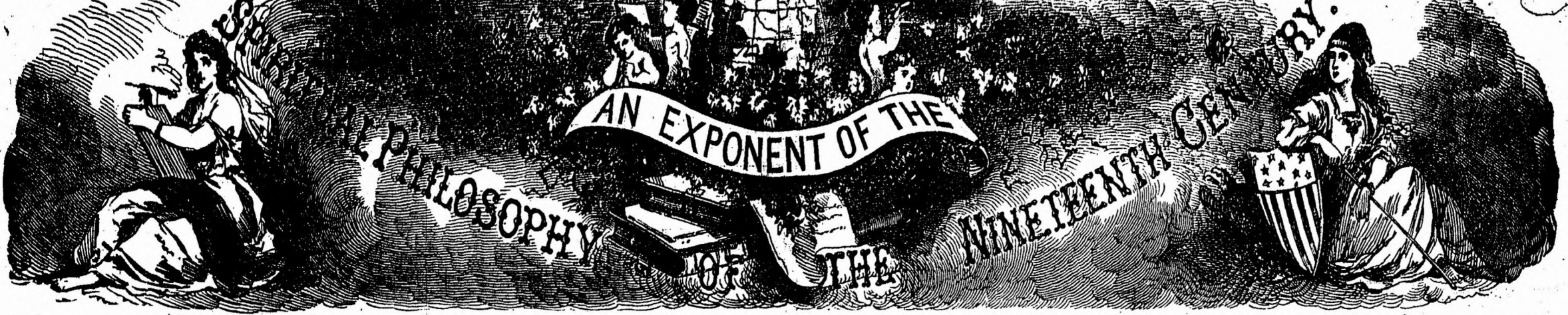


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NO. 1.

GROWTH.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

We are only a step from the knowing
Of the secrets eternity holds;
It is only a day from the budding
Till the depth of the rose-heart unfolds.
A breath and a sigh, and we awaken—
The heart of the rose meets our sight,
Our eyelids have closed in the darkness,
We lift them again—it is light!

The beauty of life is about us,
Its music rings sweetly and clear;
But we deafen our ears with complainings,
And bring dimness to sight with a tear.
But we sigh at the last, and awaken,
In the midst of the daylight serene
That enfolded us here, as the night-time
Is wrapt in the moon's silver sheen.

We listen sometimes for the music
From spheres that swing grandly in space—
When close to our hearts, the sublimest
Of songs, we with discord efface.
Our eyes we have strained for the glory
That was never on sea nor on land,
Till our dimness of vision has shadowed
The beautiful light near at hand.

We long for a glimpse of the angels,
When the angels stand close at our side;
We might with the saluts hold communion,
But we turn from them, deaf, in our pride.
We sigh for the pleasures of heaven
With paradise spread at our feet;
And while those we have loved still invite us
We wonder when sad hearts shall meet.

The light of the ages enfolds us,
Its heart, like the heart of the rose,
With a radiant and truth-giving sweetness
And love, at its unfolding glows.
A wish, and a sigh—we awaken,
And we know all eternity holds;
The secret the God-heart is guarding
Is the same that the rose-heart enfolds.
80 School St., Taunton, Mass.

Hidden Treasures.

BY ROSABEL REED.

The richest treasures are never found upon the surface, or perceptible exterior, of that realm or element which claims them as a possession. It seems to be a universal law, that whatever is most valuable is carefully concealed in its natural repository, and can only be obtained by those whom ardent Desire shall incite to patient search and unremitting toil, for the sake of its attainment.

The most precious gems, metals and minerals are buried away from the sight and easy access of man. Even the most beautiful birds, the rarest and most exquisite specimens of the floral kingdom exist in uninhabited, and almost inaccessible regions of our globe; while it is being demonstrated that the very air we breathe contains long unsuspected forces, so mighty that to handle them ignorantly or recklessly would lead to the most disastrous results, though intelligently and harmoniously dealt with and applied, seeming marvels of the most varied description may be accomplished.

Notwithstanding the fact that the discovery of this wonderful energy is so recent that there has hardly been opportunity to estimate the benefits to be derived from its employment, it has ever been co-existent with man, waiting, latent, until he should be successfully developed to feel the need of, and therefore to demand such a power—to cooperate with it, and to sagaciously adapt it to uses suggested by his advancing civilization and modes of living. Hand in hand with these evidences of growth, and in consequence of them, came the ability to penetrate Nature's wonderful laboratory, and to grasp the rich secret of these unseen, but stupendous agents, which have until now been held in reserve for man's ultimate appropriation.

Only a very few minds have been sufficiently progressed and enlightened to enter Nature's mysterious realm and comprehend the arcana there disclosed; but they have led the way so that others will be inspired and empowered to follow; wherefore we may most assuredly feel that mankind is about to enter upon an era of most important and amazing discoveries, all conducing to the greatest conceivable benefit, education and upliftment of the human race.

Science also assures us that in our atmosphere exist all the elements requisite to sustain human life; and should necessity ever demand their extraction from this inexhaustible reservoir, and their presentation, through proper chemical combination, in such form as to be available for our consumption, we may confidently assume that intelligences would arise amply capable of coping with the situation.

Though all are not sufficiently awakened to realize or utilize these magnificent possibilities for themselves, though the great mass of earth's children are yet, to a greater or less degree, overshadowed by the clouds of ignorance, still, such glorious illumination must radiate its light afar, so that those in the most gloomy recesses of mental darkness shall catch a gleam of its effulgence, and seek to follow it.

Nature abhors a vacuum; and when the pioneers and leaders of the great army of humanity advance, others are invariably drawn forward to fill the vacancies; and so on all along the line; the rise of one means upliftment for all.

It is pitifully true that the great majority pass through their earthly pilgrimage blind to the beauties, insensible to the riches, indifferent to the possibilities existing in abundant store about them. They dwell entirely in externals, and draw their sustenance from the very surface of life. They endure material pov-

erty, while the earth beneath their feet holds in reserve wealth sufficient for the whole world; they hunger, while this same soil upon which they tread offers—in cooperation with the free air and sunshine—conditions for the production of food, wherewith to spread a liberal table, from which the entire human family might eat and be filled; they pass their days in ignorance, while there is education and supply of knowledge abundant for all; they starve and thirst spiritually, while the universe yields richest provision of sustenance for the satisfaction of all their needs. But these treasures are never tossed into the lap of idleness, or thrust into indifferent hands. There must be earnest desire, there must be patient, persistent effort ere they can be obtained.

"Oh!" some one exclaims; "but I do long to be as great a scientist as Tesla or Edison; as skillful a painter as Raphael or Titian; as excellent a musician as Joachim or Rubinstein; as surpassing a writer as Shakespeare or Goethe; but I have not the genius, so what is the use of trying?"

My dear friend, did you ever reflect that these eminent men whom you have mentioned, who have won well-deserved laurels in their different professions by superlative achievements, must once have begun at the very first step of their oft-times toilsome journey, having as its goal the temple of Fame? You do not consider the uninteresting beginning; you ignore the drudgery, the mistakes, the discouragements, the obstacles, the perils which must in some form have been encountered; you overlook the weary hours of labor, of privation, perchance, whereby each jewel flashing in the victor's crown was wrested from the hidden treasures of Science or Art. You only view the glorious culmination, the ultimate triumph; and, sighing because you are not a "genius," decide it is useless to attempt to advance along some line or path of attainment, whose pursuance would develop the finest resources of your being.

People often quote, glibly and flippantly enough, "It is the first step that counts;" yet, failing to appreciate the depth of meaning in the trite saying, are all too prone to scorn that first small but most important step, without which no destination has ever been reached. It is well, however, to keep steadily in mind the companion thought, that each subsequent step counts, and that every one advances the traveler just so far upon his journey. No effort was ever vain or wasted; every hour of patient study, or delving, or research, must produce corresponding results. The lesser secrets, or nuggets of wisdom, must be unweariedly sought, justly appreciated, wisely applied, ere there can be a possibility of finding and appropriating the greater treasure, which is ever more deeply and carefully concealed.

A great difficulty with many people exists in the fact that they are too impatient; they despise the day of small things, and desire to gain at one leap the exalted heights, to possess with slight effort the shining crown, which another has won only by toilsome climbing and arduous exertion. They somehow appear to feel that universal law ought to be broken for their especial benefit; but as this is an impossibility, such aspirants for honors must, perforce, wait until they shall have learned the lesson of patience and humility, and shall have acquired sufficient strength of character to enable them to take and hold their respective positions in the march of progression; to earn, by zealous endeavor, their own precious gems; to be, in truth, worthy of the goal and crown which will one day be attained by each individual soul; for there is not only time, but eternities for the gaining of the final victory.

Did you ever study drawing and painting from nature? If so, you will recall the sense of surprise and delight with which you there viewed some quite familiar scene, and suddenly became aware that it possessed many hitherto undiscovered beauties. A certain well known landscape, which had never before particularly appealed to your admiration, appeared, as if by magic, to have assumed an entirely new and altogether alluring aspect. You noted the grass growing luxuriantly at your feet—lightly swept by a wandering breeze, each individual blade and tassel a thing of beauty which waved and shimmered in the sunlight, bespangled here and there with exquisite wild blossoms, gracefully swaying and nodding their dainty heads, as it seemed they had never done before. Then those boulders at the right! what a rugged grandeur of outline and grouping they displayed, and what a study in light and shade! And how gentle the slope of the hill, as it melted into the valley beneath, where flowed a tiny ribbon of a stream—singing between smooth green banks, rollicking and foaming over some rocks in its course, broadening out into a limpid, sparkling basin in the meadows beyond, rich in tall flags and bright blue lilies!

Further still, rose-wooded hills, clothed with the trembling, silvery foliage of the white birch, with maples offering just a suggestion of red and yellow in honor of autumn, and with the deep, never changing verdure of solemn, stately pines. What a perfect blending of greens, enlivened by captivating dashes of vivid color! could anything more charming and effective be imagined? And then a small cloud, floating lazily overhead, sent a shadow drifting over the sun-bathed heights, and invited your glance upward to the vast expanse of azure which arched majestically over all.

You stood rapt in silent admiration, not unmixed with awe, as you drank in the varied beauties of the scene outspread before you and entered into true accord with that sub-

lime artist, Nature, through your recognition of the inner spirit animating her handiwork. And you experienced a sense of exultation, and somehow felt very rich, because your appreciation of each individual feature of the landscape, as well as your ability to grasp its harmony as a perfect whole, made it, in the very finest and most enjoyable sense, your own.

And yet it was the same display of natural beauty which you had often viewed, but with indifferent glance, in days gone by. The change which seemed to transform the commonplace into the ideal, was in reality in you; the discovery of hitherto unrevealed charms, which in truth always existed in the same state of manifestation, was due to the fact that your artistic perception had been awakened and developed, so that you were able to look with clear-seeing, inner vision below the exterior and comprehend the wonderful delicacy of detail, the purity of design and the harmonious blending into the completeness of the whole exquisite picture.

Again, you have as a child studied at school a choice selection, either prose or poetry, from the pen of some gifted writer, presuming that you understood the ideas conveyed by the composition; but when, in after years, you encountered and read once more the well remembered lines, what a revelation you received! The familiar sentences, which you had formerly uttered with careless volubility, now spoke to your more mature understanding with a vividness of description or an intensity of emotion which previously had been wholly uncomprehended. And you wondered how the eloquent words could ever have been to you so meaningless.

Similar experiences occur in later years; for we are only children of a larger growth, still pursuing our studies in the more advanced school of life. Even in the second coming of a lately read volume, containing rich store of wisdom from the highly-developed intellect of some eminent author, there are always revealed new gems of thought; and each repeated perusal will invariably be rewarded by the discovery of some rare treasure of conception, or inspiration, which less profound consideration and study had failed to disclose. We even read between the lines and gather ideal truths, too subtle or too sacred for expression, and come into the consciousness of actual comprehension of the character and sympathetic relationship with the real ego of the writer.

Thus we mount, through the ascending scale of life's varied expressions and experiences, until we find the most precious treasure of all, the soul of man; the divine essence presenting to mortal eyes only its outer semblance, the material body. And sometimes we discover, as elsewhere in nature, that a rough, uncouth, unattractive exterior may conceal a priceless jewel; the purest mind, the noblest character, the most beautiful soul. Such an individual always reminds us of one of those rare, old violins; seamed, and scarred, and bruised by time or accident, perchance by the rough usage of careless hands, yet ever, as the years roll on, growing more refined, more sympathetic, more lovely within. Placed in a miscellaneous collection of instruments, the uninitiated inspector would pass it by indifferently, even contemptuously, judging it entirely by its outward appearance, and, by preference, would select a new and well polished specimen, fresh from the hands of the maker; but let a connoisseur examine the array, and his critical eye will at once single out the old and marred violin, as by far the most valuable of all; he will handle it tenderly, almost reverently, noting its fine proportions, its artistic workmanship and wonderful varnish, which seems not a separate coating, but as though a growth upon the wood. Its scars but serve to make it more precious in his view, since they tell of long years of seasoning and tuneful vibration, which must have developed the sweetness and richness of its tone. And when he caressingly draws a bow across its chords, it seems as though a human, nay an angelic voice, has broken the spell of silence, and our own heart strings vibrate in response to its eloquent song, which in some subtle yet masterful way, seems to thrill with every emotion called into being by life's varied experiences. And we, too, love and prize the dear old violin, for we have discovered the true wealth of tone, which dwells within its time-worn exterior.

In the same manner the sweetest natures, the most exalted characters, are neglected, or even scorned by superficial minds, who only note the mayhap rugged, or care-furrowed face, or even the perchance thread-bare garments which clothe the visible form; but those few who, as kindred spirits, can perceive shining through the radiance of the pure inner life, are aware that the rude hand of time, and the stern discipline of earthly experience, which have left an indelible outward record of scars, have only tended to refine and beautify the true, the interior self; and they know full well with what rich and varied harmony these exquisitely attuned souls respond to the loving and sympathetic appeal of appreciative hearts.

Let us learn, then, that beneath the surface, within the seeming, dwell ever the things of real value, whether in the material, the intellectual or the spiritual spheres. Let us leave the shallows, and seek in the very depths of the ocean of life for the pearl of great price. Let us realize that the more fully we comprehend, the more earnestly we claim, the more devotedly we strive to develop the unlimited possibilities within ourselves—immanent, divinely bestowed upon each soul—the more in harmony shall we become with that all-pervading power which vibrates throughout the world of being; and one by one, to our quickened and intensified spiritual perceptions, shall the mighty se-

crets of the universe be revealed, and the most precious of hidden treasures become indeed our very own.

Direct Legislation.

(By H. W. Richardson, Press Correspondent East Aurora Direct Legislation League.)

IS THERE NEED OF IT AND HOW CAN IT BE SECURED?

The right of citizenship carries with it certain duties, and makes each voter responsible in a degree for the failure of our Government to secure justice and equal opportunity to the humblest citizen. Hence we should not be lulled to sleep with a song of prosperity until that song can be sung in its fullest and most complete sense.

Yes, we are prosperous; but let us investigate our prosperity.

The recent controversy between Mr. Andrew Carnegie and Mr. Frick reveals the fact that the former's share of the earnings of their steel plant for 1899 was twenty-four million dollars. This is only a part of the income of Mr. Carnegie for one year.

The Standard Oil Co. paid dividends last year amounting to eighty million dollars, and Mr. Rockefeller, owning a controlling interest therein, receives over forty millions as his share. He has an income of many millions besides this. These vast incomes represent property that was produced by someone's toil. The average toiler receives something like five hundred dollars for a year's work. Hence the annual income of these two men represent the earnings of one hundred and fifty thousand toilers for one year, or of one toiler for one hundred and fifty thousand years. It represents the entire wages of the working men and women of a city with a population of half a million people.

Supt. Blair, of the out door poor, says that never before in the history of New York City has the number of poverty's victims been so large or the applications for help so many as now.

From these two pictures you will see that the prosperous year of 1899 closes without that greatest of all social problems having been solved, namely, "How can the masses share in the aggregate prosperity of the civilized people?" It matters little to the shivering, ill-clad, underfed wretch whether the volume of trade was great or small; nor does it put food into his stomach or warmth into his body to show him that he and Russell Sage between them are worth one hundred millions. But the concentration of wealth represented by such incomes as we have named placed side by side with the increase in poverty furnishes food for the thoughtful mind, and suggests the need of a revision of our social and economic system and the solution of great problems of state in which every citizen should have a direct voice. This will only be possible under direct legislation. Hence the need exists, and how to secure it, is the question of the hour.

How to secure the initiative and referendum and make them available at the vital points in law-making, so that the citizens can have their last and final say on the great economic questions that now confront the Nation; and upon correct answer to which depends the perpetuity of this republic and the welfare of future generations, is indeed an important question. When once the people become fully aroused and ask that a principle so fair and so reasonable be incorporated into and made a part of the law making machinery of this country, it is then that opposition will appear. It is then that you will be confronted with the scheming of the politician, backed up by corporate interests and corporate money. It is then that every possible device that can be conceived of by the astute and resourceful corporation lawyer will be arrayed against the people to prevent them from regaining control of their government.

Men will hesitate before fighting so just and fair a proposition openly; but those who are profiting from special privileges; those who are securing fat salaries for doing little but manipulating the political machine, those who are hungering and thirsting for a chance to feed at the public crib, will not permit the people to take control of their own without a struggle.

The people are thinking along these lines, and the cause is growing in this country. The State of Nebraska and South Dakota have each adopted the initiative and referendum but not in their most approved form. San Francisco has recently adopted a new charter which includes the referendum, and two important municipal measures have recently been carried under a referendum vote.

In sober going old Massachusetts a bill was recently introduced in the State Legislature providing for the initiative in all the cities of that State. The following is the text of the bill.

"The city council of any city in this Commonwealth may, and upon petition of voters of the city amounting in number to five per cent of the votes cast at the preceding city election, shall submit to the voters of the city at the next city election, or at a special election duly called for the purpose, any question which might lawfully come before such city council and the vote of the citizens so taken shall be binding upon the city and upon the city council."

This bill is brief but if enacted into a law it gives the citizens power to initiate measures pertaining to their city government. While the measure does not give as complete protection to the people's interests as seems desirable, still if it becomes a law it is a long step forward, and the people of Massachusetts can con-

gratulate themselves that so much progress has been made.

The Populist party, the Prohibition party, the Socialist Labor party, and in fact almost every reform party have direct legislation planks in their platforms.

The Union Reform party of Ohio has a platform of one plank which proposes direct legislation through the initiative and referendum, and nothing else. They propose simply to place the law-making power in the hands of the people, so that the people can inaugurate such measures as they shall choose.

But we desire to see the movement pushed as a nonpartisan measure. Let every citizen work within his own party, and insist that a direct legislation plank be inserted in its platform. Secure pledges from every candidate for legislative office, either municipal, State or national, that if elected he will exert his influence and cast his vote on each and every opportunity for direct legislation under the initiative and referendum.

With all parties committed to the movement and all or nearly all candidates pledged to its support, the opposition sure to be met will be quickly overcome.

In closing this series of articles permit me to call attention to the danger that confronts the nation in the corrupting influences and evil tendencies to which that greatest of statesmen, Abraham Lincoln, pointed in his last inaugural address. The corporations and the money power are in control, and the danger to which he pointed is surely coming unless the people unite in one grand effort, and head it off.

Direct legislation is the pilot that will carry us safely through the breakers.

Unrest in the Church.

With ever-growing frequency ecclesiastical gatherings listen to demands for larger liberty. The recent international conference of Congregationalists at Boston had a case in point. The president of an ancient bulwark of Calvinistic conservatism came out with an appeal for a new departure in theological education. He insisted that students of theology should be allowed greater latitude. He complained that an unalterable system of theology was crammed into the theologian's head, with no choice permitted in accepting it. The multiplication table is not more unbending, he urged, than the dogmatic dictations of theological seminaries.

Before the echoes of these utterances have died out in the religious press, another protest is heard in the land. It comes from Joliet. That city is best known for its penitentiary and its steel works, but it has also been the meeting place of the annual synod of the Illinois Presbyterians. There was evident in the synod a rebellious spirit toward the "rules of government," but the most noteworthy revolt was against the restriction of ministers in their desire to preach new truths.

The general subject of ministerial education was under consideration. The decline in the number of young men entering the pulpit was being deplored. The flow of commonplace observation was copious, but suddenly it was interrupted with this bomb from the Rev. Granville R. Pike:

"The church won't last long under present conditions. You will soon gather around the dying embers, and wonder where the former glow is. The Sunday school is the great bulwark not only of conservatism, but of bigotry."

There was some discussion, but for the most part the dissenters made their views known by walking out of church. It is recorded, however, that on a subsequent test vote the radicals carried the day. The radicalism endorsed may not have been so extreme as the prophecy that "the church won't last long under present conditions," but it cannot be denied that in even the conservative synod of Illinois the drifts toward innovation.

It is difficult to see what connection there is between the larger scope sought for theological education and Sunday School work. The children in those schools are too young to undertake the study, in any form, of systematic theology. That is the "strong meat," which only men can digest, and not the food for babes. Shall the school children be given an opportunity to choose between supralapsarianism and sublapsarianism and kindred points of doctrine?

It is all very well for the students of theology to sharpen their wits on such shells of abstraction, and in the pulpit to wander far afield occasionally, thus giving their audiences some idea of the great world of theological disputation which lies beyond the range of practical piety, but it is plain, every day common sense to keep this sort of thing out of the Sunday School.—Ez

SHUT IN.

There is a legend of a house that stands
Alone amid the eternal calm and stress
Of tossing waters—narrow windows—
Set on a storm-swept levee by unknown hands;
And of a man who, 'mid those shifting sands,
Knows but his single room—a dull dress—
Yet longs to know, and vainly seeks to guess
What lies beyond the scope his eye commands.
So life may seem a dim, unwindowed room
Wherein we wait with eyes upon the latch
As if impelled to turn the fatal key;
We yearn, yet fear to pierce the outer gloom,
And ever beat an eager ear to catch
The secret of its limitless sea.
—Harper's Weekly.

When the consequences of a principle are exhausted, and the edifice which had rested upon it for centuries is threatened with ruin, it behooves us to shake the dust from our feet, and hasten elsewhere. Life is beyond, without. Within is the lay breath of the tomb; skepticism wanders amid the ruins, and egotism tracks its footsteps, followed by isolation and death.—Mazzini.

For each additional line will be charge
page make a line. No poetry admitted
7.)

The Fountain of Youth, Health and Vigor.

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA

BLOOD AND NERVE REMEDY.

The Most Wonderful Spring Remedy to Restore Health.

The world cares only for youth and vigor. It has no use for weak nerves, exhausted bodies, tired limbs, dull eyes, sunken cheeks.

We have learned that youth lies only in health. The sick man or woman is already old. Ask them. They will tell you how dreary they find the world, how weary they find life.

The secret of youth is health—the secret of health is Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which gives to all glowing, bounding health, vigorous strength—the strong nerves and pure blood of perfect health. It was prepared by Dr. Greene after years of study and practice among the sick. He discovered just what the nerves and blood need when they become run down, weakened and exhausted, and the result was Dr. Greene's Nervura, the world's greatest remedy.

It awaits every weak, weary mortal. Creep out from the dark shadow of Disease into the pure, life-giving atmosphere which comes with the Sun of Health. Dr. Greene's Nervura will make a new being of you. It is the most magnificent spring tonic and restorative and in all diseases of the blood, nerves, stomach, liver and kidneys, it has no equal.

Miss M. HARTUNG, 230 Central Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., says:—

"I am very pleased to be able to recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy to all women sufferers. I was troubled with severe headache, dizziness and nervousness. A friend advised me to try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which, she said, was a sure cure for such ailments as mine. I decided to give it a trial, and am very thankful that I followed her advice. I can safely say that Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is worth its weight in gold to all women who suffer as I have done."

Dr. Greene, 24 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., is the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He has remedies for all forms of disease, and offers to give free consultation and advice, personally or by letter. You can tell or write your troubles to Dr. Greene, for all communications are confidential, and letters are answered in plain, sealed envelopes.



Children's Spiritualism.

HER ANSWER.

I studied my tables over and over, and backward and forward, remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do. Till my sister told me to play with my doll, and not to bother my head.

Call her "Fifty-four," why, you will learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann, though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame.

To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name.

And I called her my little Fifty-four a hundred times, till I knew.

The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so proud,

Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed and laughed.

But I wished I hadn't when the teacher said, "Now, Dorothy, tell, if you can."

For I thought of my doll, and, sakes alive!

I answered, "Mary Ann!" —Selected.

That Golden Half-Hour.

My Dear Little Friends: Quite a while ago I wrote you about the "golden half-hours" in which you were to sit quietly and let your dear friends in spirit land come close to you and give you some sign that they were near you. I know that some of you have been helped in sitting this way, and some of you have grown tired or else have felt that your lessons and duties were all that you could attend to. I know it is very important that you should learn your lessons and that you should do some work and have some play; but it is just as important that you have the half hour for the spirit, and I think more so, for after you have been sitting with the spirits of your good friends all about you, you will have a better understanding of your lessons, for your brain will be rested. You will have more strength to do your work and more patience in your play.

It seems strange to say you will be more patient in your play because to play is to have fun and pleasure, and it would seem that there would be no occasion to get out of patience at such a time. But it is a very easy thing to do, and I have often heard little boys and girls say, "There, I won't play any more! You never do what I want you to," and then run away and act very unkindly.

What do you suppose makes children do that way? I never could understand until one day I saw two little girls playing together, and I noticed that everything was all right until one of them wanted to do something that the other didn't, and neither one wanted to give up to the other. Then I saw it was simply that each thought her way was the best, and because she thought so expected the other to agree with her and when that could not be they quarrelled.

It seems very strange that anybody would feel badly because someone has different ideas, doesn't it? But if little boys and girls think their own way is best, and no one tells them that perhaps someone who thinks differently may be nearer right than they, then they grow to be men and women who think they are the only ones who know just how the world ought to be run.

One little boy or one little girl cannot know how to do everything just right. It takes all the boys and all the girls to make the world of children, and if each one knows a little they all can know very much, and if each one talks it over with someone else, and they listen to each other and try each other's way of doing things, it won't take long to see which is best. Some things you won't have to try at all, because you will have tried them before, and you can say so just as sweetly and kindly as you can; but never laugh at any thought or plan which you have never tried or seen tried, because it might be just the plan that would bring help to someone. Sometimes a plan will be good for some other little child, but not for you, and you do not need to laugh at it then, but just let it help whom it will.

Your golden half-hour is for just this thing—to take things that you cannot understand off quickly by yourself and ask those who are wiser than you to help you to understand. Many children who know nothing about little spirit children coming back and writing letters to you, would laugh at you for believing it or say that you told untrue stories if you told them about it, or that your mothers and fathers were crazy for letting you think so. But what difference does that make to you? You may feel out of patience with them because they won't listen to you, and you may be ashamed because they call you silly to believe such stuff; but you need not feel anything except happiness because you know it is true.

Some of you remember Harold Piper and his sister Marion, who is over where I live, and I know you will want to know that his mamma has just come over here too. If Harold and his mother did not understand about our life, and how we can see and send messages to

each other, they would be very unhappy, because Harold needs his mamma and his mamma would be very lonely without him; but they do know, and when Harold sees his papa or sister feeling lonely he says:

Don't cry, papa; don't cry, Blanche; you will make mamma feel badly."

He asked me the other night to tell him everything his mamma said about him. Isn't it lovely that he knows about the way spirits come? Do you suppose he would care if I told the children in the world laughed at him? I don't.

The Sunday Club is going to his home Sunday, March 4, and I think it would be nice if some of you sent a letter to him through THE BANNER. I think Mrs. Barrett would let it go in. Dick sends his love to you all, and I do, of course.

SUNBEAM, through her medium, Feb. 17, 1900. MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

Dear Young Readers: I am going to tell you in this letter about White foot and show you how one can be good and do his duty, no matter what place one is in, or who one's companions are.

Whitefoot was stolen by the Indians from a missionary way out in the Indian Territory. The missionary went from New England out to this region to teach the Indians. He took with him Whitefoot, the noble horse that had carried him in the old New England home on many an errand of mercy. Whitefoot would come up to the door of their log-cabin to be fed with sugar and candy.

One day three Indians who had been drinking fire-water, (the Indian name for whisky) had bad white men had given them to drink, called at the cabin. The missionary was away at the fort. After frightening his wife and little daughter terribly, one of the Indians jumped on Whitefoot and rode away. The family missed this knowing animal very much but they could never find him.

White foot was jet black, excepting his four feet, which were perfectly white, and a pure white star on the forehead. After the Indians stole him, they rode him out on the war-path and whipped him every chance they had; and his once shiny black coat was all covered with marks where they had abused him. Although his enemies tormented and starved him, he did his duty, always carrying the old chief, who rode him through many a battle; but he grew poor, and I suppose that he often thought of the sugar and candy that he used to be fed by his former owners.

After White-foot had been with the Indians about a year, some bad men surprised the Indians and set fire to their village. While the fire was burning in all its fury, White-foot was seen running through the village to the tent of the old chief to save him; but the old warrior was not there, so with a whinny he turned and ran over the prairie.

About six months after White-foot had been stolen from him, the missionary was sent to another place to do mission work. He had been in his new place about six months when, as he was walking along the street one day, he came to a crowd where they were selling horses at auction. Stopping for a moment to listen he felt something rub against his arm, and looking around, whom should he see but dear old White-foot. He was told that the horse had strayed into the town about a week before. When the missionary told him White foot had been stolen from him a year before, he was allowed to keep him. There was more than one happy heart in the missionary's home that night; the lost had been found.

Dear little friends, try to be true, and do your duty under all circumstances. Remember White-foot, and if your companions say harsh words, and abuse you, do your duty, and always stand up for the right. Some animals have larger hearts than human beings. White-foot did not live long, and I know that he is worthy of a place in the spirit world. Good bye for this time.

From your friend Rose Bud, through her medium. CHARLES E. DANE. 35 Marsh street, Lowell, Mass.

Reviews and Clippings.

THE BRONZE BUDDHA—A MYSTERY, by Cora Linn Daniels, is a charmingly-told tale, in which the mingling of scenes from the Orient and the Occident adds new energy to the one, and subdues the bustling activity of the other.

The Bronze Buddha is an image of exquisite workmanship—so perfect that it seems divine. "Divine," with a mild, persuasive power, an utterable, an infinite compassionate love. Pity and judgment, tenderness and command, attraction beyond endurance, drawing, drawing the very soul to bow and worship, radiated from that wonderful, that indescribable countenance. Such is the god round which this romance is woven.

In the days of the barbaric invasions into India the Bronze Buddha was lost, and priest and layman, friend and stranger are, for various reasons, seeking the lost god. Many and devious are the ways pursued, and peculiarly

interesting are the characters who are searching. There are the fanatic religious devotee, the lover of art, one by duty bound, and others interested for love and friendship's sake.

Do they find it? Yes, but in their search they find something far more beautiful, something real, lasting, eternal, the Soul of Life, Souls that belong together are united; a bond of sympathy binds all together because permeated by the great Universal Love.

The pictures in the book are truly artistic; the psychological facts reveal an earnest and comprehensive student of the problems of life; the love stories are pure, sweet and wholesome. We take pleasure in recommending the book to lovers of fiction and psychology.—Little Brown & Co.

Order of Banner of Light Pub. Co.

THE FATE OF IRONY.—Among the sad, familiar commonplace of life is the fact that no human being ever perfectly understands another. Any difference in knowledge, capacity or antecedents is enough to disturb a perfect correspondence between speaker and hearer. I say X and mean X; but if you had said X you would have meant X plus a or X minus a; consequently you suppose that I mean X plus a or X minus a. People, however, continue to go about with the pathetic illusion that they are understood, and many pairs of them really believe that they are "one." The philosopher knows that they are not, that when they seem to say or to desire the same thing the thought is different.

A familiar and elementary fact of life, and yet though all this is so, though even when a man tries his utmost to say what he really thinks, some different thought will certainly be attributed to him, people are actually found who deliberately say what they do not think and yet expect their real thoughts to be discovered! When once a habit of irony has grown upon a man he cannot resist it, however frequent his experience that he will be taken literally. Statistically worked out, the proportion of the race that understands irony is roughly 0.000001. But you can never persuade the ironical man that he will be taken seriously; editors in particular are always trying to persuade him. The ironical man expounds some monstrous heresy by way of a joke; immediately he is surrounded by an infuriated crowd which has put him down for a monstrous heretic. In vain does he declare that he was only in fun; if the subject-matter is serious he will very likely be persecuted to the end of his life. But he goes on his ironical path incorrigible. I am not sure, indeed, that if he does succeed in convincing people that he was in fun his case will not be even worse. For then he will never be allowed to be in earnest; nobody will credit him with sincerity, and at his most sincere moment he will merely be thought guilty of an unusually poor joke.

Disraeli was a great master of irony, and much of the misunderstanding and distrust there were of him came from that fact. Here is a trivial but significant instance. He was once showing Sir William Harcourt, or some other person, over Hughenden, and remarked, as a mild joke against himself, Hughenden being but a small place: "Excuse the vanity of a landed proprietor." I have seen that remark quoted hundreds of times, and every time as an instance, not of playfulness at his own expense, but of ridiculous pomposity.

Lord Salisbury is another ironical person, and I notice that the confidence England places in him generally seems to be slightly diminished when he has made a speech. It is your absolute matter of fact man with whom people feel secure. A part of the odium which Byron incurred, and which to us seems so strange, was probably due to his habit, in mere humor and good spirits, of falling in with his critics' preconceived idea that he was a very wicked man. I myself—come to insignificant things—pay two penalties to this day for having written an ironical little book; for that portion of the human race which has read it insisting that I meant it all in *propria persona*, and the other part (which has very kindly gone through the labor of finding out that I meant to be funny) refusing to believe that I ever mean to be anything else. When my tragedy—But my space is full.—G. S. Street, in the Saturday Evening Post.

ENVIRONMENT.—There is a great deal said nowadays upon this subject—perhaps too much, considering the quality of what is said. The term often stands as an excuse for failure in life. "He cannot resist or overcome his environment" is said of somebody that makes a complete failure of himself.

Many people use no effort to resist their surroundings or get out of them. They are content to lie down by the side of an environment, or lean up against it and go to sleep. It is the last thing that troubles them. Their efforts, if they make any, are not so much to leave their environment or rise superior to their surroundings, as to rule those that are in there with them, and make the most profit out of the least possible amount of work. It is a mistake even to try to teach such people the way.

Others there are that think of nothing except their environment. They are continually pounding at its walls, trying to get out in a horizontal direction, when they ought to know that the only way is by ladders, either up or down.

Others there are who consist of nothing except their environment. Take that away, or put them into another, and they would dwindle into desuetude. For such people to be complaining of their surroundings is the most arrant nonsense, when these surroundings are really the only thing that holds them up.

Others there are, who waste no time scolding or thinking about their circumstances, but make the best of them as they find them. Such consider their surroundings, not as a prison, but as one of the sections of a tower—out of which they climb if they are able and worthy—in which they can stay, if necessary, and do good and thorough work. They notice that all the sections of the structure contain windows, if one will keep them in repair, through which they can gaze and see some of the beautiful and refreshing things of the world; that they all have comforts and luxuries, of some kind or other, which occupants can enjoy if they will; that they are open at the top, and furnish a fine view of the heavens above, if one will only look up once in a while. —In February Everywhere.

UNDERGROUND TRANSIT.—Underground transit, though a comparatively novelty in this country, is destined to have a very rapid extension both in metropolitan cities and also under straits and watercourses where bridges are not practicable. Thus the proposed tunnel railroad to connect England with the continent would have materialized years ago, but for the political and strategical objections on the part of the English. Meanwhile a tunnel road to connect Britain and Ireland is much talked of. The French, who by the way, are building an underground transit system in Paris, are now taking seriously an underground railroad to connect the Continent with northern Africa by way of Gibraltar; and they have in mind both the commercial advantages of such a line and also a certain notion that this somehow would weaken the strategical significance of England's control of the fortified rock of Gibraltar.

The future American traveler may go by rail from Queenstown, Ireland, to the remotest extremes of Europe, Asia and Africa, if projects now proposed by engineers and capitalists are carried out. We alluded last month to the remarkable success of the subway system of Boston, which has taken the street cars off of some of the most crowded streets at the centre of that city. It should be noted that Mr. McDonald, who has secured the contract for the New York underground system, built the railroad tunnel at Baltimore which has proved so convenient and successful. He has also carried out many other large projects of construction. —From "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for February.

BAD MANNERS WITH THE CAMERA.

Edward Bok administers a stinging rebuke to the "snap shot" offenders in the February Ladies Home Journal. "It sometimes seems,"

he writes, "as if the possession of a 'kodak'—applying the term to photographic cameras in general—means the departure of all good breeding from its owner. For it must be confessed that the etiquette of the 'kodaker' has not kept pace with the development of the 'kodak.' It is a difficult point for some people to understand that there are those who have a strong prejudice against being promiscuously 'snapped at' through a camera. The 'kodakers' have an idea that everything and everybody may be considered as fair game for their cameras, and that no one should interpose objections to being 'snapped.' Whenever criticism is advanced it is invariably met with the query, 'Where's the harm?' Of course no harm can be done by the simple taking of a picture. But that is not the question. It should be enough for any self-respecting girl or boy, woman or man, that the objection exists. The reason for such an objection concerns nobody. In plain English, it is no one's business."

A STRANGE FREAK OF LIGHT. A friend known to us as trustworthy sends us the following account by a relative of hers, of a remarkable phenomenon of light which she recently observed at Gisborne. She says:

"As we were coming up the hill on the Whangapoko side of the footbridge, the sun, which was just setting, being at our backs, we of course saw our shadows walking up the hill in front of us. But, instead of being black as they should have been, our dresses were white with a very faint black rim round the hem and up the side, and were perfectly transparent. Now I had on my last winter's dress, which is long and very thick indeed, and I had on a navy-blue serge, but, in spite of that, we could see, through skirts, petticoats and everything else, our limbs, black, shapeless and exaggerated in thinness, reaching right from our shoes to our waists. We were so astonished that we thought we must have been mistaken, and went away back to the bridge and walked up the hill again with exactly the same result."

Did you ever hear anything so queer? It was a very stuffy close day, and just at that precise time there was a rainbow over Kaihi Hill, which was also peculiar, being thick in the middle and thin at both ends, and with some of its colors bright and others very dull. As soon as we reached the top of the hill our shadows became black again and continued so till the sun had set."

Will some experienced scientific friend explain this affair for the benefit of our readers? There is a sort of suggestion of an X-Ray action in the semi-disappearance of the ladies' clothing and the revelation of their lower limbs, and the chromatic aberration in the rainbow is very strange and unusual. In the course of our reading, we have come across no such "wonder of light and color."—The January Theosophist.

THE COMING ECLIPSE.—Astronomers are now busy with their preparations for observing the eclipse of the sun, which will occur on the morning of Monday, May 28, and will be total along a track varying from forty to fifty miles in width, and extending from New Orleans to Norfolk. From there the shadow will cross the ocean, will traverse the Spanish Peninsula, leap over the Mediterranean to Algeria, and finally leave the earth not far from ancient Thebes. Before reaching the United States it will have come across Mexico and the Gulf, its entire path being over seven thousand miles in length.

It is now more than thirty years since a total eclipse of the sun last visited the Atlantic coast of America, in 1869; nor will the thing occur again until 1925. At any given point, therefore, such events are extremely rare, and for this reason, if no other, are of great interest.

Even to the non-astronomical observer the phenomenon is perhaps the most impressive that the heavens ever present: the moon slowly and inexorably creeping over the face of the sun, the gathering gloom, the swiftly advancing shadow, the sudden darkness, followed by the wonderful spectacle of the jet-black disk, set against with the solar prominences like blazing rubies, and surrounded by the lovely radiance of the corona, with its streamers of pearly light, and then, all too soon, the flashing onburst of light and day, and the restoration of the world to its accustomed aspect. It is a glorious sight, not to be missed if its seeing is possible; once seen, never to be forgotten.

To the astronomer it is much more—a precious opportunity; for then, during a few moments, about ninety seconds in this case, he is permitted to study the surroundings of the sun as he never can at other times. All along the track observers will be stationed with telescopes, cameras, spectroscopes, photometers and other appliances, with which they hope, perhaps, to win some new discovery concerning the mysteries which involve the great star that rules our system.

The selection of stations is of course mainly governed by weather probabilities. The data for the last three years, carefully gathered by the weather bureau, indicate that the chances are best near the boundary between Alabama and Georgia; but there are several points in North and South Carolina where they are nearly as good, while the duration of the totality will be some ten seconds longer—an important difference for the astronomer. Near the coast, where the duration is longest, the chances are poor.—The Youth's Companion.

THE LIFE-WORK OF MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

Compiled and Edited by PROF. H. D. BARRETT (President of the S. A.).

Comprises an amount of valuable spiritualistic reading that cannot be estimated. Not only is it a complete statement of the public work of Mrs. Richmond from childhood, but it is also, in a condensed form, the history of Modern Spiritualism. Professor Barrett has spared no research in collecting his facts and data and has recorded the work of this chosen instrument of the spirit world from her earliest commencement as a child speaker.

No home or library of Spiritualists will be complete without this book.

OUTLINE OF CONTENTS.

Parentage; Place of Birth; Childhood; School Experiences; First Mediumistic Work; Letters and Statements from Relatives and Friends.

Hopes and Plans; Mr. Scott in Massachusetts; Removal to Wisconsin; The Ballou Family; Adm. Ballou's Work; Work of Spirit Adm. Augustus Ballou; Work of Adm. Augustus Ballou.

Other Controls; The Guides.

Work in Cuba, N. Y.; Buffalo Pastorate; Workers in Buffalo; Thomas Gates Foster; Sarah Brooks; Horace H. Day; Removal to New York City, 1886; Philadelphia; Boston; Baltimore.

NEW YORK CITY CONTINUED.

Prof. J. J. Mayes; Hon. J. W. Edmonds; Dr. Gray; New York Editors and Clergy; Other Places in the East; Meadowville, Pa., 1884; Hon. A. B. Richmond.

Washington, D. C.; Reconstruction; Senator J. M. Howard; George W. Julian; Gen. N. P. Banks; Nettie Colburn Maynard.

England; Robert Dale Owen; George Thompson; Countess of Cathness; Mrs. Strawbridge; Mr. and Mrs. Webb; Mrs. Northwold, et al.

Work in England Continued.

California Work; Other Visits.

Chicago Work, 1876 to 1885; First Society Chartered, 1869.

Camp-Meeting Work; Cassadaga; Lake Pleasant; Onset Bay; Lake Brady, etc., etc.

Literary Work; Speeches; Volumes of Discourses and Lectures; Psychopathy; Soul Teachings; Poems; Other Literary Work.

Literary Work Continued; Lecture on Gyroscopes, 1888; "The Shadow of a Great Rock in a Weary Land," 1887; The Conflict between Gen. and Geology.

Contents: I. Dawn of Creation and of Worship, by Hon. W. E. Gladstone. 2. The Interpretations of Genesis and the Interpretations of Nature, by Prof. E. H. Huxley. 3. Psychopathy, by Prof. Max Müller. 4. From Genes to Genes: A Plea for a Fair Trial, by Hon. W. E. Gladstone. 5. Dawn of Creation, An Answer to Mr. Gladstone, by Albert Reville, D. D. 6. Mr. Gladstone and Genesis, by Prof. E. H. Huxley. 7. The Creation of Man, by Prof. E. H. Huxley.

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Perhaps Your Trouble

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It is always best to be on the safe side. There are many different ways in which kidney trouble will show itself.

Some of its most common symptoms are often mistaken for other diseases.

Some of them are other diseases, but being brought about by kidney derangement, the only way to cure them is to first get rid of the kidney trouble.

The indefinite symptoms which go with kidney derangement are a sense of general lassitude and indisposition, weakness, sickness and depression.

Headache, backache, and pains in the joints and limbs, irregular heart; stomach derangement, vomiting, nervousness, restlessness, sleeplessness, are also indications of diseased kidney poison in the blood.

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When any of the symptoms described above show that your kidneys are weak or out of order, and your system needs bracing, Swamp-Root will afford prompt relief and cure the most chronic and complicated cases.

Swamp-Root is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by skillful physicians in their private practice, and is taken by doctors themselves who have kidney ailments, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy for kidney and bladder troubles.

To prove what Swamp-Root will do for you, every reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT who will send their name and address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., will be sent immediately, free by mail, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book containing some of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. Be sure and mention reading this generous offer in the BANNER OF LIGHT.

The regular fifty-cent and one dollar size bottles of Swamp-Root are for sale at all drug stores.

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Spiritualists Take Notice!

Statement: One A. Dehili Morrison, better known in the East as Jules Wallace, has been in Butte for two months past. He is the first medium to hold public sances in our city. He had a young man with him whom he called his nephew. They were arrested for fighting and drunkenness, and skipped out between two days. He is 5 ft. 8 in. in height, weight 207 lbs.; short brown whiskers, and is partly bald. Any one looting him will do me a favor by dropping me a postal card. I will make it warm for him when he is located. We have under headway the First Spiritualist Society in Montana, and will apply for State Charter soon. We have twenty-five charter members to start with. Yours Truly, PHIL T. DAVIS.
Butte, Montana, Box 805.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
While thanking you most sincerely for your very kind letter which I received before leaving England, I now trespass on your space to express thanks also to the officers of the First Society in Philadelphia for an equally kind expression of regard. This letter is sent from Naples, Feb. 11, where Ormuz is resting for the day, discharging and taking on passengers and freight.

My closing meetings in England were very successful in every way, and it was with sincere regret that I bade farewell to an immense concourse of friends in London during the last week of my residence in that (to me) always delightful and homelike city. I was most kindly received and generously treated all over England, and the fourteen weeks of my sojourn there flew all too swiftly. I wish to acknowledge special indebtedness to *Light and Two Worlds* for their unanimous kindly cooperation, and I am happy to say that, thanks to their united influence and also to the efforts of numerous friends (both societies and individuals) I had a series of prolonged successes both in London and the Provinces.

Mrs. Lewis of 99 Gower street, W. C., in whose delightful house I made my home while in London, is a very successful mental healer, a thoroughly wide awake, progressive woman, a member of London Spiritualists Alliance, a first-rate public as well as private teacher, and one whose house will always be found a charming stopping place by any of your readers who may desire pleasant accommodations at moderate price, not in a hotel.

My farewell meeting there was held on Tuesday, Feb. 6, from 8 p. m. till midnight. A number of American friends were present, and we had a most inspiring Anglo-American reunion. Rev. R. H. Havel, the distinguished broad church rector of St. James's, Westmoreland street, W., was not only present, but made a delightful speech, as did Mr. Arthur Lovell, an author of high repute and practical teacher of Occult Science, whose rooms at 5 Portman street, Portman square, W., are eagerly sought by the elite among lovers of the mystical. I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Havel privately, as well as of hearing him preach, and a more delightful man, whether in the pulpit, at the lunch table, or in the drawing-room, I have never encountered; he has traveled and lectured through Australia and New Zealand, and told me much that was interesting concerning those far distant countries, one of which I expect to see about as soon as this letter can be printed in your columns.

London seems to me to be the centre of everything, just as it did in my childhood. I like it as well as ever, it never palls, as it is a scene of infinite variety. Improvements are the rule on every hand, and for interest in all spiritual and liberal thought strikes me as fully abreast of any city in America. There are so many districts, and it is so easy getting from one neighborhood to another that there is no monotony, and always a wide field for successful and remunerative employment.

Outside of London there are no English cities which I like as well as Boston, and none that approach New York for comfort and magnificence. Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham (the three largest) extended me most hearty welcomes, and in all of them, also in Leeds, Sheffield, and many other very large places, besides innumerable smaller towns, I was greeted by large and enthusiastic audiences. Though I shall be glad to see America again, I shall always have a warm spot for England in my heart and memory.

Mrs. Morgan, of 39 Prosperity Vale, Liverpool, one of my best and longest standing English friends, is still in the front rank of active workers, and in her beautiful home, as well as in spacious Dudley Hall, I gave many successful lectures, and had many delightful conferences.

Leaving London Wednesday, Feb. 7, from Charing Cross at 11 a. m., I reached Paris at 7 p. m., but owing to press of literary work demanding immediate attention, I saw very little of the gay city which during the early life time of the Duchesse de Pomar was on several occasions the scene of many of my very successful lecture engagements.

Proceeding from Paris Thursday, Feb. 8, at 9:30 a. m., I landed in Marseilles at 10:15 p. m. and went to the most excellent hotel, *Du Louvre et de la Paix*, where accommodation is thoroughly first class and charges decidedly moderate. Marseilles is a picturesque old city, and has much of interest for the visitor.

Passengers with luggage had to take 5: the 2nd steamer with every up-to-date improvement. I find passengers very pleasant, and though Saturday, Feb. 10, witnessed a rather agitated Mediterranean Sea, the motion of the vessel was only slightly perceptible and people could write in the saloons with perfect comfort.

Sunday, Feb. 11, the steamer being in the port of Naples passengers had a day of rest and recreation. Naples is indeed beautifully situated and well deserves all the praise which artists and poets have showered upon it. The churches are magnificent, and the day being Sunday I was privileged to hear some magnificent music. I visited several places of secular interest also, enjoyed two such dinners (at 1 and 6 p. m.) as only Italy can supply, and returned late in the evening to the steamer feeling rather sad at leaving that beautiful land, though carrying away a truly delightful memory.

As I have never seen Egypt or Ceylon and the steamer stops at Port Said, Suez, and Colombo, and sails through the Red Sea, besides crossing the Indian Ocean, I expect to witness novel scenes of rare historic interest, and before I reach Australia I shall be a much more traveled parrot than at any point in my previous history.

As letters are collected at several points along the voyage I shall hope through your gracious columns to communicate briefly with my many friends in America, many of whom send me most kind epistles, for which I am deeply grateful, but to which I am unable to privately reply except in occasional instances when I have unusual leisure. My address now is care of Henry Cardew, 42 Northwich Chambers, Hunter street, Sydney, where I shall hope to receive copies of the dear old BANNER which is always full of interest and many letters on all sorts of subjects from all sorts of people.

Yours sincerely, W. J. COLVILLE.

Resolutions

Adopted by the Evansville, Ind., Society of Spiritualists:

Whereas, One beloved brother, William H. Woods, passed to spirit life Friday, Feb. 2, 1900, being true to his knowledge of a future life; therefore,

Resolved, That we as a society mourn the loss of his earthly presence, though knowing he is still with us in spirit, and be it further,

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathies to his beloved wife and children who are left behind, and sincerely hope that they may be led to see the beauty and truth of the philosophy which was so dear to their father and which he loved to uphold and promulgate; also that our charter be draped with the white emblem of love as a symbol of purity and light rather than darkness; also that these resolutions be spread upon our minutes and a copy sent to the family, the BANNER OF LIGHT, the Progressive Thinker and the Light of Truth.

W. J. COLVILLE, Secy.

BARBARA DAVIS, Comm. Secy.

PHILIP J. SCHULZ, Comm. Secy.

The Michigan Mid-Winter Meeting.

The seventh annual meeting of the Michigan State Spiritualist Association was held in the Universalist Church, Lansing, Feb. 9, 10, 11. Hon. D. P. Dewey of Grand Blanc, President of the Association, occupied the chair throughout the meeting. Choice flowers and potted plants added to the attractiveness of the church, whose atmosphere seemed to be permeated with a rare spiritual aroma that uplifted and strengthened all who attended the convention. The weather was all that could have been desired—summer sunshine without and perfect harmony within, while the earnestness of the people, and their eagerness to add to their store of spiritual knowledge, combined to make the best of conditions for those who occupied the platform.

An informal reception was tendered the visitors by the members of the Lansing Spiritualist Society on Friday morning. At this gathering old friendships were renewed, new ones formed, and an all-around home feeling established. Let me remark in passing that the Lansing Spiritualists did themselves proud in their generous hospitality and whole-souled welcomes throughout the meeting.

At two o'clock Friday afternoon Pres. Dewey called the Convention to order, and delivered a most interesting opening address. I secured his manuscript, and posted it at once to the BANNER OF LIGHT, in whose columns it soon appeared for the benefit of the Spiritualists of the world. The Rev. H. B. Bard, pastor of the Lansing Universalist Church, was then introduced in a few well-chosen words to deliver the formal address of welcome. Mr. Bard's remarks were one of the great features of the Convention. He was most cordial in his greeting, sincere in purpose, and eloquent in expression. He spoke from the heart, and his words went straight to the hearts of his hearers. He welcomed the Spiritualists to Lansing, not in the name of his own church, nor that of the other churches, for he said that the churches had scant welcome for them, but in the name of truth, and as friends of progressive thought. He gave them the right hand of fellowship in their efforts to bring in a higher civilization, and to establish a true moral standard among men.

He frankly stated that he was not a Spiritualist, nor yet an opponent of Spiritualism, for he knew nothing about it, but that he was a truth-seeker, a learner, and that he anticipated much from the several sessions of the convention. He welcomed the visitors to the capital city of his State as lovers of liberty and exemplars of justice. He bespoke harmony and good will for every session, and greeted his hearers in the name of the citizens with a cordial welcome to their hearts and homes. Mr. Bard's address created something of a sensation and sent a thrill of brotherly love through every heart. After congregational singing, Mr. H. D. Barrett was called upon to respond to the address of welcome, which he did, briefly touching and commenting upon the many excellent points in Mr. Bard's splendid address. Pres. Dewey, aided by his unseen helpers, closed the meeting with a few very earnest and suggestive words. Mr. Bard pronounced the benediction, and the people dispersed to prepare for the evening meeting.

At this point I must speak of the music, both vocal and instrumental. It was of a high order of excellence throughout the convention, and reflected great credit upon the members of the local society who furnished it. Several of the vocal solos were exceptionally good, and I regretted my inability to secure the names of the talented artists, who, although not Spiritualists, were yet broad enough to lend their aid in making the convention a success.

The evening session opened promptly at 8 o'clock with a selection of music, after which Rev. Mr. Bard offered an invocation. Pres. Dewey then introduced Rev. B. F. Austin of Toronto, Ont., who delivered a scholarly and eloquent address upon the subject, "Orthodoxy vs. Spiritualism." His topic was handled in a most masterly and able manner, and many telling points were made that literally brought down the house. An outline even of this instructive discourse would be an injustice to Mr. Austin. It should be heard or read in full in order to be appreciated. Mr. Austin is young in Spiritualism, but his erudition, his progressive spirit, and downright sincerity make him one of the ablest advocates of the higher Spiritualism now before the public. He has an educational and spiritual work to do among our people, or the signs of the times, the auguries of his soul are all wrong. He was followed by Mr. H. D. Barrett of Needham, Mass., who took his text from the words of Mr. Austin, and spoke upon the subject of "Practical Spiritualism." His words were most kindly received, and met with marks of approval from all.

Saturday morning was devoted to a general conference, led by Mrs. Lucy J. Williams of Breedsville, Mrs. Emily P. Beebe, Mrs. Nellie S. Baade, W. R. Alger, C. E. Dent, B. O'Dell, Mrs. M. C. Lincoln, and others, took part in the discussion, and brought out many excellent thoughts for the delectation of the people present.

The afternoon meeting was opened with the usual singing and invocation, after which Mrs. Emily P. Beebe was introduced, and spoke at length upon the many phases of thought presented by Spiritualism, whose mission it was to aid man in his endeavors to induce his soul to build itself more stately mansions. "The Chambered Nautilus" of the great poet was given a meaning never before expressed by writer or speaker. Mrs. Beebe was followed by that veteran worker, Lyman C. Howe of Brandon, N. Y. It has been my privilege to hear Mr. Howe many times before, but I must say that he excelled himself on this occasion. He was warmly congratulated by all who heard him. Rev. Mr. Bard being one of the first to take him by the hand with words of sincere appreciation. It was much regretted that his address was not stenographically reported, that the Spiritualists of the nation might enjoy this noble veteran's eloquent words. Mr. Howe was followed by Mrs. Amanda Coffman of Grand Rapids, who gave a goodly number of spirit messages, all of which were promptly recognized by those who received them. Mrs. Coffman's work was very satisfactory and pleasing to the Spiritualists in attendance at the meetings.

Saturday evening found a large audience assembled to listen to the addresses of Mrs. Nellie S. Baade of Detroit, and Dr. A. B. Spinney of Reed City. Mrs. Baade was the first speaker, and advanced a goodly number of progressive ideas that were much enjoyed by her hearers. Mrs. Baade is the speaker for one of the societies in Detroit, and keeps her face to the rising sun in all spiritual matters. Dr. Spinney was at his best, and gave an address replete with sound advice, and hearty encouragement. He wanted a Spiritualism for every day living, that would feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and comfort the mourner, in place of the one that only told of the glories of the world on high. He accepted and enjoyed the phenomena as much as any one could, but he did not feel that he wanted to be told every day that a was a, or that his spirit friends were near him. He knew those things as facts, and wanted to see what there was beyond them both. It was remarked by many that the Doctor's lecture ought to be published, and committed to memory by every Spiritualist in the United States. Certain it is that if all people lived up to Dr. Spinney's suggestions, a veritable heaven on earth would be the natural result. Mrs. Coffman's messages during the evening were clear-cut, and heartily enjoyed by all to whom they came.

Sunday morning was the regular service of Rev. Mr. Bard. The church was filled almost to its full capacity by an expectant audience, none of whom went away disappointed. His address went home to the heart of every person present. It was as applicable to the Spiritualists as it was to the Universalists, while the Partialists would have found it a perpetual admonition to be just and kind to all of their fellow-men. Some of the Universalists and not a few Spiritualists were seen to wipe when the pastor spoke against prejudice and sectarian bias. He did not ask for toleration—he demanded the term—he demanded justice for all mankind! His sermon was an eloquent exposition of the progressive liberalism of the age, and was much enjoyed by the many Spiritualists in attendance.

The afternoon meeting was opened with the usual singing, after which Mrs. Coffman gave several spirit messages, all of which were promptly acknowledged amidst great applause. President Dewey then re-introduced Rev. B. F. Austin, who spoke for more than a half hour in his usual interesting and eloquent manner. It is to be hoped that this address may be placed before the Spiritualists of America in the columns of Dr. A.'s Journal, *The BANNER*, published in Toronto, Ont. It was an able and instructive effort, and was applauded most heartily during its delivery. Dr. Austin made many friends during his visit to Lansing, and gave the people many things to reflect upon as they returned to their homes.

Mrs. M. C. Lincoln was the next speaker. Her address was one of the most progressive presentations of spiritualistic thought noted at the convention, and it was received with great favor on all sides. Her definitions of the terms "medium" and "psychic" aroused no little comment, and while many took exceptions to her conclusions, all admitted that they had received new light upon those topics. A medium, according to Mrs. Lincoln, is a channel of communication, a means used by other intelligences; while a psychic is one who uses his own powers, and receives first hand that which is his. She advised her hearers to cultivate their own soul powers in order that they might be able to make the most of life on earth. She held mediumship to be a most holy office, and asked the people to tenderly care for all their sensitivities, and urged all mediums to become active instead of passive agents in spiritual matters. In order that they might keep pace with the growth of their souls. She denied that mediumship was a gift from an outside power, and thrilled her auditors by declaring, "There is but one gift—Life—all else is earned!" Mrs. Lincoln's lecture was much enjoyed by all who heard it.

The evening meeting opened at the usual hour, with Pres. Dewey in the chair. Mrs. Coffman's messages were most pleasing, and were readily acknowledged by those to whom they were given. She did not fail in a single instance to place the message she was voicing, hence pleased the people greatly through her direct presentations. Pres. Dewey then introduced Mr. H. D. Barrett, who spoke at length upon the topic, "The Moral and Educational Factors of Spiritualism." His address was somewhat statistical, and dealt with matters pertaining to practical as well as speculative thought. His words were kindly received and generously applauded. Pres. Dewey closed the convention with a general summing up of the ideas advanced by the several speakers, and advised the people to reflect upon what they had heard, even if the thoughts presented were at variance with their own. His peroration of thanks to the people of Lansing, to the press, to the local workers, to the speakers, to the Universalists and their pastor, was a burst of eloquence rarely heard at a Spiritualist convention, and was a fitting finale to a very successful and instructive meeting.

NOTES.

The State Association of Michigan is alive and well. Miss Mattie Woodbury and Mr. C. E. Dent were commissioned State Missionaries, and instructed to go forth and preach the gospel—Spiritualism—in every community. This is practical, helpful work, and should be sustained.

The Michigan Spiritualists enjoy their mid-winter gatherings. All sections of the State were represented, and not a few earnest men and women were seen industriously taking notes during the addresses of the several speakers. One of them said, "These notes help my memory, and with their help I can live the convention over again after I get home, and be better able to tell my friends and neighbors what was said and done here!" If all Spiritualists did likewise the conventions would be far more beneficial to them, while the speakers would find it necessary to prepare some new addresses for each occasion. Many of them can now depend upon their stock in trade, through the usual process of advancing in two ways at once!

President Dewey was on hand at every session, and did his duty most royally in every respect. It was said of him last year that his "mistakes" were as numerous as were those of his namesake, the Admiral. This year it was noted that his successes were of even a higher order than those of the Admiral. He succeeded in keeping in touch with the noble teachers in spirit life, while the Admiral succeeded in being conquered by a spirit in earth life! The Dewey family is yet victorious, and it is safe to say that the Spiritualists prefer President Dewey's success to any other.

It was as good as a feast to note the eagerness with which the people drank in the words of their speakers. Every one endeavored to take each speaker by the hand, that he or she might take some personal word from the visitor home with them. The hearty laughs and good-natured jokes of Lyman C. Howe, Dr. Austin, Dr. Spinney, and others, will not be forgotten by those who heard them.

The Convention was a success notwithstanding the meager financial returns. It may be that there would have been more cash in the boxes had John Hutchinson and Dr. Spinney been the collectors. It was noted that they, and all of the speakers, put some silver into the box at each collection. It was a good example.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Julia Steelman Mitchell closes her engagement with First Spiritual Church at Columbus, Ohio, Feb. 25. H. H. March and May open dates. Home address, Hartzell St., North Evansville, Ill.

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock has the last two Sundays of May and all of June disengaged. Societies desiring her services for these dates, please address care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

E. A. Blackden, inspirational speaker, psychometrist and medium, desires engagements with societies for platform work. Address 247 Columbus Ave., Boston.

Mrs. J. W. Kenyon spoke and gave tests for the soul at the Spiritualists' Convention at Boston, Mass., Feb. 10, 11, 12. She would like calls for Sundays of March, and anniversary week; also first two Sundays of May. Societies address her No. 73 Pacific St., Pittsburgh, Mass.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From the Warham poor farm, Sunday, Feb. 18, Mrs. JENNIE F. ROGERS, in the 80th year of her age. Her remains were taken to Acton for interment.

Mrs. Rogers was the mother of Henry R. Rogers, who figured so prominently in the materializing frauds a few years ago. She had been at the poor farm since July last, and was kindly cared for there by Mrs. Nellie Burnie, of New York, who gave her messages to comfort and cheer her.

Mrs. Rogers was an old-time Spiritualist, and a devoted follower of the BANNER OF LIGHT. She met with many reverses and sorrows, which saddened her old age and rendered her peculiarly more prominent. Her many friends have only the kindest feelings towards her. "After life's fitful fever she sleeps well."

Adopted by FRANCES TRIPP.

From Still River, Mass., Feb. 15, Mrs. ELIZA ATHERTON, aged 75 years.

She sought her couch at night in her usual health, and dawn touched the East, the angel who men miscall Death rapped her mantle about her weary form and bore it to a fairer clime. She was to long years a mouthpiece for her kindred and loved ones, and a source of comfort to many. May the loved ones in her home be comforted by the knowledge of her continued advance in the realms of soul.

HARRIET W. HILDEBRAND.

Mrs. Dr. Hillgoss, of Anderson, Ind., consigned to the tomb at this place, on Feb. 22, that was mortal of the remains of our sister, Mrs. SALLIE FOWLER.

We would evolve from the dead a-bes of the past a living inspiration to touch the infinite future with our hopes, our faith, our love, and our courage. She was gentle, she was kind, and she was beautifully illustrated the truths that Spiritualism so eloquently teaches. "Thou art all of life to live nor all of death to die."

For the Society, WILLIAM W. HAWKINS.

940 West Wayne street, Lima, O.

R-I-P-A-N-S. Ten for five cents at drugists. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. No matter what the master one will do you good! 25c Mar 18

A Great Healer!



THOUSANDS OF HIS CURES SEEM ALMOST MIRACULOUS.

BECAUSE your physician has failed to cure you do not give up in despair. There is still help for you. Thousands of those who have been given up as "incurable" are receiving new life and vigor at the hands of Dr. Peebles and his able staff of assistants. He can cure you, or at least give you permanent help.

Psychic Diagnosing. All of the Doctor's diagnosing is done by the aid of his psychic gifts. He can diagnose your diseased condition as accurately as can the X-ray locate a fractured bone. Nothing is of more importance than a correct diagnosis. This is true because it is the cause, the fundamental diseased organs and tissues, that must have attention. If a person has a pain in the side due to an affection of the liver, the physician who treats the patient for an involvement of the lung and pleura will necessarily fall short of a cure.

WHAT THOSE WHO KNOW SAY OF PSYCHIC DIAGNOSING.

WISSE, W. V., Jan. 10, 1900.—Dear Sir: This evening finds me trying to answer your most kind and well come letter. I can say that I never had any physician explain my ailments to me as perfectly as you did.
BECCA WHITE

HARRISON, NER., Jan. 7, 1900.—Dear Sir: You described my case better than I could have told it myself.
MRS. R. M. WALLACE.

WONDERFUL RESULTS OF HOME TREATMENT.

MECHANICVILLE, O., Jan. 3, 1900.—My Dear Doctor: When I commenced taking treatments of you I was and had been in much pain, and was dissatisfied and discouraged. It is now a little over three months, and I am free from pain; have gained fifteen pounds and am still gaining rapidly. My doctor had given me up as incurable. Being sure that I owe my life to your skill, I most cheerfully and heartily recommend you to all those in search of health.
MRS. ALFONSO BUCK.

ST. JOHN'S, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dear Dr. Peebles: I am improving very fast under your treatment, and am not troubled with the skin disease any longer. No medicines I have taken can compare with yours.
J. W. HENDERSON.

BROOKS, CAL., Jan. 17, 1900.—Dear Dr. Peebles: When I think of my condition at the time I began your treatment a few months ago, I realize what a wonderful improvement in health I have received at your hands. My health is better, and my weight more than ever before. I know of no better way of showing my appreciation than by acknowledging what you have done for me to others, that they may have an opportunity of enjoying the same blessing, and anyone addressing me, with stamp, can have a personal testimonial of what you have done for me.
Yours fraternally,
A. G. SMITH.

Important Offer. There is no need of your spending hundreds of dollars in being treated at sanitariums and hospitals. I can treat you successfully at your home at a moderate expense. I require no large sum in advance—the treatment is within the reach of all. If in doubt as to your true condition, write me at once, giving in your own handwriting, your age, sex, leading symptom, and full name, and receive a true diagnosis of your case. To each lady writing as above he will send "Foods for the Sick and How to Prepare Them," a practical booklet on the preparation of proper foods for the sick, and "Woman," a booklet of much value to every wife and mother. He will also send printed matter on his treatment if desired.

Address: DR. J. M. PEEBLES, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

A Heretic's Creed.

Let him who would raise himself to communion with what is highest and best in his own soul, or in the universe, labor for our father Man who is within us:

That his name may be counted holy among men;

That his Kingdom may come, the Kingdom of the light and right, in which there shall be no more priest or Caesar;

That his will may be done in fact, as it is in the ideal world;

That with him we may day by day make good our daily step of progress;

That our trespasses may not be forgiven, but repaired; for there is no sin but sin against Man;

That our common efforts may lead us out of darkness and deliver us from the deceiver.

For Man's is the light, and the right, and the striving upwards, from the beginning to the end of the ages.
W. K. CLIFFORD.

—Truth-Seeker.

A young man in a starving condition, unable to obtain work, and driven to desperation, hurled a stone through a plate glass window in New York City one day last week, in order that he might be arrested, and secure food and shelter in jail. Is this the result of the civilization of the nineteenth century?

Mrs. Maggie Waite, who has been serving the Spiritualists in Syracuse, N. Y., for the past five months, is now located at 5 Concord Square, Boston. It is possible that she may make Boston her permanent home henceforth. See card in another column.

Mediums Take Note.

As Secretary of the Spiritualist Camp-Meeting Association of Southern California, I have been instructed to communicate to THE BANNER the fact that this organization has just been completed, and that its officers desire to correspond with any public test mediums of the East who may be contemplating a visit to the Pacific Coast the coming season. Our camp opens the first Sunday in September and continues through the month. W. C. BOWMAN, Sec'y. South Los Angeles, Cal.

Dean Clarke at Paine Hall.

Dr. Clarke spoke again for the Freethinkers at Paine Memorial Hall last Sunday on "The Survival of the Fittest in Religion." His effort was highly appreciated, and pronounced one of his most logical and eloquent lectures. He is challenged for another debate with Rev. J. P. Bland at the same hall next Sunday at 3 p. m. The subject has not yet been decided upon, but it probably will be, "Is There a God?" or some question concerning spiritual manifestation. Whatever it may be the attendants are sure of an intellectual treat.

Spiritualists' Convention.

Effort to be Made to Organize a State Association.

Mrs. C. L. Stewart of Stevens Point, who is probably at the present time the most zealous worker for the cause of Spiritualism in the State, is endeavoring to draw together here in the near future a great Convention of all spiritualistic enthusiasts in Wisconsin, for the purpose of perfecting a State organization, such as has been accomplished in many neighboring States, and also in New England.

Mrs. Stewart believes that, if given the proper encouragement, she could draw a thousand people here for a week. Besides all the prominent workers in this State she could also secure some of the most prominent people of the National Association to come here to explain their faith, and some of the best mediums from the East to give tests. She will secure excursion rates on all the railroads, and in other ways provide inducements that would lead to a large attendance.

While the local society is weak, Mrs. Stewart says the movement is having a rapid growth throughout the State, and the faith is now embraced by a large number of wealthy and otherwise influential people. It is not a question of holding a convention but merely of its location. It Stevens Point does not care to entertain it, other cities will; but Mrs. Stewart prefers to hold it here on account of the superior railroad and other advantages. The principal aim of assistance which she desires is the opera house for the week of the convention, which she proposes to assemble some time in April. She will call upon some of the leading business men to discuss the matter and secure their opinion and assistance within the next few days.—Stevens Point Daily Journal.

CONQUEST OF POVERTY.

There is magic in the title. Its teaching appeals to the reason and is practical. Poverty can be overcome. There is a pleasure for all. Send fifty cents for a copy, and bid farewell to poverty. Agents wanted in every city. Write, enclose stamps for term and territory. INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION, Box 25, Breeze, Fla.

For Loss of Appetite.

Take HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate. Dr. W. H. HOLCOMBE, New Orleans, La., says: "It is particularly serviceable in treatment of women and children, for debility and loss of appetite."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

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

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

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at 243 Alexander st., Rochester, N. Y. Jan. 7.

DR. HEATH'S MAGIC CHAIN.

Electrical, Myo and Magnetized, Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Poor Circulation and Low Vitality. Sold at office, or sent by mail for \$1. Send bust measure, and ten cents for postage. Addie S. Mar. 3

DR. A. B. HEATH, Hotel Dover, 71 Dover street, Boston, Mass. "On crutches two years; cured by the Magic Chain." Mar. 3

A. P. WEBBER.

MAGNETIC HEALER AND MASSAGIST—Is now located at 629 Tremont street, Boston, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. 40c Mar. 2

Mrs. Maggie Waite.

READINGS by mail, 25c. Business advice a Specialty. R. Sturges daily. 50c. Concord Square, Boston. Mar. 2

WANTED.

TEN PERSONS to form Oshupian Colony, in Oregon. Address VOLNEY LEONARD, Silverton, Marion County, Oregon. 40c Feb. 10.

PROFESSOR WALTER BROOKS'S School.

of Astrology and Geomancy, No. 222 Tremont street, Boston, room 4. 40c Feb. 14.

PER-SO-N-A-L-I-T-Y.

GRAPHIC delineation of characteristics, etc., for 50c. Send latest one line of writing and a line of figures with your signature. Address: "READINGS" care Box 10, Light, Boston, Mass. 40c Sept. 8.

SPRIT Message Department.

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

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

These Circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Séance held Feb. 15, 1900, S. E. 52.

Invocation.

Oh, blessed hour of sweet inspiration! when we, with glee and gladness, for the one purpose of receiving and giving love, love so potent, so free, so gladly given to all mankind, opening the doors of eternity, swinging back the doors of this life until, like a stream of glad, sweet sunshine, it opens every heart to the universal love of its light. Surround us with your love, O spirits, ever ready, and with eye clear and heart still beating, we constantly welcome whatever may come. May the dear hearts who come at this hour asking for the first of sending some message to their own, be made strong by the strength that we can give. May no faltering, no trembling lip be theirs, but clearly and steadily may they speak out the message that burns within them, and may it be as gladly received. May some sorrowing heart, some lonely fresher, be blessed by this offering, and may we all eventually be gathered into this perfect understanding of perfect love, which is wisdom and strength. Amen!

MESSAGES.

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

John Rexford.

The first one that comes is a man. He is quite tall and rather stout, a fine-looking old gentleman. He has white side whiskers and gray hair pushed up straight from his forehead, a massive brow, dark blue eyes. He has such a grand air as he steps in, and seems one of those perfectly able people who never make mistakes. He says: "I have long felt a desire to speak. I knew something of this before I came to spirit, and yet it seemed to me that it was absolutely demonstrable. Since I have come over, the desire has come to me to make it plain to my people that I could come back. Please say that my name is John Rexford and that I lived in Meriden, Ct. There I was well known, and was always known as a man who would never go back on a thing that he believed was right. Many times I tried to carry my point, when afterward I found I had been in the wrong, and it was just as hard for me to acknowledge that I was in the wrong; but I would not push the point any further after I had discovered it myself; but so far as I knew, all my effort and energy went to prove the thing as I saw it. I was largely interested in the place. I watched it grow up. I went there as a young man, and I grew with the town, and some way, as I grew to be old, it seemed a strange thing to me to see so many innovations on the old life. Now I would like to send word back there, not anything particularly personal or private, but I have a friend there. His name is Charles Warren, and I would like this message to get to him."

Bert Wells.

Right after him comes a young man, about twenty years old. He seems one of those people who hustle around as fast as possible, and see what shall be done next. He never pays strict attention to the thing he is doing, but is always looking to see what is coming afterward. He has blue eyes and brown hair, and he wears it a little bit longer than most people. He has a light brown mustache, and rather thin face. He has very narrow shoulders. He says: "Oh! say if you want to, narrow chested. That is what I was. I never could get my chest developed. I tried, but finally I went to the spirit because of this narrow chest of mine, for I had consumption. I was sick quite a long time. My name is Bert Wells. I am a Boston boy. I knew quite a lot about the life in Boston, and I felt of some importance in my own circle. I do not say this with any undue pride, only that it seems to me a good thing that I can come back, and speak so plainly about myself. My mother is with me. She is so glad to come and speak a word. She says: 'We were Christian people, and we did not know anything about this. I have often thought since I have been in the spirit that if only the Christian churches would open their doors after new truth when it is given them, they would not lose so many of their young people when they get old enough to think for themselves. As a rule the churches are filled up with old white-haired deacons and women who have lived past the years of their usefulness, or else they are drawing young people in through societies of one kind or another. And I have thought that with the doors wide open so that anything that they could not understand might be explained in a scientific way, or in any way, they could be held, because there would be no better place for them."

"My name is Mary. I feel as though I had given quite a little lecture. Never mind; it is something I was anxious to say."

Ned Allen.

Here is another man, and he came almost tumbling in. All at once he looked up and said: "Goodness! I come as though somebody was after me, don't I?" His eyes are very black; his hair is dark; he has rather a long face, but he has no mustache. He has very big ears—they stand out from the head. He laughs, as much as to say: "That is all right; everybody always talked about them." He is constantly scratching his face or head, as though he had that nervous way. He says: "I have not very much to say about myself that is good. I never did anything of much consequence. I went to school, learned my lessons like ordinary people, and went into business. I was not very successful, didn't care much whether I was or not. I worked for somebody

else. I worked in a grocery store. My name is Ned Allen. I tumbled into the spirit just the same as I tumbled in here. It was such a surprise to me; I didn't know I was dead. After I got my breath, I looked around to see what it all meant, and I found I had really been out loose from my old associations and my old acquaintances. I want to thank you because I have been able to come."

With him is a young woman. She is like his sister. She passed out a little girl, and grew up in the spirit, because he turns around and touches her in a pretty little way, as though he was so glad to find her all right.

Molly Hendricks.

This one is a lady, medium height, blue eyes, soft brown hair and is about forty-five years old. Her name is Molly Hendricks. She says in a nice way: "Can some one come by the name of Molly Hendricks and send a little word to some one whom she loves very much by the name of William Hendricks; and can some one say that this William Hendricks lives in Madison, Wis., and that he is looking anxiously for some sign from the spirit-land to prove that the love of one whom he loved is still his?" She seems so quiet, as though all her life, instead of striving to hurry to accomplish so much, she took things gently and easily, and was always so faithful to everybody who was near to her. Another thing she says: "Oh dear! when my mother passed away it seemed to me that I could not stand it, and when I came over to the spirit and found her arms outstretched to receive me, I was so anxious to send word back, that I had a royal welcome. I thank you for this opportunity. I have been waiting for the longest while to get some word back."

Mabel Baker.

Now comes another spirit from Boston. Her name is Mabel Baker. She is as pretty as a doll and very dainty. She has small hands and feet, and a very ladylike manner. She says: "My mother would give more than money if I could come to her home and speak as plainly as I am speaking to you. She does know something of this Spiritualism, but she does not know just what it is, or just how to get at it, or how to accept it when it comes. She is very ill, not sick in bed, but disturbed mentally, and from a spiritual standpoint. I come at this particular time to send some word to her, hoping it will get to her. I cannot give you her definite address, as I have been asked to, but I lived in Boston and she does, and some day I hope to be able to get nearer to her than I have to day. I have never been to her, and I promised myself that I would make this effort to get into her surroundings, for her comfort. I have a sister who is alive, too, and I have an Aunt Sarah who is in the spirit with me, and I have an Uncle John who is over here." She particularly liked blue.

Effie Allison.

There comes now a lovely woman. I should think she was seventy years old. She has white curls down her face, the side of it. She takes her hand and smooths down to where the curls begin and then they just hang down. She is not very tall, a little below the medium height and not very stout. She has hands that look as though she had worked, and she puts them up and says: "I am not ashamed of it," as though it was a pleasure to know that they had done the work faithfully. "My name is Effie Allison." She sits down as though she often sat in a big rocking chair. It looks like one of those reed chairs with a high back. On the back is a cushion, and a span-cane towel. She lived away out in the country, she says, Moose Village, Me. She lived with her daughter after her husband died. Her daughter was one of those particular kind of women who had everything spick span clean all the time. She says: "We were happy together, and I used to enjoy sitting there in the old kitchen and watching everything that was done long after I was too old to take charge of things myself. Sometimes when I go back there now and see everything going on just about the same as it did when I was living, I think it would do my old heart good to send a word and say I have come, and I want to say that I have found Jacob (?) and I bring him with me. It gratifies us both to be able to speak now."

Miss Elizabeth Betts.

Here comes a maiden lady. Her name is Miss Elizabeth Betts. She is thin as a stick and as cross as two sticks. She looks all around, as much as to say: "Where in the world am I? I thought I wanted to come, but when I arrive I find so much of the old condition absorbing me that I wish to goodness I had stayed where I was. I have more people in the spirit-life with me than I have in the earth-life, and, if I want to any of them, they would laugh and say: 'I wish that Lizzie would keep away, because she brings such a cross influence.' I am from Portsmouth, N. H. My people, what few I had, were fishermen. I knew quite a good deal about the water, and the night I passed away, it stormed and stormed, and seemed a fit night for such as I to go. You may ask what made me so cross. I suppose, like a thousand other old maids, I was disappointed in love, and that made me cross. It was a great many years before I died, but it rather soured me. I never cared for any one afterwards, and would not have married the President if he had asked me, which he never did. At the same time I often felt the need of sympathy and love, and I just came into this circle to get a touch of loving influence to see what it will do for a hardened old sinner like me."

Edith Lamar.

A beautiful young lady comes to me now. She gives me the name at once of Edith Lamar. She has brown hair done up stylishly, and wears rather a stylish dress. I do not think she has been gone a very long time, because she has a worldly way about her, as though she understood the ways of the world now as she did before she went to the spirit. She came from Montgomery, Vt. She had a great many young friends. She says: "Oh! they could not have suffered any more than I did when I went away. I saw them go one after another, and look at me and wonder how it was that I could be so well and strong one week, and the next be away in the spirit. I thought then if I could only touch them hard enough so they would feel me, or speak loudly enough so they would hear me, that instead of their crying, they would smile and be glad. I could not do it, and my mother and father could not do it. My mother's name is Mary, and she is still alive, and often thinks of me and wonders if it is ever possible for me to

know what is going on. I just long to send this word that I am well and happy, and that the sun is bright in my life in the spirit as it was here. They always said I carried sunshine wherever I went, and I try to do it now. When I come back it is not to complain, but just to be joyful and happy that it is possible for me to come."

Charles Abrahams.

This man's name is Charles Abrahams, from Chicago. He is tall and thin, black beard and black hair, and black brows and black eyes, wears gold-bowed spectacles. He has long arms, and long legs, but a little body to go with them. He looks as though he studied and studied over matters. I can see him long after everybody else is in bed; he studies and studies hard over problems. He says: "All sorts of things that would be interesting to me would not be interesting to anybody else, so I had to take them when everybody else was still. I have thought that some of the things I used to think and talk about were given to me from the spirit. It seemed to me a great many people were being operated on by the spirit, and yet I did not know it. I thought I would like to speak about them just a little, and say I believe it is the duty of every person to find out whether there is an influence outside of his striving to give knowledge or help in any way. It would give a broader scope to the spirit. I know I did myself striving often to reach my own people, and give them some word. I would find out about them to see, I would find better conditions for my coming. I think psychology has among its demonstrations many things that prove pure and simple Spiritualism when they are brought down to the common understanding of the people. Give my love to Annie, and tell her that I found little Annie over here when I came."

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I was once invited to speak before a Spiritualist society on the following subject, "Our Mansions in the Skies, and How to Build Them." I did not quite like the theme, but could not then define clearly to my mind the reason, but thought has shown me why this subject was not suited to me, and that "Progression" would be much better.

What is a mansion? We all know what a tenement house is, and realize that it is not meant to be permanent. A mansion, on the contrary, being derived from *manere*, to remain, is a settled and permanent abiding place. The church has always claimed that our location after death is a permanent one, and they sing with unctious,

"Fixed in an eternal state."

This determined state may be blissful or painful, but whatever it may be, they claim that it is eternal.

Jesus told his followers, when they were dismayed by the thought of losing him, that there were many mansions in heaven, and that these would be their homes by-and-by. This was good news to those weary men, who had traveled the length and breadth of Palestine, and, like their master, had no settled place to lay their heads. One of the most pathetic pictures is of the woman, who pined those poor, tired feet of Jesus, so sore and travel-stained by his walking everywhere doing good. So grieved was she that she held them in her arms, and washed them with her pitying tears, and wiped them with her long, beautiful hair.

We used to sing

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."

To enjoy that home the title deed must be perfectly clear, and one must live in it forever. This seems to have been the thought of those who want to hear about these mansions in the skies, and how to build them.

This is a view of our condition after passing to the other side of life that does not accord with my own. So far from thinking that my own dwelling place on the other side of the river is to be a permanent one, I suppose that with the constant change and development of my own inner nature, the home which might seem desirable at first, would soon be outgrown, and I would see another on a higher crest still more beautiful, which would in turn melt into another lovelier far, which I could not in the first instance have appreciated at all.

Kehebar said: "There is no death, only change and progress through all man's dominions." Just as a human being at the close of a well-spent life finds that his tastes have altered and developed all along, so will it be only to a much greater degree, during our journey towards the infinite. A cave-dweller in the earliest times who saw a real house of logs with holes to let in the light might fancy that it was fine enough for him to live in forever. But an Assyrian or a Roman dwelling was far in advance of the log-house, and they too have in time given way to the modern dwelling of a millionaire, with all the appliances that have been invented in the present wonderful age. So under these considerations we see that it would be quite unwise in us to suppose that our continually progressing selves can ever find a dwelling place in the world of spirits that will be "eternal in the heavens."

There is another thing to be taken into the account. In our opinion, it is unlikely that we shall be very much in our homes, even those that we shall hold temporarily. How will it be possible for us to remain in them at our ease, when there are so many millions of souls who will need the assistance of those who have learned a little about progression? It seems to us that the brightest and most progressive spirits have become so by having never been weary in well-doing. We know well that according to the old ways, earth was the place for work, and heaven the place for rest, thus extinguishing the true sense of proportion, for it was manifestly unjust to suppose that working for even seventy years would entitle one to spend a whole eternity in doing nothing.

An old writer mentions that when he asked his washerwoman what was her notion of heaven, she said it would be to sit all day with her clean, white apron on, and with nothing whatever to do.

So far as I know aught of the occupations and avocations of our spirit-friends, the most advanced ones are the busiest ones, and find very little time to stay at home, be the mansion the most beautiful in the sphere to which their works of love have admitted them. With regard to the question, how to build our mansions in the skies, we think that the very question betokens a feeling that will be a hindrance rather than an aid. Many years ago, Henry Ward Beecher said something like this in one

of his printed sermons. He said we should try to get persons to do the right thing anyway, using the highest motive, if possible, and using the lowest motive if that was the only one they would appreciate. He classified human motives as follows, beginning with the lowest. First, the fear of physical punishment; next, the fear of it after death; then, the desire for reward here; after that, the desire for reward in heaven; and lastly, the highest of all, doing right for its own sake and for the love of it. In accordance with the above, it is better for a child to do right for fear of a whipping, than to do wrong. In the same way the fear of hell might be employed, as a next higher step. Present prosperity in this life would be a motive a step higher still, the next in order being to do right in order to gain a place in heaven. But transcending all the others, and betokening a considerable advance into angelhood is the love of virtue for its own dear sake.

From the foregoing we infer that though living here in a way to build our mansions in the skies is a higher motive than the fear of physical pain, yet it is not the highest incentive of which human nature is capable. And we as Spiritualists want in every way the very highest, the purest, the most aspirational, and we cannot be satisfied with anything short of that.

Let us now come to the innermost heart of the thing. How is our progression to be advanced (I will not say attained, for it is something that we can never really attain, so long as we be finite.) We progress towards a likeness to our infinite source by becoming more and more filled with the spirit of love. What kind of a love is that which seems like it, but is in reality the fixing of the attention on something that is to be attained by it? That is not love; that is really selfishness. True love seeketh not her own. Whether the one who professes to have it is seeking to get more of this world's goods than his neighbor possesses, or has his eyes fixed on a heavenly mansion that he purposes to possess by and by, he is after something for himself, and he does not love for love's own sake.

These may seem strict and hard lines for some of our readers, but only thus can we enter into the innermost heart of what love really is. Does a mother tend and nurse her babe because she expects him to care for her when she becomes a feeble old woman? Or is it because she loves the little darling who came into being close to her heart for his own dear little self? Does a truly loving wife love her husband mainly for what he can do for her? Did Jesus love mankind on account of anything he expected to get out of them? We know that he loved mankind because they were ill, poor and suffering, and because they had not yet learned to be at one with God as he had learned to do.

In our opinion, mansions in the skies are not attained by trying to attain them. It is like the untutored child who loves his father on account of the candy which he thinks he has in his pocket, and tries to be good and to "mind the first time," so that Santa Claus will bring him the thing he wants at Christmas.

But reverting to Mr. Beecher's application of the inferior motive, if the superior one be beyond one's present attainment, we freely say that if a person does not yet love all he meets for love's sake, he had better work for a good time in the next world than not to do right at all; in the same way that it is better for a boy not to tell lies because of the whipping he dreads, than to go on telling lies. But let not we who as true Spiritualists claim to have learned better things than the church has taught, be content to do what is right, either to avoid hell or to enter heaven.

The teachings of Spiritualism differ in many respects from those of the church. The latter taught a system of rewards and punishments, and according to Calvinism, the results of what was done or left undone during one short life on the earth plane were to be permanent and eternal. To quote one of its favorite expressions, "There is no discharge in that war."

Spiritualism, on the contrary, teaches progression, that may begin during mortal life, but if it begin not here, it will surely begin some time on the other side of death, owing to the divine parentage of each finite soul. It teaches that we are not disinherited on passing out of the physical body, but shall still have a chance to enter on our journey homeward, and that the progression of each and all is involved in their original individualization; that the roads are many, according to the differences in persons, but that the goal is the same. This goal is a likeness to our common source, and a oneness with it.

This glorious vista which opens before us is not an engraving of something new into our nature, as was taught by Paul, for it inheres in our primal constitution, and is therefore destined to work out into expression. Neither is it a reward for our acts, as is taught by nearly all the religions. It is rather a result of these acts; and, in accordance with the truth that whatsoever we sow shall we also reap, its admonitions will teach us to walk wisely, doing this and avoiding that, and so progress more rapidly toward the Infinite.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
ABBY A. JUDSON
Arlington, N. J., Feb. 16, 1900.

Prayer.

BY EMMA J. KNOWLES.

A paper prepared for, and read before the Band of Harmony in Chicago, the question for discussion being, "What is Your Idea of Prayer, and How Are Prayers Answered?"

Immeasurably beyond the power of human comprehension is the Infinite, the First Great Cause, the Supreme Intelligence, the Great Spirit, the many named beauteous deity, or God. It matters little what term we use to designate the Infinite Power that wheels worlds without number, through measureless space, around countless suns and systems, and reveals itself in the heart of the rose, and the smile of a child.

The finite can grasp at best but a small part of the Infinite, but from the little we can grasp we know that God is, and to aspire, to pray to our God, so immeasurably above and beyond our finite being; to appeal to that mysterious, incomprehensible, all pervading Power that manifests in all the operations of visible nature, and in the realm of spirit, is an instinct, or principle of human nature.

In all ages and all times, and among nearly all races and peoples of which we have any knowledge or tradition, the prayer spirit has manifested itself. It would seem, then, that this heart-hunger for the Infinite was implanted in the soul as an attribute, a principle, a law

of being, as surely as physical hunger is a law of physical being.

Do we find anywhere in nature a universal need that cannot be satisfied, a demand that has not a corresponding supply? Is there hunger in the world without food, thirst without drink, pain without remedy, question without answer? Can there be universal prayer with nothing to pray to, or for? and can there be no beneficent result from constant aspiration, no answer to prayer?

Ah! Beloved, think it not. For every law, physical and spiritual, God the Infinite, holds the solution. To every question he makes answer in his own good time and way.

It is the attitude we assume toward the Infinite, the character of our thought, the nature of our desire that determines the answer, the benefit of prayer.

Whatever brings us into harmony with the higher spiritual forces; whatever lifts us into the sphere of high spiritual action, and surrounds us with those invisible intelligences and elements which make for good, will enable us to offer up answerable prayers, and to become ourselves active factors in the bringing about of the thing desired. The power of concentrated thought is most effective in the answering of prayer. Earnestly desire to be nearer to ideal manhood and womanhood, to be more gentle, more patient, more charitable, less selfish, more thoughtful of others, more Christlike, and the mind becomes at once an open receptacle for the inflowing of high spiritual forces, of currents, of the best thought and purest desire that flow unceasingly onward to, and from the infinite source of all power and accomplishment, bringing the answer to our prayer in larger growth, in greater strength of character, in wider powers, and enlarged opportunities for good.

And is the selfish prayer, the prayer for purely material gain, never answered? Yes, even the selfish prayer is sometimes answered. Prayer is desire, or demand, for what belongs to us, and the demand for anything is met by a supply corresponding in degree to the intensity of thought concentration upon the object desired, limited always and governed by the will of the Infinite Soul. One may sell one's self for a time to the Powers of Darkness by cultivating evil thoughts, desiring evil things, and living wholly for one's self, (and the underforces and currents aid in bringing about the evil desired), but over and above all is the beneficent Power, the loving kindness, the Soul, which doeth all things well, even to the permitting of apparent evil, for a purpose which, in time or eternity, we shall understand.

Inborn in the soul from beginnings,
Co-eval with matter and sense,
Came the spirit of Prayer with a message
Of infinite love to dispense.

Between the great heart of the Father
And the weak, erring heart of man,
The spirit breathes ever a message
Of pleading, of praise, or of ban.

And out of our hearts' great hunger
For the Infinite Father's care,
O it of our pain and sorrow,
Comes the need and seed of prayer.

And out of instinctive groping
In the darkness of earth's night,
The soul feels at last the clasping
Of the Infinite Hand of might.
A hand restlessly drawing
The soul on its upward way
To the mount of transfiguring brightness,
And the mansions of infinite day.

O, soul in the meshes of darkness,
O, soul striving blindly for light,
The groping, the striving, the question,
Are prayers in the Infinite sight.

And the answer swift coming from starward
Is the uplift of soul above wrong,
Is the molding, refining and shaping,
Till the glorified spirit is strong.

I, strong for the work of the harvest,
That whitens on every hand;
Strong for the doing and being,
Strong to obey and command.

Oh Father! eternal, unchanging,
May we, through our struggle and pain,
By the grace of Thy love and compelling,
Seek only Thine infinite gain.

Over Supply of Ministers.

As the inevitable result of the continuance of the present state of things is that large numbers of worthy clergymen with their families are driven to starvation, and the whole status of the ministry lowered, I think it absolutely necessary that the Christian public should have the facts before them. In spite of the prevailing prosperity, Dr. Rice of Boston, the best-informed man in the country on this question, has recently asserted "that with the exception of the few larger churches, the salaries paid to ministers have been universally reduced." And at this time of writing there are at least five hundred qualified clergymen in the Congregational church anxious for work and the church is so full of preachers that there is no work for them to do. If figures are honestly used, they will not lie, and the last year book of the church conclusively proves the statement.

The very highest average of employment given by the church to its clergy is seventy-five per cent. of the total churches reported; one-fourth of the number always has been and is without pastoral help. And it now appears that there is no great hope of a change for the better. The Home Missionary Society and the Missionary Association have done and are doing their utmost to help needy churches, and in spite of all, the last ten years gives us only seventy-four and one-half per cent. of the churches which are able to support a minister.

This is the cardinal fact in the discussion, and must be fairly faced in any honest attempt to meet the truth. And, as I have said, this fact gives the church five hundred surplus ministers to date. So that the public may have all the facts, I make the following assertions as boldly as I can:

First—That it is not possible for the theological seminaries to introduce young men into the ministry without driving out an equal number of men who are at work.

Second—That there are a large number of men of the highest qualifications who cannot secure a pastorate in existing conditions.

Third—That the appeal for financial aid for the seminaries on the ground that an increase of educated ministers is a necessity at the present time is an attempt to obtain money under false pretenses.

Fourth—That the present policy of purchasing impecunious students to fill the seminaries is an outrage on decency and justice. If men who study law or medicine must pay for the privilege, and the best men do it and honor

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1900.

Spiritualist Societies.

We desire this list to be as accurate as possible. Will accredit or conductors please notify us of any errors or omissions. Notices for this column should reach this office by 12 o'clock noon, of the Saturday preceding the date of publication.

BOSTON AND VICINITY.

Boston Spiritual Temple meets in Berkeley Hall, 4 Berkeley street. Every Sunday at 10:45 and 7:45 p.m. E. L. Allen, President; J. H. March, Jr., Secretary. 15 Broadway, Boston, Mass. Take elevator.

The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Minnie M. Soule, Pastor, Assembly Hall, 200 Huntington Avenue, Sunday evenings at 7:45. Discourses and Evidences through the mediumship of the pastor.

Single Hall, 616 Washington Street. First Spiritualist Church, M. Adeline Wilkins, Pastor. Services at 11, 12, and 7:45; also Thursdays at 3. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

Home Rostrom, 21 Soledad street, Charlestown. Spiritualist meetings Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7:45 p.m.; Tuesday and Friday, 7:45 p.m. Thursday, 7:45 p.m. Mrs. Gulland, President, 21 Soledad street, Charlestown.

Bible Spiritualist Meetings, Odd Ladies' Hall, 444 Tremont street, Boston. Gulland, President. Services Sunday at 10:45 a.m., 2:45 and 7 p.m.

American Hall, 72 Washington street, two flights—Mediums and public invited. Circle, 11 a.m.; Proofs, 2:45 and 7:45 p.m. G. Graham, Chairman.

Temple of Honor Hall, 501 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport—Meeting at 11:30 and 7:45 p.m. Sunday. Mrs. Annie J. Banks, Conductor; residence 141 High street, Charlestown.

Spiritual Fraternity, at First Spiritual Temple, corner Webster and Northway streets—Meetings Sunday morning at 10:45, 2:45 and 7:45 p.m. Children's school 12 m. Library Room, also Wednesday evening general conference, Lower Alliance Hall, A. Sherman, Secretary.

Phonometric Spiritual Society, Sunday evening in Dwight Hall, first floor, 514 Tremont street. Mrs. A. L. Albright of Philadelphia, Pa., Conductor and medium, assisted by others.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday afternoon and evening. Supper served at 5 p.m. at 241 Tremont street, near Eliot street. Elevator run by Mrs. Mattie E. A. Allie, President; Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, 74 Sydney street, Dorchester. Mrs. J. H. March, Jr., Secretary.

Children's Progressive Association, every Sunday school—meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, at 10:45 a.m. All are welcome. Mrs. M. A. Brown, Superintendent.

Commercial Hall, 609 Washington Street—First Spiritualist Church, Sunday at 11 a.m., 2:45 and 7:45 p.m., and Thursday at 3 p.m.

The Helping Hand Society meets every first and third Wednesday in Guild Hall, 3 Boylston Place. Business meeting at 10:30, 6 o'clock. Entertainment at 7:45. A. E. Bridgman, Secretary.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10:45. J. Brown Hatch, Conductor; A. Clarence Armstrong, Clerk, 17 Leroy street, Dorchester. Mass.

Fairbank Memorial Building—Appleton Hall, Appleton street, No. 10. Meetings every Sunday at 11:30 and 7:45. Speaking and tests by Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Hildes.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society meets every Sunday at 11:30 and 7:45. Mrs. C. H. Appleton, President.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union meets every Wednesday afternoon and evening in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street. Supper served at 5 p.m. in the evening. All invited. Mrs. Maggie J. Butler, President.

Ministry of the Divine Science of Health, and **Boston Institute of Occult Science**—Meeting every Sunday at 10:45 a.m. and 7:45 p.m. Questions answered at 11:30 a.m. Hotel Reno, 12 and 14 Windsor street, Boston. Dr. F. J. Miller, Psychic Healer and Teacher.

W. Scott Steadman holds meetings at Red Men's Hall Sundays, at 7:30 p.m. Banner of Light for sale.

Mrs. Florence White will hold a seance every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, 584 Columbus Avenue.

Echo Hall—Johnson Avenue, Charlestown, Dux—Meetings Wednesday and Sunday evenings. Circles Tuesday evenings.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists meets at 11:30 and 7:45. Mrs. C. H. Appleton, President.

Malden Progressive Spiritualists' Society, Malden Building, 76 Pleasant street. Meetings every Sunday at 7:45 p.m. Wednesday at 8 p.m. Mrs. J. H. March, Jr., President. Mrs. Rebecca Morton, Sec'y. A cordial welcome is extended to co-workers in the cause of progressive Spiritualism.

The Spiritual and Ethical Society, 74 Lexington Avenue, one door above 34th street—Services every Sunday morning at 11:30 a.m. and 7:45 p.m. Questions answered in the morning. Improvised poems after each lecture. Mrs. H. T. Tuttle sings morning and evening. All are cordially invited. Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, speaker.

The Advance Spiritual Conference meets every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, 1101 Broadway Avenue. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Best free. All welcome. Mr. G. Delore, President. Mrs. Alice Ashley, Secretary.

The Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn holds meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at 8 and 10 o'clock, and social meetings every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, at Hall 424 Classon Avenue, between Lexington Avenue and 42nd street. ELIZABETH F. KORTH, President. Banners of Light for sale at the Hall.

206 Tompkins Ave., near Gates Ave.—Miss Chapin, Blind Medium. Meetings Sunday and Friday evenings. Spirit Messages and other Phenomena. Admission free. Collection taken.

First Christian Evolution Society—Penn Fulton Hall, corner Penna. Ave. and Fulton st. Services every Sunday at 7 p.m. W. W. Sargent, Chairman; Mrs. Julia Searle, Secretary.

Psychic Culture Conference—Single Tax Hall, 1101 Bedford Ave., Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock. Lectures by Henry H. Warner, with Questions and Answers, and discussion by audience, with demonstrations.

NEWARK, N. J.

The First Church of Spiritual Progression meets in hall, corner of West and Broad streets Sunday evenings at 7:45. G. Dorn, President. Banner of Light for sale.

CHICAGO, ILL.

The S. and M. H. Society, 3810 1/2 Rhodes Ave., meets every Monday, 11 a.m. Conference and tests. Tuesday 7 p.m. Oriental Reception. Open doors, and everybody welcome.

Spiritualist Temple, Fort Worth, Texas, Taylor st., between 7th and Jackson. Services for children, 2 p.m.; for adults, 3 and 7 p.m. Mrs. Mary Arnold Wilson, Assistant Pastor, leads singing. Annie Hagan Jackson, Pastor, residence 716 Florence street.

Notice to Local Societies.

Hereafter all reports will be condensed in the same general style as given below. We respectfully request our correspondents to govern themselves accordingly. We shall deal fairly and impartially with all societies, hence must ask them all to conform to the same general rule. The addresses of all local societies in Boston and vicinity, as well as in cities and towns in other States, can be found above. Societies marked with a * have the BANNER OF LIGHT on sale.

Local Briefs.

BOSTON.

Berkeley Hall, Boston.—Mr. F. A. Wiggin spoke before a large audience under the auspices of the Boston Spiritual Temple, Sunday, Feb. 25. He was assisted in the morning by Mrs. Pearl, soprano, and Prof. George E. Schaller, pianist. After an excellent lecture of one hour, Mr. Wiggin gave a number of satisfactory readings.

In the evening, notwithstanding the extreme cold wave, another large audience was present and enjoyed a short talk from Mr. Wiggin and an extended seance. This is the custom for the evening meeting. Mrs. Pearl and Mr. Schaller gave delightful music during the evening.

Don't forget our Anniversary Celebration that will be held in Old Fellows' Hall, Sunday, March 25, morning, afternoon and evening.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT contains the best reading that you can buy. If you don't believe it, try a copy. You can get it at this hall any Sunday. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Sec'y.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum.—Sunday, Feb. 25, this Lyceum held a very interesting session. "What is the Noblest Object of Desire?" was the topic of the day. There was a large attendance and a goodly number spoke on the question. The children's program was as follows: Recitation, Master Harry Greene; reading, Maud Armstrong; song, Miss Maud Head; recitation, Mabel Berry; song, Mrs. Head; recitation, Annie Haynes; recitation, F. F. Harding; song, Ester Mabel Botsford; remarks, Mrs. C. P. Pratt; remarks, Mrs. F. F. Harding. Question for next Sunday, "What are the Opportunities of Spiritualists in the Coming Century?" A. C. Armstrong, Clerk.

Commercial Hall.—Mrs. Nutter, President. Sunday, Feb. 25. Song service as usual before each session. A. L. Cameron, pianist. Invocation by Miss Biehm. Madames who took

part throughout the day: Nutter, Wheeler, Fisher, Smith; Messrs. Krausnick and Brown; Jimmie McLean. We hold an Indian Council March 15. Good talent.

Odd Ladies Hall, 446 Tremont St., Sunday, Feb. 25.—Circle conducted by Mr. Hall in the morning, by Mr. Hutchinson and friend in the afternoon. All joined Mr. Hall in prayer for the sick. Those assisting in the services throughout the day were Mesdames Whitte more, Gilmer, Johnson, Barnes, Buckhall, Chapman, Knowles, Gutterer, Thomas, Alexander, Miss Farnsworth and Mr. Damon's daughter, Messrs. Kimball, Tracy, Chase, Turner, Cohen, Gilman, Wilde, Thompson, Mr. Bird and little one. An excellent musical and literary program was rendered in honor of the faithful workers—Messrs. Wilde and Cohen. Mrs. Gutterer, Pres.

Home Rostrom Spiritualists.—Circle at 11 a.m. Sunday, Feb. 25. Evening service of song at 7:30. Wm. Hutchinson organist, Miss Stone and Mr. Howe leaders; Mr. Wilkinson of Boston opened with a short address on "The Powers Within," and followed by giving several accurate readings; Mrs. Alford of Attleboro spoke briefly and gave very positive proof of spirit presence; Mr. Howe, Mesdames Hayes and Gulland also did good work in the seance line. Many investigators are becoming convinced of the return of spirits at our meetings.

First Spiritualist Church, M. Adeline Wilkins, pastor. Subject for the Conference was "Truth." Those taking part were: Messrs. Hill, King, Newhall, Blackden, Baker, Mrs. Wilkins, Miss Sears. Afternoon—Address, Mr. Hicks. Messages, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Byall, Mr. Edwards. Evening—Messages, Mrs. Batzel, Mr. Edwards, the child medium. Solos by Mrs. Kneeland, Mrs. Carling, Gloria and Mr. Edwards. Subject for next Sunday's Conference, "Mediumship." All invited to take part.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, held a very interesting session Feb. 25. Lesson subject, "Methods of Spirit Communication." Little folks' topic, "Faithfulness." The following members rendered songs and recitations: Wilhelmina Howe, Lillian Goldstein, Elden Bowman, Rebecca Goolitz, Harry Green, Irma Carleton, Ray Martin, Esther Botta, Carl Engel, Eleanor and Lottie Lynn, Floyd Sibley. Remarks were made by Mr. Edwin Wilder, Mrs. Bird and Mrs. Butler. On Monday evening, March 5, in Red Men's Hall, a concert and dance will be given for the benefit of the Lyceum. On April 1 three sessions will be held, one from 10:30 A.M. to 1 P.M., one from 2:30 to 5 P.M., and a concert from 7:30 to 9 P.M. All local societies are cordially invited to attend.

The Ladies Lyceum Union, Mrs. S. C. French, Sec'y, writes, met at the usual hour in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street, on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 21. The business meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. Maggie J. Butler. Supper was served at 6:30, and a good number were present. The evening meeting opened at 8 o'clock with Mrs. Sarah Byrnes as the speaker for the evening. Others who took part were Mesdames Bird and Fisher, remarks: Miss Willis and Mr. Leslie rendered a vocal duet, "Whispering Hope," and Mrs. Butler, under control of "Wildflower," gave messages. Miss Robbins presided at the piano, and rendered several songs, which were well received. The Union meets every Wednesday afternoon and evening, and supper is served at 6:30. Good mediums and singers as always present. Do not forget the Concert and Dance to be held in Red Men's Hall, Monday, March 5, tickets, 25 cents. Concert, 8 to 9:30, dancing till 12. Refreshments served free. Everybody come, and tell your friends.

Gould Hall, 3 Boylston Place, Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1900.—The Helping Hand Society met as usual with the President, Mrs. Hatch in the chair. In the evening the young people gave a musical for the first half hour, then Mr. Graham and Mrs. Crawford danced a "cake walk" by special request, after which a social dance was held. The next meeting will be held March 4, and salad supper will be served, and a good entertainment will be provided. We hope to see all of the friends.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society, Mrs. C. H. Appleton, Pres., held its regular weekly meeting Thursday afternoon and evening, Feb. 22. Dancing was enjoyed by all, and a large number appeared in costume. March 1, Mr. F. A. Wiggin, the ballot test medium, will be with us. March 8 is to be occupied by mediums and musical and literary talent. March 22 the regular dance. March 29 Mr. F. A. Wiggin in the evening, and as it is anniversary there will be a very interesting program prepared for the afternoon. We will also serve supper on that day from 5:30 to 7. Marion G. Packard, Rec. Sec'y.

241 Tremont street, Friday, Feb. 23, 1900. The Ladies' Aid Society met as usual with the President, Mrs. Allie, in the chair. The evening session was devoted to a game of social whist. Next Friday we will hold a Mystery Supper Sale and entertainment. This will be very entertaining, and we urge all to come and enjoy the mystery. Carrie L. Hatch, Secretary.

The First Spiritualist Ladies Aid Society will celebrate the Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism Friday, March 30, in their hall, 241 Tremont St., morning, afternoon and evening. The following people are expected to be present and take part: Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Shackley, Mrs. Hattie C. Hason, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mr. F. A. Wiggin, Mr. A. P. Bird, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Miss Willis, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mr. J. Frank Baxter, Mr. Edgar Emerson, Mr. J. Sullivan, Mrs. M. J. Butler, Mrs. Mary W. on, Miss Lucette Webster, Mr. Thos P. Beale, Mr. J. B. Hatch Sr., Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. Caird, and others.

Carrie L. Hatch, Secretary.

Massachusetts.

Sunday, the 25th, Mr. J. S. Scarlett of Cambridgeport served the Haverhill Spiritual Union. His lectures afternoon and evening were along the lines of Spiritual progress and unfoldment and were of a practical nature, dealing more particularly with the needs of the hour, rather than with the mysterious and metaphysical. In fact, they were replete with sound logic and good common sense, therefore were helpful to all thinkers and investigators. March 4, Mrs. Cunningham of Cambridgeport will serve the society as speaker. March 6, 7, 8 and 9 the Union will hold its third annual fair, which will consist of a variety of entertainment—the three first evenings, to conclude with a beautiful supper and a grand ball the last evening.—W. W. Sprague.

S. A. Lowell writes from Newburyport: Our spiritual needs have been well supplied this month by Mrs. Webster of Lynn, Mrs. Whitehead of Lawrence, Mr. J. Frank Baxter of Chelsea, and our local workers. The Sunday weather has been such as to keep many of our usual attendants at home, but those who ventured out were well paid for their bravery. As was said of the meetings at Berkeley Hall Feb. 18, "The Spiritualists and a blizzard do not enjoy each other's company very much," consequently only a few of the faithful ones were at our hall to greet Mr. Baxter on this his first appearance for this association; in the evening a fair sized audience was there. Those who stayed at home don't know what they missed. His account of his mediumistic experiences from childhood was very interesting. His subject for evening lecture was "The Spiritualism of Spiritualism," to which we gave our closest attention, and I hope learned much. His songs of "Hail the Day," "We Shall Know Each Other Better in the Morning," "Hailing for Eternity," were very pleasing. We were favored with spirit delineations after both services, which were recognized. Our speakers for March will be Mrs. Webster, Mrs. C. F. Annie Allyn, Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding, and Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds.

Waltham. Mrs. Sanger writes: Our speaker of Feb. 18 was Mrs. Nellie Burbeck, who gave perfect satisfaction. She also was with us at the Wednesday afternoon Circle and a full hall greeted her. The messages given will cause many skeptics to think. Mrs. Diaz gave one of her good talks Feb. 23. Our fair was very successful; we have \$109 to add to the

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building fund. Next Sunday we welcome Albert P. Blinn. We feel encouraged to go on.

The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell had good meetings Sunday, Feb. 25, in spite of the stormy weather. Mrs. Lillie Prentiss of Lynn was speaker and medium, and gave excellent messages both afternoon and evening. Next Sunday we expect Mrs. Tillie Reynolds of Springfield, and look for good results. We had another of our famous winter parties Saturday night.

The Arthur Hodges Spiritual Society of Lynn held very interesting services Sunday, Feb. 25, at 36 Market street, with an appreciative audience. Excellent music, Mrs. J. P. Hayes. At 2:30 Mrs. H. S. Noyes gave an invocation and an able lecture, which were well received. She then gave many astrological readings. At 7:30 Dr. Webster of Boston gave a scholarly lecture on "Is Astrology Beneficial to the World?" which received well merited applause. He followed with fine astrological readings. Next Sunday 2:30 conference; 7:30, lecture, C. H. Webster; readings, Mrs. Loyde and Prof. Henry.

Progressive Spiritualists' Association, Anna Quaide Pres., Della E. Matson Sec'y, held Sunday services at 21 Market st., Lynn at 2:30, address and psychometrical readings, Dr. E. A. Blackden, healing and messages, Mesdames Quaide and Matson. At 7:30 Dr. Blackden gave address and ballot messages. Music was furnished by Mrs. E. F. Whitier and T. J. Quaide. Next Sunday Mrs. M. A. Moody will occupy the platform at 2:30 and 7:30 p.m.

Cadet Hall. Lynn Spiritualists' Association. Sunday, Feb. 25, Mrs. Effie I. Webster was with us and gave a very large number of recognized tests. Solos were rendered by Mrs. Bertha Merrill and W. H. Thomas, cornetist. Next Sunday we shall have Miss Lizzie Harlow. Music by Thomas' orchestra. Supper served in the hall.

Feb. 18 Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock braved the blinding storm to meet a necessarily small, though deeply interested audience, in the independent church of Greenhill. Lecture and readings were alike satisfactory. Feb. 25 the desk was occupied by the regular speaker, who gave the third in a course of lectures upon "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism." Good audience present. Lyceum exercises of great interest, which were enhanced by a recitation entitled "The Lost World," by Miss Grace Winifred Joy of Providence, R. I., a professional elocutionist of great versatility of talent, and wondrous power to enthral her audience.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists, Mrs. Hartwell, President, held regular meeting Feb. 22. The hall was beautifully decorated and the ladies had an abundance of pretty articles for sale. Little Gertrude Gillett, also Miss Ada May Cahill's pupils the Misses McCarthy were delightful in readings and whistling solos. Mrs. Soper was very successful in palmistry, and Miss Biggs, Mr. Scarlett and Dr. Dean Clark added much to the entertainment of the evening. The next meeting will be March 8, when J. Frank Baxter will be the speaker. Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Massachusetts Ave.

Mrs. D. M. Lowe writes from Worcester: Miss Lizzie Harlow of Haydensville has very eloquently and enthusiastically discoursed from our platform the past two Sundays. She will be with us again the last two Sundays in April and also the first two in May. Harrison D. Barrett will occupy our platform the Sunday of March. The Woman's Auxiliary will meet on Friday of this week in Banquet Hall, 306 Main St. Supper and entertainment as usual.

Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society. Sunday evening, Feb. 25, Scripture reading by the President; instrumental music, Mrs. Barber; vocal solos, Mrs. W. C. West; address, Mrs. Alice Burnham. The large audience present listened with rapt attention. Mrs. Burnham will be with us next Sunday. Mrs. Sadie L. Hand, through her guides, gave many messages, which were recognized in every instance. Mrs. Hand will be with us the third Sunday in March again. Congratulations were many on Mrs. Hand's recovery from her serious illness.

The First Spiritualist Society of Fitchburg was favored with large audiences Sunday, Feb. 25, which gave close attention to the able addresses by Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham of Boston. The many spirit messages were readily recognized. Miss Nellie Burbeck of Boston, test medium, speaks for the society next Sunday.

First Spiritualist Church, Fall River, Sunday, Feb. 25, Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn was the speaker and gave a very good audience assembled. Mrs. Butler gave an interesting address, followed by spirit messages; she was also very successful at both meetings in reading ballots. Mrs. Butler will occupy the platform again next Sunday. Monday, Feb. 26, she gave us a benefit circle. Pres. James Lucas will represent our church at the fifty-second anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in Boston.

The Helping Hand Association of Spiritualists, Haverhill, held regular meeting at 82 Merimac street, Sunday, Feb. 18, at 7 p.m. Mrs. H. E. Emerson satisfactorily occupied the rostrum as lecturer and test-medium. Sunday, Feb. 25, Mrs. Battie A. Woodbury occupied the platform and did her work well. Next Sunday we have W. B. A. Simmons of this city. Mrs. Lillie B. Butler.

Mrs. Sadie L. Hand has again resumed both public and private work. Served Malden School

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May 23. 26c

Lake Helen, Florida.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

No doubt our Northern friends would like to hear something of this camp, away among the pines of Florida, and our hearts here respond to the call. So I will try to tell you a little of the now widely-known Lake Helen Camp. Were it not for the phenomenal cold "streaks" we have had here, I could report a camp of large numbers, as numerous letters have been received from parties who are expecting to come. As it is, I am informed the number of those upon the ground far exceeds that of a year ago this time, and the attendance from the surrounding country has been better than we had a right to expect the first three Sundays, as there was not really a pleasant day among them. Still the people have driven a long distance to enjoy the meetings. Excursion rates have been obtained from Daytona, New Smyrna and stations along the line of the east coast railway that enable people to come at half price, and the low prices for accommodations upon the grounds have made it far easier for people of moderate means to spend a portion of their time here than formerly.

I think I never saw campers so intensely in earnest as they are here. Mr. J. Clegg Wright's lectures at the Auditorium have been of a character to interest the most intelligent and create a desire for knowledge in those heretofore without any interest in the grand philosophy of life. In his addresses he has carried his hearers into realms rarely approached before. Historical facts fall from his lips with as great ease as laughter from the lips of a child, and the unrecorded history of epochs, of which the world has had but the faintest gleams, are rendered with the same ease and fluency.

His private classes are well attended, and their real worth demonstrated by the fact that most of the members of his first class are attending the second. He is in love with the climate, and thinks even though we do have some cold winds it is preferable to the colder storms of the north. We are expecting a rare treat in having our brother, Oscar Edgerly with us for the remainder of the season. He will give his first address Sunday the 25th, and give tests after his lecture. No doubt the inimitable John McCarthy will enliven us with his wise sayings. Mrs. Lizzie Brewer is the all-around woman of the camp. I am glad to say we claim her as a New York woman, as she is not only a State missionary but a National missionary.

Before the camp opened she addressed the people in a very acceptable manner, and since the camp began she not only submitted to her controls giving out good thoughts to the people, but she has presided at the piano, sung solos, taken part in entertainments, and given solace to the sorrowing in her private sittings. Mrs. Brewer has been only little over a year in this work, but with her honesty, sweetness of character, and devotion to the angel world she is bound to win. Mr. H. A. Budington, as conductor of the musical department is doing efficient service, and Miss Jennie Green of Cleveland, O., and Miss Lillian Marsh of Oakhill, Fla., as assistants deserve thankful mention. Mrs. Goodness of Daytona has been present with us during the Sundays of the camp and has sung solos with sweetness and expression. The Ladies' Auxiliary have been instrumental in getting up a fine display of articles for sale at their headquarters and also furnish entertainments that would do credit to those more experienced in the dramatic field.

Mrs. Effie Moss's materializing seances are well spoken of. We have had lawyers, doctors and professors who came with doubt, go away wondering. The management is doing all in its power to make the camp a success. It is, as far as I can see, harmonious, and paying expenses without difficulty. Those who have built cottages have been heard to say, "If I had to give up either home would give up my northern home." Guests from the very fine Webster Sanitarium are frequently seen upon the grounds, and attend the meetings. The guests of the Casaadada Hotel speak well of mine host Dorris's table. I can speak well of myself, for I have taken meals there since my arrival here.

Hoping if Northerners of the South get hold of this copy of THE BANNER they will visit us. I remain sincerely, CARRIE E. S. TWING.

Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

This Association will hold its celebration of the Fifty-Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism on Saturday, March 31, forenoon, afternoon and evening, in Horticultural Hall.

Among those who have already signified their intention of taking part in the services are Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Albert P. Blinn, Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Mrs. M. J. Butler and Miss Lizzie Harlow; and as musicians, Prof. Jay J. Watson, Miss Annie Watson and Mr. Harold Leslie.

Since it has been announced that no speakers or mediums will receive pay for their services, and that no representative of the Union will receive any compensation for soliciting funds, renewed interest is being manifested by the public, and many of our oldest and ablest speakers and mediums have volunteered their services. ALBERT P. BLINN, Vice-Pres.

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