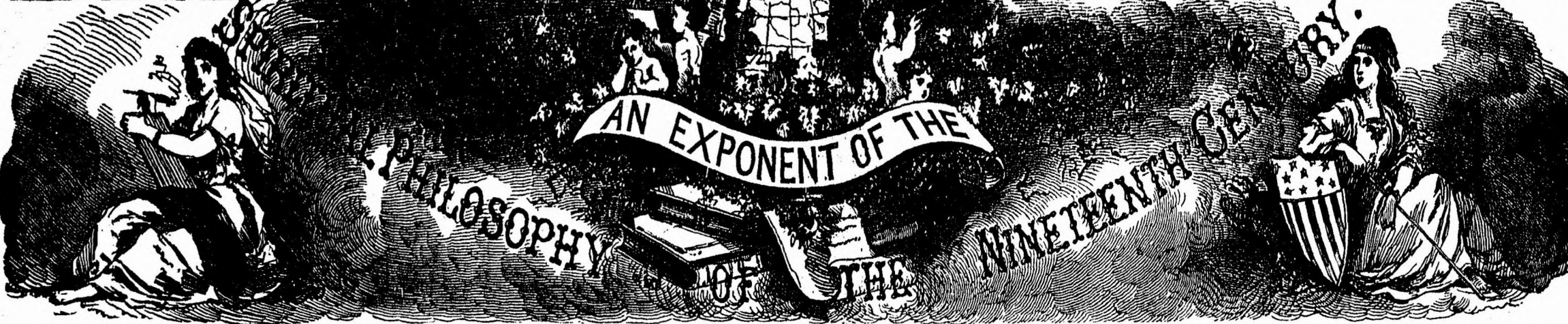


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NO. 21.

CHOICE OR NEGLECT?

BY W. S. HASKELL.

Life, midst its clatter and its claims,
From childhood's estate unto man's,
Hidden in the dust of ages,
Written book of many pages,
Cast upon the shores of time—
Withered prose and withered rhyme.

Right choice of life; its thoughts and deeds,
To sow that we may reap—not weeds
But sheaves of brightest golden grain,
Garnered in from frost and rain.
To sow that others may be blessed,
To sow of every seed the best.

"Right choice," you say—and free as well?
But what is choice? I pray thee tell,
Except it be divine and good?
Although perchance not understood.
Wrong choice forsooth does not exist,
It has no place in nature's list.

All things are God's, all things divine;
If good and ill, who draws the line?
Not man on earth, or in heaven above,
Nor he who rules with laws of love
Could change his light to less than good;
And yet mayhap some think they could.

Degrees of course of knowing right,
But superlative is the light,
And he who chooses, chooses well;
He who neglects—I dare not tell
Where possibly his soul might wend,
But surely it will not ascend.

No doubt some critic will deny
This right of logic to apply;
But in our strength we feel secure,
For that which is will ever endure.
A conscious act is conscious mind,
Nor need we fail its source to find.

Not time nor place, with seeming ills,
Hath power to thwart our conscious wills,
Which is, in truth, divine God life,
Neglected in this mundane strife.
Unreal conceptions cast aside,
Our choice is ever with truth allied.

For good is quality supreme,
A light that hath no lesser beam.
And good left out, we'd find I'm sure
That no thing really could endure,
Seeming error—defective sight.
There is no wrong. All things are right.

Diamond P. O., Alameda Co., Calif.

The Impending Psychological Revolution: Its Causes, Dangers and Advantages.

A Lecture by the Controls of J. J. Morse.

[REPORTED BY G. H. HAWES]

Psychical Revolution is a term that needs some preliminary definition. It cannot, perhaps, at first sight, exactly appear to you what is involved in such a term, yet a cursory study of modern thought will at once show you that the world's opinions concerning man as a spiritual being, and the latent possibilities of his nature, are undergoing a very serious change in the general estimation. Old landmarks are rapidly vanishing, and opinions concerning man's nature which were considered satisfactory to your forefathers are certainly not now satisfactory, to say nothing more emphatic.

How much this variation of opinion has been caused by changes in the intellectual growth as a natural consequence of the natural development of the race, how much has come through the insufficiency of ordinary religious teaching, and how much may have come from the advance of scientific knowledge, of the consequent skepticism that has been associated therewith, are problems for serious consideration. In the natural course of things, as the intellectuality of the race expands, question upon question will constantly arise, and men dare to speculate upon problems that at one time were considered satisfactorily disposed of. As that intellectual expansion grows, by reason of your more perfect acquaintance with the general history of human life, you begin to discover that your opinions do not contain all the truth, but that there are other claims for truth as worthy of attention and consideration as any truth you may possess. The first step to all progress lies in the recognition of the fact that no one alone, no one consciousness, can comprehend or contain the whole—the entirety of all possible truth.

When it is realized that the truth has to be shared with the world, and that each race, and time and person contains just so much, and contributes so much of and to the general stock, then the universal progress of the race is thereby accelerated.

The insufficiency of religious teaching is indeed a noteworthy, if unsatisfactory fact, in regard to the problem before us to night. Now, in this regard we do not wish you to understand for one single moment that we intend to touch upon doctrinal questions in any shape or form. Doctrines, after all, are more or less in the nature of opinions, and each person has a perfect right to entertain such doctrine or opinion as may seem best to him or her. But between the statement of a doctrine and the statement of a fact or facts, there is a very great and noticeable difference. You may believe whatsoever seemeth right to you, and so long as you permit all others the same freedom of belief that you claim for yourself, all is well. But when you pin your belief on an allegation of a fact, then you may expect to have your fact challenged, you may expect to have proof demanded from you, and you may expect to be called upon to demonstrate the fact on which you base your opinion on your doctrine.

It is in regard to the matters of fact pertaining to man as a spiritual being that we refer to when we speak of the insufficiency of religious teaching. Of course we know that this is

somehow delicate ground. That some may say these are mysteries not for the mind of man to tamper with; they have been wisely hidden, and that if the Lord wished us to know them he would have planned some process whereby the knowledge would come to us. But this is rather reasoning in a circle. Religion rests upon the existence of man as an immortal soul. This is the foundation stone. It would be a very incomplete structure resting upon an exceedingly insecure foundation if it had not for its base the immortality of the soul.

The question is, how far is the teaching of ordinary religion sufficient in this regard to give assurance, the assurance, the evidence of the reality of this basis that we have referred to? It is idle to deny the fact, as we have stated; it must be realized clearly and plainly. Whoever claims the immortality of the soul as the basis of any form of teaching, on such ones rests the duty of demonstrating the reality of the thing claimed.

Then we come to the question that we stated a moment since in regard to the progress of materialistic science, and the skepticism that is undoubtedly associated therewith. You will find those among the advanced school of scientific investigators who will tell you in set terms that spirit enters not into the consideration; that man as a spiritual being is outside their purview entirely; that they know the man only as a mechanism manifesting sensation and nervous irritability, and they know nothing of mind as apart from matter; they only recognize it as a phenomenon associated with the human organism. Their arguments are keen, clear cut, well placed, ably sustained, and a vast array of fact is brought forward and marshalled to support their contention. The average individual looking up to these cultured men as worthy guides, consider their words, weigh their arguments, are quick to take the hint, and lapse into a blank denial of there being anything outside of the ordinary physical existence, of there being any other life beyond the life you are at present pursuing.

Now when we see these in operation in the world of thought, as undoubtedly they are operating, and recognizing that the faith of your forefathers is being slowly and surely undermined, that there is a convulsion of opinion proceeding concerning things psychical or spiritual, it becomes, as already hinted, a very serious problem to discover the causes that underlie the changes that are occurring at the present time. Some of those causes we have just hinted at. We have at least presented two, namely: The insufficiency of the evidence produced by the religious teacher in support of the cardinal principle on which he bases his argument on the one side, and the incorrect conclusions of a naturally consequent skepticism associated therewith, that flow from the still imperfect knowledge of the scientific world.

The mastering of matter in its phenomena and conditioning does not give the clew to the manifestations that are coming through matter, and that arise from a cause behind matter. You may reduce the universe to a purely mechanical structure, you may argue that all its operations are due to causes within itself, but which causes do not by any means imply any inherent divinity or spiritual dynamic power. But when you have done that, you have driven out the dearest hopes of human hearts; you have erected a stone wall against which nothing can prevail; you have fenced out the dead and fenced in the living, and made the world bleak, barren and miserable. If this be the destruction of human hearts and sentiment, the overthrow of the faith of the ages—which at least had the merit of commanding happiness to your souls in the expectation of meeting again those who had passed from you—if this be the exchange you make for the culture and science of the nineteenth century, then indeed the proposition is more than unsatisfactory, and the issue will ultimately be disastrous of all those higher things that in the past you have held so dear to your own hearts and lives.

Now the causes that are bringing this psychical revolution having been roughly outlined before you, it may be as well to suggest to you that there are other causes bringing about a revolution in your opinions and conceptions, and, may we not say, your knowledge of things psychical and spiritual.

For more than fifty years past a body of remarkable phenomena has been accumulating. In all civilized countries of the world, and among all classes of society, making its way, increasing in bulk and importance, in spite of all opposition, this body of phenomena has aroused the attention of the world. True, the world of science has derided it, the world of theology has scorned and denounced it, and the ordinary everyday individual has too frequently sneered at it, yet this body of phenomena has accumulated so rapidly, and so large has it become, that at last it has influenced the general conscience of the public, the pulpit, and the press.

You will divine in a moment to what we are referring. We are referring to that movement known as Modern Spiritualism, that had so evil a reputation in the past, that was so estranged, so altogether out of natural course, that it was thought it could not be true. It has revealed that there are certain faculties in man's nature—abnormal, if you choose to call them so; psychical faculties, if you like, but which we contend are natural faculties, whatever the descriptive term you apply to them—in the exercise of which faculties men, women and children even, are able to see things, to hear things, and get to know things, not only about the living, but about those who are called dead. The whole bulk of the testimony points toward the conclusion

that the dead are nothing near so dead as many of those who are living in this world; that they are active, that they are apparently about you, cognizant of what you are doing, and capable of warning you, consoling you, and guiding you. This is the conclusion that those who have studied these questions have reached. This is the conclusion they insist upon as the logical result of their experiences. And they are intelligent men and women. They are men and women whose word would be accepted in any ordinary transaction of daily life; their word would be sufficient for buying or selling, or any ordinary business; nay, their word would be accepted in any court of law.

But this is altogether another matter. It is so extraordinary that it requires extraordinary confirmation to support it, we grant you. It is always a safe rule to argue that the more extraordinary the occurrence is alleged to be, the more positive, the more absolute, should be the evidence to support it. Judged by this rule, the evidence in this case that we are citing has been abundant, and is accumulating, and it meets the case a thousand times over. It is practically demonstrated that under certain conditions, with certain people, signs, monitions, tokens, intimations, evidences, in a word, clearly and positively point to the fact that there is a psychical realm around you peopled by psychical activities, persons who, to all appearance, seem to be men and women who have died, as the phrase is, who have put off their mortality and taken upon themselves immortality.

I leave you to decide for yourselves, in your own several judgments, whether or not such contentions are justifiable, or have been established. The most of those who have pursued the subject claim they are established, and as they have grown in enormous numbers on this continent, on the continent of Europe, and in the antipodes—in fact, all over the world, it was only to be expected that such a body of fact must of necessity have exercised an influence upon the opinions of those who are immediately concerned, and indirectly upon the community at large.

Here, then, you see, is a fourth cause for this impending psychical revolution. In fact, one would be almost justified in saying a fourth cause for the psychical revolution that is in progress, rather than impending.

Associated in this direction, though not immediately connected with the class that we have just referred to, is another order of people who have undertaken the investigation of psychical problems from what they are pleased to term a purely scientific point of view. There is a good deal said about proceeding in a scientific manner that has a very lovely sound to it, but does not mean very much after all, for science is only caution, earnestness, knowledge classified and arranged, the orderly pursuit of knowledge concerning the facts of nature. These people that claim that they are pursuing the matter scientifically (which is, unfortunately, skeptically), calling themselves Psychical Researchers, in London, in Boston, and elsewhere, have so carefully weighed and sifted and experimented, that they have reached a very cautious conclusion that there are indications that apparently presume the possibility of supernatural functioning in man, and of relationships between the living and the so-called dead. They do not affirm this positively; they only say that the indications are sufficient to lead to such inference; that is, their public pronouncements. Privately, of course, they go a little further, some of them knowing positively that the indications referred to are actually true.

These people have indulged in a variety of experiments in thought-reading, clairvoyance, and such like matters—and it is indubitably true that there is such a thing as that described under the general terms of telepathy—a transmission of thought between two distinct persons.

Here, again, appealing through cold, cautious, scientific analysis of their experiments to the more cultured intellects of the community, they have exercised a powerful influence upon the public conscience, and led intelligent people to think that if these people are cautiously pursuing their inquiries, and have reached such conclusions, that perhaps after all there may be more things in man's nature than we have ever dreamed of before.

Still another element is the hypnotic school, who, having pursued its inquiries faithfully and boldly, have reached the conclusion that the latent functioning of man is a fact. They have taken up the experiments of telepathy, translation of sensation, development of clairvoyance, suggestion, and various other matters doubtless you are all more or less familiar with, each and all being engaged in under strictly test conditions, have warranted the conclusion that certain persons possess psychical faculties, (abnormal faculties they are usually called), by which it is made manifest that there is a wider range for the operation of consciousness than is to be found with the ordinary five senses associated with human beings.

The influence of the varying forms of thought associated with these experiences is causing a tremendous influence upon the public conscience. It is stimulating attention, calling forth questionings, making men suspicious, and ever and anon striking up that slumbering hope within their breasts that there may be something to us more than man, after all; that death may not be the end of it all, as some have dreaded and as others taught; but that when this little fitful fever of life is ended there shall be a larger life and a grander and nobler being for one and all.

The revolution, then, that virtually involves an upheaval of thought and change of opinion

in regard to matters that have been cherished for ages, must necessarily be fraught with startling possibilities. As all changes, all periods of transition are periods of unrest, of up-breakings and dountearings, there is necessarily something of danger as well as advantage associated with them. What are the dangers in connection with the revolution which we claim is in progress?

There is an old proverb warning you against haste in getting rich. We may parallel it by suggesting that it is equally dangerous to make haste to get knowledge. To make haste in getting knowledge you are as likely as not to accept some things that are not really knowledge, and instead of being helpful become a hindrance; instead of being pure gold turn out to be dross. This is one of the dangers in this revolution. There is the danger that the last theory may seem the most plausible and fascinating, and therefore be accepted merely because it is plausible and fascinating; because it appeals to your emotions rather than to your judgment and to your reason. There is a mad haste sometimes to apply the new knowledge that may be obtained by sweeping away all that has been treasured in the past, and claiming that we have progressed so far beyond the people of the past that we need not consider at all the wisdom of the dead and forgotten sages of bygone days; that we may discard their old fables, and will take to our hearts the new gods that we have found.

There never was a period in the world's history when men believed altogether falsehoods, but the false has ever been commingled with the true; light and shade lit across the landscape daily, and truth and error, battle in your minds continually. It is not in dismissing what the past has handed down to you that safety lies, but in the sifting it, getting the wheat from the chaff, bringing out the eternal truths, some of which were found in ages past, and bringing them into line with the other eternal truths, that your general equipment, mentally and physically, has enabled you to obtain. Then by a judicious selection between the old and the new (and that which is truth being eternal it is neither old or new, it is ever the same, ever at one with itself), you will secure that which will prove of inestimable value to you, and it will not be a case of putting new wine into old bottles. The danger lies, however, in the haste we have referred to of sweeping away the errors of the past and of tearing up the wheat and leaving the ground bare and barren.

Another danger, too, lies in this: Many people supposing that these latent powers are easily cultivated, that it is quite a nice thing to become a psychical subject, to be mesmerized and hypnotized, and to do all these very curious things that they read about, do not exercise the caution that they should. There is danger here. In unlocking the latent possibilities of your nature it is well to be wary and to proceed cautiously. You are entering into a comparatively unknown field. You may be breaking down barriers that may let loose floods you do not dream of. But above all things it is eminently necessary in experimenting in such directions that you always be under the guidance of some one of experience, ability and probity.

Another very important point to remember is, that in the cultivation of the psychical faculties, one of the sure results will be more or less of a hyper-sensitiveness in the nervous conditions, and at first when you are in such a condition you absorb the mental and psychical and physical states or conditions of those with whom you come into association, and unconsciously you will become a victim of thought transference and translation of sensation. If you persist in these experiments and do not use proper caution and care, you will inevitably weaken the strength of your personal resistance to such influences, deplete your nervous and psychical forces, and slowly and surely undermine your physical healthfulness, if nothing worse proceeds. If you proceed recklessly, you will not only undermine your physical well-being, but you will undermine your mental stability as well, and the result will be physical paralysis and mental stagnation.

Now these are real dangers. They are no mere fancies. They are a part and parcel of the natural ignorance, if we may use the word, that so largely prevails concerning these matters. They will grow less and less in the course of time as knowledge increases and experience instructs you. But until you have reached greater knowledge and have wider experience, absolute caution is what we would earnestly impress upon you.

Another danger is this: We have referred to the insufficiency of religious teaching, and you will remember that we used certain cautionary phrases in explaining what we meant by the terms "insufficiency of religious teaching." Let us advert to that point for a moment. We grant you that it is a good thing to affirm the immortality of man. We grant you that it is a good thing to build around an affirmation certain moral principles and spiritual doctrines. We grant you further that it is an excellent and important thing to argue for a future state for that immortal man. But good and excellent as all these things are, they are insufficient to meet the criticism of the nineteenth century; that criticism which virtually says: "Accept nothing until it has been demonstrated." Now it cannot be denied that this is just the crux of the whole argument. From the religious point of view, you must clearly hold in your mind that affirmation is not demonstration. Apply the logic of the schools and the strict methods of science to the affirmations of religion, and there will be

but one result, and that is disaster for the affirmation.

Your conviction is no evidence to some one else. The satisfaction that you feel cannot be translated to the breast of another person. The intimation, even, of immortality that may cheer your soul and illumine you with its glory, will neither cheer nor illumine the soul of another person. This is well enough for you so long as you are content. But the skeptic comes ruthlessly through your flowers of fancy; proof, p.oof, he asks for, and if you say you have no proof, if you say that he has no right to ask for proof, that it is blasphemous for him to do so, you must expect him to retort: "That is simply subterfuge; you are merely escaping behind the dust you are raising; you have no right to affirm the reality of anything unless you have the evidence in support of it." Then he rushes to the other extreme, and because his pet method of procedure is not responded to, because you cannot satisfy him, he immediately jumps to the conclusion that everybody thinks as he does, and therefore what satisfies him will satisfy anybody else.

But the danger takes another form in this particular also. You may be so overwhelmed with the knowledge of modern science as to feel thoroughly satisfied with everything and anything that can be urged in these directions, so you may become a zealot preaching a Crusade, and with fire and fervor curse all people who repudiate psychology and all its works, in which case you will damage your own cause, and show yourself a fanatic. You may for a time succeed in impressing those of weaker minds than yourself, but in the end the sober logic and pure commonsense of the race triumphs against it.

Then in overturning the opinions that religion has taught, the creeds, the doctrines and dogmas of churches in regard to the nature of man here and hereafter, there appears to be grave dangers also. Dangers that in sweeping away the chaff the wheat may go, too. But yet, on the whole, we are inclined to think these dangers are, comparatively speaking, slight. There is a strong element of sober commonsense in all men's lives, and when sitting calmly and cogitating over their beliefs and opinions—no matter what denomination they may belong to—each one and every one in some sort of fashion shifts the balances so that everything adjusts itself to his or her understanding, and this doctrine that seems a little ugly is tilted to one side, and that dogma that did not seem to fit quite right, is turned around a little bit, until it slips in its place. In fact, the right of private judgment has been the salvation of dogmatic theology, without which right dogmatic theology would indeed have become so dogmatic that it would have been intolerable, and the commonsense would have rebelled against it finally and absolutely.

The dangers of this psychical revolution lie in the directions we have just indicated—the danger of too sweeping generalizations for or against old opinions and new ones. The danger of considering that you possess the whole truth; that when you have mastered so much of psychical experience that you know all there is to know, and that there will be nothing further to learn after you have laid down your lives and gone forward into other spheres, wherever they may be.

Knowledge grows from more to more. The intellect of the race perpetually expands, and the generation of to-day contains within its consciousness the sum and substance of the energy of all preceding eras, just as life born of the generation of the yet to be will not only contain the sum and substance of your knowledge and experience, but that which has been added to their own lives while living.

The advantages of this revolution are manifold. Certainly it must be a decided advantage to have a clearer sight, and to have a deeper understanding of the nature of man. If you can reach the conclusion that man is something more than a mechanism that nature winds up at birth and allows to run down at death, and when the clock wears out she has no further use for it, life has a new meaning and has become greatly exalted. Even on the lower level of material existence every new faculty, every fresh possibility, every manifestation, in addition to those you are already familiar with, that you can discover in the make up of man and in his life, makes you a larger man, a greater man, a more wonderful man. Everything that makes man better and greater and more marvelous, adds to the dignity of man and the race, and should bring—as doubtless it will—a corresponding inclination to elevate conduct and thought higher, so that they may come more into harmony with the greater man than you find yourselves to be.

Every new faculty that is discovered in the make up of man implies a corresponding realm in nature to which that faculty is related. So the more you enlarge the nature of man, so to speak, the more do you enlarge your comprehension of the universe. In a word, the universe expands to the consciousness of man in the same ratio as that consciousness expands towards the universe. The universe is no bigger than the biggest man. That is to say, the greatest intellect of the present age is the measure of the greatest knowledge of the present time. You have so much of a world, so much of a universe, so much of a God, even, as the expansion of your personal consciousness enables you to comprehend. Therefore if you can make the world larger, if you can make the universe bigger by increasing the capacity for comprehension on the part of man, they are very decided advantages that need no further argument to emphasize them.

Continued on Fifth Page.

For the Banner of Light. MY BOYHOOD HOME.

BY E. D. BABBITT.

The Eden of my boyhood home—
Its porch with morning glories blue,
Its door-yard where the knot-grass grew,
The meadows sweet—the mellow loam;

The hip-roofed barn across the road
They filled with wheat and scented hay,
Where we watched father mow away,
Then ran to meet each coming load.

Close sheared by bushes white and red
A pasture reached beyond the creek;
'Twas there we watered "John" and "Dok"
Which tipped the grass as they were led.

The cherry where at purple dawn
Our robin skipped and played his lute,
The orchard with its ripening fruit—
All these like youth's bright dreams are gone.

Lot sixty years have passed away,
No more my childhood mates are seen;
The guile of death has rolled between;
I tarry still, though bent and gray.

Too harsh and cold this world for one,
Her spirit was the first that fled—
Poor wounded, fluttering bird, I said,
And watched her die at set of sun.

The heart we loved, now cold and still,
We may but follow to the tomb;
'Tis thus that vernal flowers bloom
To wither ere the autumn chill.

Alone, alone, I linger here,
Born to suffer and born to wait.
The rest have gone—the hour is late—
But maybe now my time draws near.

What can the dreamy prophet tell—
Does death blot out both joy and pain?
Or will old days come back again,
With all the friends I loved so well?

Bright spirits say fair Youth returns
When the red tide has ceased to flow;
Naught but our dust can sleep, And oh!
My soul for its old Eden years.

Transition will recoup all joys
We've lost in this meandering life;
Free from allirk some care and strife,
The face will beam home, like a boy's.

Where'er my wandering spirit strays,
E'en though it win a coronet
Of diamond stars, 't will never forget
The friends and scenes of youth's fair days.

Each morn the Holy Book was read,
And mother sang a sacred hymn,
While tears she made the eyes grow dim
As bowed in prayer our father led.

How empty is all earthly pride,
'Tis a closed cave in which we dwell,
Where tireless fate stands sentinel,
But Death will roll the stone aside.

And daughter whispers me to start,
Beckoning with her spirit hand,
While echoes of the heavenly land
Find an echo in my heart.

I watch Death play his dripping oar
As mother's song comes back so clear,
And father's honest prayer I hear—
They wait me on the thither shore.

Science Aided by Psychic Forces.

BY E. D. BABBITT, M.D., L.L.D.

Our psychic faculties take hold of both earthly and celestial science. The proof of human immortality, though a wonderful truth of itself, is only one of their great achievements. The psychic brain and the psychic ethers which surround it, move with amazing rapidity and penetrate those hidden sources of power which are quite beyond the range of ordinary science. The lightning calculators work through the aid of psychic forces. Arthur Griffith, a nineteen-year-old boy of Warsaw, Ind., lately astonished the scientists of Yale College, not only by his swiftness but by his power to unravel the principles of mathematics. He gave the thirty-third power of five in five seconds and of two in four seconds. An ordinary calculator would require a half hour to carry out the immense lines of figures which would be required in raising the number five so high, and this would be 360 times as long. Griffith doubtless greatly shortened his process by his grasp of principles, but even then his velocity of mental action was immense.

In matters of general science a new world is to be opened up to mankind by the aid of psychic and clairvoyant forces. Of course much depends upon the culture and mental power of the psychic himself, because this illumination, whether it may come from the higher life or be developed in one's own intellect, is far less valuable if one has not the brain power to interpret it correctly. I will proceed to give some simple items which seem to be beyond the power of our ordinary materialistic scientists to explain, and see what can be done under the light of this higher science.

APPENDICITIS.—There is a great amount of talk about the vermiform appendix, which projects with worm-like form from the bottom of the ascending colon. Our medical authorities will say that its use is unknown, or that it is a freak of nature without any use. But an impeded nature never indulges in freaks, and every part of a human being has its sacred uses. Let us see why this is needed. In the large bowel called the ascending colon, the feces are carried upward and hence need an extra peristaltic power to lift them thus. This little sac at the bottom is filled with a reddish or reddish brown liquid. Now all red forces are warming and animating to the blood, hence it must tend to kindle the walls of the colon, and by thus helping its peristaltic action to lift and carry forward its heavy burden.

But the appendage, holding these warm red elements, very naturally at times, becomes inflamed and the person who has appendicitis. Medical men immediately declare that some seeds have fallen into the appendix and that the bowels must be cut open and the appendix be operated upon or the patient will die. So a surgeon is employed at a fat price, the slashing is performed, and the patient sometimes lives and sometimes dies. The late famous Dr. Pepper, of Philadelphia, declares that not one case in twenty needs any surgery; another physician thinks that not one in fifty needs it, and quite probably it will turn out that no one needs it. I would focus the cooling blue light over it, put a cool compress on it, and have passed made in all directions outward from the inflamed spot.

RESPIRATION.—The rhythmic movement of the lungs in breathing, their rise and fall, their contraction and expansion are an unexplained mystery to the medical world. They have all kinds of explanations which explain nothing. They say the abdominal muscles contract and draw the diaphragm downward, or the sternum and ribs fall down on the lungs and make them contract, or the external thorax expands and makes the lungs expand, and so on. But what on earth makes this expansion, this contraction? Effects must have their causes. The trouble with these men comes from their not reaching basic principles. I will give at least the outlines of the explanation. All the blue forces are electrical and contracting. At every beat of the heart, the bluish venous blood is thrown into the lungs. In three or four pulsations, enough of this contracting grade of blood is collected to cause a complete expiration and a pressing of the blood itself into the millions of capillaries so that aeration can take place. Then in a twinkling, the fresh oxygen seizes the carbon of this impure blood by chemical affinity, and runs off with it in the form of carbon dioxide, leaving the pure red blood in its place. But all redness is the expansive or

warm principle, hence there are now two elements that lead to the expansion, namely the rushing of inspired air and the heat principle of the purified arterial blood itself.

PULSATION.—There is not space here to explain fully the beautiful electrical and chemical action by which the process of pulsation is caused. Suffice it to say that the red arterial blood on the left side of the heart has a contraction for the bluish venous blood on the right side of the heart—that the septum between the two sides being non-conducting, holds back the electricity of the right side for a moment until it becomes so powerful as to burst over with a mighty sweep of force. What is the effect? Electricity is the contracting power, as I have already said, and this contraction controls the whole heart and produces the effect which we call pulsation.

Here then is one mystery partially explained but more fully explained elsewhere. The periodicity of this action is exemplified by an electrical clock. But there are other mysteries connected with pulsation. What is the philosophy of fevers? What is the use of glycogen or liver sugar? These questions have been mooted a long time, and have not been understood by our scientists because they have not studied the fine forces sufficiently to grasp the processes of electricity and chemical affinity which control all things. The liver is power behind the throne in all cardiac action. By this glycogen which is the foundation of grape sugar, carbon is secreted, so that too much carbon dioxide will not be formed in the blood that goes to the right auricle of the heart. This carbon dioxide increases the blue, electrical principle of the venous blood, and hence the pulsation itself must become more rapid and more powerful. The system becomes overworked and wearied, and the hot arterial blood being thrown to every part of the body, produces that heat which we call fever. To prevent the tendency to fever, then, we must have the liver made active, to prevent too much formation of the blue, acid principle.

EARTHLY IMMORTALITY.—A wild idea is being presented more and more now-a-days to the effect that human beings should make good the waste that is constantly going on in their systems, and thus be able to live forever in this world. Countless billions through all the ages have had to die, and yet every now and then some individual informs me that he or she expects never to die, although some of them are already half dead with disease. They are certainly going to eat and live so wisely as to repair all wastes as fast as they occur. But there is one part of every human system, thank heaven, that cannot be repaired in this way, and we shall be forced to go to the more beautiful land where life is triumphant and human bodies buoyant beyond all present conception. As I have explained what that one part of the human system is whose waste cannot be repaired, and sent it to the Medical Brief, it is hardly proper to mention it here. The fact, however, that so many are willing to live continuously in this world, shows what a materialistic bias they must have, and how little conception of the grandeur that awaits every human being hereafter.

MUSCULAR CONTRACTION.—To those who have gone into basic principles, muscular contraction is a very simple thing. I have shown in these columns that there is not a force in the known or visible world but what goes forth as a fluid, such as winds, waves, currents, gases, steam, etc., hence all invisible forces such as electricity, heat, etc., must be fluids also. I have shown elsewhere that there are only two styles of forces in the world, one of which is contracting, including all grades of electricity reaching from what we usually term coldness, which is the cruder phase of electricity, up to the highest physiological and psychological currents; while the other is expansive, including what we usually call heat up to all grades of thermism both earthly and celestial. By the study of atoms, we can see just how these two styles of force are produced. But let us now consider Nerve force, which our physiologists have made such a mystery of. The above principles are immutable, if Nature is to be our guide, and we may know without any guesswork that nerve force is fluidic. We may know, also, that the power by which the motor nerve force contracts the muscles and thus controls bodily motions is a grade of electricity. The motor centres which control different parts of the body were seen by Ferrier and others to be near the fissure of Rolando, which is near the organ of vision. If a hand or foot is to be moved, volition sends its mandate to the correct motor centre, and this centre immediately projects its electrical ethers to the required spot. If these electricities which should always go downward, from any cause are made to go upward, severe cramps take place, and brisk downward passes should be made.

But there is a host of other things in which our scientists are at sea, which I would like to speak of. These same scientists have ransacked the earth in search of truth, and have done many things which I should be unable to accomplish—things which help the world and redound to their credit. But while they have gathered an immense array of facts with reference to anatomy, physiology and pathology, it does seem as if physiology and therapeutics will need to be completely revolutionized and placed on a basis of higher science.

Fearing that I have already made my article too long, I must pass by a number of points which I hoped to discuss briefly, viz:

The philosophy of vision and the power to cure color blindness.
The spleen and its correlation with the liver.
The philosophy of disease. "Who knows anything of the cause of disease?" says Prof. McIntosh.
The chemistry of mental force.
The processes of chemical affinity.
The philosophy of homeopathic trituration.
The philosophy of psychoma or the hypnotic mystery.

The chemistry and therapeutics of color, not of the rays of sunlight merely, but of all substances in the world which may be interpreted by their color forces.

But this list is becoming too long, and I must close. It seems necessary to bring higher science into spiritualistic papers, as our materialistic scientists cannot understand the finer forces, even when a subject is made as clear as day to a developed mind. It is surprising how prone medical men are to ignore the great natural methods of cure that are becoming so effective, and to still continue the use of drugs, the majority of which are toxic, or to cut and slash "the human form divine" in a multitude of cases where it is totally unnecessary. A young man of Southern California was told by a council of physicians at his place of residence, that it would be necessary to have his leg amputated to save his life. He then came to Los Angeles, and a council of physicians there insisted upon the same thing. Even a council of eminent physicians of San Francisco declared that amputation was necessary. He then went to a sanitarium not far from San Francisco, where nature's simpler methods were in use, and was cured in ten days. There is a fearful mania for surgery among our physicians at this time, especially that which dehumanizes woman. Mrs. Rogers, of Hope street, Los Angeles, who allows me to use her name, was suffering severely, and her physician declared that ovariectomy would be necessary. After she had been bedridden for several weeks, her husband called upon a highly magnetic mental healer, who threw a force across a part of the city to her, which enabled her to get up immediately. After two or three more treatments in her presence, she was made well and has been well ever since—something like two or more years, I think. Being a psychic, Mrs. Rogers has healed many other people, after the doctors have failed, and continues to heal. Such are the ones that the Doctor's laws aim to crush out by fine and imprisonment.

College of Fine Forces, San José, Cal.

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Children's Spiritualism.

LULLABY.

Go to sleep, baby dear,
Sleep, my love;
Angels are ever near,
Hov'ring above.

Now is the time to sleep;
Birds in their nests,
Long have ceased to peep
Baby must rest.

Sleep, darling, sweet sleep woo,
Rock-a-bye-bye;
Hush, hear the night bird's coo,
In the tree high.

The leaves are rustling, whispering
To thee, baby;
One sweet story telling—
Bye-bye baby.

Rippling, bubbling, gurgling,
Lull-a-bye-bye;
The brooklet is singing, murr'm'ring;
Like baby-bye.

Bye-bye-bye, bye-bye-bye,
List, soft winds blow
To soothe my wee one's cry—
Blow, gently, blow.

Bye, baby, bye-bye-bye,
Now high, now low;
Wing thy way to the sky
On moonbeam's glow.

Twinkling stars are laughing
With thee, baby,
Where thy pure soul's winging
Now, my baby.

Lull-a, lull-a, bye-bye,
Sleep, baby, sleep;
Mothers, angels love so—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Wild Flowers.

My Dear Harold and Ruby: I am so happy to have your letters. The flowers and leaves that were in them were lovely. The geranium leaf made the letter smell just as sweet as could be, and it made me think of something to tell you. I don't suppose you know it, but there are many, many little ones who live in large cities who never have flowers of their own to touch and to look at.

In Boston where my Maie goes so much, there are beautiful gardens and lovely flowers growing in parks, and the children who are well can go and look at them and know how good they smell, but cannot touch them.

It seems very hard for the children sometimes, for they want to pick them and carry them home, but when you think about it, it is all right, for if everybody could go and gather them, some people would be greedy and just take everything they could carry, so the men who made the laws of the city said that the flowers must be left where everybody could have a chance to look at them all they wanted to; but there are many sick children who can never get a glimpse of them.

If you were sick, your Grandma or your Auntie or some one of your friends would go and gather flowers and bring them to you so that you might not lose the pleasure of seeing them, but these little people who love flowers just as well as you do, have no one to do so for them.

A good man whom I know has been picking flowers in the woods and by the roadsides in the country, and has brought them to Boston three times a week, and a dear lady who has some babies over here with me, has then taken them to the Children's Hospital and the Little Wanderer's Home. Oh, you should have seen the little eyes brighten when they saw the flowers!

Some of the children forgot their pain when the flowers came and I suppose they will never forget how good it is to look at some of the beautiful things that grow. I know where you live that there are ever so many lovely things growing that you see so often that you think they are just common flowers after all, and yet if they could only be where some one could see them who could not go out, they would do good.

Your fields are like big gardens where daisies and clover and buttercups and fine feathery grasses grow, without much care or thought from men, and you do not have to ask any one if you may have them, but can just go and get all you want. Now I think it would be very nice if you and all THE BANNER children would find out if there are any sick people or old people or children who cannot go to the fields themselves, to whom you could carry some of these wild flowers?

You will be so happy when you see some one made happy by your effort. You need not go out of your own family, perhaps. It may be your mamma or auntie would be made happy by seeing the bright buttercups in the home, and of course you would not carry all your flowers to some other home and leave your own without any, but would divide them between all the people you knew who loved them.

Charlie Coy asked me in a letter some time ago how he could do right all the time, and I want to say that I think if he tries always to think of how much he can help everybody whom he meets, he will never do much wrong. When a boy says very naughty things to him and makes him cross, of course his first thought will be to say something just as naughty back to him, but if he really and truly wants to do right, he will think again and will want to help the naughty boy because it is right to help naughty boys and naughty girls to be good, and no one is ever helped to be good by some one else being bad.

If a naughty boy should take Charlie's book and tear it, and Charlie was so cross that he tore the naughty boy's book just to get even, instead of one naughty boy and one torn book there would be two naughty boys and two torn books. Of course the bad boy ought not to have torn Charlie's book in the first place, but perhaps he might be a boy who had no good mother or friend to teach him that it was wrong to tear books any way, no matter to whom they belonged, and so Charlie would be his good friend and show him how wrong it was to destroy books, by refusing to do as the bad boy did.

Nobody wants to do what bad people do, but they would rather do as the good ones do, but it is when they forget what they want and catch the fever of doing what they see done that they do wrong. I think it would be a nice way to just stand still when you don't know what to do and ask yourself if what you are going to do will help anybody, yourself or anybody else, and if it won't, don't do it, and if you don't know, wait until you can ask some one who knows more than you do.

There are always wise and good spirits who

take pleasure in helping you to do right just as you do in helping some one else, and they will come to you if you ask for them.

I am so happy to have the two babies, Xilla and Leona in our circle. They are lovely, I think. Harold Piper's mamma goes with the Sunday Club every Sunday afternoon now. I do wish Marquette Smith's mamma would send us a little word.

Bumble Bee says if some of the mothers will write a letter she will write an answer.

Good by, with dear love to you all, Sunbeam, through her medium, MINNIE M. SOULE.
Friday, July 6, 1900.

Dear Banner: I have never written a letter to you before, but I thought I would like to try this week. I am a little girl eleven years old and live in the country. I have a sister Dottie, who is older than myself, and we have nice times going to school together. We think the country is much nicer than the city because we have so much room to play in, and it is so much fun to go off gathering flowers in the woods in the spring. Then in the fall we can go and gather nuts and the bright leaves. I have six cats, a pair of rabbits, a dog and a German canary bird for my pets. They all love me because I am good to them. I think all animals will love us if we are kind to them. We have a play-house and a flower garden that we take care of ourselves. I can not write more this time, but if I see this in print perhaps will come again.

From your little friend,
MARTHA M. THOMPSON.
Gouldsville, Vt. July 1, 1900.

Dear Mrs. Soule and Sunbeam: I think of you every day and have wanted to write to you ever since my little sister Leona came, so I will write to-day as there is no school and it is raining hard. I wish you could see my little sister for she is so sweet and cunning. I am anxious to be with her now, but shall stay here with Auntie until school is done. Every Sunday I sit and have a golden half-hour with Sunbeam and the other dear spirit-friends. I like to learn all I can from our angel teachers. Good-bye, with much love.
ETHEL RUBY COY.
Monson, Maine, June 2, 1900.

Dear Mrs. Soule: I have been wanting to write to you for a long time, because you see I love you and I am always glad when Sunbeam writes in THE BANNER, so I send my thanks and best love to her. I have got two tiny baby kitties. They are awful cunning. I wish you could see them. I have a little room all my own that I keep my books and things in. Marie Hull sent me her picture to put in my Maie. I wish I had yours.
HAROLD R. JENNE.
(Aged five years.)
Monson, Maine, June 2, 1900.

[Harold composed every word of the above, printing each letter.—Ed.]

Mr. Editor: The answer to Enigma in the last BANNER is Abby A. Judson.

Yours truly,
Mrs. R. HOLMES.
59 Bird Street, Dorchester.

[The above answer is correct.—Ed.]

Immortality.

A subscriber asks: "What are the evidences of a continuation of life after death? What are the evidences of life being better, richer, gladder than this restless, so often joyless, episode?"

We have already published a part of the evidences in a series of articles on Immortality, beginning in our February issue. The arguments there presented were based on personal experiences of two kinds: first, the existence of spiritual faculties, which are only slightly developed by those who are still in the flesh; and second, messages from those who have passed beyond, the reality of which there seems to be no good reason to doubt.

(1) If, when the soul leaves the body, it has a free opportunity to exercise these finer faculties, now dimly understood through telepathy, clairvoyance, and other psychic experiences, it must surely lead a richer life. It is, of course, unhampered by the flesh, and can see far into the heart of things, gradually acquiring a fund of new experiences in addition to the rich memories of this life. Then consider the enormously enlarged opportunities for work, through the transmission of noble thoughts, the application of spiritual power to help, to uplift, and to heal. Furthermore, the insights into the true meaning of life, the knowledge of spiritual realities, and the soul's relation to the Father must so enlarge the horizon that, with the increased opportunities for service, life must be far more joyful.

(2) The messages which have come suggest a most beautiful development on the part of those who have entered the fuller life. One and all of those who have come to consciousness of the significance of their new surroundings have taken up the great work of helping to bring to consciousness those who are not so highly developed. Those who pursued a merely personal ambition here have become altruists there. Those who were spiritually gifted in this phase of life have a much greater power, and have become more and more ministers of the Spirit.

All who return and make themselves known, experience difficulty in explaining the conditions of life in that more spiritual world. It seems to be fatiguing to communicate. Hence the messages are short. The experiences are mostly so different from ours that it is almost impossible to find words in which to describe them. It is precisely the same as when a soul in the flesh tries to make clear to a materialist the wonderful insights, the great power, and the upliftment of the experiences known as spiritual healing; the most one can say is, it is matter of personal experience.

Those who have been merely physical beings in their earth life and those who have been reared in orthodoxy are, of course, dazed for a time, and must begin like little children to learn the rudiments of real life. But those who, as I have said above, have some knowledge of spiritual faculties, have a sure foundation on which to build the higher spiritual life.

The evidences show that there is never a sudden leap into wisdom and Christliness. There is gradual development from the point where the earthly experience ceases. It would be unreasonable to expect that a recently departed soul could answer correctly any and all questions which one might ask. Wherever souls are, they are conditioned by the state of consciousness obtained. Their happiness is dependent on the degree of insight into the great truths of life—the fullness of the life of service.

In the light of this evidence, let us now try to picture the transition. We will suppose that the progressing soul familiar with thought-transference has had experiences which prove the superiority of the soul to the flesh and the conditions of space, and has some awareness of itself as an eternal spiritual being. Such a man, of course, regards the soul as the most real part of his life—knows that the external planes of consciousness can be laid aside in favor of higher planes. He therefore approaches the transition in perfect trust, dwelling upon the soul, and not the body. The transition comes as an un-olting a laying aside of a veil, so that there is a clearer vision. It is said by some who have made themselves known to friends in the flesh that death is painless. And it is reasonably so, because it is probably at first a falling sleep. Then, undoubtedly, there follows a gradual awakening, as from a dream, during which the soul asks: Is this real? Am I truly here or was it all a dream—this life-round which now seems so distant from me? Where is—? Presently the friend in question comes, and makes himself known. Now at last, instead of vaguely feeling the presence and vainly trying to become truly receptive, as was the case while the soul was in the flesh, the obstructing conditions are gone, although the physical world is still near by. And so there is a glad recognition, the thoughts of one soul being immediately perceived by the other. Gradually the spiritual vision becomes clear, so that the freshly arrived soul can not only hear, but see the soul friend.

Then the more advanced soul begins to help the new-comer to adjust himself to the strange relations. Little by little new habits are acquired, all primarily dependent on telepathy, volition (or motion toward) and spiritual sight. The souls in the flesh are recognized by the quality of the psychic light surrounding them. The physical world is beheld in a new perspective of lights and shadows, and phases of it appear which were invisible before. Freed from the fleshly impediments, the soul naturally longs more eagerly for spiritual power and opportunities for its exercise; and the mere longing for it is a prayer which brings immediate response according to the depth of the spiritual longing.

As the now rapidly awakening soul advances from stage to stage, and acquires the new habit of swift locomotion, it becomes possible to approach close to souls in the flesh. But how terrible occupied they are—nervous, hurried, anxious, full of fear, absorbed in eating, in trying to rest, in making money, and a thousand transiently superficial things! How to reach them—that is the problem; and, oh, how difficult to solve!

The guiding soul counsels patience, and persistent effort to communicate, to be renewed, however, only at intervals, since it is wisest to devote most of the time to growth among those exalted souls who have long dwelt in the richer life, and in helping those who enter that life ignorant, weak, and undeveloped.

After a time the soul learns that, although it can seldom transmit even one distinct sentence, so active are the souls in the flesh, it can at least do this: it can communicate spiritual light or power, which is apprehended or assimilated by the flesh enveloped soul as if it were its own thought, expressed in its own terminology. Here, then, is discovered a great opportunity for doing good; for, if souls in the flesh are spiritually quickened, they are likely in time to work out for themselves a theory of the spiritual life.

Thus the first great advance by made by freed souls is in this ability to convey spiritual power, spiritual life, as compared with the dry words of earthly intellection. And it is probably because these souls give the kernel and not mere husks, because they see through instead of simply contemplating surfaces, that their experiences differ so from ours, and are largely beyond description.

To some it might seem, if that life is thus rich and joyful, it is desirable at once to enter it. No. Begin here and now to come to spiritual consciousness and cultivate spiritual powers, that you may first live this life in the best way it can be lived. Open yourself here and now to the great Light. Dedicate your life to the Spirit. Live by the Spirit, filling all your days with deeds of soul service, with thoughts of peace and cheer and love. Then you will be happy, and you will be preparing yourself for the richer world. There are no earthly limitations which can shut you away from this. It is simply a matter of cultivating the kind of life which is responsive to the power and the life and the wisdom which come from the central Source.—Horatio W. Dresser in the July issue of The Higher Way.

A New Religion.

What is Spiritualism founded upon?

A natural and scientific basis.

What does it bring to the world?

The elements of a new and higher integration in answer to a long felt and growing need among men—a new religion based upon individual responsibility—not faith in Christ; upon natural law, not miracles.

Where should a line be drawn?

That the religion of a people should not be confounded with the theology of a people.

What does the religion represent?

The highest spiritual interpretation of man and his relation to life here and hereafter.

What does the theology represent?

The established creeds of a materialistic priesthood.

Where is religion?

Sits at the feet of angels to learn spiritual truths.

What is the theology?

Sets bounds to knowledge, cramps the intellect at the gates of the intuitions of the spirit to material property.

Where is Spiritualism?

There is a new religion for man, and its being so, it must shun creeds and never degenerate into a theology.

What has been the deadly blight of religion?

Persecution for opinion's sake and in the name of religion it has deluged the land with blood and sweat from their loyal labors for truth, millions of innocent martyrs.

What is the result wherever this spirit of persecution is allowed?

All spiritual light is turned to darkness, and the angel-world must seek anew for better conditions in which to unfold their divine message to mankind.

What does free-thinking imply?

The granting to others to enjoy the same freedom that we claim for ourselves, and when Spiritualists shall have coined this principle into soul growth they will associate themselves for social, business and benevolent purposes.

What should we do for the sake of truth?

Have faith in ourselves. It is not so important that we believe in the divinity of Christ, as that we believe in our own divinity; not so important that we believe in his sacrifice as that we be found strong enough in our spirit to sacrifice the selfishness and lusts of the flesh for the sake of the advancement and happiness of humanity.

What can we say of the church?

It has made some progress, but she has done so in self-defence, and has ever been the conservative element among men, and has followed along half a century behind the advanced thought of the age.

What can we say of the temperance movement?

In its unpopular infancy the church voted it as an infidel movement, and refused to open its doors to its advocates, and often denounced it from its pulpit.

How have all reforms been met?

With condemnation from the church until accepted by the majority, or were popular enough to make it for their interest to accept them.

What was Thomas Paine and his "Age of Reason" to this country?

A great work was done in making free discussion of theological subjects possible in this country, ushering in one of the grandest eras of intellectual progress the world has ever known.

What is science doing?

Fast making known to the masses much truth in regard to the history and formation of the earth and of the origin and development of man.—Alonso Danforth.

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This volume is replete with personal information, poetic tribute and friendly memory.

Appreciative testimony is borne the Veteran Editor by some of the brightest minds in the Modern Dispensation.

Those who would acquire, in a closely-packed, and convenient form for reference, much and valuable information concerning one whose name has been since 1857 a household word among the Spiritualists of the world, can find it in this new work.

The work, in addition to the engraving of Mr. Colby, a picture of his beloved mother (taken in her eighty-third year), and a likeness of William Berry (co-founder of the BANNER OF LIGHT); also views of the Fox Cottage, the First Spiritual Temple (Newbury and Ex

✻ “Think purely; speak truly; live nobly.”—*Buddha*. These words of the ancient philosopher contain the *summum bonum* of all there is in religion. If Christians would become true men and women, the commands of this great heathen sage are the best means of making them so. If Spiritualists would live the life of the soul, then pure thoughts, truthful words and noble living are the avenues through which they must journey to find their way to the wished-for goal.

Continued from First Page.

But suppose we lift the thought beyond the limitations of the material world, and suggest that this psychical revolution will ultimately establish, not the duality of man, not the fact that man is an immortal man, not that life pertains to that immortal essence, whether it be of body or of functioning here, but boundless agencies through which this immortal something manifests itself. If this fact can be established, the doctrine and hope of immortality will undergo a serious and important change. Then it will be no theory. There is no becoming immortal after you are dead, but you are becoming immortal; all the days of your lives you are growing into immortality. Becoming immortal in the sense of becoming so through death will only be somewhat similar to the process of casting off your garments tonight when you seek your couches; you throw your garments aside, you, yourself still remain.

If, then, the question of immortality can be lifted out of the arena of either theological speculation or philosophical dialectics, and made to stand part and parcel of nature, and in accord with nature, there will be no further argument as to man being immortal, and the establishment of that fact will end the wrangle of the ages. We do not think, however, that this is in any immediate prospect; we are not at all of the opinion that it will come at a very early date, but we are certainly of the opinion that the psychical revolution that we have outlined is rapidly urging you forward toward the time when such position will be accepted as a proper philosophical and scientific explanation of the theory of the continuity of man's life beyond death.

But following from this there is another advantage. You will remember that we stated that there are certain people who claim a large body of fact in support of the hypothesis that under certain conditions communication can be had between the seen and the unseen. Granting that this is true, what will follow? If the question of man's immortality has been a debatable point so long, for equally the same length of time the condition or state or place into which he goes at death has also been a debatable proposition, and if it is possible to settle the question as to the place and condition of departed men, it is perfectly plain to the keen observer that the religious world will not much longer be content with belief, with affirmations, will not much longer be content with saying there is a state somewhere, but we do not know where; it will demand just the same amount of satisfaction—that is to say, just the same amount of evidence in regard to the state in which that immortal man goes after death, as it is at present demanding concerning the existence of that immortal man. It seems to us that the demonstration of the existence of this immortal man must be begun on this side of the line rather than to wait until he has crossed over the line.

The advantage in this connection would lie in the fact that if once you can really, positively, and without question, establish the fact of communication with the dead man, you will have established necessarily a possible communication with the state or place, or condition, in which the dead man lives, and the advantage will lie in the fact that in the detail of his experience in that state, place, or condition, you will have either the confirmation or the repudiation of the teachings you have been subject to in the past. If a confirmation, a triumph for credulity; if repudiation, then a disaster for mere theology. But if a repudiation, there must be a justification, an explanation that will be true to fact, nature, and the requirements of the human soul. The ground will be cleared, and many superstitious fancies, many pet fables will be blown as chaff before the breeze; many pet fancies will be dislodged from the niche which has held them for ages. But in place of the things which were lost would come other things of greater value, because they would have the merit of being true statements of fact.

Now, finally, one advantage that we would like to refer to you, is this: Whatever increases the dignity of man, the grandeur of the race, the beauty of the world, the magnitude of the universe, also discloses more and more of the wondrous laws and principles that underlie the nature of man, the world, and the universe, and will lead you—at least it seems so to us, and you will permit us to say so—nearer and nearer that divine something, that great unknown and apparently unknowable that lies back and behind all being, form and phenomena.

Reverence for man in the world and the universe are the stepping-stones to a recognition and a consequent reverence of that Supreme Power that lies behind all, governs all, and works through all.

A further advantage will be in a scientific knowledge on these points, that is to say: an accurate knowledge, a knowledge based upon experiment, observation, and repeated verification; knowledge which is absolute and actual.

While this impending psychical revolution will perhaps work some mischief of a temporary character, and occasion some upheavals, and some apparent disasters, it will in the end aid science and philosophy and religion; add dignity and grace to human nature, enlarge man's conceptions of the world and the universe, give him a better understanding of what may be awaiting him when his little day of life has descended into the night of death and he goes forth into that dawn that lies beyond the dark, and allow him to discern some of the possibilities of that divine existence. If this psychical revolution accomplishes all these things, if only in part, it will be an advantage to the world, an increase of the happiness of the race, and will unquestionably usher in a purer and sweeter era for religion, a nobler one for philosophy, and enlarge the possibilities of scientific knowledge and experience.

So that we may justly claim that the advantages of this revolution that is practically proceeding in your midst to-day, counterbalance its dangers, and are of sufficient value, we think, to spur you to investigate the problems that are involved in the matters we have submitted to you to-night.

Life is what individuals make it. If this be true, then it behooves every mortal to do his very best to bring out the highest and truest there is within his soul, in order that he may cause the world to see that he has made his life a worthy one through being good and doing good.

The camp-meeting season is here and nearly all of the principal camps have opened. Prosperity seems to be smiling upon them and physical and spiritual food is abundant. We urge all who can to attend and receive of the bounties of Nature, both in the visible and invisible realms, ready and waiting for them. We take pleasure in printing the reports of the proceedings of the various convocations which will appear in THE BANNER each week.

Tears.

BY AUGUSTA ADAMS.

Tears are my birthright, else doth God bespell me lies. In the hallow of the hours I place my hand on the time piece of eternity, and all my tears doth wash a face for heaven.

The kingdoms of the world are stubble-fields whose harvests melt away as years do climb their knowledge.

The fairy-bells a-ringing down the valleys of my heart are played to drop of tears, and I never hear their music till speech is silenced and all the world doth swing behind my door "forgetfulness."

The world's brave way is by the way of silence, and through its pastures of sweetest memories doth fall the showers to clear the sky for heights beyond.

My lipsing of the day to come are by the waters of my sorrow, and all the traveled morrows hold but path to 'quaint me with its journey.

Sleeping by streams of God's great beauty, we are still exiles till our tears do wash us fellowship with hearts whose melting swift our current with the greater stream.

Tenting in shadow, we forget the sun, and gladness smiles us only weary morrows. But the oroudfied of all our hours doth multiply in gems our tears do grow.

Summit above the everyday is reached, through blinding tears that furrow pathway, and crouch behind which way we may, the daggers of our forgetfulness doth spur us mountain-ward.

The hearts in keeping by our wayside are roses that we pluck or blight, and trampled meadows fling their odors through our heaven, or yield no sweet, as we may earn. Soaters are roadway to our God, who smiles through every tear that rides him journey through the heart.

The morrow of many nights are found in hallowed silence, and graves of many hopes doth blossom all anew 'neath tear-drops that gown afresh the days that walk us home.

Kind Words from an Optimist.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Your leading editorial in issue of THE BANNER of 30th ult., is absolutely of divine inspiration. If I had the power, I would compel every conscious citizen of the United States, *nolens volens*, to read or hear those inspired words on foreign missions.

And now I want to give expression to an overflowing joy and thankfulness to the angel-world, that the BANNER OF LIGHT, the grand old leader, the *Light of Truth*, the brilliant altruistic worker, and the *Progressive Thinker*, the absolute phenomenon in Spiritualist literature, are all so fully and completely in line without a jar, doing the will of the angels with the keen sagacity of harmonic angels in the flesh.

Echoes from England, by Bro. Morse, in that same issue, gives us a most encouraging glance at the work over the sea. My joy in the success of our faithful scribes would be complete if our afflicted Bro. Newman of the *Journal* was physically well as he always is spiritually, and if he and many other true journalists in the cause had the financial support they deserve.

I am optimistic enough to hope that it is tending that way. I am gratified to notice that the prejudice of the uninformed against our scientific faith of knowledge is rapidly dying out. Everywhere the truth is rising and I can see, with my optimistic eye, a glorious renaissance of the "good old time had" in the oncoming joyous new time.

May the heaven of harmony be and continue with us all my prayer.

Yours truly, J. MARION GALE.

From the N. S. A.

Dear Mr. Editor: Again we have good news to report of the Mayer Fund as we have just received an additional check for eight hundred dollars from the same generous and venerable Spiritualist of Massachusetts who gave the former one thousand. With the money comes good and highly prized words, and we feel that they emanate from a soul that is ripe for the highest kingdom of happiness and light.

It is indeed refreshing to find one, who, having saved his little fortune by labor and frugality, is now ready and willing to share it with a worthy cause, for the dissemination of truth and spiritual light. Would that we had more of such in our ranks, they are surely on the road to the regions of the blest. No one can fail to admire such characters, and few will look upon the acceptance of his generosity as one of our public workers has done, expressing the thought that it is almost a crime to take the money thus earned; rather do we feel as many another has expressed, that such a gift brings a holy blessing that sanctifies the work it will perform, and that the giver as well as the recipient is spiritually enriched a thousand fold.

We have now to secure a thousand dollars—twelve hundred will cover any possible loss in the failure to receive the payment of pledges. There seems to be no reason why this sum should not be gained in a few weeks. Those who have as yet given nothing, waiting to see if the fund is to be a success, can safely send their donations now, and if they be dimes or dollars they will be welcome and gratefully acknowledged. We hope that we shall not have to make another call, but the public knows that we gave warning some months ago that we should continue to beg—in spite of our dislike to it—till the fund is filled.

With love and good wishes for all, cordially,
MARY T. LONGLEY, Sec'y N. S. A.
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Central New York Spiritualist Association, Freeville, N. Y.

The Fifth annual camp meeting opens Saturday, July 28, 1900, and closes Sunday, Aug. 12.

PROGRAM.

July 28, meeting at 2 P. M. at auditorium; 29, 11 A. M. and 2 P. M.; J. C. F. Grumbe with messages by Dr. Nellie C. Mosier; July 30, 31, Aug. 1, J. C. F. Grumbe; Aug. 4 and 5, Dr. J. M. Peebles, messages by Dr. Nellie Mosier; 6, 7, Dr. J. M. Peebles; 8, Dr. Peebles, messages by Dr. Nellie C. Mosier; 9, 10, 11, 12, T. Grimshaw, messages by Dr. Nellie C. Mosier. Mr. George Green, Dryden, N. Y., Musical Director. Sunday trains from Auburn, Oswego, Elmira, Canastota and intermediate stations arrive in Freeville in time for morning lectures, returning in the evening. B. L. ROBINSON, Pres.

Sturgis June Meeting.

The forty-third Anniversary meeting at the Free Church of Sturgis, Michigan, came off as advertised on the 16th and 17th of June. The speakers were Dr. J. M. Peebles, Battle Creek, and Mrs. Sheets of Grand Lodge, Michigan. They were both at their best and it was an enjoyable and profitable occasion. The music, vocal and instrumental, was excellent; several solos were admirably rendered by young ladies of the choir.

The president of the Harmonical Society of Sturgis filled the chair, except on the occasion of the Saturday conference meeting, when at his request Thomas Harding took his place. The conferences were well sustained, many of the visitors from other cities and states taking part, and several remarkable experiences were related. Mr. Giles B. Stebbins of Detroit was confidently expected to be present, but Mr. Harding had a letter from him which explained that he was too ill to leave home, which was much regretted, particularly by the older members, as Mr. Stebbins and Dr. Peebles are the only men now living who stood on that platform and assisted in the dedication of the house to Freedom of speech and Religious Liberty forty-three years ago. A pile of copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT were placed on the platform by the secretary pro tem for gratuitous distribution, and the people seemed to take much pleasure in helping themselves to them until they were all gone. As usual at those justly celebrated conventions the attendance from abroad and at home was very large and taxed the utmost capacity of the spacious building.

To give even a synopsis of the speeches by Dr. Peebles, Mrs. Sheets and others would be unsatisfactory, and justice could not be done there without occupying too much space; suffice it that they were most interesting, and on Saturday loud and continued applause marked the appreciation of the people. A hint, however, was given on Sunday morning to the effect that, as many of our fellow citizens through this broad land regarded the first day of the week as sacred above other days, we ought to respect their wishes and abstain from any exercise which would have the tendency to hurt their feelings, consequently no outward demonstrations of approval were indulged in on that day.

At the close of the meeting Dr. Peebles commenced his last speech by saying: "I have attended many of these June meetings during the past forty-three years and a more harmonious or satisfactory one than the present I never enjoyed in this house. It has done me good to be here, and doubtless we shall all return to our homes spiritually refreshed, well pleased that we came, and thankful to our Heavenly Father for having guided us hither."

As a prelude to Dr. Peebles' address on Saturday evening the writer read a poem which he named "Anticipations." It "brought down the house," and at the request of the doctor and others who were present, (and by whom he has been urged to do so since the meeting closed) he incloses a copy to the BANNER OF LIGHT, to deal with as the "authorities" may determine. The poem is as follows:

ANTICIPATIONS.

Oh! the day of peace is coming
And the night of strife is going
While the sunbeams and the moonbeams in one long procession move:
And our dreams of pain and sorrow
Will be swept away to-morrow
When our duties are succeeded by the endless light of love.

Oh, the day of peace is coming!
Oh! the day of peace is coming
And the pride of life is going
And the passions we war against shall soon be overcome:
And we'll comprehend the reason
Why our prayers seemed out of season
When Heaven was as brass above us and our oracles were dumb.

Oh, the day of peace is coming!
Oh! the day of peace is coming
And enviousness is going
Soon the lava of our characters will cease to overflow;
And while bliss shall be completing
And still newer joys creating
We shall help to pour God's sunshine on a multi-tude below.

Oh, the day of peace is coming!
Oh! the day of peace is coming.
The uncertainty is going
And the waywardness of circumstance no longer shall annoy!
And each one shall be himself
(Not a ghost, or spook or elf)—
Where no seeming contradictions shall our restfulness destroy.

Oh, the day of peace is coming!
Oh! the day of peace is coming
And our discontent is going,
Soon sincerity and sympathy shall wear the crowns of Truth,
And every mal-formation
Shall receive its compensation,
And the aged and dependent know the ecstasy of youth.

Oh, the day of peace is coming!
Oh! the day of peace is coming.
Misunderstandings going;
We shall know as we are known, in that beautiful "To Come,"
Where language is unspoken
And the flow of love unbroken,
And the tongue of loud contention is at length forever done.

Oh, the day of peace is coming!
Oh! the day of peace is coming
While the unbelieved is going—
When we'll understand underlying Truth without reviling creeds;
When each shall prize his brother,
And all shall wrap each other
In the mantle of divinity—the garment of good deeds.

Oh, the day of peace is coming!
Yes, the day of peace is coming
And disease and death are going;
Never more we'll have to part from those whom we love most dearly;
And the furrows of distress
Shall not mar their loveliness,
For the atmosphere of Heaven giveth beauty ever more.

Oh, the day of peace is coming!
Mrs. Sheets gave some clairvoyant readings, before the convention was dismissed, which seemed to give much satisfaction. The appearances described were of a symbolical and suggestive character; for instance she described a golden key over the head of your humble servant which would finally unlock the door to moral treasures of wisdom and goodness (which the poor fellow needs badly enough); and prophesied some good things in the near future which are to come to "Tom Collar," and that the old church and Spiritualism in Sturgis are to flourish indefinitely. She exhorted us all to faithfulness in the good cause of human redemption, and as she goes away from here we all wish her a hearty "God speed."

Wm. Thomas Collar, president of the Harmonical Society, and Mr. Rawson its secretary, will both be away from Sturgis for (in all probability) the remainder of this year of 1900. All communications intended for the Society, or concerning the Free or Spiritual Church of this city, had better, therefore, be addressed to me until further notice.

THOS. HARDING, Sec'y pro tem.
P. O. Box 301, Sturgis, St. Joseph Co., Mich.

A New Society.

Mrs. Summers has just returned to Chicago from a ten days' sojourn in "Egypt" (Southern Illinois), a region unfrequented by the apostles of our movement, where she has been doing work as a missionary—one Sunday at Greenup, and one at Vevoy Park, in Universalist churches, occupying the principal hours of worship. Under the auspices of the "Student of Nature," of Chicago, she organized, at Greenup, a society under the local name of the "Student of Truth." Editor Ratcliff is President and Mrs. Van der Secretary.

Mr. H. OLSEN, Pres.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

G. W. Kates and wife will serve the following camps during August: Mass. Q. Grand Lodge, Hasket Park and Island Lake, Mich. Address them 560 Seventh Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.

Walter D. S. Hayward, platform test medium, can be heard at 823 Corbin Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., during July and August.

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THERE is probably no physician or healer living who is curing more cases of Chronic and obstinate disease than is Dr. Peebles. During an experience of over fifty years this TRUE and GREAT HEALER has cured thousands of those who had been pronounced "incurable" by the best local physicians. Mrs. Alfonso Buck, of Mechanosville, O., says: "It is now about three months since I began your treatment, and I am happy to say that I am free from those dreadful pains and 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." Miss Maggie Polson, of Guthrie, Oklahoma, says: "Six months ago I suffered with terrible headaches, heart trouble and female weakness. My friends despaired of my life and I was so weak I could do nothing. Now I am well, strong and hearty. I can never forget the good you have done me." G. D. Young, of Wimer, Ore., who is a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, says: "I consider it my sacred duty to extend to you my heartiest thanks for the perfect cure your medicines and advice have effected in my case. I was very skeptical when I began the use of your medicines and treatment, but I am free to say that I now have a confirmed belief in their almost miraculous efficacy. Three months ago I bore about my body the hideous spectacle of my disease. Now I am mentally and physically robust man." Mrs. Lydia Mason, of Boyd, Ore., who had not walked without crutches for a long time, says after a few weeks of our treatment: "I can now walk without my crutches for almost half a day. I am gaining rapidly and expect to soon be in perfect health again." Mabel Keyes, of Iron Creek, South Dakota, who had suffered for a long time from eczema, says: "I am very thankful indeed for the great good you have done me. I have talked with my family physician, and he thinks my cure is remarkable. I doctored with him before I called on you, and he said he did not think there was any help for me, and he is the best doctor around here." Remember that Dr. Peebles does not heal by Christian Science, Hypnotism, or any other "ism," but employs MILD and POTENT medicines, combined with his PSYCHIC POWERS. These Psychic treatments are the greatest power known for relieving pain and suffering and curing disease. One of his patients recently said: "These treatments seem as a breath of higher life. It seems as if they alone would almost raise the dead." Besides being the greatest Psychic Physician living, he is an authority in Europe and America on Psychic Phenomena and the Psychic Science. He has recently written an essay, "The Psychic Science in the Cure of Disease," which he will send free to any sufferer asking for it. The Doctor's diagnoses are equally as astonishing as his cures. His Psychic Gifts enable him to accurately locate the diseased and weakened tissues, thus he never has to experiment for weeks to discover the real trouble. No disease is really incurable if perfectly understood, for every effect or diseased condition has its cause, and if this is seen and removed by the aid of the natural forces, health will be restored. What is your condition and its cause? It is within your power to know. No two cases are exactly alike, so do not spend precious time in taking patent medicines which are prepared for a "text-book" case, or risk your life in the hands of a physician who does not understand your condition. Write to-day for a FREE DIAGNOSIS and special advice in your case. This will cost you nothing. The Doctor will also send you his essay on this wonderful science and other valuable literature FREE. Thousands of so-called "incurable" cases are cured by this method. So do not despair, if your physician has failed to cure you. Just write the Doctor a plain, truthful letter, giving him your name, age, sex, and leading symptom, in your own handwriting, and receive a complete diagnosis of your case by return mail. Address,

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

July 7.

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. eow

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

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

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



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July 14.

By

ANNUAL CAMP-MEETING

OF THE

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY Spiritualists' Association

Will be held at Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Ia., July 29 to Aug. 26. For Programs write to STELLA A. FISK, Sec'y, Keokuk, Ia.

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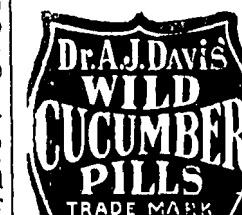
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SPRIT Message Department.

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 June 28, 1900, S.E. 53
MESSAGES.

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

Edward B. Rown.

The first spirit that comes here is a man—tall, thin, and rather muscular looking. He has a gray beard, not very long, blue eyes, and gray hair that is pushed back pretty well from the forehead. He looks like a professional man. He has a very thoughtful, careful air about him, and the first thing he says: "Please let me send a message to my family. I have no particular interest in establishing new evidence only for those who love me and who are reaching out for some word from me. I used to live in Wheeling, W. Va., and my name is Edward B. Rown. I was interested in the schools there, and whatever I could do to advance the cause of education I did. When I came over to this side it was rather a surprise to me, because I came without an instant's warning, and not much knowledge of the life to which I was coming. I want to send word to my wife Sarah. I want her to feel that I am ever near her—that nothing could keep me from her side, for she is my comfort."

William Foster.

The next one that comes is a man a little below the medium height. He has snapping black eyes. His hair is dark and he is bald on the top of his head. He has a round face, dark mustache and rather a prominent nose. He speaks in a quick way and seems to have a nervous condition about him. He was very active when he and seems to come with that same active spirit from the new life. He has a heavy voice for a little man and says: "My name is William Foster and I come from Danbury, Conn. I always had to work hard for everything that I got, and so I expect I shall have to work to send this word. Now my desire is to communicate with my home. I have looked at Nellie and have touched her so many times, and yet have received no response that I began to doubt that it were possible to communicate, and then I heard of this place, and hope that my word will reach her all right. She is as nervous as I am. Please say that I come to bring her cheer; that I am all right, and the knowledge of her life does not trouble me in the least, and that I shall do all that will bring her profit."

Fanny Sanderson

There comes a lady about thirty years old. She has black eyes and black hair that is pushed back from the forehead. She has rather thin hands and worn, as if from long years of work. She says, "My name is Fanny Sanderson and I come from Provincetown. I knew nothing of this, and I want to praise you all for the effort you are making to help us who are so anxious to return. Sometimes I have heard the spirits say as they came away that they forgot to say any word in praise of the efforts you make, because they were so intent upon making themselves known. I want very much to get to Fred. He needs me and sometimes when his head aches so and he doesn't know what to do, if he would just sit awhile and ask us to come close to him, it is sure to be relieved. His mother is with me. Her name is Hannah and she says: 'Tell Fred for me, that I am so glad that we have at last been able to express ourselves.'"

Willie Fitzgerald.

Now comes a boy—a young man—but looks very boyish. He is about seventeen, or eighteen years old. His eyes are blue and his hair is black. He has a smiling, nice face and says as he comes: "Well, it's very good of you to give such a good description of me. My name is Willie Fitzgerald and I came from Charlestown. I want to get to Margaret. She will understand why it is so hard to come. My father is with me. His name is James. Tell Margaret that we are just as happy as we can be and everything is going as smoothly as we could expect, and we hope to get nearer later on. She must not get blue about the mortgage money, because help is coming in a way she does not expect. I hope she will receive this word safely."

Jennie Adams.

Now here comes a woman about forty-five years old, and she has quite light blue eyes and brown hair with a little gray in it. She is a very nice looking woman. Seems to have such a good way about her, and very particular about herself. She says: "Let me tell my name quick, before I forget and lose my hold. I am Jennie Adams, and I come from Haverhill, Mass. I have known about this work in a degree and it seems as though the people ought to be open some part of the time to the spirits because they are made better by the influence that comes, and it gives me great pleasure to give this message to open up the hearts and homes for the entrance of the spirit, that they may be strengthened and get all the good from life that God intended they should."

Blanche Baker.

The next spirit that comes is a girl about twenty-five, and she is light, too. Her hair is quite light, her eyes are blue, and the complexion is fresh and fair. She is tall, slim and

rather graceful. She says: "I almost thought it would be impossible for me to get where I wanted to, and yet it is well worth the effort. My name is Blanche Baker and I come from Philadelphia. My father is still there and his name is Stanley. He thinks of me as dead and so I make my strongest effort just to say that I have reported to him. He is a business man and very materialistic, and but for the fact that I am acquainted with it, and so I hope to gain strength that I may be able to give him the word and the evidence he desires from me. Will you tell him, please, that nothing more could have been done. He thinks I might have been saved, but it could not have been and is all right. I have seen Emma and she is happy."

Ellen Noyes.

The next one is an old lady sixty-five or sixty-eight years old, and she looks quite bad in her eyes. I think she can hardly see a thing, but keeps feeling her way around and says: "Well, it was dark so long before I came that it seemed as if I never would be able to see again, but here I am. My name is Ellen Noyes, and I come from Framingham. I want to say that it was a relief to me when I went to the spirit. It seemed that it was the only thing that would bring me relief, and indeed it did. I have people who are still alive, who are anxious to get a word from the spirit. I hope to reach them."

James Reed.

And now comes an old man with gray hair that is quite long; it is thin up on top. His eyes are blue and he has such a kind way. He says: "My name is James Reed, and I am from Covington, Ky., and immediately when he tells that he straightens up and says: 'Well, well, if I could have taken this into my life when here, I certainly would have felt that it was a great addition and a happiness. I lost a wife when quite a young man, and I tell you it would have been a great comfort in my life to have known that she was about me, but now we are together here, and we come to our boy whose name is the same as mine, and who will be glad to get this word from me. Say only this, that a father's love must find a way to express itself even though death has seemed to swallow up the personality.'"

Lena Floyd.

The next is a girl about twenty-one years of age. Her name is Lena Floyd. She passed out with nervous prostration. She says: "I belonged in Lowell. I wasn't sick very long, but everything that could be done for anybody was done for me by people who loved me, and while the most of my people are over here, I want to go to friends in Lowell. I want particularly to reach Minnie. She was my truest friend, and she will find this because she has begun to be interested in the subject and has had something like a message, but nothing definite like this."

Charles Parker.

Now I see a man about thirty years old—quite tall, not very stout. His eyes are dark blue with dark lashes. The hair is dark brown, rather fine, and he has a large mouth and nose, and he comes with such an easy air as if everything he undertook to do he knew about. He says: "My name is Charles Parker, and I come from Sunapee, N. H., and I have come with the same strength and desire to put things through that I had when here. I cannot say that I am a whit different from what I was before I came over. I was interested in books and horses, and it surprised me to know that horses existed over here. I did not know about this, but it gives me pleasure to say that I found many eminent men here. I want to get to Julia. She often wonders why I do not make some manifestation, and so I have come and here is my word to her."

Conrad Snow.

Here comes a boy about fourteen years old, rather modest and retiring, and says his name is Conrad Snow, from Troy, N. Y. He says: "I want to go to Laura Snow, and she will know that it must have been a great effort for me to get here because of my bashfulness. I have a little sister over here, and her name is Marion. She passed out as a baby. I am so glad to be able to send a word from her and to speak for myself."

Mary Hooper.

The next one is a big lady, very stout and with snow-white hair combed back from the face. She says: "I am so glad to be able to be here at this time. My name is Aunt Mary Hooper, and I want to bring the same feeling of good will that I would if I were here, and so I come with a royal welcome to everybody who is glad to see me. I came from Shelburne Falls, Vt., and I want to reach George Hooper. I want to tell him that Frank will be better by and by; that we do not want him over here, and to take care of him and things will get brighter and better soon."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

There has been great danger of the discontinuance of this series of Letters, through the physical pain of the writer. It has come about in this way: Since the adaptation of special lenses to my eyes in January, 1897, I have been able to write the Letters for you. But the change in the shape of the eye makes it necessary to have new lenses made at certain intervals. If I use the same lenses too long, the pain becomes very great. Until this spring, the sale of my books and the kindness of friends have enabled me to have my eyes tested by the oculist and new glasses made according to his prescription by the optician, about once in nine months.

Owing to a great falling off in my pecuniary resources, I have not been able to get them this year, and the slightest use of my eyes has given me such intolerable pain that I was going to discontinue my BANNER Letters with the present issue, as well as all other writing. But a dear woman (I might well say angel) in an adjoining State has been impressed to send me a certain sum of money. There is just enough to pay several small debts, buy some necessary articles of food, pay my post-office box, have my eyes tested by the oculist, and have the new lenses made by the optician. There will be nothing over, but I trust that the same powers who have affected the generous heart of this lady, will lead others to aid me so that I may not yet suffer for the bare necessities of life.

I fear I am too proud to beg. If this aid had not come to-day, I should have discontinued

the BANNER Letters, said nothing, and shut myself up in my poverty to wait till a door should open, either into more work on the earth plane, or into a brighter sphere, where one can work for humanity without such physical pain. Perhaps I ought to add that working with ill-adapted glasses gives intense pain not only to the eyes, but to the head. The old aches in the temples and in the top of the head had come again, and all these events are nature's warning that I must call a halt in the use of my eyes.

I mention these facts because relief has come, and though the writing of this letter gives severe pain, I can soon have the new lenses prepared, and do the work for the Cause while the new ones continue to serve me.

A letter received to-day from a friend says that down on the seashore "it's as hot as a portion of the other world." As the lady is a devout Roman Catholic, and is well indoctrinated in Dante's infernal world, the simile must mean a great deal to her. I think it must be hot everywhere since the Fourth, and that New Jersey is like the other places.

So, as it is very warm, and I am not well, and the eyes and head persist in aching, I will take an easy subject, and write about one of the most delightful little books I ever read. It is entitled "Anna Malann," was written by Annie Trumbull Slosson, and is published in Hartford by "The Connecticut Humane Society."

A lady travelling in a carriage heard of Anna Malann, and how good she was to "creature." Being good to them herself, she went to Wilson's Gore, with its nine houses, found the little house that looked as if its inmates had just moved in, and sounded like a menagerie, and inquired for Miss Malann. The pale little old woman, with soft, brown eyes, said her name was Ann Ellis. It was a puzzle, till it was found that the boys called her "Animal Ann," which the lady had taken to be "Anna Malann."

This old woman had been brought up to believe that animals have no souls, do not live after death, and, of course, cannot go to heaven. So she thought that they were all the more to be pitied, "because they didn't have everything we have—souls, and all them things." After her parents died, her brothers and sisters said the Ellises had always been a respectable kind of family, and for one of its members, and a female one, too, to set up as a schismatic, and a sort of a horse-doctor and dog-missionary mixed up, why, they would not have it.

So, taking what her Aunt Ann had left her, she hunted up this little place with nine houses on it, and undertook to bring this whole community to her way of thinking. And she had done it, too. Through seeing her own actions to animals, and letting the boys and girls watch her while she "treated them like folks," there was not a person in the Gore who would do a cruel thing to a four-footed creature, not a boy who would stone a bird or break up a bird's nest, and not even a baby who would pull off a fly's wings, in order to hear it buzz. And this humane feeling was spreading to the adjoining farms and towns.

The old French dancing master in Danvers having died, and left his little dog unprovided for, she was wearing her heart out, and starving on his grave. Miss Ellis brought her home, but the little thing refused to be comforted. She called her "good dog," but it did no good. She concluded that little Fanchon, not knowing English, could not understand. So she took a long, dusty walk to see a lady who used to teach French at the academy, and have her teach her how to say "good dog" in French. All the way home, she kept saying "Bong chang, bong chang," and the little dog was so pleased when she was called "good dog," as her master used to say it. You may be sure that the lady visitor "altered her best Parisian French for the benefit of the homesick foreigner," and made Ann happy by doing so.

She had on her little place a blind horse, dogs with splintered legs, lying on soft beds, a lame hen hobbling about on a wooden leg, a blind canary singing his little heart out as he heard the voice of the one he had never seen, but loved, and a handsome setter, whom she got from a cruel master who could not beat out of him his fear of a gun. There was a very homely, squint-eyed cat, who yet wanted to be petted. "Poor Jinny," said Ann, "she is dreadfully homely, and she knows it, too, but I try to make her forget it."

But Ann's great trouble was that the animals, after being overworked and tormented here, can't go to heaven when they die, on account of not having souls. She had searched the Bible from end to end on this subject, but she could find no hope for them there. She thought there might possibly be a chance for white horses, because the saints were represented as riding on them in their white robes.

But another expression in Revelation was dreadful to her, "But without our dogs," she says, "it's as if the other animals all gave up when they were told there wasn't any place for them up there, and just died, but the dogs could n't do it, and must follow their masters, room or no room." So she could see them hanging about the door, getting maybe a sight of their masters inside when the gate opened to let somebody in. She did wish it was not written there, "Without our dogs."

Our readers can get further particulars by reading this little book. By sending for some of them, they will get a pleasure for themselves, have some to give away, and can at the same time help the good Humane Society. My present copy was sent to me by a noble worker for humanity in northern New England, and I thank her. I used to have copies and give them away, but cannot find any since coming to live here.

Some persons blamed Ann for giving her time to animals, instead of to the sewing society and missionary concerts, and all those "stated means of grace," and perhaps God would say that if she gave up the work and the duty of a "professor," she must give up the rewards, too. But, she said, "He knows best, understanding the whole case, and I know he will do right."

Many of our readers, Mr. Editor, have read "Loveliness," the new story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Thousands of persons will have their eyes opened to the horrors of vivisection by the perusal of this book. "Loveliness," a dainty little pet, is stolen from her owners by students, and is rescued by her master from excruciating tortures after she has been strapped to the horrible table. This book brings out the fact that the high bred, most sensitive animals, are preferred to others as subjects of these atrocious experiments.

One clause always stands in my will, and has for many years. It is that any animal in my possession is to be killed painlessly within one week of my death. The thought that any of those so kindly treated by me should be tor-

tured so cruelly is intolerable. And yet, they would suffer no more than do the thousands who are out up alive in the trough of the vivisection, or kept alive for many months in all the agony that ingenuity can suggest, fastened in boxes made for the purpose, or in the cages of the bacteriologists. Such facts lead one to think that there are devils indeed in the spirit world, and that they take possession of the bodies of mortals. And we may be sure that the worst horrors that we have read of in connection with vivisection, form but a small fraction of what is constantly perpetrated in laboratories under the false name of "science." Science, indeed! This is not science. It is a revival of the Spanish Inquisition, of the execution of condemned men by slaying them, by breaking them on the wheel, and all those tortures of a darkened age. Our worst criminals are electrocuted, but our innocent animals are tortured to death, or kept alive on purpose that their tortures may be continued.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
ABBY A. JUDSON.
Arlington, N. J., July 6, 1900.

Random Thoughts.

BY PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

To know the truth is an inestimable privilege. Truth is a tower of strength for the soul whom denunciation and persecution assail. To tell the truth is often to invite hostility. The Truth-teller must be prepared for every sacrifice; friendship, love, even, do not always stand the test. Still, to speak a wholesome truth when it may do good, is a sacred duty.

How shall we know that we possess the truth? First, if the supposed possession thereof does not invite vanity, but an unselfish desire to make others profit by it. Second, by reason and conscience being in accord to accept it after careful examination, from whatever source it comes. Third, by ascertaining that it is acceptable to other minds and not given to us exclusively.

"Go it alone" is a dangerous advice to give to theorists: "First make sure you are right, then go ahead," is wiser counsel. But can we be sure if we are our own judge?

I must, indeed, think very highly of myself, if I pose as a Messiah selected for a divine mission. Conceit is a bad counselor; beside, it is apt to masquerade as a spirit friend.

Hermes, Krishna, Buddha, Jesus, all ancient reformers presented the truth to the world under such an aspect as their respective peoples might best assimilate. Each lifted a little higher than his predecessors had done, a corner of the veil which conceals truth.

Different as they may be in the expression of thought, the same religious and (especially) moral trend is recognizable in the doctrines of those teachers. A doctrine based on atheism and immorality could not live.

The immortal stories about the gods and goddesses of Olympus, invented by the Grecian poets, and gradually accepted as facts by the superstitious populace, so degraded the religion of Zeus, it was swept off by the advance of Christianity. Spiritualists had better shut their ears to tales of "Spirit husbands" and "Spirit wives" visiting their mortal mates.

The lost or travestied truth is presented to us by our spirit instructors in the way best suited our advanced mental unfoldment. The age is averse to superstition, mysticism and obscurity. Commonsense rules; it demands plain truth—and gets them.

Plain truths! Truth is beauty unadorned; it is falsehood and error which need have recourse to the tissue of rhetorical artifice or to obscure metaphors. Some minds admire most what they cannot comprehend; the nebulous writer or speaker, inspired by an exuberant imagination, wins the applause of such. He who does not strive to "make an effect," but speaks from the heart to other hearts, is loved.

There is in us, in the most simple minded, an instinct by which the sincere reformer's unselfish motives are discerned; a bond of sympathy and confidence ensues.

It was Voltaire, I think, who said: "Humility is the modesty of the soul; it is the antidote of pride." We need a good stock of this antidote, as things go nowadays.

A sarcastic wit remarked once: "When you see two men argue hotly, who do not understand each other, you may class them as two philosophers; if you meet with one who does not understand himself, be sure he is a metaphysician." Metaphysics is speculating about the unknown—often about the unknowable. Hence it may give us beautiful—or absurd—theories, but no facts on which to pin our faith.

The search-light of Spiritualism has penetrated the obscure arcana of occultism. Scientific Spiritualism is fast bringing facts to light which were held as uncanny and shrouded in mystery, just as it has demonstrated the truth of spirit-return and the naturalness of phenomena held as hallucinations or the work of the devil.

It is a property of Truth that though it be denied, maligned and persecuted, it ends by convincing its persecutors. Many who denounce Spiritualism have had the experience of St. Paul on the road to Damascus and become its ardent defenders.

There is a nice distinction between selfishness and egotism. Selfishness has its root in avarice; egotism in vanity. The selfish man does not regard the rights of others; he sacrifices everything to his personal interest. The egotist, absorbed in self-admiration, does not think even of others, he is the centre of the universe, and, like the Pope, infallible.

No selfish man can be a true Spiritualist; nominally one he is harmless, so far as his influence goes. Neither can the egotist lay claim to spirituality; but he is dangerous when he imagines himself authorized to teach the truth as adapted to his idiosyncrasy.

More men than women are addicted to selfishness; more women than men are egotists; neither such can understand Altruism.

Altruism is a diluted compound of love and friendship; more disinterested than either, it does not demand reciprocity and survives in gratitude. The Altruist gives of the super-

abundance of love in his heart; there remains a capacity for a single love, in which a kindred soul would find inexhaustible joy.

Marion Crawford says that "friendship is a substitute for love, second best in its nature and second best, too, in its unselfishness." The popular novelist has overlooked the little prefix "true." Pseudo friendship rests on self-interest; it cannot stand the test of ill-fortune; pseudo-love, born of the senses or the imagination, dies of wounded vanity. True love is a stranger to both selfishness and egotism; it is of the soul and, like the soul, impeccable and immortal.

Time heals the wounds of friendship: wounded love suffers as long as the heart throbs. What must the soul suffer which, thinking it has met its destined mate, sees its idol shattered—the idol of clay it looked up to as its co-worker in the pursuit of angelhood!

It is a suggestive fact that every effort to establish universal peace is immediately followed by bloody wars. The Czar of Russia—a Spiritualist—was inspired to propose a Peace congress; the demon of war answered by a trumpet blast, and see how quick the answer came. Christian civilization is a great thing!

Remorse pursues the murderer, 'tis said; he lies on a bed of thorns; conscience gives him no rest. I wonder if there be a collective conscience and the promoters of war ever feel the torments of collective remorse?

Small savage peoples disappear gradually and become extinct when modern civilization is brought to them, why? Because in the train of civilization, stalk vices that kill the simple children of nature—vices to which civilized man has become inured through centuries of practice.

On the other hand the great old nations of the orient are slow to accept western civilization; they have a civilization of their own, much older, the inheritance of their sages and teachers, founded on the moral and spiritual plane. It is only in the material they may be taught something by the modern.

We hear that European officers have taught the Chinese the art of war, and their armys provided with the most improved arms. We do not hear that European craftsmen have been required to teach China how to weave her beautiful silks or how to mold and paint her quaint pottery.

Which are to be benefitted by modern civilization—which even we, Americans, feel it our duty to carry to the benighted nations—the civilizers or the civilized? Answer, ye spirits of Trade, of Avarice, of love of lucre! But name not the Bible or the Cross.

I have more respect for the unblushing rascal who parades his vices, than for the hypocritical knave who conceals his under the cloak of religion or altruism. I can avoid the former; I may be taken in by the latter.

Like thistle-down, these random thoughts scatter and float away on the vibrating air; may they be hospitably received by congenial minds.

Life Everywhere!

The world moves. Not only this little sphere, but all spheres. Not only all spheres as a whole, but each particle in each sphere.

There is not a speck in all the universe, that is not impregnated with life. Life is glorious; life is eternal. It is good to get near to this life. There is no language that can fully connect with it, but thought-waves ever reach it. It is good to realize this. It leads to the finer and higher processes.

It is the vibratory action of things that men need know about. Everything is coarse or fine according to its vibratory action. Sense and consciousness are limited, and when vibratory action does not come within their capacity, or is beyond them, it is elevating and refining to know that there is a beyond. As sense is refined and consciousness deepened, the beyond comes to view.

Men and women have never been able to get away from themselves—likely, they never will be. Every person has a world of his own—in that world he will ever be found. His world of tomorrow comes from his world of to-day. Everywhere, slow vibration and inaction is the lower death. Everywhere, the quicker, harmonious, vibratory action is the higher life.

What is the practical utility of all this? Simply to get on the line of the completer man. The line that forms the true family center, and builds a oneness of interest in every group. The line that leads to the true formation of all parties, all sects and societies; on the law of entities; on the law of like and dislike; on the law of adaptation; on the law of outside temperaments and inside intuition; on the line that leads to unity and success in every condition and relation of life. On this line, and it is an eternal sunlight of the beyond, in every morning.—Marion Enterprise.

I do not suppose that I have attained to obscurity, but I should be proud if no more fatal fault were found with my pages on this score than was found with the Walden ice. Southern customers objected to its blue color, which is the evidence of its purity, as if it were muddy, and preferred the Cambridge ice, which is white, but tastes of weeds.

The purity men love is like the mists which envelope the earth, and not like the azure ether beyond.—Walden.

To the Liberal-Minded.

As the "BANNER OF LIGHT Establishment" is now an incorporated institution, we give below the form in which a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law, should any one feel impressed to bequeath something to assist us in carrying on the good work in which we have for so many years been engaged: "I give, devise and bequeath unto the 'BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY,' of Boston, Massachusetts, or its successors [here insert the description of the property to be willed, and the manner in which the donor desires the same to be expended, which request will be faithfully carried out, strictly upon trust, that its officers shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression.]"

Lay crimson poppies on her grave tonight,
Whose blighted leaves with burning tears are wet;
Though heaven's portals know her not by sight,
The earth will not forget! —Maude Holland.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1900.

Notes from Paris--No. 2.

BY DEAN CLARK.

Since my last report I have revisited the Exposition, going to several of the national buildings, among them our Pavilion, which I at last found open. It is beautifully finished and furnished inside, but I was disappointed at its emptiness. It seems to be a "club-house," or reception and reading place, rather than a receptacle of any of our country's vast productions. Entering the "Massachusetts Room" I was gladdened by seeing several of our Boston dailies. The Mexican building, filled with a variety of productions, natural and artistic, seemed to me more appropriately employed in some respects. I spent an evening in one of the most romantic exhibits on the grounds--the beautiful, realistic "Swiss Village," probably quite as large as many of the cozy hamlets nestled among the towering Alps, whose beetling crags are here so wonderfully represented. Its unique log houses, church, mills with overshot water-wheels in constant motion, and all other concomitants of the real life of the Swiss, made the scenes interesting beyond my power of description. As I was reared in the "Switzerland of America," among the lovely Green Mountains, my first "homesick" feeling was aroused by these homelike spectacles.

On June 19 I embraced a long coveted opportunity to visit the Louvre--the most important public building in Paris, both architecturally and on account of its treasures of art. The Louvre and Tuilleries together cover an area of about forty-eight acres, forming one of the most magnificent palaces in the world. I cannot enter into a description of so vast a building. It must be seen to be comprehended and appreciated. The splendid statuary within and outside of its walls of many of the great historic men of the nation, especially attracted my attention, though the vast variety of pictures adorning the walls and ceilings of the spacious rooms, displaying both ancient and modern art, were of little less interest. Some idea of the extent of these palatial rooms may be formed from the fact that it takes two hours of incessant walking to pass through them, and it needs months of careful analysis to compass even a general knowledge of their contents. Several visits made a vivid impression that what I left unlearned would fill a large volume of graphic description. The enclosure within the walls of this vast building, called the Gardens of the Louvre, contains beautiful statuary, fountains, and monuments of historic interest, and show the great artistic taste of the French people.

No American can feel satisfied with a visit to Paris without seeing the splendid edifice that contains the shrine where repose the ashes of Napoleon I. It is an imposing dome-crowned stone building, one hundred ninety-eight feet in breadth, three hundred forty-four feet in height, and is a portion of the vast pile of buildings called the Hotel des Invalides. Beneath the dome is an open circular crypt, twenty feet in depth and thirty-six feet in diameter. From the beautiful mosaic pavement of this crypt rise the sarcophagi, thirteen feet long, six and one-half feet wide, and fourteen and one-half feet high, consisting of a single huge block of Siberian porphyry weighing upwards of sixty-seven tons. Leaning upon the marble curb of this crypt, I looked, as millions of others have done, down upon the vestige of a greatness that once towered high above the heroes of a bygone century.

I could but reflect what a leveler of all human distinctions is the great destroyer who turns to dust of equal worth both king and peasant! Whatever may be his surroundings in spirit-life, the acme of architectural and artistic splendor do honor to all he left behind. I daresay no tomb of modern structure is envied by so much grandeur and loveliness, and were he now "earth-bound," it would not be very humiliating to the pride of the greatest of Earth's monarchs, were he imprisoned therein.

Having begun the business of tomb-seeping, my next move was a descent into Hades, or rather into the "abode of the dead," known as the Catacombs. Joining a party of about an hundred tourists, we descended down, down, down, till at last we reached a stone-lined passage, through which we walked for fifteen minutes or more, when we suddenly came to the object of our search. The passage enlarged, and on either side of winding halls were stacked in regular layers, bones and skulls, from four to six feet in height.

It is claimed that the skeletons of six million human beings are here deposited, where they have been preserved for about a hundred years, awaiting, I suppose, the quickening sound of Gabriel's Trump. What a "rattling of dry bones" must then take place to get them properly adjusted! My former experience as a medical student enables me to appreciate the anatomical difficulty involved in the stupendous job of Resurrection Day!

An hour's stay in Hades, lighted by our flickering candles, and made weird by its uncanny occupants, sufficed to make fresh air and sunlight among the living, more desirable than ever before.

To prepare my eyes for the bright light of the upper world, I visited five stained-windowed churches whose "dim religious light" was not quite so sepulchral as that of the under world, and whose architectural beauties were a delight to behold. Greatest and grandest among them all is Notre Dame, whose lofty towers, Gothic walls and ornate windows render it one of the most imposing buildings in Paris. But beautiful and "holy" as are all these religious structures of medieval art, to the devout Parisians who worship within their pillared walls, they had far less attraction for my freedom-loving mind than the magnificent Pantheon, once a church, but now a Temple of Truth, Liberty and Humanity, "secularized" by Victor Hugo and other great champions of Free Thought.

God speed the day when all these monumental piles and religious edifices shall be thus "reformed," and re-adjusted to the intellectual progress of the living age! The ashes of St. Genevieve, of Cardinal Richelieu and others which are entombed within them, are not as "sacred" as the intelligence of living souls who need the light of knowledge and the freedom of the modern age. Let the bones be buried in the "sacred soil" beneath vaults like the Catacombs, but let the Temples of Religion be devoted to higher and nobler uses, for the "religion" still taught within them is as dead as the bones in their crypts.

To complete my "round" among the "dead," I next visited a cemetery for dogs in an outskirts of the city, where lie the lost pets of many a doting Madame, whose graves are adorned by stones engraved by the sculptor's art "in all the pomp of woe." Facing the beautifully ornamented gate stands a fine monument bearing the sculptured image of a noble St. Bernard dog, who saved the lives of forty human beings, doubtless with souls no nobler than his own. Surely if great destroyers of human life deserve the "monumental lies" engraved to their memory, many of these nobler and more humane savers (Saviors) deserve the just tribute to their worth which may be seen by every visitor to the "sacred soil" which here is consecrated to their burial!

There are, it is said, over four hundred graves already occupied, with room, beautifully laid out and ornamented with statuary and flowers, for many hundreds more. If it be true that "the last shall be first, and the first shall be last" in the great Day of Compensation, I have little doubt that the occupants of this "holy ground" will "have part in the first resurrection."

Twice I visited the Place de la Bastille where stood the ill-famed castle, destroyed at the beginning of the Revolution. Most of the ground occupied by the prison is now built over, but a semi-circular line of stone, differing from the pavement, outlines what remains uncovered. Parisians are very deft in obliterating or concealing most of the relics of the dark scenes of

the past. In the centre of the square stands a splendid bronze monument, thirteen feet in diameter, and one hundred and fifty-four feet high, commemorating the fallen heroes of the Revolution.

I have also visited several other places of note in this famous city, but have no time now to refer to them, while I am improving every fleeting hour in finishing my all too brief slight scrawl. Three weeks have nearly elapsed since I came, and already it seems like a dream of Oriental scenes of splendor, when I attempt to collect in orderly succession the views registered so rapidly and imperfectly upon my bewildered consciousness. I have tried to see all of the great Exposition, but alas! one must be Argus-eyed and have the mental celerity of a snail shot Kodak to accomplish such a prodigy of celeration.

I have, of course, been handicapped by ignorance of the language here generally spoken, but have got along much better than I expected, solving my disturbed feelings with the self-assurance that it was French stupidity, and not Yankee dullness, at fault, when we failed to come to mutual understanding. I have not seen one drunken person in all my rounds of this wine-bibbling city, and the only rudeness I can complain of, is shown by the "cabbies," who seem bent on running over every pedestrian who risks his life by crossing their (P) thoroughfares.

On the whole, I am quite in love with Paris, but to-morrow, June 30th, I must bid adieu, probably forever, to all the loveliness I have here seen. But such is my life--change, change--in a few days I shall be on the bounding billows that I hope will bear me to beloved America--what next, time will tell.

Onset Camp.

ONSET, July 15: Once more Onset is made famous by the opening of a Spiritualist Camp-meeting. As in former years, today the opening of camp-meeting is a gala day for this section of Massachusetts. During the past week people have been flocking to Onset. A well attended dance was held in the temple last night. Today is more like a carnival than a camp-meeting. The weather is all that could be desired. The people are all out, dressed in their Sunday clothes. The toilets of the ladies might do justice to Newport, while the young men wear white duck pants and fancy outing shirts. Gay turnouts are seen upon the streets. The Middleboro Band is giving a fine concert while I am writing these lines to your readers. Considering everything, this opening is one of the best in years, and the prospects point to a successful season.

The meeting was opened by the Middleboro Band, E. A. Roundy, leader, with a fine concert. At 10:30 Dr. George A. Fuller, the chairman of the meeting and president of the Massachusetts State Association, delivered the opening address of the season before a large and enthusiastic audience in the auditorium. A pleasant surprise was given the audience by the chairman, in presenting Mr. A. J. Maxham, who at the last moment was secured for the first three weeks to fill a vacancy caused by the illness of Mr. George Cutter, the singer engaged for the season. Mr. Maxham sang an original song dedicated to Onset. After the singing, Dr. Fuller read a selection and followed it by giving one of his masterly addresses, taking for his subject, "Spirit the only Real." He said in part:

"We have grown wiser, we feel no longer the necessity of fighting the old religions; when religion has outgrown its usefulness it will die. Humanity is waiting for the philosophy and religion of Spiritualism, and the church members are all hungry for the truth of our belief. They are not satisfied with the past, and are reaching out for psychic science. In every land mediums are sought by those who want to know more of immortality. It remains for us to voice other thoughts than immortality. It is not right for us to remain in our A B C's forever, it is right for us to learn the meaning of the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism. If we are Spiritualists in the highest sense of the word, it is for us to live our Spiritualism in our everyday life. There can be no philosophy and religion of Spiritualism without the recognition of the Divine spirit. Many say they want to hear nothing of God; we want to emphasize the thought of God. It is essential that we recognize the Divine Spirit, and if we do, we recognize the basis upon which Spiritualism rests. In order that we may understand all things in this world, we must find this Divine God."

Thoreau says: "Time is but the stream I go fishing in, I drink at it, but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away but eternally remains. I would drink deeper, fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly stars." Most of the scientists have been altogether too busy investigating why cocks crow in the morn to give any time to the investigation of that series of phenomena which not only reveal the soul in man, but also its future destiny. It seems almost more important to know of the life of a snake, than the life of the human soul. The scientist may possess a great amount of knowledge and very little common-sense; many are so loaded down with knowledge that they cannot stand erect; knowledge is of no value to a man unless he knows how to use it."

The speaker said many things of great value, but time and space will not allow the same to be printed. It was a great lecture, and Dr. Fuller was at his best. At the close he received the congratulations of his many friends. Mr. Maxham closed the meeting with a beautiful song.

At 1 o'clock the band gave another concert. At 2 o'clock a large audience gathered for the afternoon meeting. Mr. Maxham opened with singing, after which the chairman introduced Prof. W. F. Peck, who received a glad welcome. Mr. Peck, after reading a poem from the pen of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, entitled "The Journey: What Is It? Where Is It?" Among other things, he said: "In the declaration of principles adopted by the society of which I am the settled speaker, the third clause reads, 'The spirit world--the future home of the soul--is a real world.' The spirit world is a real world; that is the point. There must be another world fitted to the needs of the soul when it is unfitted to dwell in this world with the body. When it comes to the location of this real world, then the difficulty begins."

Men always differ most upon what they know the least about. A great many men accept of a future life, and there are others who disbelieve another existence, and this is one of the great mistakes. Inasmuch as the soul makes upon itself a spiritual body when it is divested of the physical, it must occupy a sphere different from that which the physical body occupied. If there is a spirit world, where is it located? Before the birth of science the question was not regarded as very difficult.

In the past the dogmas of the church were adopted to fit the science. In the science of that day the universe was like a huge box, and the devil lived down in the cellar, so the matter of locating heaven and hell was easy; but when astrology awoke, skepticism took a new life, and so the question of the day is, where is heaven and where is hell? It is said that heaven and hell are merely conditions, not locations. Heaven and hell are not only conditions, but have location somewhere. There is no such thing as empty space. Either of space is everywhere to be found. The scientist does not venture to tell us what it is. What is this ether of space? Spirit matter filling all space. Andrew Jackson Davis, the seer of the nineteenth century, has seen and described to us scenes of beauty as tangible as those we see here."

Dr. Louis Schlesinger of California followed Prof. Peck, and is one of the most wonderful mediums ever upon this platform. His teachings were of the kind that convince and make believers in our Cause. His work was just grand, and every Spiritualist and liberal thinking person should hear him. Dr. Schlesinger will be here all the week and next Sunday. Don't fail to hear him.

At 4 o'clock the Band gave another concert. The platform was beautifully decorated with flowers. Some of those seen at the Camp

The Truth

about women's ills can be frankly told by one woman to another.

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Remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the recognized safeguard of woman's health.

Remember these things when some other remedy is suggested, and remember them when you want advice. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

by the writer are Prof. Peck, Dr. and Mrs. Ravlin, Mrs. Wm. M. Lockwood, Dr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Fuller, Mr. J. Maxham, Dr. Dutton and wife, Mrs. C. P. Pratt, Father Lyon, Treasurer Howard, Mr. Chas. Whittemore and family, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Butterfield and Mrs. Ann Hibbard. Weather beautiful. HATCH.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

Notwithstanding the fact that we have mentioned in three different editions that Prendergast and Holmes of Westfield, N. Y., have taken the Lake Pleasant Hotel for the season, that they have thoroughly cleaned and renovated it and that many guests have arrived, during the past week I have received three letters asking if the hotel is open, and stating that the writers had watched the spiritual papers, but had seen no mention of the fact. We think they must have taken some other paper than "The BANNER" or they would have known.

Posters and advertising matter are already out announcing the lecture of Rabbi Charles Fleischer of Boston, who will speak Aug. 12, upon "The Jews, Their Manners, Customs and Religion, Their Present Conditions and Hope for the Future." Rabbi Fleischer is too well known to need any introduction to the liberal minds in America, as his sermons and writings have already endeared him to them on account of his progressive spirit, fearlessness in declaring the truths that have come to his knowledge, and sincerity in working for the uplifting of the masses without regard to race, creed or color.

On Sundays, Aug. 12, 19 and 26, the Fitchburg Railroad is arranging to run special excursion trains to Lake Pleasant. The Boston & Maine Railroad will issue reduced rate tickets to the Camp from Springfield, Chicopee, Holyoke and Northampton. These tickets go on sale July 27, good for return trip until Sept. 4, at a lower rate than ever issued before. Next week the grounds will be lighted by the electric lights, which will be in operation until September.

The concert given by Clapp's Military Band of Greenfield, last Sunday, was particularly fine and attracted a large crowd.

About two hundred families are located here now, among the more recent arrivals being Director and Mrs. K. D. Childs, Mrs. E. P. Morse, Mrs. and Miss Westcott, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Baker, and wife, Dr. Bulard, Mrs. F. A. Thrall and daughter, George Burlingame and family of Connecticut, Mr. A. E. Reed, Mrs. F. L. Cook and Miss Edna Cook, Mrs. B. H. Harvey, Miss Jennie Harvey and Mr. H. Page, Mrs. Martha Danforth, Mr. John Bennett and family, Mr. Geo. C. Allen and family, the Misses Laurence of Sag Harbor, Mrs. Christodora and Miss Rendell, and Mrs. Ada Woodruff, Miss Lotta Woodruff, Mrs. H. E. Conant, and Fred Haslam and family of Brooklyn.

There is an unusually large number of young people here this summer, many of them having come to attend the summer school of the noted musicians, Professor Edmund Severn and wife. Among the mediums to be with us are Mrs. Mary S. Pepper, Dr. C. H. Harding, Mrs. Ham of Haverhill, Ira Moore Courless, Frank Foster, Mrs. M. E. Shirley, Madame Mullana, Mrs. E. Seaman and Mrs. H. E. Emerson.

Mr. J. Milton Young, who has been here for some weeks, busily engaged with preparations for the publication of his paper, the *Wildwood Messenger*, has been suddenly called home by the illness of his mother. We hope to have him back with us, however, before camp opens.

Our speakers for the convocation are Hon. A. H. Bailey, Lizzie Harlow, J. Clegg Wright, Carrie E. S. Twing, Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood, C. Fannie Allen, Albert P. Blinn, Mrs. Mary E. Lease, and Rabbi Charles Fleischer.

For music we have the Ladies' Schubert Quartette and Milligan's Orchestra of Boston, and the Turners Falls Military Band.

Cottages and rooms are in demand, and the call for circulars is on the increase.

ALBERT P. BLINN, Clerk.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

Lake Brady, Ohio.

Lake Brady is not only a Spiritualist camp-ground, but a popular summer resort, and though many of the older Spiritualists object to picnics and various amusements that interfere with their quiet, still there is no doubt that being open thus to the general public is a means of propaganda.

A delightful banquet was tendered the Lotus Social Club of Alliance recently, at which many of the young people made inquiry regarding the Spiritualist meetings. Children are admitted free, and lectures are given especially for their benefit. One of the most beautiful we ever had the pleasure of listening to was that given by Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing yesterday, it being her farewell lecture to the camp. We reserve the right to quote from this lecture later on. Her new book, "Lisbeth," has attracted so much attention, we of Lake Brady are trying to arrange for its production as a play some time during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague, of Jamestown, N. Y., who are with us for the season, have already started a large and interesting class in Psychic Culture. Lake Brady, just now, has its full share of mediumistic talent. Our old reliable trumpet mediums, D. A. Herriock and Charlie Barner, are again on deck. Mrs. W. L. Brown and G. L. Renner also give trumpet readings. The Shepard Brothers, of Pittsburg, have established reputations second to none as magnetic healers. Dr. William Shepard, the elder, has frequently been forced to give forty



May 26.

26100W

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treatments a day and even during the night, robbing him of sleep, but his sojourn at Lake Brady will certainly recuperate his magnetic powers. The Pittsburg encampment, presided over by these brothers, is one of the chief ornaments of Lake Brady. The large cottages they occupy are beautifully decorated, and usually contain from twenty to thirty guests from the "Smoky City." Among these, we notice Reiss, the boy artist, whose beautiful pearl paintings are believed to be the work of artistic spirits, so rapidly and accurately are they produced through his childish hand.

Most of the leading Spiritualists of the Western Reserve have already visited the campers, who are located here for the season. Among these we note Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Black of Cleveland, Mr. Black being President of the Ohio State Association. Also John Hemmer State Secretary, Mr. Hays President of the West Side Spiritualist Society, and D. M. Brookbank of the East Side, both of Cleveland. William Way of Wheeling, Va., is again with us. This young medium is deserving of great sympathy, having been ostracized by his family and friends in Wheeling because of his membership. Mrs. Effie Moss paid us a short visit for physical manifestations. The Lyceum and the Swimming School connected therewith, have been reorganized under the supervision of Mrs. and Miss McCaslin. These ladies with the assistance of other good swimmers carefully train the little ones in a course of free lessons much enjoyed by all.

The Women's Lake Brady Association is alive to the interests of the Camp. It has accumulated \$500 which will be disbursed for an auditorium and other much needed improvements. Mr. Charlesworth of Cleveland donated fifteen dollars' worth of flowers which now grace the entrance to the auditorium. Willard Hull of the *Light of Truth* was our opening speaker, and it we rally round the standard he raised for us in his splendid inspirational utterances we cannot fail to advance the cause of human progress both here and hereafter. Besides those already mentioned, D. A. Herriock, or rather his guides filled the rostrum, yes, filled it for no one could doubt the presence of the invisibles.

MR. SPRAGUE.

Briggs Park Camp.

It takes more than a damp day to scare a Grand Rapids audience out. Although Sunday, July 8, was a rainy, disagreeable day, more than five hundred persons turned out to greet Dr. Spinney, Mrs. Ferris and Mrs. Barton, at Briggs Park, yesterday. They were well paid for their trouble. I don't think the lectures of the doctor could be improved, and I am sure the descriptive work could not.

In the morning Frank T. Ripley, of Boston, was the instrument for the spirit world; at 2:30, Mrs. Ferris; while in the evening Mrs. Barton followed herself with descriptions.

The music is always good. Our Chairman, Mr. Carpenter, is all we could desire, and harmony reigns supreme.

The mother of Mrs. Blake, one of our valued workers, passed to the higher life last week. The funeral services were conducted by Mr. Ripley, and Mrs. Carpenter, of Detroit. "The Camp and Campers" remembered her in the form of a beautiful spray of roses as a token of their esteem both for Mrs. Blake and her mother.

The mediums on the grounds at present are: Frank N. Foster, Frank T. Ripley, Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. C. H. Mullens, Mrs. Sears, Mrs. Coffman, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Ferris, Mrs. Horton, Mr. Horton, Samuel Smith, Ed. Cain, Meredith the Boy Medium, and Mrs. Schumann. Mr. Tisdale arrives to-morrow, to be with us the coming week. Next Sunday we have Mrs. Carpenter.

THOMAS J. HAYNES, Sec'y.

Box 4, Soldiers' Home, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Worthington Camp, Ohio.

Worthington Park, eight miles north of Columbus, was, on July 1st, duly opened and dedicated to the Cause of Spiritualism. Lyman C. Howe, in his beautiful dedicatory sermon, gave the several hundred people there assembled a rare treat. Mrs. Noyes, with spirit messages and pneumatic readings, did her share toward making the day enjoyable as well as instructive. The following mediums are already on the grounds: Mrs. Groves, Mr. and Mrs. Noyes, Columbus; Mrs. Stewart, Pickway; Mr. Hettenhauser, Grogan; Mrs. E. Schaus, Toledo, and more are expected daily. The camp bids fair to become one of the most popular in this part of the country; surely a more appropriate spot could not have been selected.

The Fourth of July oration was delivered by Bro. Howe; the flag-raising took place at 2:30 p. m.; Rev. Parsons of Worthington delivered a speech, and the camp choir sang beautifully our national hymns. All Spiritualists should give the Camp Association their hearty support, and thus assist in promoting the advancement of the Cause, which eventually will bring to humanity the Truth that will make us free.

Sunday, July 15, W. C. Hodge of Chicago delivered the lectures, and Dr. Nellie Mosier gave the messages.

Temple Dedicated.

G. W. Kates and wife dedicated the Spiritual Temple at Wheaton, Minn., Sunday afternoon, July 8. The local friends here could not obtain a proper hall for Mr. and Mrs. Kates to hold their meetings last fall, and resolved to obtain their own building. A fund was started and at once met with a generous response. Miss Lease offered a large lot, beside giving liberally in money. One of the frame school buildings was purchased and moved to the selected site, and there remodeled. It is a commodious two-story edifice. The lower room is fitted for meetings and the upper one for Lyceum, library, and social purposes. It is the first temple auxiliary to the State Association, and so far as we know the first in the State dedicated exclusively to Spiritualism; but there are others soon to follow. The Cause in this State is "booming" under the efforts of our State missionaries, and as they say, "is becoming popular."

Mr. Kates read the "Beatitudes" comprised in the Sermon on the Mount, recorded in Matthew, also Lizzie Doten's "Guardian Angels" and the "Jubilate." He addressed the members upon "Use of the Temple," and gave much wholesome advice, which will bear fruit.

Mrs. Kates, under spirit control, spoke upon the prominent issues and teachings of Spiritualism, and dedicated the temple to "The God of Truth, the God of Knowledge, the God of Peace." She scattered leaves of flowers, as typical of purity, joy and immortality, which should be proclaimed in the temple, and named it "The Temple of Truth."

The decorations--flowers and plants--were liberal and attractive. The choir songs were excellent. After the benediction, a general hand-shaking was indulged in and members of this earnest society congratulated. We have a "Home" here on the prairies wherein any earnest advocate of our Cause can speak and labor for truth; and we are commanding public respect.

Local Briefs.

BOSTON.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington street, Mrs. Nutter president. Sunday, July 15, invocation and prayer before each session by Miss Brehm. Those taking part throughout the sessions: Mesdames Nutter, Woods, Davis, Millan, Wilcomb, Knight, Reed, Piper, (recitation) Smith, Cunningham, Messrs. Amerige, Littlefield, Graham. Always good music. Song by Mrs. Fisher and Germond. Meetings all summer.

First Spiritualists' Church, M. Adeline Wilkinson pastor.--Morning, a large and harmonious circle. Mr. Hooten presided at the organ. Prayer and opening remarks, Mr. Fred de Bos; messages, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Wilkinson; remarks, Mr. Newhall and Mrs. Wilson. Afternoon, Mrs. Wilkinson and Mrs. Kemp gave evidences of spirit return. Evening, Mr. Brooks, Mollie Kemp (the child medium), Mrs. Haskell and Mrs. Carbee. These meetings have now closed. Mrs. Wilkinson, after a rest of six weeks, will open them again, and it is desired by her to again meet her many friends. A new order, called the Social Spiritualists' Endeavor Society, Mrs. M. Wilkinson, President, Fred List, Secretary, has been organized, which bids fair to be the leading one of Boston, as it will be a Spiritualistic endeavor, as its name implies, and is auxiliary to the First Spiritualists' Church. Recorder.

Massachusetts.

Hopkinton.--The Hopkinton Society of Progressive Thinkers will hold its fourth grove meeting of the season at Calhuns' Grove, Sunday, July 22, at 10:30 and 2:30. Mrs. J. W. Kenyon of Onset will be the medium. Admission to the Grove is free and all are welcome. Lewis D. Drawbridge, Sec'y.

Camp Progress.

The largest audience of the season assembled at Camp Progress Sunday, July 15. The morning service was opened by the President, with an invocation and remarks. Mr. M. Graham, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, of Malden, spoke, and Mrs. Smith gave messages. Mr. Banks spoke, and Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler, of Lynn, gave quite a number of recognized messages. The afternoon session was opened with an invocation by the President, Prof. Arthur, a blind man, of Chelsea, Mr. Graham and Mr. J. S. Scarlett spoke, and Mr. Fowler, of Lynn, and Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, of Boston, gave excellent messages. Good music and singing, with solos by Mrs. Merrill, of Lynn, and Mr. Charles H. LeGrand, of Salem, added much to the interest of the meetings.

MRS. H. O. MERRILL.

53 Lovell street, Lynn.

Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1900.

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

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

Censusland Lake Free Association, Lily Dale, N. Y.--Opens July 15 to Aug. 25.

Onset Bay, Mass.--July 15 to Aug. 26.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.--July 25 to Aug. 26.

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

Camp Progress, Mowerland Park, Upper Swampscott,--June 3 to Sept. 30.

Windsor, Vt.--Windsor, Kan.--July 7 to July 16.

New Era, Ore.--June 23 to July 16.

Island Lake, Mich.--July 15 to Aug. 30.

McPleasant Park, Clinton, Ia.--July 29 to Aug. 24.

Vicksburg, Mich.--Aug. 3 to 25.

Ashley, O.--July 29 to Aug. 19.

Maple Dell, O.--June 22 to Sept.

Columbus, O.--July 1 to Aug. 27.

Poncha-wa-tig, Mich.--June 15 to July 9.

Delphos, Kan.--Aug. 10 to 25.

Lake Brady, Ohio--July 1 to Sept. 1.

Grand Lodge, Mich.--July 25 to Aug. 26.

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

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

Niantic, Conn.--June 25 to Sept. 8.

Cape Cod Camp-Meeting--July 15 to 25.

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