'s remained quiet for a season, then began besieging the Legislatures for repressive medical legislation. At the outset it was sought to bar out all schools save the allopathic. Homeopaths were declared to be quacks, and therefore were proscribed. So exclusive was the demand that the scheme failed. Then the homeopaths were placated, when repressive legislation began to succeed, and now disgraces most of the States. Medical practice laws and Boards of Health have been provided to protect allopathic practitioners, not the people, for this legislation denies to the citizen his right to choose his physician, which is only a second edition of the tactics employed when reform was heralded by Dr. Thomson. The spirit of orthodox practitioners is the same it ever was, though in another form. It is hostile to reform, and would tether the people to a class of medical practitioners whose blunders are phenomenal, malpractice horrible and effrontery gigantic.

But I am digressing, for when I speak or write on the subject of medical practice, with an experience and observation covering nearly eighty years, an irresistible inspiration dictates thoughts that breathe and words that burn. To return to the subject of this sketch, Dr. Thomson spent his latter days in Boston, zealously laboring to perfect and introduce his reformed practice. He was an enthusiastic and the last, wiser than his day and generation. At mortal life's sunset he could scarcely close his eyes, conscious that the world was better for his having lived. The end came Oct. 4, 1843, the funeral services being attended by his pastor, Rev. Hosea Ballou, who fittingly paid due tribute to his life and labors. In the course of his address he quaintly said: "Dr. Thomson, like all men, had his failings, but he did a great deal of good—a great deal of good!" The body was deposited in tomb 88, in the Central burial ground on Boston Common.

Had the Genius of Reform stood by the open door of that tomb erect itself, the bystanders, if their ears had been attuned to the cadences of spiritual utterances, might have heard these words:

"Well hast thou in my service wrought;
Thou hast mirrored forth my thought;
To wear my smile thy lip hath bowed;
Thy feet, to tread my path, have found;
Thine ear hath borne me rich supplies
Of sweetly varied melodies;
Thy hands my prompted deeds have done;

Thy feet upon my errands run.
Yes, thou hast marked my bidding well,
Faithful and true! farewell, farewell!"

Our Pioneer and Hero deserves a monument, of life and labor; a tribute which shall send his name down the ages and be an ever-inspiring stimulant to the generations yet unborn. Let this be done, if nothing more: Let there be raised in all liberal medical institutions a tablet, which shall memorialize the great reformer, tending to keep alive the spirit which actuated him in his efforts to benefit the race and subserve the good of human kind.

Martyrs to Medical Science.

By C. S. Carr, Columbus, Ohio. (Dr. Talkwell)

According to the daily papers, the Board of Health of Trenton, N. J., has declared consumption to be an infectious disease, and this disease is therefore placed on a par with other contagious diseases.

This is called an advance step taken relative to consumption. It meets with the approval of many members of the medical profession. It will be read by many people who, not stopping to think what is involved in placing consumption on a par with other contagious diseases, will languidly approve of the matter.

But just stop and think a moment what is involved. It is bad enough when an acute contagious disease overtakes a person or family to have the house quarantined, all communication with the outside world cut off, and the patient avoided with dread and horror, as if he was some terrible creature capable of spreading calamity and death. I say, it is bad enough when this happens in acute diseases. The time for such social and physical ostracism is necessarily short. Three to five weeks is sufficient to restore the patient again to liberty. Now this so-called advance step is applied to the poor consumptive.

The lot of the victim of consumption has always been a pitiful one. Little by little the dread disease manifests itself, by hectic flush, hollow voice, and open, anxious eye. It comes on stealthily, often very slowly, even occupying two or three years from the beginning to a fatal termination. Slowly it coils itself about its victim, and out of the physician has been, seemingly, able to arrest it.

But, at least, these people have had the benefit of sympathizing friends. Everybody feels tender toward them, anxious to do them any service possible. They are given the best things at the table; the best room to sleep in; the easiest chair to sit in; the lightest, cheeriest window to look out on the fair face of Nature. Friends call, and pass away the tedious time of their struggle with the disease. Short rides are taken, and the caressing attentions of relatives and neighbors are showered upon the one whose doom is sealed, and whose fate is fixed by almost certainty.

All this time there has been much hargling and discussion going on among the profession as to whether or not this disease can be proved to be contagious. Not a single person who reads this sketch but knows of a case of consumption who, having passed through all the stages of the disease and finally died, did not infect any other member of the family. Husband and wife living together in the closest possible relations, one died of consumption, leaving the other healthy and well. Mother and child are separated in the same manner, brother and sister. It is safe to say that every person in this land knows of one or more cases where this has occurred without the slightest evidence that any one has taken the disease from the victim of consumption.

Even in cases where two or more members of the family are stricken with consumption it does not follow that one has caught it from the other. Consumption is an hereditary disease. Children born of the same parents inherit nearly the same physical conditions. If one inherits consumption from the parents, the other is also quite apt to. Therefore, nothing is proven when two or more persons of the same family have consumption, relative to the contagiousness of the disease.

But it is more often happens that a single member of the family is taken, notably the girl, and the rest are left well and healthy. They have watched over her bed at night. They have inhaled her breath in the daytime. They have kissed her lips a thousand times, shared with her a bit of fruit or bonbon. They have held her as if she was a baby, carried her up and down stairs, and finally kissed her cold lips for the last time before they buried her. And yet not one in the family contracted the disease. This has happened over and over again, as every one who reads this sketch can testify.

And yet the doctors reach the conclusion that consumption is a contagious disease. In what manner have they reached this conclusion? It has been done by the study of bacteriology. They have examined the sputum of a consumptive. They have found, or at least imagine they have found, the bacillus or small organism which has caused the consumption. They have taken this bacillus and made out of it, from it, reproducing the organism artificially from it. They have introduced this culture into the blood of lower animals, and by evidence that seems satisfactory to the doctor, they have shown that they can produce consumption in the lower animals in this manner.

They, therefore, deduce from all this that if the bacillus which has caused consumption in one case should by accident get into the system of another person not having consumption, the disease would be acquired. They know of other diseases that are spread in this manner, at least they think they know. They conclude that consumption can be also.

Having decided that consumption is a disease caused by specific bacilli, they have then placed it on the list of contagious diseases, and with this sort of evidence they are proposing now to make a prisoner of the poor consumptive. All the amenities of modern civilization, the endowments and beauties of domestic life, the pleasures and joys of family and domestic life, are to be shut off. Worse than the leper of old, who must wander in the tombs and cry out at the approach of any one, "Unclean! Unclean!" the poor consumptive cannot even be allowed the liberty of the open fields. The treatment of consumption is to be placed on a par with other contagious diseases.

What a horrible picture is presented to our imagination by this tragedy. The last kiss of the bereaved wife is ruthlessly denied by the health officers. The lingering attention of friends at the bedside shut off. Everything is to be done that science and human ingenuity can invent to continually notify the patient that he is unclean; that his touch brings death; that his kiss is poison; that his tears are distilled contagion. The room he occupies is to be avoided as the pest house. The house in which he drags out the many weary days of his existence is to be avoided as the pest house. Pedestrians who read the sign upon the door will cross over the street to avoid getting too near the horrible place.

What sentence is this that these health officers are passing upon this poor, already doomed creature? Was it not enough that they have turned away, unable to cure him? Was it not enough that they have pumped into him toxins and antitoxins, pickled him with creosote, blistered, fumigated, purged, bled, all in vain—was not all this enough? Must they now add to their crimes against this poor victim, that worst of all imprisonments, the quarantine?

It would be better, far better, if an edict should go forth that every one known to have consumption should be decapitated. It would be better, far better, if the health officer should conclude that consumption was a capital crime, and all victims should be promptly electrocuted, hung by the neck until dead, or any other form of execution that could be invented. Nothing can equal the horrors of the quarantine. Nothing can compare with the long-drawn-out agony of that lingering invalid who must be regarded by friend and foe as a pestiferous object, to be shunned as an unholiness, to be guarded against as a venomous viper whose breath is poison, whose touch is lingering death.

The writer of this article had a sister die, many years ago, of consumption. She was, at the time of her death, the mother of two small children. The oldest was a girl two or three

years of age. This child was with the invalid mother continually during the two years of her gradual decline. Her husband was also with her night and day, who is now a strong man, enjoying the best of health. It is with gratitude that I remember how my sister's last days were made bearable by the continuous personal attentions of our whole family. Never once did we dream of contagion. No one drew back at her approach, or gave the slightest intimation of fear on account of her disease.

The little girl has since grown to be a woman twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, and is director of the gymnasium in a flourishing town in the State of New York. She is as fine a specimen of womanhood as one could wish to see, an all-round athlete, perfectly healthy, and yet she was once tended by a mother who had consumption. She was with her mother night and day, until her death. If such instances do not prove that consumption is not contagious, in the ordinary sense of the word, it is difficult to imagine what would constitute proof.

Of course, careless and unnecessary contact with any patient is to be avoided. The medical profession renders useful service to humanity by suggesting means of cleanliness in the treatment of the sick. They have already done so, for which I am profoundly grateful. In cases of consumption, undoubtedly the sputum should be disposed of in a special manner, but to cut poor, lingering patients off from human intercourse because some microscopist thinks he has discovered a microbe peculiar to consumption is cruelty hard to describe and impossible to exaggerate. If such inhuman procedures are to be denominated as "advance in medical science," the world would be far better off if we had no more advance.

Fortunately for my sister, the doctors did not know as much in her day. The tender associations and sweet fraternities that marked her last days would never have occurred had her old doctor, who never owned a microscope, had bacteria in his head, instead of brains.

All down the pages of medical history have cruelties been practiced in the name of science. Of course, it is freely admitted that the doctor and surgeon has had in mind no malicious intent or fiendish desire, but had it been true that the whole medical fraternity had been actuated by a wish to exhaust the cruelties of savage life, they could not have done better than they have. They have neglected to give no poison that the earth affords. Every torture that human ingenuity could invent has been tried. Not only have they denied their patients every rational kind of food, but have often refused them a drop of cold water to cool their parched tongue. They have been imprisoned in dark rooms, bound to hard beds, put up in splints and plaster-paris, cooked in hot water and frozen in cold water, rinsed and scoured, fumigated and blistered, all because some one has entertained some preconceived notion reached by some far-fetched or round about form of reasoning. Nowhere in the history of medicine do its revolting pictures present a more pathetic scene than what is now proposed, to place the poor consumptive on a par with other contagious diseases.

Men and women of the medical profession, let me beg of you in the name of all your past mistakes, in remembrance of that terrible list of well-meant but awful deeds of violence which you have already committed against suffering humanity, let me beg of you to heelate before you perpetrate this last and worst of all offenses. In the name of that vast multitude of shuddering, gasping human beings, who have as good a right to live as you, please do not deny them the last crumb of comfort which their relatives and friends are so anxious to bestow. In the name of humanity, let me beg of you not to step between mother and child, husband and wife, and forbid them the privilege of ministering and being ministered to. If you cannot come to them as a friend, able to render some practical assistance, please do not come as an enemy, with a warrant in your hand worse than the death warrant, a warrant that deprives patients of the last amenities which sorrowing friends are able to give. Do not change the sick room, which should be filled with books and music, flowers and happy conversation, into a bacteriological laboratory, where grim experiments and sickening clinics are held. Do not change that sick room, where sympathy and communion and prayer make blessed the last days of the poor consumptive, into a pest-house or a hospital ward, that makes friends shudder and relatives afraid.

But I fear my prayer will not be heeded. Until the people once more revolt against the tyranny of medical science, as they did against the use of calomel and the lancet, this thing will go on. This sort of science needs no prayers, has no mercy. The originating and writhing of victims is unheeded. No sob or sigh can ever disturb their bacteriological meditations. Nothing but open revolt will meet the case. The doctor, who often is, and always should be, our friend, has overstepped his privileges and become our enemy. When words fail it is time for action. For myself, no relative of mine shall be isolated from friend and attendant because some doctor thinks he has discovered something with his microscope.

Notes from Paris.

On June 6 left London for Paris via New Haven and Dieppe. Had a smooth passage across the Channel, and a very pleasant ride over the railroad through lovely intervening country. Was met at the depot by a fellow-passenger across the Atlantic, and conducted to comfortable quarters near the Exposition grounds. It was a beautiful moonlight eve, and I took a stroll to view the towering, magnificent Arc de Triomphe, erected by Napoleon to commemorate his victories. I shrank to Lilliputian proportions beneath its towering arches.

The next day I visited the great International Exposition, going hurriedly through the grounds and taking a superficial look with a few of the buildings, finding them all beautiful structures and containing objects of great interest.

My most wonderful experience was the ascension of Eiffel Tower, the greatest triumph of modern art in the use of steel. Even from its second stage, which is about half-way up, you can take in the whole of the great city and some of its environs. I did not ascend higher, fearing vertigo, but friends who did came down like angels from the heavens, filled with ecstacy by the grand panoramas they had seen.

This lofty and immense mechanism must be seen to be appreciated in its unparalleled grandeur and grandeur. The pyramid of Egypt scarcely excels it as marvels of human ingenuity for climbing toward the sky.

My most exasperating yet amusing experience was at a French restaurant, trying to order some edible for a square meal. The very patient lady waiter knew as little of English as I did of French names of the food I wanted, but by using my indispensable "Baedeker's Hand Book of Paris," and such pantomime as would have made a monkey grin with amusement, I obtained enough to stay the ravenous appetite that peripatetic sight seeing brings.

Frequent showers made the newly-made streets quite muddy, and it cost considerable effort to wend my way to Uncle Sam's Government Building, and I was greatly vexed and disappointed after so much bespattering of my American costume to find the building closed, for what reason I know not, unless there is more truth than is agreeable to the pride and patience of Americans in rumors that it is so defective in structure as to be unsafe. Externally it is beautiful, but it is "pinned" by conspicuous buildings, and looks too dimly to illustrate the greatness of our country, if not of the exhibit within.

My next excursion was on a "tram" down Champs-Elysees Avenue to the great Opera House, the largest theatre in the world. After admiring its splendid architecture, I next visited the Madeleine, an immense Catholic church built in the style of a Greco-Roman temple, surrounded by a colonnade of massive Corinthian columns. Set in niches in the outside are thirty-four statues of saints, which doubtless sanctify and protect the vast structure!

Returning on foot, I had opportunity to see the Place de la Concorde, the most beautiful and extensive place or square in Paris, and

one of the finest in the world, containing magnificent fountains, an Egyptian monument like Cleopatra's Needle. The main avenue of Paris, the Champs-Elysees, the great avenue of Paris, with sidewalks as broad as most of the streets of Boston. Lined by beautiful trees.

It was interesting to see the stream of all sorts of vehicles rushing up and down this broad avenue, making it difficult to cross it at any point with safety. Wishing for a rest from the turmoil of this noisy city, I took an eleven-mile ride through the lovely environments of St. Germain, situated on high ground, and having a lovely terrace, commanding an extensive view of the valley of the Seine, all the way to Paris. The pleasure grounds there are densely shaded, and afford one of the most delightful retreats I have ever seen.

My first Sunday in Paris, June 10th, was really the first hot summer's day. I attended an American Protestant Church, and heard a very practical and useful discourse from our famous preacher, Dr. Talmadge. In the afternoon I saw for three hours and a half an interrupted flow of vehicles completely filling Avenue Boulogne, filled with richly dressed Parisians returning from a horse race on the Bois de Boulogne, one of the most beautiful Parks in the city. It was indeed a grand panorama of Parisian life, and of female beauty (some of it "made up"), and fashion.

On June 11 I revisited the Exposition. Saw many wonderful things mechanical, naval and optical. Visited the many-colored Glass Palace, in a grove beneath which saw the process of glass-blowing, making ornamental work. One of my most unique experiences was in the Palace of Optics, in a maze of looking-glasses, which multiplied one's personality manyfold. Saw there the monster telescope which brings the moon almost into your arms. Saw screen pictures of the moon in its different stages, as this telescope shows it. I also took a ride on the famous Revolving Platform. Next went to Bon Marché, the leading store of Paris. Found prices as high as in Boston, if not higher.

The day following visited American Express office, also New York Herald and New York Times' offices, and registered name. Called on Dr. Barrett, cousin of H. D. B., found him a most courteous gentleman. Attended a theatre and saw French acting of a high order, but alas! could understand only what was revealed by pantomime. The play did not close till past midnight, but I was compensated for waiting by getting a near sight of King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, who had attended. I walked over two miles through the streets without molestation, or seeing any one disregarding the strictest rules of decorum.

On the following day revisited the Exposition, and saw wonders of Nature and Art in the Forestry building, and spent hours in the Champ De Mars building, where are accumulated every conceivable device of human ingenuity in science, art, agriculture, mechanics and what not, is impossible to tell. The building is a stupendous and magnificent structure, and it needs great physical endurance, and days of time to gain even a general knowledge of its contents.

Here, as in all other departments, I was greatly handicapped for the want of a knowledge of the French language in which the names and descriptions of most, if not all exhibits, were written or printed. It seemed to me that there is a lack of orderly arrangement and classification of articles, rendering it difficult to make comparison of the relative merits of the productions of the various nationalities there. I next visited the Invalides building, the most beautiful structure my eyes ever feasted upon. It seemed like a dream of Fairy Land. These Fine Arts Palaces, to say nothing of their transcendentally beautiful contents which beggar description from my artless pen, are more wonderful than the imaginary creations of Aladdin's Lamp. Never before was I so completely overwhelmed with a humiliating sense of my own littleness and poverty of attainment and achievement, as when viewing the marvelous handicraft of the great artists whose masterpieces of skill are here displayed in profusion.

Nothing short of the beauties of spirit-land can equal these artistic productions of man out of earth's most exquisite materials!

How can one who has seen the Paris Exposition of the triumphs of human genius ever afterward speak disparagingly of man's attainments and divine possibilities?

The statuary representing to perfection "the human form divine"; the pictures showing the most perfect conceptions of each nation's greatest artists; the textile fabrics blending all the colors of the rainbow with equal beauty; the jewelry containing the largest and most precious gems set in all the glory of burnished gold; these and a hundred more productions of the genius of man under the highest culture made these places of beauty seem the work of enchantment rather than the results of patient, plodding industry! It was with proper national pride that I viewed the artistic productions of my own countrymen, among which Tiffany of New York took highest rank. I was also most highly pleased to find there a splendid exhibit of butterflies prepared by the great skill of the Denton Bros. of Wellesley, Mass., the sons of our illustrious ardent brother, William.

So enticing are the innumerable objects of curiosity and interest of the great Universal Exposition, that it is an aggravation to leave them for a day, but the strain of physical and mental faculties compels frequent respite for rest. So to find rest in change of scenes, I next went through a lovely country to Versailles, a fine old city of great historic interest. On my way to the Palace of Louis XIV., I entered Notre Dame, a Catholic church of historic interest, where royalty was baptized and worshipped two hundred years ago.

My interest in churches is purely historic, so I just peeped in to see the great beauty of its interior decorations, and hastened to take a cursory view of the Palace, large enough to house ten thousand inmates, as is six hundred yards in length and three hundred feet in width. The interior decorations of historic and heroic pictures, covering ceilings and walls, enshrined in artistic settings of gold, made its spacious rooms and halls gorgeous enough for the most kindly taste. But the days of its glory have departed, and it would have been desolate and dejected, but for the multitudes of visitors thronging its once glorious apartments. The spacious environs of virgin forest, broad walks, lovely hedge-enshrined terraces, ornamented by the sculptor's and the gardener's highest art, were to me a picture of the only living glory yet remaining where royal pageantry and splendor is no more. It is well for the French people that such "kingly extravagance can never again impoverish the national exchequer."

My second "ascension" in Paris was of the Arc de Triomphe, on Sunday, June 17, the day that reminds all Americans of Bunker Hill. After climbing two hundred and sixty-three stone steps, I stood one hundred and sixty-two feet above the surface of one of the highest points in the city, which commands a view of nearly the whole of it. This monumental arch is the "Hub" of Paris, from which radiate like spokes twelve avenues. It is needless to say the view here obtainable is one of the most magnificent in the world. Napoleon I. "bulldozed better than he knew," when selfish pride prompted him to lay the foundation of this stupendous arch to commemorate his victories. Descending, I followed a vast throng of vehicles and pedestrians down Avenue du Bois de Boulogne to the splendid park bearing the same name. This avenue is nearly opposite the beautiful Avenue des Champs-Elysees, on the other side of the arch. It is one hundred and forty yards in breadth (including the sidewalks and the dividing strips of turf), and is lined with splendid shade trees and narrow parks in front of the fashionable residences, among which is that of the Duke Castellani, who sustains it with money accumulated by Jay Gould. (Comment is unnecessary!) This spacious park contains 2,250 acres, largely and thickly covered by shade-trees, beneath which are innumerable walks and "drives" and cool retreats for the vast multitudes who lie to it in hot summer days. On its outskirts are the race-tracks where the French Derby are held. Located but three-quarters of a mile from Arc de Triomphe, this shady retreat is the frequent resort of both "high and low," especially on Sundays and frequent fête days, when "gay Paree" wants an "outing."

More anon, DEAN CLARK.

Children's Spiritualism.

ROSES OVER THE SEA.

I will sing you a song of the roses,
That blossom far over the sea,
For fancy their beauty discloses
As a dream of gladness to me;
I wander in regions all golden,
That smile 'neath the shining of sun,
And I see the roses so olden
That gardens of monarchs have won!

And I wander in ways of splendor
At the close of the summer day,
When twilight shadows, soft and tender,
Are folding regret and care away;
Then lost in the wonder and beauty
That the eve of the starlight shows,
I have dreams of delight and duty
That only are known to the rose!

Our life is for freedom of loving,
Not merely for labor and strife;
It is for the purpose of proving
The fragrance and fullness of life,
And there in the kingdom of glory
Where roses in richness may not,
The summer reports its full story—
By roses from over the sea!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The Story of the Rose.

Flora was the beloved goddess who gave the flowers to the earth. She loved the beautiful, and always tried to find some new blossom that would make even the darkness seem bright because of its presence. She scattered little seeds upon the desert sands, hoping that some one of them would grow to be a comfort to the weary traveler who in his journeyings was forced to cross the awful waste of sand. She planted the jasmine, the forget-me-not, the daisy, the buttercup, the jonquil, and thousands of other flowers to make the face of the earth bright and fresh and sweet. She wanted every one to know that she loved the people of the earth, and tried to prove it to all by the flowers she caused to spring up all around them.

The people loved the flowers she gave them, but they grew to feel that the flowers they had were too common for them, and they looked at them in a very careless way. This made the flowers feel very sad, and they asked Flora why it was the people did not love them any more. Flora told them that the people did love them, only they did not show it as much as they had before, because there were now so many of them to greet the people wherever they went.

"What shall we do?" asked the Lily, "to make the people look at us and want us as before?"

"Yes, what shall we do?" cried all of the flowers, as they gathered around Flora to be comforted in their grief.

"My dear children," said Flora, "do you love the people of earth just as well as ever?"

"Oh, yes," the flowers said, "just as well as ever, when the people show us that they want our love!"

"Do you love them only when they love you?" asked the gentle Goddess. "Do not you love them enough to forget any slight they may give you, and make you try to do more for them?"

The flowers hung their heads, and were not able to speak for a few moments.

Flora saw that they were silent, so she smiled lovingly upon them, and said: "My dears, I fear you have been just a little selfish—just a little vain in your wishing the people to admire you. If you will be your true little selves again, if you will be forgiving and loving and unselfish, and stop being vain, the people will love you more than ever, and I will help you to keep that love as bright as can be."

"We will be good, we will be good, and we will try to do just as you say!" exclaimed the flowers. "What shall we do first?"

"Do you love the people of earth well enough to work a little harder for their sakes?" asked Flora.

"Yes, indeed, we do, for we want to show them that our love is unselfish," replied the flowers.

"Well," said Flora, "let each one of you send out an extra bit of your sweetest perfume. I will put them all into this chalice, and out of them I will make a flower that will be the gift of you all to the people out of your love for them."

The flowers smiled approval, and their little faces fairly shone with love as they opened their pure hearts and gave Flora the sweetest bit of fragrance they possessed.

She put all of these bits of perfume into a chalice, and then told the flowers to send out their purest and best thoughts to her, and then wait for the result.

In a few moments they were told to open their eyes, and lo! Flora held in her hand a most beautiful rose. It was more beautiful than any flower that had ever grown, and the other flowers cried out in great joy, "What is that?"

"This," said Flora, "we will call the Rose, because it is born out of the united loves of the flowers. Its perfume is the incense of their love to remind me and the people of earth that love is the sweetest, best and greatest thing we can have."

As Flora said this, the rose lifted its beautiful head, and from out of its heart a most wonderful perfume arose that filled all of the flowers with happiness.

Flora then gave the rose to the people of earth, and, strange to say, the people began to see and to say that all of the other flowers were more beautiful than ever before. They loved the rose, but they also loved the other flowers, and made them welcome everywhere.

One day the flowers gathered around the rose and said, "Why do you give out so much perfume, and where do you get it?"

The rose smiled and said, "I give out my perfume because I am so full of love, and I want all of the people to be made happy by my giving them that which I so truly feel. I get my perfume out of your dear loves, and as freely as you give, so freely do I give. In giving my perfume to the people, we give our souls in love to them, and return to Flora, who will, if we have done well, send us as spirit-flowers, to fill heaven with love's richest perfume."

The flowers clapped their hands with joy, and ever after worked with a will to fill the earth with fragrance and beauty.

Thus was born the rose; it came from the loves of the flowers, and is richer than they because it contains something they gave it.

Children of THE BANNER, are you ready and willing to overcome your selfishness, your vanity, and unite to make the Rose of Love bloom in every home? If you are, you will, even as did the flowers, fill your world with love, and here into which the angels can come to give the fragrance of their love to you, and to receive yours in return.

EVANGEL.

True Courage.

BY SYLVANUS LYON.

"True courage is not the brutal force
Of vulgar heroes, but the fine make-up
Of virtues and of Reason."

True courage is a grand and noble trait, and so much needed in life. All good and wise people love and praise brave acts of courage. Every boy and girl should learn lessons of it. What boy would not like to be a hero like Dewey, Lawton, or the great Washington? And every girl has heard of Grace Darling and loved the brave Joan of Arc.

And do you children know the meaning and beauty of true courage? We do not need great fires, special acts or heroic battle-fields to show moral courage. Each day conscience points the way—the act—the thought—some brave, noble deed and for us to conquer.

And with this prelude, please listen now to my three little stories.

CHAPTER I.

"COURAGE VERSUS FASHION AND PLEASURE."

"Well, then," a little reluctantly, "I'll promise not to accept the matinee theatre ticket and the grand lady's invitation, and will write a kind, positive letter of refusal now."

Thus spoke Dolly, a young lady, who was a cheerful, loving, brave little worker, earning her laurels with years of good and valiant service, and making of life a success and glory. To prove this she had now two offices and was the principal of a fine school.

The mental strain, constant effort, long hours, with great results, called for rest and recreation. Thus the matinee ticket from one of the city's fine ladies was really a tempting delight, and had been accepted.

But her good friend reasoned thus: The play was not a good moral lesson, telling of no love, virtue, or real beauty, and the star actor's life character shadowed.

The muses and drama are good and beautiful, and the Lyceum and theatre should be grand educators for the masses, if the acts and plays are good and the scenes telling truth and inculcating modesty, virtue and purity. Alas! we lament that this grand era has not come, and our theatres and plays often are harmful, suggesting evil to the young and thoughtless.

Thus you will see how perplexing and delicate our heroine's case, for she had anticipated so much pleasure, needed the rest, and had accepted the invitation.

With the kind gift accepted, with no thought of harm, how could the little girl refuse now and return the gift with a letter of explanation?

But you see, as our story commences, she did, and bravely, nobly, as she promised; and you will all see the beautiful results of her true courage.

It would not be right for me even to glance at her letter, but I can tell of its good and beauty for a lesson to you all.

The lady was at first surprised, then indignant at the insult (for thus will evil thoughts often come quickly), and she said: "I'll never again invite any one." Very soon good angels—well, just the same—loving influences, came to show her the right; and at last to prove the wisdom of the refusal, for ever after she loved and respected more, and could not do too much for the brave little girl.

But this is not all, or the half of the good resulting from this little act of courage, for it was a triumph over pride and self. Dolly wrote Marie, told Eva, and soon all the office and scholars heard of her refusal. At first some said, "How foolish!" "Nonsense!" but quickly the good predominated, as it will in all life's lessons; for all these teach and do more to influence than we can imagine, and all this the result of the little girl's true, noble act.

The lady told us that good and evil never end in their influences or memories. That like the widening ripple of the clear lake's waters, grow larger, making broader circles, away on to the far-off shore; thus who can tell the results all through life, of this one act of Dolly's true courage in refusing the theatre ticket?

CHAPTER II.

"Hold no parley with any wrong,
Where duty bids, go confident and strong."

On our street and not far away—oh! yes, and almost everywhere in cities—are the harmful saloons. These plague spots locate in and harm so much all country villages. No wise boy will ever visit one, or touch the poisonous cigarette which leads to evil.

Well, this saloon I'm telling of is at the corner, like a spider's web, it opens with gilded doors and fine displays, and many victims go in to danger and ruin. I am going to tell you how one brave young man's refusing saved others from drinking.

"Oh, boys, here's the Excelsior! Come in! I'll stand treat, and a drink will cheer us all." The speaker—a red nose, bloated face, blood-shot eyes—Rummy. His hearers, a party of five chance passers of the busy thoroughfare, and three of these carrying top signs.

Quickly all halted and turned. No, not all, for one refused.

It's sad and sorrowful to see so many willing to follow any false lead, and how few have the courage to say "No, I'll not do it."

Well, this one (of our party) said manfully: "No, boys, for Tom and Jim have drunk too much, and none of us need any rum now."

It was brave—true courage—and proved like a wand of command and influenced like magic. First one, then two were weak; then three came to aid, and soon only Bill—the Rummy—tried to rule.

"Oh! what's the use preaching, Harry? A little toddy is good this cold day, and I'm good for the treat."

It's little use fighting folly and vice against right and purity. The good Book tells of "one fighting a thousand," and true courage is always firm, calm and brave—and wins.

It's a truth, boys, a brave "No, I'll not do it," is not right," with loving, good advice, will carry safe and beat almost any host of big or little follies.

And—would you believe it!—right at the saloon door, and just entering, Harry's voice and words acted like a charm, turning like a dam the wrong current. You can always fight victoriously any opposing evil with true and good words and noble actions.

"Hon'or, and it did rejoice me to see the quick change and good results. Harry first, bold and valiant, was now the conqueror; he moved on—away, next followed the doubter, then the two half topers, and at last, doggedly muttering, Bill the Rummy.

I hope and trust each one of you boys will always prove, like Harry, a true conqueror; and you can with moral courage, will, and no parleying with any vice or evil.

CHAPTER III.

TRUE COURAGE, VERSUS CRUELTY AND FOLLY.

"But what shall move a firm and dauntless soul?
True courage is the soul's armor;
It protects and gives strength for all life's battles."

Our school was a dear, good place, "old Westchester hills near the wood, with Nature's fairest scenes, and we had a good, true principal.

I loved that dear, old place, and do now all its memories, after years have fled with all life's changing scenes. All good girls and boys should love their schools and respect their teachers. If not beautiful and good, good scholars can easily render them so.

All our boys (I lament to this day we had no girls) were really a fair, jolly, good set—men, for a battle; but to "victor" (conquer) is the game. Joe's plan now was to plug the nest-hole with tar, leaving the poor hornets prisoners to cruelly die, and at leisure capture the nest.

But Bill was boss; it was his first prize, and "stomping, pelting, destroying, killing the fort nest and its garrison" his command.

It is curious, but just at the right time, a good or love thought of mercy will come at conscience's call, and (if we will) like magic these voices (spirits) will rule and conquer.

And thus, in our school, there was a pale, quiet boy (Harry) and it did seem (at times) as

If the angels guided and aided him, and, boys, we can all possess this beauty and moral power. It's no secret; it's a blessing, doing good, not lying right; let love and kindness rule always.

Now was Harry's time to prove a saviour to the poor hornets—a real brave one—and he did it right manfully.

"Oh, no, boys, don't do it; it's wrong and ought to torment and kill the innocent hornets. My book tells how God made all animals, yes, even insects, beautiful and for good."

You could not imagine the effect on the crowd, but could easily see how Harry's was the brave one, for love and kindness are the true valor, real beauty of character and life.

"Come, Bill and boys," he continued, "I'll tell you how we need not harm the hornets and possess the nest—perfect."

"Just let the nest alone, soon the frost and cold will call the busy hornets all away and let Bill then have the nest as his trophy."

I can't tell all the parley, but the sequel is good.

At that time, or ever after did any of our school harm this or any hornets' nest, and soon our Natural Histories taught us the lesson of use and beauty of all God's creations.

Now, tell me, boys and girls, which was the brave one, the conqueror boss, loud Bill, or meek and gentle Harry?

A quick "no"; a brave "I will," with truth, sincerity and love, are the true and strong safeguards for boys and girls, always in life.

The Lyceum.

What is the object of the Lyceums?

To awaken a true interest in the real science of life, and to keep the mind free from religious bigotry, discarding all myths as the revealed word of God.

What are children? Promises of intelligent men and women. Where does the knowledge of truth place man?

Above the brute creation, and crowns him with the sceptre of power that wields the destiny of nations.

What should we do at all times? Love and respect our friends and acquaintances as we would like them to love and respect us.

What is hurtful to the young and receptive minds of children?

The superstition which attributes horrible deeds to the direct agency of an angry personal God.

What did Thomas Paine say? "Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true religion. The world is my country, and to do good my religion."

What ought we to encourage? Children to attend Lyceums, and teach them the law of cause and effect is God.

Not what is heaven, but what it is not. It is not a place fenced in to keep good people securely.

Not what is hell, but what it is not. Hell is not a place walled around to confine bad people.

What are these, then? States of being, or conditions of the mind.

What is the golden gate of heaven? Kind words.

What were the peacely streets? Pleasant dispositions.

If any one should ask us what we advocate, what answer would we make?

We are advocates of free thought, inquiry and investigation into whatever will make us better men and women.

What do we need most in this life? More thought and truth—truth more sacred than all the world beside, to which we should consecrate our acts, our honor and our lives.

What is home? The greatest and grandest of all institutions.

ALONZO DANFORTH.

Enigma.

My 1 is in apple but not in quince.
My 2 is in beauty but not in charm.
My 3 is in bonnet but not in hat.
My 4 is in hay but not in grass.
My 5 is in dandy but not in dude.
My 6 is in Jacob but not in Ruth.
My 7 is in dog but not in May.
My 8 is in June but not in Oct.
My 9 is in son but not in daughter.
My 10 is in hotel but not in inn.
My 11 is in nest but not in bird.
My whole is the name of a prominent Spiritualist.

DR. J. M. PEEBLES is the answer to the enigma in THE BANNER of June 16. It was correctly answered by Lily Bell.

PAINT TALKS---XXX.

PROGRESS IN PAINTING.

It is too often assumed by paint consumers and paint manufacturers that though everything else used by civilized man has been subject to improvement, the last possible advance in paint manufacture was made about two hundred years ago. Think of it! while the pulverized spiders, crushed lizards and brayed earthworms of the Eighteenth Century pharmacopoeia have given place to the quinine, cocaine and phenacetine of modern medicine; while the sedan chair and the post chaise of "German George" have been superseded by the trolley-car and the automobile; while the tallow dip of the Hanoverian period has been thrown into the shade by the electric light; and while the old pot rider has been run to earth by the telegraph and the telephone, paint is to remain unimproved! In other words, those good old bunglers of the days "when George the First was King" in some way managed to discover the secret of making perfect paint.

Of course it is not true, and when the assertion is made it is only for effect. The only foundation for it is the fact that the essentials of the generally used process for making white lead were known several hundred years ago. But the white lead made by the same process to-day is better paint than any white lead known to our ancestors, and new processes for turning metallic lead into hydroxycarbonate, oxide and sulphide of lead have been invented, and are producing white pigments that are in some respects superior.

But the one discovery that revolutionized painting (for to it was due the production of house paints, properly so called), was zinc white. It was introduced about fifty years ago, and naturally, like all new discoveries, was run "into the ground" by the enthusiasts. It was used for every purpose, proper and improper, until the painters of that day at least went to the other extreme.

Since then it has gradually found its place, which is, for interior use, where it is used straight, and for exterior use as a filler and preserver of white lead, or as the white base of combination paints not containing lead.

There are certain practical objections to the use of unadmixed zinc on exteriors. These difficulties can be overcome, and when overcome, no better white paint than pure zinc has yet been discovered. But the care necessary to overcome them is not worth the while, when nearly its full value can be gained by using it in combination with other pigments. In combination with white lead it prevents chalking and discoloring, while in combination with the "inert" pigments it permits us to take advantage of the enduring qualities of these pigments without sacrificing opacity or color.

STANTON DUDLEY.

THE HENRY SEYBERT BEQUEST.

And What Has Become of It? An Open Letter to the Seybert Commissioners and the Legatees of Henry Seybert by Hon. A. B. RICHMOND.

The article of Mr. A. B. Richmond on his published review of the Seybert Commissioners' Report, which originally appeared in THE BANNER, appeals strongly to the deep interest of all readers who have a demonstrated knowledge of the commission of spirits exorcism and incarnate.

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Love's Eternal Morning.

The majestic sweep of Time as he marches his Army of Years into the Eternity of the Past works many changes upon the face of the earth, and transforms the social conditions of men as if they were but chessmen in his hands as a skillful player. In viewing the graves of the centuries, the mind falls into a state of awe, the heart beats rapidly under the impulse of semi fear, as the ghosts of the changing events of the ages go swiftly tripping by. It is the same when the dead years of a life are recalled by one who has lived intensely, if not wisely, at all times, through their changing history. Sit alone by the fireside on a winter's night, watch the flame as it gently wraps itself about its unconscious wooden victim, note the wreathing smoke, the snapping cinders, the glowing coals, the somber ashes. In these several changes life is pictured, its drama enacted, its lessons revealed.

On a summer's day, when the clouds are making leaden all the sky, and are gently weeping rainy tears to denote their grief at being deprived of their power to refresh the entire earth, enter your room alone, for an hour's communion with yourself. Open that box—there is history there—tragedy also—yes, even Death shows his dark visage, and tells you of his victory over your loved in other days. Here are letters bearing the date of a quarter of a century ago; open them and read. The orthography is familiar, even the phraseology brings vividly before your eye a face and form most dearly loved, long since mingling with the earth. The hand that wrote those words has vanished—the voice is stilled—the smile is gone—memory remains with these tokens of an age that is no more. The very words stand forth in letters of living light: "Dear ones at home—I was pleased to receive the last family letter—it gave me a glimpse of the old house on the hill where my loved ones dwell. I saw father buried in his newspaper, mother was mending the children's stockings, Joe was at his algebra, Alice her geography, while Eddie, Nellie and May were playing upon the floor." How those words strike like a knell upon the heart!

The old home rises before you now—but the father and mother, the brother who wrote those words of love, have vanished from sight—"Joe" is out in the busy world, Alice a happy wife and mother, Nellie is teaching, while Eddie and May sleep beside the loved parents in the city on the hill, just above the village church. Open this package, tied with dainty pink ribbon. These are letters written in the childish hands of little Eddie and Baby May. Their letters are like themselves—they tell you all of the home news, they give you an insight into their own sweet natures; says Baby May, "Joe has learned to sing bass"; says Eddie, "Old Line Back is sold and I have a nice yoke of steers." A voice grips your heart at these words, and the sighing-tears fall unheeded even upon the floor. Where are Eddie and Baby May now? With an aching heart and quivering lip, you tie these sacred relics together, and lay them reverently away.

You start! Ah, what is this? Only a look

of hair? Yes, but it, too, is history. It brings before your mental vision only haired Nellie, mischievous, loving Eddie, and blue-eyed little May. You see them all again, and you cry out in agony that you are all alone. You smooth those little tresses in tenderness, press them to your lips, and lay them away among your treasures. What is this? A book, inscribed "From Bro. Albert to ——" "Study to improve." It is a school-text book given by your elder brother whose advice you so highly prized in by-gone years. His merry laugh, his winning smile, his gentle admonition to persevere, are present realities, and you almost feel his presence by your side. "Did I study to improve?" you ask yourself as you gaze upon this precious treasure of your soul. "Is he pleased with me—have I done as he would have done, had he lived?" These questions burst forth from your soul as you go down the corridors of time and re-live the years of life.

Below the book you find a tiny pocket book. It was your own in those far off days. Within it you find a piece of money on which are engraved three letters. . . you know them well. When you went forth for the first time to fight the battle of life, an aged friend—far beyond the eightieth year, slipped some money into your hand, whispering, "Take this—I shall not be here when you return; I want you to have something to remember me by." Here is another piece—a ten cent script—you start as if stung—it was placed in your hands the day you heard that Albert had gone home to the spirit-world. How your heart swells as you reverently touch these treasures! How well you recall that dear old face, with her trembling hands as she said, "God bless you, I may never see you again," as you re-live the events of the day that Albert went away from you! But these are not all—here are pennies, notes, receipts and dozens of other things, all possessing untold value to you. These receipts are connecting links between yourself and the social order to which you belonged, those notes and pennies come from dearly loved friends who live on earth no more.

Fold the pocket-book once more, and gently replace it in its own little nook. You have lived a lifetime in studying its history. Close the lid of the box, then sit down and think. Here you are alone—all alone in the house. No one of your own is near. You are out in the world, and away from all your kin. Within that box are the treasures of the past. They are sacred to you; talk not of Bibles, nor of a religion that would take them from you; they are worth more than all the Bibles ever written, than all the sermons ever preached. They are parts of yourselves, for they link you Present with your Past. All alone with you memory now, and it is busy. You hear the loving words of advice from mother, father tells you to be brave of heart—brothers Albert and Eddie and Baby May tell of their enduring love, and behold the chasm of years is bridged by the shining arch of affection, and Past and Present become one. You open your eyes, and a soft light falls in rays of impartial splendor around you; mother, in garments of dazzling whiteness, in robes as resplendent as the glow of love's eternal morning, is by your side; father, strong in his eternal youth of spirit, in raiment immortally young, is with her; their earthly age is gone, and they come to you in the everlasting youth of the spirit—brothers, sisters, cousins, dear friends, and many whom you loved in the "dear old days that are gone beyond recall," are around you. "The old house at home, where your forefather's dwelt," is in the midst of the glowing circle before you; the family band is all here—not one is missing—all, all are here, and the glad song of reunion, the joyous pean of praise, the triumphant note of victory, rings in upon your ears. Death is swallowed up of life—the door of heaven has opened, and behold the angel hosts come forth to tell you that there is no such thing as Death, but that change is the order of life—that Love is the great conqueror—that the Past merges into the Present, and the Present into the Future in the economy of Love, making them all into an Eternal now. The sadness drops away from your soul under the ministrations of the angels, and you clasp hands with your own in the gladness of your heart to go on to yet more glorious victories of the soul. Rich the treasure, sweet the pleasure, full the measure of angel love and angel truth! You have it within your reach, oh! child of earth—grasp it, and the shadows of life will melt away into the glories, the harmonies, the transcendent beauties of the soul's Eternal Morning!

Christian Charity.

The deep interest taken by many Americans in the work of Christianizing the Chinese and other Oriental peoples, has led them to contribute large sums of money to missionary enterprises in the East. They called their donations contributions to charity, gifts to God, and other equally euphonious and high sounding terms. In their zeal to Christianize the Orient, they forgot their neighbors at home, and could not be induced to take any interest in them even though they were on the verge of starvation. They even permitted children of tender years to go hungry, cold, naked and shelterless, because of their great anxiety to save the souls of the heathen over the sea. Such people are numerous, especially in New England, and they are, as Paul said of the Athenians, "in all things very religious," for they not only worship the golden calf, and themselves, but they also worship the saved soul of some Oriental whom their missionaries have debauched into an acceptance of Christianity.

In a certain town in Massachusetts, not a thousand miles from Boston, several persons of the above described class, were appealed to in behalf of two little children under ten years of age. The children's father is a drunken sot, while the mother has gone to her home among the immortals. The good Christian people refused to aid the little orphans on the ground that their father was a confirmed drunkard! Truly this is "Christian charity" in the full sense of the term! The Bible says "the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children," etc., hence that is sufficient warrant for them to permit two tender babes to go shelterless and hungry in their midst. At the same time, these very people are nearly wild over the uprising in China, and are much concerned for the safety of the missionaries who have voluntarily gone there in search of an easy living and good salaries. Home charity has no place in their religious economy. Let the little children starve in America, if they must—the souls of the heathen are to be saved at any cost.

A strange thing happened in a Boston court of law, politely termed court of justice. A learned judge sent three children under twelve years of age to jail, because their father was an habitual drunkard, and their mother and eldest sister had been arrested for stealing

bread! No doubt it was thought that the criminal class would soon cease to exist, unless some young people were educated in criminal practices in the jails. Where was the hand of "Christian charity" that was needed to help these innocents? It may be said that they did not deserve help because their father was a drunkard and their mother an inmate of a prison for bread stealing. Large sums of money can be sent to convert the heathen, but the helpless in America must be made outcasts because of their heredity. The heathen would blush with shame to neglect a child or a parent, and would be horrified at the thought of branding an innocent boy or girl as a jail-bird because of the condition of the father and mother. In committing children to jail, there is always danger of far-reaching evil consequences. It gives them a bad name, and may be the means of turning them into habitual evil ways. True charity would extend a hand to save children from such a fate, but Christian charity says Amen! and piously looks across the ocean to see how many poor, benighted heathen have given hearts to Christ!

Many other illustrations are at hand, setting forth in the clearest possible light the practical side of Christian charity at home. Prospective mothers, orphaned children, aged and infirm men and women need succoring in America. A thousand ills beset our humanity in every large city and town on this continent. They should be removed, and the sufferers helped. Home missions, home charities are necessities. The red tape connected with many of the public charities prevents sufferers from receiving immediate aid. If churches would do good, if Spiritualist societies would prove their value, then let them do some practical work in their own communities. The followers of the great ethical religions, when permitted to pursue their own course, take care of their own, through the application of the law of love. True charity begins at home, and one of the great needs of the hour is an awakening on the part of the American people to a knowledge of that fact. Let the money squandered in foreign missions be diverted to the needs of the afflicted ones at home. It would be simple justice only to have the strong arm of the law extended to prevent further waste of finances in missionary work in foreign lands. Spiritualists, you can set an example by doing a portion of this much needed work yourselves.

Co-operation.

This subject will receive earnest consideration at nearly every camp meeting in the United States during the present season. Only two camps of any importance taboo this great subject, but even at those camps it is probable that some progressive Spiritualists will have a word to say in advocacy of this interesting topic. There is one man in the United States who not only believes in co-operation, but exemplifies his belief in actual deeds. His name is Theodore J. Mayer, of Washington, D. C. His proposal to give a splendid home to the Spiritualists of America, provided they raise the sum of ten thousand dollars and place it in the treasury of Spiritualism, is ample proof of his sincerity, and the fund is within fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars of being filled. In view of this fact, he has once more extended the time from July 1 to Oct. 1, as will be seen by perusing a letter from Mrs. M. T. Longley on our fifth page.

His generous determination to give to Spiritualism many thousands of dollars in property should be an inspiration to Spiritualists to co-operate with him most heartily in his good work. He gives over ten thousand dollars in property, besides five hundred dollars in cash. He has co-operated with the angels by so doing, to assist them in their loving efforts to aid the children of men. With less than two thousand dollars yet to raise, it would seem that Mr. Mayer's munificence would be met in kind at once. A few dollars each from the Spiritualists of New England alone would place the full sum in the treasury within a week's time. Mr. Mayer gives everything outright: he does not receive one penny of the money that is donated to the Mayer Fund, for it goes into the treasury to be used for the good of Spiritualism. In any other denomination, especially if it were Orthodox, in a case like this, thousands of dollars would have been contributed where the Spiritualists have only given hundreds. One true-hearted man gave one thousand dollars, two others gave five hundred each, five others one hundred each, and eight or ten others fifty dollars each. This is practical co-operation, but no eighteen people should be asked or expected to make all of the sacrifices for Spiritualism.

The bulk of the eight thousand dollars now in sight has been contributed by those who earned their living by hard manual labor. The list is a long one, and we pay our tribute of praise to these noble toilers for their loyal support of the great movement we call Spiritualism. But these donors have done their part; they have proved their belief in co-operation by putting it into practice. The Spiritualists who have not contributed to this fund are the ones to whom we are now appealing. Will you not emulate the example of your brethren, who, out of their little all, have given a generous share to Spiritualism? If you really believe in co-operation, will you not prove your sincerity through an offering to this most worthy cause? The names of all donors will be given in full in the spiritualistic press in the near future. Will you not see to it at once that your name is among the number?

The Progressive Thinker.

Our esteemed Chicago contemporary presents an unusually good table of contents in its last issue. While its columns always teem with intellectual truths of a high order, its progressive editor has surpassed his best record in the number in question. The several articles bearing upon the Chinese question are each worth many times the subscription price of the paper for a year. It is refreshing to find a few journals possessed of sufficient courage and independence to tell the truth concerning the troubles in the Orient. The *Progressive Thinker* is one of the foremost of the few in this respect, and merits and will receive the hearty thanks of all lovers of truth of whatever denomination or cult.

It is lamentable to see that the thirst for war and conquest has made its appearance among so many of the citizens of America. Life and property should be protected, and any government that fails to do this deserves discredit; but life and property are always better protected by arbitration and peace than by war and bloodshed. Rooseveltism is a disease that can be cured by radical treatment at the ballot-box. He is the personification of the war spirit in the United States.

Mrs. Vine W. Coburn.

June 23, this devoted friend of higher spiritualistic truth closed her eyes to all earthly scenes, and entered her home in the realm of the soul-world. For many years, she has been a sufferer from physical pain, hence the release is a welcome one to her, although it is so hard for her loved ones left behind. Mrs. Coburn was one of the early mediums in the presentation of Spiritualism in New England. She will be remembered by many people as Miss Vine Winslow Osgood, whose inspirational writings in the late fifties and early sixties were so highly prized by those who were in search of spiritual truth. Several of her stories have appeared in our columns during the past ten months, all of which possessed a high order of literary merit, and were much admired by our readers.

The muses were her constant companions, and she wove into rhyme many of the finest poetical gems we have ever seen. Her poems were of the soul, hence were eagerly read by all. Art claimed a share of her time, and her home and the homes of many of her friends contain some of her offerings in this particular field. Her productions were finished in every respect, and showed that they were the work of a true artist. Her paintings, while not numerous, have excited great admiration and much praise whenever they have been exhibited. She was also a lover of music, and was a performer of no ordinary talent in this field. Her versatility of gifts plainly show that hers was a highly sensitive nature, that was fully attuned to all of the beauty and harmony of life.

Mediumship came to her at an early age, and the progressive souls on the other side of life found in her a willing instrument to do their bidding. She never hesitated to speak the words they gave her, nor did she falter when persecution came because of her devotion to a gnostic ministrations. She loved the truth for its own sake, and braved the scorn and contumely of the unthinking, prejudiced masses in its behalf. She was made to suffer cruelly by the opponents of Spiritualism because of her mediumship. The hardships they visited upon her were largely responsible for the ill-health and suffering of her later years. She fearlessly faced her persecutors and nobly defended the "good cause" whenever there was an opportunity to do so. She lived the life of the spirit and never stooped to deception in any work undertaken by her hands. She gave the spirit message as she received it, and never in any way added to or took from it one word that would mar the beauty of the communication by fraud or deception. Such things had no place in her soul.

In 1878 she became the wife of Alonzo Coburn, a well-known lawyer in Skowhegan, Maine, and an ardent Spiritualist. This was a true marriage in every respect, and the years of her life with Mr. Coburn were full of sunshine. After his transition in 1883, she continued to reside in Skowhegan, but was obliged to lead a quiet life on account of ill-health.

She received a generous competency from her noble-hearted husband, and spent the remaining years of her earthly pilgrimage in doing good. She was a great sufferer, but she never complained of her ailments, and always had a sympathetic ear for those who were in trouble. Many deeds of kindness wrought in silence were due to her noble heart. Her purse was ever opened to those in need, and she filled her days with the sunshine of happiness by doing good. She was kind and loving, tender and true in her soul nature, and made the world much richer and better through her noble unselfish life. She has been our true friend these twenty years, and it is with a full heart that this faint tribute to her memory is paid by the writer. We knew her well, and the impress of her life upon our own has been an inspiration from our school-days to the present time. Earth has lost one of its noblest children, Spiritualism a true and upright advocate, and the people one of their most generous friends. She has entered the life of the soul at the age of sixty-nine years, where she has found rest in a mansion built of her noble deeds on earth. Heaven is richer because of her entrance there, and no one has earned a higher place among earth's truest helpers in the unseen than the true-hearted woman whose departure we record.

Hon. Reuben Carroll.

We regret to announce that this well-known friend of the Cause has taken leave of earth. He "awakened from the dream of life" quite suddenly in La Porte, Tex., some two weeks ago. Mr. Carroll was a familiar figure at Casadaga Camp, his home, for many years. He was prominent in the Abolition movement many years ago, and his counsels were eagerly sought by the leading men of the nation for many years. He enjoyed the personal friendship of such men as James G. Blaine and Benjamin F. Butler, and was given their full confidence. Mr. Carroll was a progressive man along all lines of action. He believed in political, social and religious liberty. His motto was "equal rights for all, special privileges to none." In early life, he represented his country in the Legislature of Ohio, and was one of the leaders of his party. Monopoly of all kinds had his unrelenting hatred and earnest opposition. He believed in the rights of the people, and ever labored zealously to maintain them. He has gone home after a long and busy life of seventy-four years. His wife, five sons and an invalid daughter survive him. They, as well as he, possessed the comforting knowledge of the truths of Spiritualism, hence they realize that the husband and father is with them still. We shall miss our old friend sorely, but we rejoice with him in his new-found freedom in spirit life.

Premature Burials.

Our friend, Dr. Pfeiffer, and our contemporary, *The Casadagan*, have both taken exceptions to our position with respect to premature burials. We hold that cremation is far preferable to the interment of a living body, but in our former reference to the subject we were not sufficiently explicit in our statement. Cremation is indeed a sure preventive for burials alive, but it is better in every respect to exhaust every possible means to determine whether death or coma is the state of the body of a loved one, ere we commit it to the flames or to the grave. We most heartily endorse Dr. Pfeiffer's remedy for this evil, and trust that it may soon be accepted by all civilized communities. *The Casadagan's* assertion that cremation is a trespass upon nature and a usurpation of her functions, savors more of Puritanic orthodoxy than it does of Progressive Spiritualism.

Thelam.

This scholarly production from the facile pen of that gifted writer, Giles B. Stebbins, is now on sale at this office at the low price of ten cents per copy. It contains many valuable thoughts, and is replete with instruction, hence it is worth many times the cost price. It should be in every home. Send in your orders for this excellent work.

Another movement is now on foot to secure the release of Capt. O. M. Carter from Ft. Leavenworth, Kan., military prison. Capt. Carter has wealthy and influential relatives who are determined that the young rogue shall not be punished for his crime. He and his rascally associates mulcted the United States Government of nearly \$2,000,000, during the Spanish war. If this sum were to be turned over to M. A. Hanna for campaign purposes, it is possible that either a new trial or a free pardon might be forthcoming for this aristocratic embezzler.

It is said that a tug boat officer, in order to save ten dollars' worth of hose at the recent New York fire, snatched it from the hands of the man who was playing it upon the hatchway of a ship, below which forty men were at the mercy of the flames. The hose was saved, but the forty men lost their lives. This is wholly in harmony with the prevailing American idea—money and property are of more account than human beings, and perhaps the tug-boat official is only an expression of what his numerous confreres really believe. When money becomes cheaper than life, we may reasonably expect that the world will be truly civilized.

The terrible accident at one of the wharves in New York City, whereby hundreds of people lost their lives, and ten millions of dollars in property were destroyed, is one of the most frightful casualties of the century. The real cause of the holocaust probably will never be known, and the reason why so many were burned to death instead of trusting themselves to the waves, will always be a matter of conjecture. It is, indeed, one of the saddest of life's sad episodes, and will cause thousands of hearts to beat in sympathy with the victims of this horror, and their surviving friends.

Through inadvertence, a notice to the effect that an oil painting would be sold for the benefit of the Mayer Fund, appeared in these columns. The donor, Mrs. Ella Royal Williams, has withdrawn the offer, and all money received has been returned to the purchasers of tickets. This step has been taken for good and sufficient reasons, and not from any feeling of antagonism to the N. S. A., nor from the loss of desire to aid in filling the Mayer Fund.

The lovers of war and the believers in the policy of the dismemberment of China will find some interesting reading in the leading editorial in the Boston *Evening Globe* of June 29. It says that whenever a Christian nation has been desirous of conquering a foreign people, she has first sent a missionary among them, and then supported that missionary by a sword and a standing army.

From a private letter we learn that Hon. J. B. Townsend is now in British Columbia on an important business trip. Mr. Townsend is deeply imbued with the truths of higher Spiritualism and is more than desirous of seeing them placed before the world in their true light. He is certainly well qualified for this important work himself, as his addresses at the several spiritualistic conventions of recent date abundantly prove. He is a thinker and orator, thoroughly in earnest, and truly sincere in his devotion to Spiritualism.

E. W. Sprague and wife are now sojourning at their home in Jamestown, N. Y. They have well earned a vacation, and are entitled to the hearty thanks of all true-blue Spiritualists for their devotion to the Cause. "He is the honestest man in Cattaraugus County" is an old New York maxim that can with truth be applied to both Mr. and Mrs. Sprague in its completest sense. May they long be spared to serve in the vineyard of truth.

Charles E. LeGrand, of Salem, Mass., the well known healer, made us a pleasant call on Monday of this week. Mr. LeGrand has exceptional powers in his line, and if sick people wish to get well, he it is who can help them. We know whereof we speak from personal experience.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Rathbun, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., were welcome guests in the editorial sanctum one day last week. These true and tried friends of our beloved Cause always impart new courage and fresh inspiration to their co-workers whenever they meet them. May they come again soon.

Arthur C. Smith of West Hampden, Me., reported at the BANNER OF LIGHT office upon his return from the Paris Exposition, before he took the steamer for his home. He enjoyed his trip, even if he was seasick, and has returned full of information in regard to the Old World that will stand him well in hand in the near future.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. Alfred E. Giles, has our sincere thanks for valuable clippings bearing upon up to date topics.

"Oufa," the philosopher and mystic, left Boston for San Francisco, Calif., June 27.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make on you; for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should be no part of your concern.—Epictetus.

Jubilee Deficit.

Previously acknowledged, \$1,371.49 (erroneously given in last report as \$1,379.79); Martin Byron, \$5; total, \$1,376.49.

NOTE.—Of the above amount, General Manager Frank Walker contributed \$100; he has therefore only received \$1,276.49, \$163.45 of which were donations of amounts due for services and expenses. In addition to above total, were donations of services and expenses which were mentioned without the amounts being given, being \$68.

The total deficit was \$2,774.27, which did not include any compensation to the General Manager.

Mr. Walker informs us that he has paid all claims of the deficit except \$1,009.27, besides having been caused considerable additional expense since the Jubilee on account of it. It can be seen by the above that Mr. Walker has paid out much more than he has received in contributions toward the deficit.

Continued from First Page.

probability the claim was not true, and he was merely the victim of an hallucination. This attitude would not be any more absurd than it would be now, in the present stage of evolutionary progress, to assert that clairvoyance and clairaudience—which are the sight and the hearing of the psychic body—are either impossible or abnormal. The real truth is this: the psychic body is the normal man. The psychic faculties are our normal faculties, and so far as one has not yet achieved their development, so far is he from having achieved his true powers.

The entire atmosphere is intelligence. It is vital. It is magnetic. It conveys currents of thought from mind to mind, both between those still in the physical body and between those in the world of the seen and the world of the unseen. The physical environment is a prison only so long as one lives in his physical powers. The moment he transcends those and transfers the entire emphasis of life to the psychic powers, that moment he begins to enter into the unlimited universe of spirit. He can speak with those in the unseen; he can ask and receive their counsel, their aid and guidance. He recognizes them and himself as co-workers with God in the divine world, and life is no more petty or trivial or material, but is uplifted into serene nobleness of purpose, illuminated with the higher wisdom, and transfigured with heavenly radiance.—London Light.

33 Rue Greuze, Passy, Paris.

From the N. S. A.

Dear Mr. Editor: Kindly allow me to state in your valuable columns that as the Mayer Fund still needs from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars to complete it, in order to secure the Home, Mr. Mayer once more agrees to extend the time ninety days, or to Oct. 1. We trust by that time to see the fund filled and a National home owned by the Spiritualists, with a working fund for its good objects. Mr. Mayer will not get a dollar for the property, as he gives that free of charge. The fund is for the treasury of the N. S. A. It seems as if this latter explanation should be unnecessary, as it has been made so often, but I am still receiving letters asking me if we have enough to buy the Home, and if the seller will not take less for the same.

If all who can spare a dollar or less, who have given nothing to this fund, will but donate what they can well spare, we shall have the fund filled in less than a month, and we trust they will arouse to their duty in this line and at once forward me the donation they will some time be very glad they made to the Cause.

Several large pledges have been cancelled, either because those who made them cannot meet the obligation, or because they were made by irresponsible persons in the name of societies that know nothing of them and that cannot pay. We are trying to see where we stand financially, and if those who have pledged will send the money to this office, we will be grateful. The fund will be filled, and the Home secured. We know the spirit-world does not prophesy this in vain; but if by any chance it should not be a success, the money will be returned to those who ask it, and there will be no risk in their sending it here at once.

With sincere gratitude to all who are in sympathy with this work, and especially for the courtesy of the editors of the spiritual papers. Cordially, MARY T. LONGLEY, Sec'y N. S. A. 600 Penna Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.

Camp Etna, Maine.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Saturday, June 16, was a beautiful June day. Early in the morning teams began driving in from all directions, also many came by train to be present at Old Camp Etna's Annual June Meeting. The business meeting took place in the afternoon. Our President being absent, the meeting was conducted by Henry Simpson. It was decided to hold the Annual Camp-meeting from Aug. 31 to Sept. 9, inclusive. The speakers are of a high order, including Dr. Barrett, Pres. N. S. A., F. A. Wiggin, J. S. Scarlett, Mr. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding and Mrs. Ella Hewes. There will be dances on the grounds nearly every evening. Sunday, June 24, a large audience assembled to listen to words of cheer from Bro. Chas. Brown of Orrington, who was engaged to speak in one month from this meeting.

Hotel Echo, as usual, will be managed by its proprietors, W. D. Wetherbee and wife, who have recently fitted up the interior in first class shape, and will make every effort to please the people. Many rooms are now engaged, still there are "Rooms for more." The prices are moderate. Transients \$1 to \$1.25 per day, \$5.25 to \$7 per week; dinners thirty-five cents.

For Abuse of Alcohol

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. E. B. DAVIS, Dayton, O., says: "Very good results in cases of nervous debility from excessive drinking and insomnia."

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

M. St. Omer Briggs will lecture at Island Lake, Brighton, Mich., July 8, previous to the opening of the camp.

J. S. Scarlett would be pleased to correspond with societies relative to engagements for the fall and winter months. Address him, 35 Brookline street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Copies of Banner for Circulation.

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

Stomach Headache



is always accompanied by a coated tongue, and often by a foul breath.

Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient promptly relieves all headaches by removing offensive matters from the system. It cleanses and settles sick stomachs in the most refreshing way.

50c. and \$1. Trial, 25c. Pamphlets on request.

Tarrant's "Dermal," a dainty, antiseptic powder for nursing, toilet, after-shaving, curing chafing, best foot powder, 25c.

At druggists, or mailed on receipt of price.

TARRANT & CO., Chemists, New York, Est. 1864

Has Rip Van Winkle Awakened?

BY MOSES HULL.

(Concluded from last week.)

The next statement in the article under review is as follows:

"Spiritualists assert that the Bible establishes the truth of their system of thought. But it may well be asked how a religion which is demonstrated true by many infallible proofs can be considered identical with Spiritualism, which is able to produce no credentials such as those which testify to the truth of Christianity."

Here are two statements which shall pass under review: the first is that "The Bible is demonstrated true by many infallible proofs;" the second is, that "Spiritualism is able to produce no credentials."

It is a good thing to have the Bible "demonstrated true," but when the "proofs" are in fallible, then the demonstration is certainly doubly strong. Webster informs us that "to demonstrate is to prove beyond the possibility of denial." Has the Bible been thus proved? Has no one ever denied the infallibility or the truth of the Bible?

In a former part of the article under review, we were informed that prophecy proved the Bible true. Now the Bible proves prophecy true; thus the "demonstrated Bible," which is questioned, proves prophecy, and the questioned prophecy, not to be beaten, turns around and proves the Bible! Thus one hand is made to wash the other! Was there ever a more complete case of what logicians call *petitio principii*, or begging the question?

The fact is, no part of the Bible has ever been demonstrated by "infallible proofs." It is just a little hard to see how "infallible proofs" can come to fallible beings. At least, no proof can be called infallible where there is room for a difference of opinion either as to the phenomena or their explanation.

Next we learn that "Spiritualism produces no credentials." Here at best is only an opinion—an opinion not shared by one in a thousand of those who have thoroughly examined its phenomena and its claims. Alfred Russel Wallace, one of the most careful investigators in the world, informs us that there is no scientific fact better attested than are the spiritual phenomena.

To thoroughly investigate Spiritualism is to become a believer in its phenomena and philosophy. For proof of this it is only necessary to refer to the investigations which have already been made. The Diectical Society of London appointed a committee of thirty-six persons to investigate and report on the matter. Their investigations satisfied every member of the committee that it was true.

These investigations and conclusions have since been confirmed by those of Sir William Crookes, Alfred Russel Wallace, Dr. Hodgson, Prof. Hyslop, Prof. C. L. James, and others, who have honestly looked into and reported upon the facts.

After Spiritualism has passed the ordeal of investigation of the millions of honest, intelligent Christians who have changed their opinions on the subject, then of millions more who have said: "Well, there is something to it—something beyond my comprehension, but I do not know just what it is; it has stood the tests of the most scientific and honest investigators in the world, has converted the very men who opposed and fought the very theories of opponents and found them wanting; then for a person who, perhaps, has not unprejudicedly investigated the matter for two hours in his whole life to say that 'Spiritualism is able to produce no credentials such as those which testify to the truth of Christianity,' is—well, to say the least, it proves that they are not all dead who dare to 'rush in where angels dare not tread.'"

I wish this man had pointed out his "infallible proof of Christianity." There are at least a few who would like to know what it is. The Christian Bible tells stories an hundred times as large as any stories told in the name of Spiritualism; and the stories are not proved by a thousandth part of the testimony we have of Spiritualism; yet, in the estimation of this killer of Spiritualism, the evidence of Spiritualism amounts to nothing, while that for Christianity is "infallible demonstration."

Here follows, in the article under review, another string of what seem to me insane assertions:

"Against the stupendous miracles of the Christian religion, and the system of Bible prophecy which reaches down from ancient times to events occurring in the present age, Spiritualists are able to present only such peurile acts as table-rapping and other phenomena which may admit of a perfectly natural explanation. Christ performed his miracles publicly, in the clear light of day, and everything he did was of a character that appeals to the highest intelligence."

And this is a specimen of the arguments by which Christians would turn the world from the enjoyment of the consolations of Spiritualism back to what is called Christianity! In answering let us take the last point first. "Christ performed his miracles publicly, and in the light of day." Did he? Did he? Did he raise the ruler's daughter in the public? Matthew ix., 25, says: "But when the people were put forth, he went in and took her by the hand and the maid arose."

Mark and Luke make the matter still stronger by saying that "he put them all out." Mark vi., 40; Luke viii., 54.

When Jesus was transfigured it was not "in the clear light of day," nor in the public. Peter, James and John were the only ones who saw that so-called miracle, and they were charged not to tell it. See Matthew xvii., 1-9. When Jesus walked on the water it was not "in the clear light of day," nor in the public. It was the fourth watch of the night, and "when Jesus was alone." Matthew xiv., 23-25.

When Jesus healed the deaf man, instead of doing it publicly, the Bible says "he took him aside from the multitude," and after he had opened the man's ears, "he charged him that he should tell no man." See Mark 7., 33-36.

When he opened the blind man's eyes, he did not do it publicly. Instead, "he took the blind man by the hand and led him out of the town." Mark viii., 23. The record further says, "and he sent him away to his house, saying neither go into the town, nor tell it to any one in the town."

This seems a sufficient reply to the statement that "Christ performed all his miracles publicly and in the clear light of day."

Now that I have replied to the latter part of the quotation from this opponent, I will use a little space in review of its former proposition. There were no "Stupendous miracles of the Christian religion;" and as for the "System of Biblical prophecy, which reaches down from ancient times to the events occurring in the present age," I defy the writer of the above, or anybody else, to point out one single definite Bible prophecy which is now being fulfilled. I can quote any number of them which prove the prophets of that book to have been exceedingly fallible men. Even Jesus missed it in all his predictions. He told his friends of the darkening of the sun and the moon, of the stars falling from heaven, of the tribes of the earth mourning, and of the Son of man coming, all in the generation to which he was talking. That generation has gone, and sixty others have followed it, and yet the things predicted have not occurred.

After his anastasis he proved no wiser in his predictions than before. He said: "And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay their hands on the sick and they shall recover."—Mark xvi., 17-18.

If this is a true prophecy there have been no believers. This writer calls Spiritualism "peurile," that is, childish. What a wonderful child it is! Even in its infancy it seems to have possessed enough of the strength of manhood to have moved the world! It is true that the early manifestations of Spiritualism came through children—this only proves that "a little child shall lead them."

The war began on Spiritualism, in the shape of mobs, when the little Fox girls were the only known mediums. Lawyers, doctors, ministers and editors united against it; all fully

determined to take the life of the "young child," and yet Spiritualism has outlived all of that kind of opposition. It goes on from conquering to conquering, while modern Pharisees can do no more than their ancient brethren, who said, "Persevere how we prevail nothing, behold, the world is gone after him."

Among the first to surrender to this "peurile" infant were such giants, as that old Scotch Heroules, Robert Owen, then follows his son, Robert Dale Owen. These intellectual Boanerges are followed by such tall intellects as Judge J. W. Edmonds, Prof. Robert Hare and others who had withstood the strongest batteries of the various pulpits. In spite of all that church and philosophy could do, these immense intellects were being swept down the whirlpool of Materialism and Atheism, when puerile "Spiritualism" came to their rescue and saved them. In one case a little pine table, under the hands of a little girl, when there was no salvation in any other name, came to the rescue. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

The writer under review brings out the grand climax of his article with a quotation from the late H. L. Hastings, as follows:

"A man tells me that Jesus of Nazareth was a good man; but then, there were other men just as good. He was a spiritual medium; but there are other mediums equally powerful in these days. To be sure I do not remember any spiritual medium giving a public dinner, for nothing, to five thousand hungry people. You may have heard of such a manifestation, but it has not fallen under my notice. I have not heard of a spiritual medium hushing the winds or calming a storm at sea. I have heard of dancing tables and similar operations. I prefer to have my tables stand still."

Poor Bro. Hastings is gone! I knew him well; we never had but one public tussle; that he did not expect. He was to annihilate Spiritualism in a course of four or five lectures; a few friends sent for me to see it done. I asked him a few questions and made a few "feeble remarks"; the result was an immediate business call which forced him to cancel his other appointments; he would surely return and finish killing Spiritualism in a few days or weeks at most. The poor man only lived about ten years after that event—not long enough to finish the work he undertook. He learned that I had volunteered to assist him in his great work, and wisely concluded that it was safe to keep a proper distance from the scene of action.

Let us now examine that "public dinner." That is one of the Bible "fish stories." Let us be careful about partaking of too much of that dinner. Has the reader ever examined the circumstances? The story occurs with various embellishments in Matt. xiv., 13-21, Mark vi., 31-44, Luke ix., 12-17, and John v., 3-13. The stories differ somewhat, I tell you where to find them all, so that each can take his choice.

In the first place three of the evangelists tell us this bread and fish dinner was in the desert; another says it was in the mountain. I wonder how Jesus worked it to get so many people either out into the desert, or up into a mountain. He certainly run no special excursion trains out into that region; even if he had been equipped with "lightning express" trains from Jerusalem, and had half fare excursions, how could he so thoroughly advertise the matter? With all the advertising Spiritualists can do, even when they make use of the daily papers, they can hardly ever get "five thousand men, besides women and children," out to their camps, and those camps are never held in "desert places," either.

Think again, what a set of dumb-skulls these five thousand men were, to take their "women and children" out into the desert, and not one of them had forethought enough to take a sandwich or a doughnut, on which to feed the little ones!

There happened to be in that crowd one solitary genuine Yankee boy, who had an eye to business; he took five loaves of bread and, John says, two little fishes, in a basket. The boy soon sold out and had the privilege of seeing twelve thousand men, as many fragments as there were of the original commissary department. Is not this wonderful? I wish Elder Hastings or somebody else had explained this matter.

Let me now say, this is an old astrological myth which did not originate with either of these three evangelists. There is no miracle about it. This is not the place nor the time to discuss its meaning. It is enough for me at this time to say that Jesus did not literally feed "five thousand men beside women and children."

This must suffice for a review of this last loaded to the muzzle-killer of Spiritualism. Next.

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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 Cloues 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 Seance held June 16, 1900, S. E. 52.

Invocation.

Oh! Spirit of Infinite Love and Wisdom, with hearts full of hope for the wisest and the best that can come, we draw near to each other at this hour. May a helping influence go out from this little company. May the sweetest thoughts be poured into the homes from this centre. May all that is pure and true be made manifest in this hour of communion. Amen.

MESSAGES.

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

Joel Magoon.

The first spirit that comes to me is a gentleman I should think about sixty-five or seventy years old. His hair is quite gray and long and he has a long gray beard. His eyes are blue. His brow is quite high and receding. When he looks into your face he seems to read your thoughts. He walks over to me and puts his hand into mine. He says: "Will you please say that Joel Magoon is here from Galveston. Please say also that I have George with me. Tell the friends that we are often with them in their hours of sorrow and give them our influence and will help them in every way we can."

Caroline Hibbard.

The next one that comes to me is a lady, I should think, fifty years old. She is very tall and not very stout. Her eyes are blue and her hair is soft gray and crimped in front, and drawn down loosely on the sides of the face. She has long features and she comes so quiet and strong that we would think just at first, that she had been in the habit of coming ever since she went over, but she says: "This is my first experience. I was not a woman who pushed myself forward, but I would so much like to reach my home, that I am going to make the effort to speak clearly. My name is Caroline Hibbard, and I lived in Swampscott. I did not know a thing about this and have only learned that it is possible to return since I came over here. My mission is not so much to speak of what I will do but to speak to those who are near to me and who are looking out through tears of sorrow into this life, and who made my life so happy. I have a daughter and her name is Lizzie. So often I find her looking at my picture and wishing that I were near. We were more like sisters than like mother and daughter, and now it seems more natural to stand here and tell her my love is the same and more if possible. She goes to church and is striving to be so good so as to meet me. Tell her please that I grow with her and she with me, and together we will go into that life she is longing for."

Richard Foye.

Now there comes a spirit to me from Fitchburg. He is short and thin, and has a crisp little way. His eyes are dark, and his hair is dark and curly. He does not look over twenty-eight or thirty years old, but think he seems older by the attitude and business way he takes here. His hands are very much soiled, as though he always worked hard. He looks like a mechanic. He comes here and says: "For goodness sake, if it is possible for me to get here to speak a word or two, I will surely be helped." But he says it in such a rattling way that it puzzles you, and you wonder if he knows what he wants. He keeps calling "Carrie! Carrie!" and says: "My name is Richard Foye. My mother is here with me, and she told me she thought it would be quite possible for me to come. I always thought that the best of my life belonged to my employers; that I sold my day to the man who gave me money to buy my bread, and when I got away from him I could do whatever I pleased. But since I came over here I have wished I had not felt quite so dependent, and had understood that all my life and all my days belonged to all the world. I did not want to die; I hated to go. It wasn't because I was afraid, but I wanted to stay and see how things came out. This has been a pleasure, to speak for myself."

Frank Wood.

The next one that comes is a boy about eighteen or twenty years old. His name is Wood; his first name is Frank. He is not so very tall, rather thin, and quite light. His hair is brown, his face is smooth, and he has a clean, nice way about him as though he wanted to make a good appearance. As he comes here, he says: "You may say that I come from Natick, and that I have been close to the home often since I went out, for the simple reason that everybody felt so bad that I could not desert them. But now that they are beginning to get a little past that, I feel some relief and have taken this way to express myself. I have not been long in this life. My mother and father are still living, and I expect they would think this were a most preposterous thing, if they should be told that I had really come back to bring them word of my new life. I liked books, had a kind of taste for music, and was devoted to flowers and dogs. I just want to say that the white dog I used to be so fond of is with me to-day. I found my Uncle Billy waiting for me. He had been gone so long that I had almost forgotten him; but when he took me by the hand, and said: 'Frankie, I am glad to have you come and see me,' why I just felt I had known him all the time he had been away. My grandmother has been pretty good to me. She used to be quite strict, but she has a motherly kindness that has grown to be indispensable."

Mary Roberts.

And now comes a woman. She must be sixty years old. She is very straight, very dark eyes, gray hair and has a little face. It seems as though she could hardly breathe, and I think for a long time before she went away she was in such distress that she could not lie down at night as others would. She is a good, motherly-looking woman, and she puts her hand up to her head as though it had brought the memory of the pain that was last here. She says: "Well, how do you do? I am more than glad to see that anybody will take my letter to my own people, and I will tell you first to whom I want to get. I want to reach Mary Roberts, Fargo, North Dakota, and I thought the best way to do so was just to address the note to her in this way, and she will know that I am her mother. Say that she need not give herself one moment's uneasiness over my passing out. It was the fault of no one. It seemed a thing that could not have been helped, and I bring this word of blessing to her now. I have two of her children with me. I was with her when they passed away, and I am glad that I am able to take care of them and to say to her that they are growing strong and sturdy. I also have my daughter Elizabeth with me, and she joins in sending greetings. We do not like the new house as well as the old one. It does not seem as home-like, but perhaps in time we will learn to like it. I thank you for allowing me to come."

Charles Atkinson.

Here comes now a man about forty years old. He looks like a strong, muscular, clear-headed kind, and seems to be alive all over, and he says: "That was well said, my little friend. I am alive all over. I feel exactly as I would if I were living in the old home, and I just thought I would come and speak about it. My name is Charles Atkinson, and I came from Norfolk, Virginia. I was not in the shipping business. I took large contracts, and had considerable funds, and the business is going along about as well as if I had remained. But it's my people at home that I would like to reach. I would like so much to get to Cora. She needs me, because no one seems to understand her. She is a little headstrong, and seems to feel now that she knows as well as anybody, and perhaps a little better, what she ought to do; but I want to say to her that they want and need to draw the reins pretty tight. She will understand what I mean by this, and will say if I am conscious of what she is doing, I would say the only way to be happy is not to insist upon having her own way, but take the right way, regardless of who suggests it."

Jennie Goldthwaite.

The next spirit that comes to me is just as nervous as she can be. Her name is Jennie Goldthwaite. She is very frail looking and seems so sickly, as though she had hardly strength enough to stand here. She puts her hands to her head and presses so tightly against it as though to quiet the pain which comes from the effort to get here. She says: "I come from Lansing, Michigan. I am attracted here by my love and interest in this truth of ours. It seems as though I die a hundred times a day in striving to get back and express myself to my loved ones, and finding nothing but hardness and misunderstanding of this spiritual thought. It is like having a door shut in your face every day. My mother needs me and so I have come. The rest do too, and it just seems that if they realized how I loved them that they would be moved into this way and would see if there was not some way to let me come either in thought or expression. We were all church people, and I died trying to believe that I should be happy. The sobs of my mother when she saw me slipping away from her, linger in my ears till I just long to speak so plainly and say to her: 'Your girl is happy, mother darling.' It makes me homesick when she looks at my clothes and everything I used to have, and cries and cries. So if she doesn't quite believe that I have come I will at least have called her attention, and that perhaps will make her desire to go further in her investigations."

Father Burns.

The next one that comes is an old man. His face is smooth except just a little whiskers under the chin. His eyes are blue, and his hair (what he has of it) is white; up at the top of the head it is a little gray. He says: "I am Father Burns. Everybody, almost, called me that, though I wasn't a priest; but I did have a good deal to do with Episcopacy. I come from a little town in Rhode Island—Woonsocket. Every tree and every stone in the old place is as familiar to me as are the hands on my body or the eyes in my head. Most of my people are over here with me, and we have many a hot discussion over this matter of return; and so I come to convince a little group of people in spirit life that it is possible for me to come back, and see my own name in print once more. I always believed that it was an easy matter, if one did not make too much fuss about it; but they seem to get so nervous that they are like children. I could not have reached that good old age, over ninety, if I had not had a quiet disposition and easy mind, and I got it by simply holding on to it and never paying any attention to what others said as long as I was doing the best I could do. Please tell the old friends in Woonsocket that I kind of stand and watch for every one of them when they come over, and hold a little town-meeting on my own responsibility, and pass around fruit in honor of the occasion when anyone comes my way."

Charles Green.

Now there comes a spirit who gives the name of Charles Green. He is about twenty-eight or thirty years old; may be more, but quite as old, and seems bright as a dollar. He smiles and I see his teeth, which are just as white and even as can be. He says: "I am a soldier, and it isn't often a soldier gets in here. I want to say just a word for myself and friends. I want to get to Martha. She is very much in need of me. The next year will be a better producer, and she will know what I mean when I say this training is for her good and for her unfoldment. Give her my love, and tell her the future is brighter and there is one who stands ready to help her."

Verification of Spirit Message.

MRS. SOULE:

My Dear Friend: I wish to thank you and "Sunbeam" for the kind message from my brother CHARLES IN THE BANNER OF MAY 26. I am glad to know that he comes to our home in the West and that he is able to help George, who has only recently passed on to the higher life.

Your loving friend,

John Day, Oregon.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY NINE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A great many Spiritualists, whom I have asked if they accept the doctrine of reincarnation, replied in a non-committal way that they did not understand it. All such are recommended to read Mrs. Gesteled's book entitled "Reincarnation, or Immortality," published by the Alliance Publishing Co., New York, and for sale at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT. A careful perusal of this remarkable and perfectly clear book will enable them to "understand" reincarnation, the arguments adduced by those who favor it, and the objections to it, which with some minds make it incompatible with immortality.

The manner in which this deep and argumentative book is printed makes it easy for the thoughtful reader to comprehend its drift. There are twenty-four chapters, varying in length from two to six pages, each chapter has a clear title of its own, there are two or three blank pages after each chapter, giving the reader a pause to review the thought just presented; and one who has read the book through can review its argument to great advantage by pondering the subjects of the successive chapters as given in the table of contents.

As many of our readers do not feel that they can purchase the work, and as many others feel that they cannot spare the time requisite to its perusal, I will with your permission, Mr. Editor, attempt to give a summary of its leading thoughts.

Mrs. Gesteled first gives the arguments in favor of reincarnation. Some of these are that it accounts for more facts than are accounted for by modern Christianity, but she shows that these facts may be used to prove the opposite. For instance, memory is too unreliable to allow the remembrance of a previous incarnation to prove that it took place. The wide differences in persons prove nothing, for the nature of the human soul accounts for them.

The question cannot be settled by the evidence of the senses. Only the abstract reasoning which reaches facts and accounts for them can give evidence. If logical, it may be true; if illogical, it may be untrue.

A reincarnationist may tell about his previous incarnations, but wholly overlooks the first one. There is as much proof that the present one is the first one, as that any previous one was. If each incarnation is the result of previous Karma, what was the Karma that led to the first one, as Karma is the law of cause and effect?

The advantages of reincarnation are that we get rid of a personal God who governs by decree, that we have justice in place of favoritism, that we have law instead of chance, that evil is self-made instead of divinely appointed. Its disadvantages are, that the law (Karma) obscures the power of the individual; the tendency to put off to a future incarnation what ought to be done to-day; to passively accept what law brings instead of compelling the law to bring what we require; a perpetuation of the mistaken view that physical death is essential to improvement; and the making of a condition into a locality.

The Science of Being, on the contrary, shows the possibilities of the individual. Reincarnation may be compared to the Law; and the science of being to the Gospel. The Old Testament always said, "Thou shalt not"; the New Testament says, "Thou shalt." The reincarnationist is in bondage to destiny. Instead of letting the law overcome for you, it is a better way for you to overcome by means of the law.

There is a great staircase. The lowest step is in total darkness. Its summit is bathed in light. The walls on each side, the order of the steps, and the possibility of reaching the top are created by the law of cause and effect. All finite souls begin on the lowest step. Some remain there for countless ages. Many climb step by step, each step being a little lighter, to the brightly lighted summit. A few, like Jesus (and Emerson) quickly grasped the fact that they were sons of God by creation and not by adoption, and were at once at the top. Afterwards he came down and showed those who were groping on the lower steps that they could at once be one with the Father, as he was. Instead of being sacrificed for them, he showed them the inherent possibilities of the human soul, and that we are Sons of God here and now, and not merely Sons of Men. This is life eternal.

It is natural to climb the staircase. It is possible to attain the summit at once, and so be in condition to encourage and instruct the toilers on the way. Those who do this are true mediators. Jesus was one.

Reincarnation shuts us up to the slow climb. We become puppets in the hand of the law. The other view gives us choice. We may at once realize our Sonship, and then we carry the bright light of the summit with us, when we descend the staircase to assist our brethren.

All kinds of cake have certain ingredients—flour, butter, sugar, and eggs. A cake is the result of the combination of these ingredients. This particular cake which is made, baked, and set on the pantry shelf never existed before, though its ingredients existed. Cakes differ from each other according to the proportion of the different ingredients, the flavoring used, and the manner of baking. This cake you make to-day is not the same cake you made last week and ate, though it was made in the same proportions.

In like manner, all human souls have the same inherent possibilities. They are formed, as it were, of the same ingredients. They differ from each other, because of the different proportion of the same ingredients, because of physical, pre-natal, and ancestral conditions, and manifest themselves differently according to birth, station, education, and a thousand other particulars. When a human being appears on the stage of action, he is a new one. He did not appear before. He may inherit certain peculiarities from his grandfather. Persons say he is like his grandfather. But he is not his grandfather reincarnated, though the proportions of some of the ingredients are the same. He was never "here" before. He did not "come back" again. Though made of ingredients that were in existence before, this human being never before existed.

Some human beings are now called prodigies. A man may be a prodigy in music. He seems to eat, drink, sleep, and wear music. He is really unbalanced. One of his ingredients is far in excess of the others, and there is too little of the others. Sometimes we find that he is less of a prodigy with advancing years. This is because Nature is recovering her equilibrium in his case. The reincarnationist says he is Mozart or Beethoven reincarnated, that he "has been here before."

Really, all human beings have the ingredient of music in them. In some, the proportion is so small that they seem to have none. In him, the ingredient of music is disproportionately large.

Jesus was a prodigy, in spiritual matters. He bade men to be perfect, even as their Father in heaven is perfect. He did not tell them that they would have to "come back again and again," in order to attain this end.

We are apt to live in the past or the future, when it is to-day that is all-important. The true reincarnation may take place in us at this hour, as we become conscious that we, as existent souls, are in one-ness with the Soul of all things, which some call God. The great staircase begins with the Son of man after the flesh, and ends with the Son of God after the eternal pattern. When the individual human soul attaches its personal sense to the Soul—God—it is sure of the same immortality as the Absolute Soul. The natural man had a beginning, and he will have an end in time. But he becomes immortal by seeing the connection between himself and all below and above him, sees a Great Purpose that is being worked out, a Purpose that he makes his own purpose. In other words, his will is one with God's will, and, because God is immortal he is immortal, too.

All religions teach the same in their essence. Religion is cosmopolitan, theological doctrines are provincial, and are too limited to take in the whole world. Only that which speaks directly to a member of the human family, whatever his race, customs, or inheritance, is the New Testament that wins the world. We must not say to those we would enlighten, "Thou shalt believe what I tell thee." We must say as Jesus did, "Thou shalt love God with all thy heart, and soul, and strength; and thy neighbor as thyself."

If Jesus is only considered as a historical personage, the Christ is dead and buried. If he becomes to us a type of oneness with God, a type of what we can realize in our own personal selves, then the Christ is risen for us.

All life—be it of plant, animal, or man—is eternal. That is, it always has been, and it always will be. But a soul becomes immortal when he is conscious of his eternal life. Immortality is the addition of personal recognition to eternal ingredients. At sensation, the lowest, darkest step of the staircase, we are the servants of Nature. But it is possible to attach our personal sense to the Absolute Soul. By so doing, we at once attain the summit. If we plod on from step to step, we are slaves to law. If we now realize our divine Sonship, we have overcome Nature. To the question, "What am I?" the following reply is given:

"All that is, is in me, for all is contained within the boundaries of being. All is relative to me, I am relative to the Absolute. I am absolute to all that is in me, and there is naught else but God."

Such, Mr. Editor, are some of the thoughts and processes of reasoning to be found in this book. It cannot be read understandingly in haste by one not already familiar with its line of thought. But its perusal has been an intense delight to me, reminding me somewhat of the pleasure I experienced some thirteen years ago in reading Dr. Evans' "Esoteric Christianity." These are books that make one think. But the thinking they induce is not merely the intellectual play of the mind. The soul is quickened. It feels its wings. Poising itself on the shore of materiality, it at last trusts itself to the depths of the atmosphere, and floats slowly up to God, which is its dwelling place.

"Like the eagle, upward, onward,
Who the lower air doth spurn,
Calmly gazing skyward, onward,
May my soul unshrinking turn!"

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
ABBY A. JUDSON.
Arlington, N. J., June 22, 1900.

Be Charitable.

Let all your things be done with charity.—I. Corinthians, xvi:14.

We ought to exercise a larger hospitality toward those who differ with us in religious opinion. The rivalry of sects is an injury to true religion. Whatever prevents us from co-operation with others for the reformation of mankind should be classed as heresy, and must be eliminated before we can become genuine Christians. The sectarian spirit puts us at odds with each other, and is an injury to every one concerned. We are to love our neighbor even though his convictions are not in sympathy with ours. If the Almighty tolerates all sorts of opinions, provided they are honestly held, the least we can do is to follow the example.

When a man believes that he has a monopoly of the truth he is mentally deformed. The absolute truth has not yet been discovered, and until it is we must occupy different standpoints and see things in different ways. It is pure arrogance to assume that you are right and those who disagree with you are in the wrong. If the truths of religion were like the facts of science, and you could prove your faith as you can prove a problem in algebra, or as you can prove that two and two make four, you might be excused for your intolerance, but where we are all seekers, using equal intellects, working with equal desire, it is worse than folly for one man or body of men to denounce another because your conclusions are not accepted as final.

While there are so many wrongs to be righted, it is a pity to insist on theological uniformity as a matter of prime importance. The man who spends his life in doing simple acts of goodness is worth more on earth and in heaven than he who thinks we cannot be saved unless we believe just as he does. There is very little variety of opinion as to what we ought to do, but a large variety as to what we ought to think. No one can fail to receive the approval of the Lord who does what is right because it is right and hates the wrong because it is wrong. He must needs go to heaven at last, since there is no other place in the universe for him.

An orchestra is composed of various instruments, all tuned to the same pitch. It would be absurd to declare that one set of these instruments is more important than another, for they are all component parts of a perfect whole. If you were to introduce into an orchestra the same spirit of rivalry which exists in the religious world, and the instruments, instead of occupying their proper places and contributing to the general effect, should each claim the right of way for itself, there would be such dire confusion that the purpose of the author would be defeated. Harmony of action is the only condition of success.

If sects would lay aside their differences of

theological opinion, and shoulder to shoulder make a good day's work their sole aim, the religion of Christ would become simply irresistible. Their trouble is that they are an orchestra in which the instruments are so self-occupied that they want themselves alone to be heard, and so redeeming music is impossible. There is no more room for discord in the Church of Christ than there is in a symphony. If the Church could get rid of the foolish idea of its own importance, and fall back on the importance of universal brotherhood and helpfulness, it would reduce the prevalence of evil to a minimum. One-half of the infidelity which exists has its origin in the uncharity which is misnamed religion.

Go to what church you please. Your decision is the result of temperament, education, of climate, of surroundings. Let your neighbor exercise the same privilege. There is no reason why you should not both be Christians, though one is a devout Catholic and the other is a Quaker. You will never be saved if you count on forms and ceremonies alone; neither can you be saved by the absence of form and ceremony. These things are the merest incidents of worship. They are matters of personal preference and convenience. All churches are yours, for God is in all, and you are a poor sort of Christian if you cannot find your Master and Lord in any church whose doors are open to you.

I have no interest whatever in your belief, but great interest in your life. The only creed I care for is the creed of the Good Samaritan. He was on his way to Jericho, and he discovered that it was the way to heaven. He found God when he found the wounded man to whom he could render a service. He did Christ's work in Christ's way. He had more inward satisfaction than all the dogmas ever formulated could furnish.

Show me a man who loves his fellows and whose daily life makes the world richer by good deeds and generous thoughts, and I will show you a man who walks in the clear sunshine toward a glorious immortality. Believe what you will, but as to your doing, let it be God's work. Make some one's darkness bright with the light of your presence; cheer the comfortless with words of encouragement; then there will be tears of grateful sorrow when you go, and a warm welcome when you reach the other shore.—George H. Hepworth in New York Herald.

Brave Words and True.

Prof. Frederick Starr, head of the department of anthropology in the University of Chicago, takes a common sense view of the Chinese situation, and declares the empress is justified in her antagonism to Christian missionaries, and in taking steps to drive them from the country. The Journal reports the professor as saying to his class:

"The introduction of Christianity into China is a measure of hostility to the existing government. The empress is justified entirely in expelling the missionaries as a measure of self-preservation. Her party eventually will succeed, because any scheme to deter her by a coalition of the powers such as is now proposed would be absolutely impossible."

"If the power passes out of China's hands it will pass into Russia's, because China and Russia are the only two nations to be reckoned with in the Orient in the future."

"There are four possibilities of the outcome of affairs in China: First, the dowager-empress will come out victorious; second, the so-called emperor may be restored under a coalition of the foreign powers; third, China may be divided among the nations; fourth, Russia may seize China. The only probabilities are the first and fourth. The partition of China among the nations would lead to the development of a warlike spirit in the Chinese themselves, which would unite China and give her a strong away as a world power."—Progressive Thinker.

Catholic Parochial Schools.

On one occasion Bishop Chatard of Indiana, preached upon "Education" in the cathedral of this city, and referring to the public and parochial schools, he not only claimed that the latter were entitled to a share of the public moneys, but said: "We have a right to that money of the State; it belongs to us, and we should have it! It costs us nine millions a year to support our schools."

Never before did I hear such absurd and arrogant statements made, and would expect a better argument from a man calling himself a bishop. In the first place the parochial school, a sectarian school, cannot expect support from the State; neither can any other denomination expect it; and secondly, when the Bishop says it costs them nine million dollars a year, he shows that they have the means to support them themselves.

Who furnishes the money? A large proportion is contributed by hard-working people, widows and servant girls. Can that money be better expended, if it is so highly necessary to have private Catholic schools? While freedom of religion is guaranteed by the constitution, the State cannot allow Church and State to be united; the people will never allow one sect to rule this country, never!

If the bishops, however, wish to economize, let the Catholic children visit the public schools during the daytime, and throw open their churches in the evening; they could give them all the Catholic education they want, and keep both boys and girls out of mischief.

The Bishop will please pardon me for this criticism, but he must expect when making such public statements.—H. C. Kloppenburg, in Progressive Thinker.

LIFE.—Life is made up, not of great sacrifices and duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small deeds of love, given of habit and a generous will, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort and peace.

Spiritualism has given us an intelligent account of the continuity of life and its future progress.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Candia, N. H., June 18, 1900, MR. DANIEL LUCE, aged 71 years, 4 months & 5 days.

A consistent Spiritualist, one who enjoyed its truths. He was a highly esteemed citizen in the town where he lived. He leaves a devoted wife, between whom and himself there existed unusual sympathy and attachment. She has hopefully forward to a happy reunion in the Summerland. Services attended by the writer. EDGAR W. WASSON.

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

If you are not now a subscriber to the BANNER OF LIGHT you should become one at once. Terms \$2.00 per year in advance.

Notes from Address by Dr. G. C. Beckwith-Ewell

At the Funeral Service of His Infant Daughter, Lucy Glovett, March 22, at Toronto, Canada.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

The words thought old and wondrous new, bear to our hearts a meaning of victory, of light and power, for we are gathered together this hour not to mourn and lament without hope, not to bow our heads at a victory we do not understand and must not need, but as children who come with hearts filled with joy and thanksgiving that thou, the Universal Parent of all life, hast born not only into the material world, but into the spiritual kingdom, this thy child; for in it we perceive that thou hast broadened the possibilities of its life and thou hast opened for its consideration avenues of wisdom, of glory and of power that we may not know in years to come.

We rejoice that this thy child, as part and parcel of all life, was attuned to that higher unfoldment wherein death came to it as a promise of something greater, more wonderful and beautiful than we who linger in the material world can understand.

We gather not as those without knowledge of the kingdom beyond the eternal realms of change called death, but as those who have been illumined through knowledge of those principles of life that light our world and the world of higher life, and perceive the avenue over which the spirit of man not only goes out into that other world of glory, power and peace, but over which it can and does and will return in answer to our need.

We celebrate at this hour the glorious awakening and restoration of a spirit in a higher world, and of a spirit that is not only thine as "one with the Father," but ours. We realize that we are bound unto that other world by another golden link in the wondrous chain of life—that through the coming and the going of this potential though silent life in a child, heaven and earth have been drawn nearer than in the yesterday that came before—that in that other world there shines to night a new born spirit who is as one of the ministering angels in realms celestial.

We must of a necessity shed tears of a physical consciousness as we relinquish the materialized form back to the arms of mother nature, for man though infinite in moulding, is finite in manifestation, and through the physical embodiment and susceptibility, there must be that quickening, bringing to us its corresponding physical result. In the spiritual life of each and every one of us there rings a sound of peace, deep, indwelling, triumphant and grand.

That spirit came and has returned unto its higher inheritance, and while we must miss the physical manifestation that has nestled in our hearts for so short a time, while years roll on and the memory of that silent form will never fade, there is a something in the hearts of parentage that in the freedom born of death, rises to the summit of God crowned heads and receives a benediction sweet and beautiful.

There will be no childish laughter, there will be no pattering foot-falls, there will be no childish joys and sorrows you may share, but there will be that bond running between your hearts and its own, ever recognized and ever silently and tangibly understood, that will infuse into yourselves a betterment of purpose, an inspiration of life that has not been there before.

And so we lift our voices in our songs of triumph over death to exultate and consecrate this spirit in the world of advanced life to all the good, true and beautiful in nature. Recognizing the potentialities of natural and changeless law through and by which this child and ourselves are and ever will be governed, realizing that in that other kingdom there are avenues of growth, there are possibilities to be developed and unfolded, and as a spirit in harmony with ourselves it will send back to us richer thought and power than our lives have ever known; we recognize the fullness of the wisdom in the dispensation of God's love at this time.

We neither protest against, nor deny the activity and effect of natural law, through which spirit became co-existent with material life, and having received those elements necessary for the promotion of growth into higher kingdoms must press on, but rejoice that for a brief period of time this embodiment of life has ripened within our arms, our hearts and home, realizing that this experience has broadened the world of knowledge that individually is our own.

We know and understand that as we with our material eyes behold the natural manifestation of nature through spirit, with our spiritual eyes we behold the manifestation of the spirit in the higher kingdom.

The change is not death. Nature has revealed the life principle as two elements, spiritual and physical. That which is spiritual has passed through the chemicalization of natural force, and is an embodiment of glory as tangible to me and to us to-night in its actuality of presence and manifestation as is the empty tenement to ourselves.

As you behold the fragment of mortality in its bed of blossoming thought and beauty, so you may behold just above it a new-born spirit in perfect life and power. As you have been the parents, friends and helpers of the physical, so there are parents, friends and helpers of the spiritual, and therefore with unity at this time do we express our gratitude to recognize the manifestation of natural law, and rejoice that we are governed thereby.

Death, so called, and life, are the great phenomena of growth, and we stand this hour in the presence of death confessed, we behold one of the greatest phenomena nature manifests for our consideration. Individually, we should draw therefrom a lesson, we should realize that this, the natural world, is only the dwelling home of the spirit until it shall have unfolded its pinions to that degree wherein it may be born into another and broader sphere.

The Nazarene of old said unto his generation, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Then are we thankful that we have enriched that kingdom. Then are we thankful that we are inheritors of that kingdom, and as children claiming a victory we lift our spirits and realize that we have conquered death. With this phenomenon before us, with this knowledge within our hearts, we rest satisfied and content, thankful for the experience through which our spirits have known truth, and find power, and by which heaven has grown richer in this hour.

Then sleep thy silent sleep called death; Let earth but claim thy form of clay; Thou art not dead; 'tis only change; And even this shall pass away. Thy form, though small, is wondrous wise And opens portals where—behold! Thou—placed beyond this mortal shore—Dost enter in the gates of gold.

Thy hands are silent, eyelids closed, Thy form returned to mother-earth, But lo! its truth reveals the law. Through which we find a perfect birth. Then in the courts, oh! sing thy song To ne'er forget thy earthly stay, But as a star that still shines on, Give back thy light unto our way.

O Lucy, wondrous child of love, Heart o'er regretted in this home, Rise in thy perfect form above. For thou Glovett, hast journeyed on. It is not death, for lo! she sleeps But in the fulness of earth's glow, And in the other world she'll keep Her watch o'er you who wait below.

Yes; sing thy song, triumphant, strange, Let thy form return to mother earth, And onward press to understand Life in its wondrous victory. Then let thy form return to earth, Live in God's glory all thine own, Thy spirit linked by never birth, Hath left the cross and gained the crown.

Death of Mrs. William M. Barber at Malden Home.

The many friends and the thousands of music-lovers are mourning the death of Mrs. William M. Barber, which occurred at her home in Malden June 13.

Few if any in this country possessed a more thorough mastery of the harp, or better natural gifts by which her touch interpreted the spirit as well as the written notes of the composer. She was born with a love of music. Her birthplace was in Jaynesville, Wis., her parents being Dr. and Mrs. Shattuck, connections of the family of that name in Boston. Her mother was a church soloist, coming of a Scotch musical family, and the daughter's earliest insight into musical education was from her. She early began the study of the piano, and was successful with that and in her singing. She was obliged to give up the latter, however, because of permanent trouble with her vocal organs caused by illness.

She loved the harp from the first time she heard it, and determined to make it her special instrument. After the death of her mother her father took his family to Pawtucket, R. I., and at once gave her such advantages in study as could be obtained in America, especially in Boston.

Miss Shattuck met Mr. Barber, now a prominent business man in Boston, in Providence, and there they were married in 1872, she then being twenty-four years of age.

Mrs. Barber continued to pursue her studies in Boston, Vienna and London, having for her teachers and patrons abroad such world-renowned harpists as Freggiani, Heinrich Schuocker, John Thomas, Hazelman, Anton Zumbach and Oberthur, the latter of whom dedicated to her a composition in seven parts.

So perfect was her execution and knowledge of her instrument that she was chosen by S. & P. Erard of London, the most celebrated harp makers of the world, to represent them at the world's fair in Chicago in 1893, where she had a most gratifying success.

After this she made a tour of Europe, performing in concert, and was invited to appear with her harp before some of the crowned heads of the continent.

At home she was always surrounded by a coterie of artists, professional, musical and literary people, who enjoyed the vivacity of her nature as much as the exhibition of her talent. Her home life was of the most beautiful character, domestic, social and pleasant.

For some twenty years the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Barber was on Greenwood Park in this city, until about two years ago, when they removed to the home in Malden, where Mrs. Barber died.

For the last year she had suffered from a painful and fatal illness, so that she was unable to indulge in the beautiful practice of her profession, but she was patient through it all. While regretting to leave her loved ones, she was prepared for a peaceful departure, which occurred at 2:30 Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Barber never had children. The blessings of Spiritualism brightened her hours of suffering here, and assured her that her unmeasured by physical ills she can pursue her loved art and bring consolation to friends of earth as well as to those of the higher realm. The interment was at Canaan, N. H., Mr. Barber's old home.

Transition.

E. J. Carpenter of Brattleboro, Vt., has passed to his reward in spirit-life, at the ripe age of seventy-five years. He was a prominent merchant in the town where he has long resided, and held many positions of trust during his long and useful life. He was town librarian for twenty-seven years, and was prominently identified with the Odd Fellows and Free Masons. Two sons and a daughter, with three brothers and one sister, survive him. His wife, to whom he was married Feb. 14, 1850, passed to the higher life just one month before he did. On Feb. 14, 1900, this devoted couple celebrated their Golden Wedding, and having been so long united in earth-life, they could not long be separated, so the husband has joined the gentle companion of his earthly pilgrimage in the higher life.

Mr. Carpenter was an enthusiastic Spiritualist, and was never ashamed to avow himself such. He was "a kindly man and true," winning and receiving the hearty respect of all who knew him. He was sincere in spirit, true in purpose, and progressive in soul. He has found the realities in the world of souls of which he caught glimpses while in the form. Peace be to his memory, and may his surviving children find the consolations of Spiritualism to comfort them in their sorrow.

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CONTENTS.

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THE PURPOSE OF LIFE:

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1900.

The World's Indebtedness to Mediumship.

BY GEORGE A. HADON.

"That what we have, we prize not to the worth—
Much Ado. IV. 1."

The real value of a man is measured by the quality and quantity of his helpfulness to others. The ratio of his usefulness to his fellows and the spirit in which he performs his daily work, are the sovereign tests of character. This applies equally to the great and the small. The amount of "talents" possessed by one or another, affects not any difference in the application of the rule. All is relative and conditional, and must be commensurate.

"The World's Indebtedness to Mediumship," wherein is it not indebted? Along what lines is it not under everlasting obligation? The word "mediumship" is used comprehensively, in a liberal and enlarged sense, as indicating some adapted channel of transmission by and through which the world has been so richly blessed.

Through these various forms of manifestation, these varied methods of expression, have come all the grand inspirations evidenced in art, literature, music, poetry and invention. Science is also beholden to it. While much of this inspiration, personal in character, has been consciously received, much more has come to the world, unconsciously recognized, as to its source, by the recipient thereof. This, however, is of secondary importance. The fruits are ours; the results we have, and they are no less valuable because from an unknown source.

Universal inspiration is a natural law, and it seeks every opportunity to manifest itself. Persons largely endowed with gifts of organization or with certain faculties highly attuned, become communicating streams, through which flow tides of inspirational power.

Mediumship, when it first became distinctively known as such, was regarded by some as a law to or the equivalent of saintship. The power of the spirit and the wondrous manifestations of the spirits through our mediums, were quite enough to warrant this, especially among the unphilosophical acceptors of the faith and in face of the many startling facts.

The original idea of a saint was one consecrated or set apart for special purposes of usefulness and goodness. Thus we are told that "the British and Saxon saints acquired their name of saint not from Rome, but from the voice of the people of their own neighborhood."

And while Canon Farrar says, "There are, thank God! myriads of saints which the world never heard of," on the other hand, the author of *Religio Medici* says: "There are many can be found on earth that shall never be saints in heaven."

"Although," says Huxley, "particular persons adopted the profession of media, between men and Elohim (God) there was no limitation of the power, in the view of ancient Israel, to any special class of the population."

No, it was not strange that mediums at first, because of their marvelous doings, were held as persons specially favored of God to manifest his power to the children of men. But the world's experience, alike with mediums as with saints, has shown them to be no less human than those who are neither mediums nor saints.

No one's mediumship has been found to be infallible. Those of the highest character and purity of life have often been at fault, while many of questionable uprightness are known to have proved themselves true prophets. To day, as in biblical times, both classes—all kinds and classes—bound. How could it be otherwise?

Science itself, be it remembered, has equally failed in its conclusions. Its mistakes are constantly being rectified. Success—progress, in fact—is but the outcome of repeated failures. Give to legitimate mediumship the same consideration that is extended to other matters of like character and importance.

Like Philip Sidney admonishes us to "think with consideration"—sage advice as well as the advice of a sage who was also a poet.

The forming of a correct judgment respecting any line of thought or study involves a knowledge of the subject-matter. The more complex the subject, the more thoughtful should be its consideration, and deeper should be its mastery. Mediumship is justly entitled to its full measure of appreciative regard, as well as to be held to strict accountability. That spirit among men which seeks by whole sale to decry mediumship because, forsooth, some have trailed its banner in the mire, defamed its sacred service and abused its high behest—is to be as unphilosophically condemned. While on the part of the ignorant and thoughtless, it is denounced as popular to indiscriminately denounce mediums and mediumship, such guilty ones but croaky their own spirit.

Through all the ages these vessels of honor and dishonor have given us all we have. To these—both the despised on the one hand and the honored on the other—is the world indebted for more than it can ever repay. If one seeks occasion to meet with these exceptional personages, instead of doing so with suspicion, meet them and treat them as you would be met and treated. Let there be neither prejudgment nor snap-judgment. Reverse places with many of these mediums, and how would some of us stand?

The memorable injunction of the great master (of literature) is not directed to mediums solely, but alike and equally to all:

"To this own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
That thou canst not then be false to any man!"

Those of the class under consideration who conscientiously seek to improve and dignify their calling, no less command, that receive the respect due them. To all such, the world is grateful. Home Tooke is represented as saying to Dr. Johnson: "Only one valuable word has been received into our language since my birth, or perhaps yours. I have lately heard appreciate for 'estimate.'"

He who is disposed to deny or withhold just appreciation, shows himself to be deficient in equity. Personal conceit is not always the best qualification for judicial investigation; too often it is the only possession of the critical inquirer. In these matters, unfortunately, the disposition of people to desire to appropriate, rather than to appreciate, is as one hundred to one.

It is but little righteousness to ask to give to another what we so loudly and persistently claim for ourselves. "That what we have, we prize not to the worth," says Shakespeare.

Appreciation, it has been justly said, implies the use of wise judgment or delicate perception. With this perception naturally goes a corresponding intellectual situation. Loyalty to all that is enduring is the price one pays to be just and true and noble.

Washington, D. C., June 23.

The Vermont State Convention.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the absence of the proper officer to make a report of our State Convention, I feel that I must give the readers of THE BANNER a little sketch, it being such a noteworthy gathering, first, from the fact that there was not a single floor present except the Chairman and one member of the executive board, and not even an apology for not being present; second, it was one of the most harmonious conventions I ever attended. The Universalist Church was secured for the meetings, and the very fine amount of the society, and the beautiful singing added so much to the services. Through the efforts of Mrs. Helen M. Shaw and other ladies connected with the Ladies' Aid, the church was very prettily decorated with potted plants and flowers.

Mrs. Emma F. Paul arose from a sick bed to give the address of welcome, which, while necessarily short, was very fitting. Our gifted friend, Mr. F. A. Wiggin, of Boston, who was engaged for two lectures and a dance, certainly at this time proved himself a power, giving every lecture, not only filling his own engagement, but also those of the absent speakers. Rev. I. P. Booth, pastor of the Universalist Society, very kindly assisted in the conferences and also gave the invocation Saturday afternoon. Saturday evening a very pleasing entertainment was given, consisting of solos, duets and quartets by the choir, recitations by Miss Madge Paul, selections by Mr. Wiggin from his book, "Cubes and Spheres," and closing with communications from the friends beyond the border—all being recognized and very gladly received. Sunday afternoon and evening the church was filled with a most appreciative audience.

The absent friends can scarcely realize what they have missed by not being present. The masterly lectures of our gifted friend, Mr. Wiggin, the beautiful singing of the choir, the recitations of Mrs. Paul, the address of welcome, the hearty handshakes of old friends as well as the cordial greetings of new acquaintances, the kindly manner of our Universalist friends, and last but not least the courteous, hospitable welcome of mine host Randall, of "The Randall," certainly led me to think that all were imbued with the spirit of brotherly love, and the time was not far distant when this earth would indeed be a heaven. I must not lose sight of another very important feature; the chairman, Mr. Don H. Chapman, of Fletcher, Vt., informed me that sufficient funds had been voluntarily contributed to defray the expenses. I shall often look back with pleasure to this June convention of the year 1900, held in the beautiful little village of Morrisville, so cozily nestled among the green hills of my native State.

Yours for truth and justice,

ELEANOR M. WALKER.
St. Albans, Vt., June 25, 1900.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

Although the convocation does not commence until July 29, most of the cottages upon the grounds are now occupied; the hotel and boarding houses are in full operation. Mr. Glickland is letting the boats and running the steamer daily, and Willis Milligan of Boston, who has leased the pavilion, is making his Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening dances very popular.

The Reeves' American band, which gave a concert here June 17, attracted five thousand people to the grounds.

Last week a stag party was given at the cottage of the Secretary of the Association, and a pleasant social time was enjoyed. Among the speakers of the occasion were Messrs. J. Milton Young, Herbert S. Streeter, Dr. C. H. Harding, R. F. Churchhill, A. G. Wallis, G. C. Cleveland, and the writer.

July 4 will long be remembered as a red-letter day here. Through the combined efforts of the Fitchburg R. R., the Greenfield St. R. Y. Co., and the Association, thousands of visitors were attracted, who thoroughly enjoyed the vaudeville shows, the laughable pie-eating contest between our local characters, Ben Tilden and Cephas Burnham, the races both on the lake and on the grounds, and the dancing in the pavilion.

It is a by-word here that Prandergast & Holmes, understanding running a successful hotel. Their previous experience at Cassadaga guaranteed that.

Mr. H. S. Streeter is again established at the railroad station as ticket agent and telegraph operator. All excursion rates went into effect July 1, except the \$3.25 rate from Boston, which goes into effect July 15. The \$3.75 ticket is now on sale. The demand for cottages bids fair to exceed the supply. Every privilege is let except the barber shop and grocery store. These will be let by July 10.

Dances will be held every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings during July, and every week day evening and afternoon in August. The concerts during August will be rendered by the Turners Falls Military Band. The Ladies' Schubert Quartette will sing at all the meetings.

Among the arrivals of the past week were J. Milton Young and wife, Mrs. A. E. Barnes, Master Louis Binn and Miss Annie Binn, S. B. Harvey, Mrs. C. F. Bennett, Mrs. Prandergast and Misses Holmes and Whipple, George Cleveland, Mrs. J. W. Wheeler, Mr. Frank Boyden and family, Mr. S. G. Merry and family, Mrs. Ada Woodruff and daughters, Arthur G. Wallis, Frank Shattuck, Augustus G. Albers, Charles Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dowd and daughter, and Dr. Proctor and wife. Among the mediums are Mrs. Mullana, Miss Jennie Rhind, Mrs. C. W. Belcher, Dr. C. H. Harding, Mrs. M. A. Seaman, Dr. E. Drake and Mrs. M. E. Shirley.

The demand for circulars has been so great that a second supply has been necessary, over nine thousand having been sent out already. Those desiring them can address the writer.

ALBERT P. BLINN, Clerk.
Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The Compounce Association of Spiritualists

Held their Thirty-Sixth Annual Picnic at Compounce Lake, Bristol, Conn., June 20. The business meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. A. E. Pierce at 10 A. M. The report of the Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Dillon, was read and approved. After the reading of the Constitution and by-laws, a committee of three, consisting of Mrs. Storrs, Mrs. Brewer and Mr. Pierce were appointed to solicit the membership fee of twenty-five cents. A collection was taken for the National Spiritualists' Association. Mrs. Storrs gave an account of the meeting of the National Spiritualists' Association in Chicago last fall, where Compounce was represented by a proxy. The old officers were re-elected: President, Mrs. A. E. Pierce, Niantic; Vice President, Mr. E. B. Kenyon, New Haven; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. J. E. B. Dillon, Hartford. Mr. Dillon was also elected as delegate to the National Convention to be held in Cleveland next October, with Mr. E. R. Whiting of New Haven as alternate. The Conference was opened by Mr. Pierce, who alluded in terms of praise to the members who had passed the higher life during the year, after which Mr. Kenyon touched on the subject of mediumship, which was thoroughly discussed by the different ones present. A letter of greeting to the Compounce Association from Mrs. Longley was read.

After an intermission of two hours, the afternoon session opened at 2 o'clock with the largest audience ever present, the pavilion being filled to overflowing. Mrs. May S. Pepper acted as speaker and test medium, and took for the subject of her lecture "The Message that Spiritualism Brings to Us in the Year Nineteen Hundred," giving a lecture filled with facts. After music, Mrs. Pepper gave a great number of tests, every one being recognized, and at the close of the meeting many came forward and spoke to her, to whom she gave more evidence of spirit return. Miss Gertrude Laidlaw sang sweetly, which helped to make the picnic the most successful one ever held. The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to Messrs. Norton and Pierce for the use of the grounds and other favors received.

Mrs. J. E. B. DILLON, Sec'y.

Bradford College.—J. Scarlett of Cambridgeport, Mass., closed his engagement with the Spiritual Society of Bradford Center, Maine, June 24. We believe he is the best speaker that we have ever had in our midst; an honest, gentlemanly man, through whom the spirit guides are voicing sentiments that shall enlighten and build up the human race. We shall miss him, but duty calls him to work in another place. We recommend him as a deep thinker, fine and powerful speaker. Those seeking after truth from the spirit side of life should go and listen to Bro. Scarlett. A. C. Bailey, President; A. C. Severance, Vice-President; J. W. Mitchell, Treasurer.

FOR WOMAN'S HEALTH

Earnest Letters from Women Relieved of Pain by Mrs. Pinkham.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before I commenced to take your medicine I was in a terrible state, wishing myself dead a good many times. Every part of my body seemed to pain in some way. At time of menstruation my suffering was something terrible. I thought there was no cure for me, but after taking several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound all my bad feelings were gone. I am now well and enjoying good health. I shall always praise your medicine."—MRS. ANOS FESCHLER, Box 226, Romeo, Mich.

Female Troubles Overcome

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I had female trouble, painful menses, and kidney complaint, also stomach trouble. About a year ago I happened to pick up a paper that contained an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and when I read how it had helped others, I thought it might help me, and decided to give it a trial. I did so, and as a result am now feeling perfectly well. I wish to thank you for the benefit your medicine has been to me."—MRS. CLARA STIEBER, Diller, Neb.

No More Pain

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Your Vegetable Compound has been of much benefit to me. When my menses first appeared they were very irregular. They occurred too often and did not leave for a week or more. I always suffered at these times with terrible pains in my back and abdomen. Would be in bed for several days and would not be exactly rational at times. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and menses became regular and pains left me entirely."—MRS. E. F. CUSTER, Brule, Wis.

Straws and Feathers Floating in the Air.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

The politicians are exulting over their work at Philadelphia, thinking they have "got it in" well. Perhaps so; I am a spectator, not a participant. It looked incongruous, not to use a more expressive term, to behold Mr. S. Quay and Dr. C. Platt of the supporters of Theodore Roosevelt. As they are cunning and Roosevelt is not, there is a large margin for curious guessing. I can hardly believe that they have, snake-like, beslimed Roosevelt and swallowed him; nor do I quite think them guided by the wish which they seem to entertain to get him on the shelf, where he cannot impede them. True, he will require great political vitality to live four years as a public favorite, as did Jefferson, Clay, Jackson and Blaine. But there were great signs of the defeat of the Republican party, and Roosevelt is the most buoyant material to keep it afloat for another four years.

But where is the Civil Service? What of the supply dealings? The changes will be rung on "prosperity" as though the great foreign demand for wheat in 1897-8, which placed our financial condition on a prosperous basis, was the result of the election of 1896.

But progress as the McKinley term has been, it is blotted by extensive inroads upon the rights and freedom of citizens, as well as by war as unnecessary as cruel. By them it must be judged. The usurpations of the Post Office Department demand a protest if not a revolt.

I was much amused at an episode at our Medical Association this week. The Chairman of the Committee on Medical Legislation, Dr. Miles of your city, prepared a resolution asking Congress for legislation to make licensed physicians lawful practitioners in all the States. You know that in the medical legislation, as it now stands, the "Sane Rights" is up permost, and a physician removing into another State and sometimes into another country, is a stranger and outlaw till he is naturalized, "examined" and assessed over again. So it was proposed to give joint powers, etc., to the three "leading schools." To this Dr. Miles objected, remarking that by such a description the Christian Scientists would come in as being the larger in numbers in Massachusetts.

This was too good not to enjoy. I am not a "Scientist" myself, perhaps because I am not sufficiently intelligent, or, maybe, too unspiritual. Things of the material world affect me much. I wilt under a hot sun and chill with cold winds and a low mercury. When my tooth is inflamed I feel a pain too severe and maddening for patient endurance. I cannot persuade myself that it does not ache. But I have no jealousy, no ill will, no wish to choke down or oppress those who may be wiser than I. I cannot accept the article of a Scientist Church that I once read, prohibiting the reading of a book or other literature except it has been approved by a certain Superior Body. I would as readily approve the Roman Index as the one at Boston.

Yet Gamaliel's advice holds good: "Refrain from these men and let them alone; for if this work be of men it will come to naught; but if it be of God we cannot overthrow it, lest haply we be found to fight against God."

The Association adopted the resolution; and it will accomplish about as much with the National Legislature as Mrs. Partington effected with her broom.

It is said that insurance companies are going to exclude all Scientists, Faith-Curers, Healers, and patrons of healers, from their operations. Be it so. Some day a reverse action may be had, and public inquiry made about these institutions that amass wealth in large amounts from the contributions of their patrons, to whom they do not render a just equivalent.

I notice that your courts have decided that a bicycle is not a carriage. Then it must be a horse or mule. No reflection, however, on the Court. But some decisions are very queer. Courts are about as uncertain as petticoats. The New York Court of Appeals decided sixteen years ago that a Medical College is not a scientific nor a literary institution, but is an eleemosynary institution. I opine that students who are mulcted of one thousand dollars or more annually, and kept four years or more vivisection and hearing lectures, are not able to tell when the eleemosynary idea is realized.

Local Briefs.

BOSTON.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington street—Mrs. Nutter, President.—Invocation and prayer before each session by Miss Brehm. Those taking part through out the day: Medsands Nutter, Woods, Erwin, Smith, Cunningham, Miss Catherine Perkins Willis, gave very interesting remarks. Mrs. Cameron pianist. Meetings open all summer.

Massachusetts.

The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell opened its summer meetings at Earnest Grove, Chelmsford street, July 1. Mrs. A. E. Cunningham of Dorchester occupying the platform. The attendance was unusually large, and much satisfaction expressed at the able manner in which she conducted the services. We look forward to a large attendance, not only from Lowell but neighboring cities also. Mrs. Effie L. Webster of Lynn next Sunday. BANNERS and Thinkers for sale. F. H. Coggeshall, First Vice-Pres.



LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

The Original & Genuine Worcestershire.

Makes all Chafing-dish cookery palatable and digestible.— Gives a delicate flavor to Welsh rarebits, Lobster-Newburgh, Oysters, etc.

Signature on every bottle. John Duncanson, Agents, New York.

Other States.

Hartford.—April 26, Carrie E. S. Twing lectured in my house to a fine audience. Then came the State convention of which THE BANNER had a goodly report at the time. May 24 we had a reunion of the parties from Hartford and vicinity, who attended the Rochester jubilee, with social in the afternoon, baked bean supper, speaking and tests in the evening. The money raised was given to the N. S. A. June 20. The annual meeting at Compounce was more largely attended than ever before. Mrs. May Pepper was the medium. Sunday evening, June 24, we held a musical service. The friends brought liberally of roses. I was assisted by Dr. Bullard. Mrs. Sturtevant recited a beautiful poem written for the occasion by Mrs. Dickinson, of Natick, Mass. I hold a Sunday evening meeting and circle Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Haven has a Sunday evening meeting and circle Wednesday and Friday evenings. Several others hold circles during the week. Mr. and Mrs. Doud left Hartford June 1 for Lake Pleasant, where they will be found at Dillingham Cottage through the camp season. Mr. J. W. Stern.

Ottumwa, Iowa.—Mrs. Maud Von Frielitz, of Los Angeles, Cal., who with her husband is visiting his parents—having been given a vacation by her home society on account of failing health—has favored us with two lectures, Sundays, June 17 and 24. Mrs. Frielitz has consented to favor us Sunday evenings during her short stay, also to help our neighbors out in several surrounding towns during the week as far as her health will permit. It is her intention to be at Mr. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa, during August, after which she goes back to her society. Her coming to us has aroused us from a "Kip Van Winkle" sleep, which cannot help being a great benefit to our people. J. B. McCarroll, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond filled her engagement at Broadhead, Wis., June 10 to a large and appreciative audience. A much-needed rain, however, prevented friends in the adjacent county from attending, but the meeting was an excellent one. On the Sundays of June 17 and 24 she filled her engagement at Waterloo, Iowa. A park and pavilion had been secured three miles from the town, where the meetings were held. A small but earnest band of workers here have lately organized a society comprising some of the most intellectual people of the city. During the week various receptions were tendered Mr. and Mrs. Richmond at private residences. The pleasant and friendly relations established between the friends in Waterloo and Mr. and Mrs. Richmond promise to bear rich fruitage for spiritual work in that portion of Iowa. While at Waterloo, Mrs. Richmond engaged to go to Reinbeck, eighteen miles distant, where she spoke twice on the 25th. Passing through Chicago on way East, they were sorry not to be able to attend a social meeting under the auspices of the "Band of Harmony" held at the residence of Mrs. Peet. Mr. and Mrs. Richmond have gone first to Cleveland, Ohio; then their route will be as outlined in a previous number of this paper.

The Spiritualists of Montpelier, Vt., had the pleasure of listening to a lecture from F. A. Wiggin on Thursday evening, June 14. This is the first time Mr. Wiggin has ever spoken in our city, and his method of giving tests was new to many. June 17, Mrs. Effie Webster, of Lynn, addressed us both afternoon and evening. She was much liked, and we hope to have her with us again at some future time. In April, E. A. Tisdale, of Boston, was with us one Sunday, and his lecture was greatly enjoyed by all. Carrie M. Newton, Sec'y.

LIST OF SPIRITUALIST LECTURERS.

If there are any errors in this List, we wish those most interested to inform us.

CHARLES L. AINSWORTH, Talbot Block, Indianapolis, Ind.
MRS. LILLIAN A. YRETTES, 35 Shogard street, Lynn, Mass.
O. W. QUIMBY, 30 Everett street, Everett, Mass.
HARVEY L. P. RUSSELL, 35 Farmington Ave., Hartford, Ct.
MRS. JENNIE HAYDEN, 104 Audubon street, Boston, Mass.
FRANK T. RIPLEY, care P. O. Box 78, Orchard, Ohio.
WILLIAM WELCH REED, 7 Ticonderoga, Newburyport, Mass.
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, Rogers Park, Ill.
MRS. LILLIAN A. YRETTES, 187 8th Avenue, Troy, N. Y.
F. H. ROODER, 181 Broadway, Providence, R. I.
MRS. K. R. STILES, 43 Dwight street, Boston, Mass.
W. SMITH, Rockland, Maine.
FANNIE H. SPALDING, 33 East Main st., Norwich, Conn.
MRS. H. J. STEPHENS, 402 A street, S. E. Washington, D. C.
J. S. SCARLETT, 35 Brookline street, Cambridgeport, Mass.
MRS. ANNIE E. SHREVE, 100 N. 13th street, Lehigh, Mich.
MRS. MINNIE SOULE, 19 Prospect st., Somerville, Mass.
MRS. C. A. SPRAGUE, 416 Newland Ave., Jamestown, N. Y.
E. W. SPRAGUE, 416 Newland Avenue, Jamestown, N. Y.
MRS. DANIEL E. DOWNEY, 148 Main st., Springfield, Mass.
GILES B. STEEDS, 107 Henry street, Detroit, Mich.
J. H. SEVERANCE, M. D., cor. Grace and 4th sts., Chicago, Ill.
MRS. JULIA A. SPALDING, 39 Pearl street, Worcester, Mass.
W. SCOTT STEVEN, 73 Galt st., Winter Hill, Somerville.
JAMES SMITH, Springfield, Mass.
GABRIEL E. S. TWING, Westfield, N. Y.
E. TIDDALE, 47 Bank street, New London, Ct.
HUBERT TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, O. (telegraph via Ceylon).
MRS. EMMA TAYLOR, Johnson's Creek, N. Y.
HENRY H. WARNER, Box 108, Aiden, N. Y.
DR. F. L. H. WILLIS, 24 Alexander street, Rochester, N. Y.
ELIZABETH L. WATSON, P. O. Box 240, Santa Clara, Cal.
SARAH A. WILEY, Rockingham, Va.
MISS JOSEPHINE WEBSTER, 16 Park st., Chelsea, Mass.
MARGARET R. K. WRIGHT, Grand Rapids, Mich., Box 28.
SAMUEL WHEELER, 1700 Intersocial street, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. CLEGG WRIGHT, Box 75, Amelia, O.
MRS. L. P. A. WHITELOCK, BARNES OF LIGHT, Boston.
DELORES WOOD, Danvers, Conn., Box 189.
MRS. N. J. WILLIS, 7 Douglas street, Cambridgeport, Mass.
MRS. E. O. WOODRUFF, South Haven, Mich.
PAUL CHARLES T. WOOD, 174 Trans street, Boston, Mass.
F. A. WIGGIN, 1699 Washington street, Boston.
MRS. R. WALCOTT, 317 North Fremont Ave., Baltimore, Md.
MAGGIE WHITE, 31 Fell street, San Francisco, Cal.
WILLIAM W. WITNEY, 438 Main st., Springfield, Mass.
HENRY H. WARNER, 305 N. Front street, Columbus, Ohio.
MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND WOOD, Box 174, Stoneham, Mass.
MRS. M. W. WATSON, 100 N. Front street, Columbus, Ohio.
GEO. W. WALDRON, Granite Building, Denver, Colo.
MRS. JULIETTA YEAW, Leominster, Mass.

*Will also attend funerals.
N. B. If any names are omitted from the above list, they will be gladly inserted as soon as the Editor is notified of the error.

Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1900.

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

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

Cassadaga Lake Free Association, Lily Dale, N. Y.—(opens July 18 to Aug. 25.)

Onset Bay, Mass.—July 15 to Aug. 25.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.—July 29 to Aug. 26.

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

Camp Progress, Mowandaw Park, Upper Swampscott—June 3 to Sept. 30.

Inland Park, Winfield, Kan.—July 7 to July 18.

New Era, Ore.—June 23 to July 15.

Inland Lake, Mich.—July 15 to Aug. 30.

Mr. Fie-sant Park, Clinton, Ia. July 29 to Aug. 28.

Victory, Mich.—Aug. 3 to 23.

Ashley, O.—July 29 to Aug. 3.

Maple Dell, O.—June 22 to Sept.

Columbus, O.—July 1 to Aug. 27.

Ponchartraine, Mich.—July 15 to Sept. 9.

Delphos, Kan.—Aug. 10 to 28.

Lake Brady, Ohio—July 10 to Sept. 1.

Grand Lodge, Mich.—July 23 to Aug. 25.

Briggs Park, Grand Rapids, Mich.—July 1 to Aug. 19.

Verona Park, Verona, Me.—Aug. 3 to 27.

Niantic, Conn.—June 25 to Sept. 8.

Cape Cod Camp-Meeting—July 15 to 29.

PSYCHOGRAPHY.

Marvelous Manifestations of Psychic Power given through the Mediumship of Fred P. Evans, known as the Independent State-Writer. By F. J. OWEN. A book you ought to read. Absolutely interesting, and should be in the hands of every thoughtful man and woman. No one can read its pages without being convinced of the existence of a future life. The book is of great value, not only to Spiritualists, but to those interested in the problem of man's future life as well as to those interested in phenomenal research.

PRESS REVIEWS.

"The book before us is one that should interest every one, for the reason that it furnishes irrefragable evidence of the continued existence of some, who, having once lived upon earth, have passed on to another state of existence, and who shall live also beyond the event termed death."—*Banner of Light, Boston.*

"We hope the work will have a large sale. It is splendidly got up, is illustrated, and forms a very valuable addition to the literature of the movement devoted to the women and mediumistic experiences."—*The Two Worlds Manchester, Eng.*

"This book is an admirable supplement to the one of the same name written by M. J. B. and published some years since—the supplement being the weightier part—and the two combined give proof positive of the reality of direct spirit-writing."—*The Harbinger of Light, Melbourne Australia.*

DEAR MR. EVANS—I thank you very much for sending me your extraordinary book of "Psychography." I look at it with great interest, and will be glad to mention it in the *Review of Reviews*.

Mrs. Mary Wood, London.

This volume is superlative octavo issue, beautifully bound in cloth and gold, and profusely illustrated. Price \$5.00 postpaid 20 cents.

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IDEAL SUGGESTIONS THROUGH MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHY.