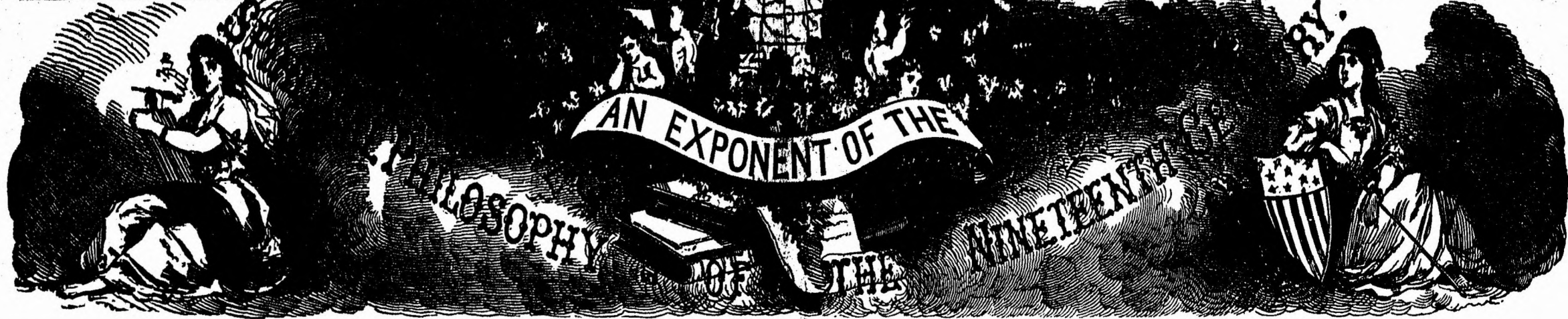


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## OUR DREAMS.

BY DEVOTION.

What we call "dreams" are oft blest visions sent us,  
As faith's fruition, through the soul's bright door;  
The Past grows Present, and the faces lent us  
In that dim Long Ago smile forth once more;  
And many a precious voice in fondest greeting,  
Like temple music, sets our poor hearts beating.

What we call "dreams" are oft a glimpse of glory  
Designed to cheer us, and to light our eyes  
With hope to read aright the grand Christ-story  
That strengthens love, and leads to Paradise—  
The birthplace of these visions. Oh! if only  
Our faith shone clear, we would not feel so lonely.

What we call "dreams" are oft Heaven's benedictions  
To calm our doubts, and wipe away our tears,  
To wider rift the clouds of our afflictions—  
A Bridge, 'twixt earth and Heaven, on golden pliers!

These so-called "dreams" are tokens of God's sweetness  
Wrought by His love in wonderful completeness.  
Sydney, New South Wales, 1900.

## Ego in Nature's Kindergarten.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

There are attempted changes in the meaning of words that grieve the soul of an old-fashioned thinker, like myself. I had always supposed that an "atom" was matter divided innumerable times till it could not, even in thought, be divided any more. That, to me, was the ultimate of matter. And it made no difference whether this spoke was a whirl of ether having a good time all to himself, or just a chip of the old block in which life around me is everywhere embedded. Now I find certain scientists of today talking about splitting and splintering atoms and calling the new fragment "corpuscle." So I want it distinctly understood that when these mind disturbers get all through, and have chipped their last corpuscle to its ultimate, that is what I mean, every time and everywhere by the word "atom." They may bore holes through their atoms, and smash them into smithereens to their heart's content, but my atoms won't stand any such usage. They cannot be tampered with. They are the foundation fact of creation, and always a compound of intelligence, energy, and what we call "matter." I have never calculated how many such atoms could dance on the point of a needle, for my atom stands on the very verge of the unthinkable, albeit it is the foundation fact of existence, on which the student reader and I will now take our stand, regardless of size.

The atom has a most remarkable and inherent quality. It delights in addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, thus infusing itself into every problem of the universe. As I have said, the atom itself is all but unthinkable, but the moment it clasps hands with another atom we have "form." It is a case of matrimony. The twain have become one molecule. Of course this is followed by bigamy innumerable. In fact, molecular existence is a series of domestic rows, frequent separations, and renewed loving embraces pervaded by a flavor as of first love. As "form" it becomes quite thinkable, and not much more mysterious than poor human nature itself. We can discern the intense individuality of the atom. It is perpetually trying experiments. It thinks it is in love with another atom, and it forthwith blends into form. More and more loving atoms join the group, till the scientist becomes intensely interested, and grows learned in what he calls biology.

We have seen in our last article something of the process out of which the genus and the species are born, for the monerula of humanity was only a type of the monad that is the ultimate of every living being. But the student reader will find herein a key to some of the so-called problems of life. They are problems only because the scientist is so terribly afraid of getting too close to First Cause. He knows that Infinite Energy may destroy form in an instant. The lightning's bolt that springs from earth, or flashes from heaven, has taught him that. But blending his own intelligence with that of the electric mass, he gathers and subdues to his will and his need, facing the risk with a courage born of experience. He has crept as close to First Cause as the nursing child to its mother's breast, every time he compels Infinite Energy to his service. As he grows, he toddles into a selfhood that can do much more than harness lightning and compel electricity. But he must keep close to First Cause. Herein is the fundamental thought on which our success as explorers depends. Every atom is an Ego. The total aggregation of atoms is First Cause, or, if you please, God Senior. There is nothing more, and no less is possible to Deity than the whole of intelligence, energy and matter. If we keep this in mind, we break every theological fetter, and stand absolutely free to explore through all eternity.

We now, once again, repeat the thought already expressed, and declare that every atom is an Ego, divinely gifted because himself a fragment of the divine, but with personal limitations because he is only a finite fragment of the whole. As Ego he is not only an atom but remains absolutely without form or size that mortal mind can grasp. He has, however, an individuality that can compel heaven and earth to his service. Some of my readers may have seen a steam hammer deliver a blow of a thousand tons, and the next moment gently crack the shell of an egg. So man may spend his whole career as a race in cracking egg shells, if he so choose, but the potentiality of the mightiest power is always present.

We must now make a little study of the powers of Ego in this realm which we call "below man." It is a question of form. We have said

that an atom knows nothing either of size or of form, and that it is absolutely indestructible. It is Ego, always and everywhere. Ego is thus a formless, sizeless entity, containing, in his own right, matter, energy and intelligence. Energy in activity is vibration, so Ego's field of action has no limit save the utmost outreach of his own vibratory force. We are not now concerned with what may be his highest limit, but propose to descend into the lowest depths at which life becomes conceivable to scientific imagination, and there watch some of Ego's experiences in Nature's vast kindergarten.

It is a feature of Ego's life history that while standing alone he makes no record of which mortal man can conceive. He must mate, and thus assume "form" by blending with another atom, before we can even picture him as an entity. Yet it is Ego, who, as a solitary individual atom, is really God Junior. All that is outwrought by form is the result of individual atoms combining their forces to produce effects impossible to one alone. Science deals only with forms. It can usually tear them apart. When it falls it calls the form an element. But all life history, from our side of life, is a struggle with form. If we keep in mind the indestructibility and unchangeableness of the atom we will perceive some of the illusion which haunts earth history.

Life appears to us to have lived upon life from the very beginning. But if we can imagine a realm where atoms rule in unblended individuality we can see them smiling at our pictures of life. All that takes place is that one form unblends another form. The atomic form that has conquered and swallowed another form attracts to itself certain of the atoms by a process which we call nutritive assimilation. The rest of the atoms fled away absolutely unharmed. Everything in life of which we can conceive is an output of the growth or destruction of form. Love is a blending, and hate an unblending of form. Cruelty and suffering can only unblend form. Love and wisdom magnify form. We only perceive mind at work in form. Whether Ego acts by intuition or reason he is alike manifesting in and through form, and his manifestation is the united will-power of a number of Egos acting together through forms we call bodies and organs. Whatever tears apart and destroys form is simply an episode for Ego, who has thereby harvested an experience, but is just the same eternal, indestructible atom he was when flashed into intelligent individuality.

In that Ego realm of which we have spoken, what pitying smiles, and hearty but unparticled laughter there must be among its citizens as they discern mortal attempts to save forms from eternal destruction by theological dogmas and faith. The orthodox God and the savage's fetish are founded on fear of form. The miser's greed, the politician's lust are expressions of form impossible to Ego as a divine atom. Man's sorrow, joy, remorse are nothing but form experiences. Unblended form and they are gone. Nothing remains save Ego the atom, whose divinity is untainted and untouched by such experiences. The reader must remember it is no part of our task to hunt for motives or object in the existence of Ego. The theological dream that a form-man was created for the glory of a form-God is a large sized sample of the nonsense that would befog us if we made such an attempt. The one fact that Ego exists, and is necessarily an individual atom is our fundamental point, and, so far as we may, we will try to discover what Ego may have to gain or to lose by his adventures in form-life. But at every step we must keep hand in hand with science, which is really the orderly arrangement, and common sense use of accumulated facts.

Ego while alone is unthinkable and unwatchable by mortal eye. So is his father, God Senior. We are forms, and can only think of forms. God Junior wields the creative power in finite degree. He wills, and his potential energy becomes kinetic or active. To use an every-day word, he "vibrates," and instantly attracts or repels, according to the rate of his vibrations and his own positive and negative will. A moment before he was just a cosmic speck—a homeless old bachelor. He had no wants, no desires, neither likes nor dislikes, but just idled in the unparticled mass we are taught to call "ether."

God Senior himself has vibrated. It was then that a speck came out from the ether, and Ego was born. The point I want to emphasize is that the only children of the Infinite are these speck atoms. Everything else in the universe, of which we can conceive, is in form, and therefore nothing but a gathering of speck atoms into molecule and mass. I know this is sadly untheological, for inspiration, working through Holy Writ and ordained priest, has been saving and damning form. And form has seemed to ignorant man as the ultimate of soul life. And why not? If God created man—who is form; and if, to save that form from hell, a divine form died on the cross, then form is the all-important fact in human existence. But the reader must remember we are walking hand in hand with science—together exploring new fields—and science asserts and proves that form tumbles into pieces. Nothing remains but indestructible atoms. Those atoms are united exactly as couples mate into married life. Two human beings are said to become one, and sometimes a dozen; but, all the same, the forms remain absolutely distinct, and are separable by legal process and death. There is not a form in the whole universe which is not composed of speck atoms, each with an individuality of its own, proclaiming its freedom to come and go.

The later evidences of life beyond death have been framed in this same ignorance of

this fact in natural law. The mortal has loved form. It is form he worships, and his whole fear has been that death took the loved form from him forever. And when form has actually reappeared, this man of ignorance immediately bubbled into a form of ecstasy called Modern Spiritualism. The mortal looks at himself (or herself) in mirror or photograph, and, thinking of himself as form, watches anxiously the changes that mark the passing years. At last he (or she) evolves a system, called New Thought, which is really directed at and confined to form. (It consists of an effort to compel, or induce, Ego to keep form in repair without drugs, or even hygiene.)

The one biological record that must ever remain unstudied is the life history of Ego and his father, First Cause. Our studies must begin and end with the atom blended into form. But since that atom is always an Ego, therein is the truth we are seeking, and the key to many of life's mysteries. Surely the student reader will now realize that he has a solid foothold for his climb to a higher manhood.

Ego is a reflection of first Cause. The student is a reflection of Ego. Or we may put it another way, God Senior, being all there is, is too large for human comprehension. Ego being an atom of the Divine, and therefore God Junior, is too small and, as beyond our powers in the other direction. So we must, perforce, leave the unblended Ego and his sire, and direct our thoughts and investigations to the multiples of Ego we have been taught to call "form."

When intelligence becomes active, something happens. The unparticled ether becomes particled. How many, or how few of these particled Egos are individualized at any one time is beyond our arithmetic. If we call either "substance" then each of these particles is an expression of intelligence and energy in that substance, and science tell us that energy is showing itself in the form of motion. This motion is believed by leading scientists to manifest itself as a hollow whirling ring, and so small that millions must blend before the human mind can grasp the fact and call it matter. No cutting, splitting or smashing is possible to that whirling speck. It is the first manifestation of movement in the otherwise immovable ether, and is born without surgeon or midwife. Nay, so far as mortal intellect can grasp such a fact, we may assume, if we choose, that it has been an eternal and particled expression of the Infinite Whole. Or we may logically go yet further, and picture to ourselves, without scientific protest, the universal ether as itself composed of these minute whirls, each alive with intelligence and energy, and each with a separate individuality. So much being assumed, we now find ourselves in the midst of a universe of Egos, each a fragment or fraction of the Infinite Ego.

At the very first glance we perceive a marvelous exhibition of intelligence. It is life itself, varying only in degree from atom Ego up to First Cause. We must not, however, think of Ego as a speck who is to grow in size and power, all by himself, as he gathers experience, for, as we pass outward from the atom, we find intelligence selecting companions from the crowd around him, and driving off unacceptable company. In these humble beginnings this faculty of selection is called "negative or positive," or the principle of attraction and repulsion, out of which form is born. The astronomer tells us he is watching in yonder nebula the birth of a universe. That means that Egos innumerable are there in active association, and with their united intelligence all directed to one end. In that association is what we call "life," for life is the expression of intelligence amid the conditions of Ego's surroundings.

If matter be the result of the gathering of Ego atoms into the groups called molecules then "dead matter" is an impossibility. Every atom being alive, every molecule is necessarily permeated by that life. The molecule being composed of individual atoms, becomes itself an expression of individual attraction and repulsion. It has likes and dislikes, the same as the Ego atom, for they are the expression of its intelligence. And this intelligence having, in untold eons, passed through the conditions of creative process, the scientist finds it now manifesting as gas, liquid and solid.

Attraction and repulsion are themselves evidence of life, manifesting as conditions may permit. Molecules are only combinations of Ego atoms, with intelligence always present, because intelligence inheres to every separate Ego. In the rock Ego has selected his companions, and to each grouping the scientist gives a name. This choice of associates may at first only manifest as "attraction of cohesion," but it is life. It is the life of God Senior and God Junior expressing itself just as conditions demand and compel. When the crystal has been born there is an outlet for a further display of intelligence. Form now sparkles with beauty, while intelligence is also manifesting law, order, and a creative power which can even repair injury to form. Life is present, because life is the essence of divinity, of which every single atom is a fractional manifestation. Ego is always himself. He has neither brain nor any other organ. They are as unnecessary to Ego as they are to God Senior. Presently, by association with others, he achieves form. He has discovered that by association with others he can do things impossible to him while alone. He was alive and had power as an atom. As a molecule he shares in the united life and the combined power. There is, as we now discover, no step in the process of world-creation at which life appears. It was always present, and the scientific hunt for the beginning of

life on our planet has thus been ever a ludicrous attempt to discover the impossible. This discovery that every form contains life, and is the expression of living Egos, will presently be found to give us a foothold by which to reach other truths in the manifestations of life out of which manhood has been evolved.

We want to keep in mind that the live atom, being ultra microscopic, that is to say far beyond mortal ken or instrument, will never become an object for study. Yet it remains as an eternal fact. It is life, always and everywhere, and always ready with its creative power to multiply when conditions will permit. It is perpetually ready to attract or repel, and conditions will determine the form its intelligence must assume. If crystal be the highest possible at one era then crystal will be the then ultimate of intelligence and life. The planet itself is but a molecule of the universe, and, in its turn, dominating by its conditions its own little groups of atoms. So the time comes when these conditions permit some molecule to exhibit a new form, which at once becomes a fact in nature. It may be, yes, must be, microscopic, but the life Ego is almost infinitely smaller. But Ego is its creative father all the same; or, rather, a group of Egos combined their intelligence and power into the new form. It is born with and from intelligence, matter and energy, and brings with it the all-essential feature of life, which is the power to attract to itself other Egos, and thus reproduce the new-born form.

Just here comes in the essence of this special study of Ego in Kindergarten life. We see that life not only does, but must, multiply its forms according to prevailing conditions. And the life so born will be in harmony or discord with other life forms, according to those conditions, and must take new shape when conditions demand. Herein is certainly the key to the mysterious forms our scientists are chasing with their microscopes, declaring they are deadly foes of humanity. The microbe and the bacillus are certainly facts, and may be identified among their fellows by an individuality as marked as that of any other form of life. But such microbe is only a halfway house between Ego and poor Homo dying of plague or cholera. That form is as much the child of Ego as every other form of life. Of course it propagates its own, as does every other living thing born of Ego and blended into form. It may have been centuries of ages before it reached even microscopic size, and it will die away as surely as mammoth or cave hyena, when conditions change, and not before. Homo is waking to his power. He has discovered that amongst other wonderful faculties he can change conditions within his own organism.

I am not proposing to discuss what is called "treatment," whether by drugs, hygiene or active mental energy. The point I want to emphasize is that Ego in his degree, and Homo in his degree, are each wielders of creative force. Their emanations which we call "thoughts" are alive, and take form as ultra microscopic specks like Ego himself. Such specks are of little might for good or ill until they have blended like to like. There was a time when the planet's whole expression of life was that of monsters, whose fossil forms now decorate our museums. Life was fed by life into such forms under the then existing conditions. And so life must be fed by life till it has evolved from the atom into these microscopic foes before the form of Homo can be made to writhe amid plague, fury, and presently dissolve into its unharmed Egos.

Let your Ego and mine, reader, think thoughts of love, peace, justice, truth—each and all become form specks amid which an inharmonious microbe could find no mates out of which to develop that tiny form. There will always be microscopic life seeking mates and finding them, but most of them become creations that not merely harmonize earth life but presently evolve into forms too refined and spiritual to express pain, suffering and death. The effect of this change we must trace, or our study of Ego's experiences will remain imperfect and of very little real value.

San Leandro, Cal.

## The World of Illusion—Optimism, Pessimism, Mellorism—All Righted by Science.

BY PROF. LESTER F. WARD.

The first important fact to be noted is that to man's slowly developing intellect the universe has ever been a great enigma. To solve this enigma has been the universal problem of the human mind. But man has been put into possession of no key to this solution, and has attacked the problem wildly and at random, utterly unqualified to make the least impression upon it. The book of Nature which was open to him was but a collection of Sibley leaves that had been first stirred by the wind. Not only were things not always as they seemed, but outside of the very simplest phenomena, everything was utterly different from what it seemed. Almost everything was really just the reverse of what it seemed, and the universe was a vast paradox. The sky seemed to be a great vault of solid matter, which he called for this reason a "firmament." The heavenly bodies seemed to move across this vault at varying rates, and their reappearance led to the notion that they revolved around the great level cake of earth and water on which he dwelt. The invisible air and other gases were likened to mind or spirit. All natural causes were explained after the analogy of human effort in the intentional production of effects, and the earth and air were peopled with invis-

ible and often malignant spirits as their only recognized agents. And thus were built up great systems of magic, superstition and theology. The errors thus forced into man's mind came to receive the sanction of religion, which rendered it vastly more difficult to dislodge them. This herculean task has been the mission of Science, for the truth lies deeply buried under this mass of error at the surface, and can only be brought to light by the most prolonged and patient research in the face of this time-honored prejudice. The progress of man and society has been strictly proportioned to the degree to which hidden realities have thus been substituted for false appearances.

As a somewhat anomalous but very important example of the erroneous ideas which the human race must needs acquire and reluctantly surrender, may next be considered the optimistic habit of thought. Optimism can scarcely be called a doctrine. It does not result, like most erroneous belief, from a false interpretation of the facts which nature presents to the untrained faculties. It is rather the original, unreflective state of the pre-social mind. It is the survival of the most useful of all instincts, that of self-preservation. It was well adapted to that state, because to the animal it mattered not whether it was true or false. It is still a useful attitude to the swarming millions of human beings who do not reflect. But for it the realization of their unhappy lot, which it prevents, would multiply their misery and render life intolerable. But we are here considering its effect upon society, and it is easy to show that is bad. It breeds stagnation and stifles progress. It yields contentment, and contentment means inaction. Strange as it may sound, just as the only healthy state of the intellect is doubt, so the only healthy state of the feelings is discontent. This of course assumes that there is something to doubt and something to improve, but there has never been an age when error did not stalk abroad or when misery was not the lot of the greater part of mankind.

The phase of optimism which most concerns the question of the relation of society to the universe is that unreasoned belief which I have called the "anthropocentric theory." The idea that man is in any sense a favorite of nature is false and highly prejudicial to the progress of correct conceptions in social science. It may be called collective optimism and results in social stagnation, just as personal optimism results in individual stagnation.

The extreme opposite of optimism is pessimism. It differs from it as much in its origin and nature as it does in its character as a belief. While optimism is wholly unreasoned and springs from the feelings, pessimism is exclusively a product of reason and resides in the intellect. Optimism is that hope that "springs eternal in the human breast" and defies the hard facts of existence. Pessimism recognizes the facts and coldly chokes every hope at its birth. But pessimism is also false, first, because many hopes are realized and secondly, because the representation in the present of the good anticipated in the future is itself a good at least of secondary order.

What, then, is man's true relation to the universe? Is there a true mental attitude that lies between these two false attitudes? There certainly is. It is not a belief or a creed; it is the simple recognition of the truth. The truth is, that nature is neither friendly nor hostile to man; neither favors him nor discriminates against him. Nature is not endowed with any moral attributes. It is, as I said at the outset, a domain of rigid law. Man is a product of that law; but he has reached a stage on which he can comprehend the law. Now, just because nature is a domain of rigid law, and just because man can comprehend that law, his destiny is in his own hands. Any law that he can comprehend he can control. He cannot increase or diminish the powers of nature, but he can direct them. He can increase or diminish the amount of power that is to be exerted at any given point. He can focalize the rays of the sun; he can divert the courses of the rivers; he can direct the currents of the air; he can vary temperatures; he can change water to steam and set the steam to work in propelling machinery, or ships, or railroad trains; he can utilize electricity. His power over nature is unlimited. He can make it his servant and appropriate to his own use all the mighty forces of the universe.

Both optimism and pessimism are passive states of mind. The true state is an active one. Optimism and pessimism assume nature to be in an active state toward man. The true attitude makes nature passive and man active. To the developed intellect nature is as clay in the potter's hands. It is neither best nor worst. It is what man makes it, and rational man always seeks to make it better. The true doctrine, then, is mellorism—the perpetual bettering of man's estate. This will be possible in precise proportion to man's knowledge of nature, so that the condition of the race ultimately depends upon the degree of intelligence that it shall attain.

Optimism may be said to be the thesis, pessimism the antithesis, and mellorism the synthesis of man's relation to the universe. The optimist says: Do nothing, because there is nothing to do. The pessimist says: Do nothing, because nothing can be done. The mellorist says: Do something, because there is much to do, and it can be done.—*Outlines of Sociology.*

Flowers have been put upon the graves of those remembered, gone before; new straw them in life's pathway of those remembered, left behind.



## BURNED ALIVE.

BY DR. T. WILKINS.

I stood and gazed in silence there,  
Beside my open grave;  
I saw them bow their heads in prayer,  
And heard the loved ones rave.

I saw my body there incased  
Within the coffin walls;  
I saw the undertaker as he placed  
The screws in; but my calls

Could not be heard by mortal ears.  
My voice rang out to me—  
To me alone. I watched the tears  
That trickled down so free

And fast upon the cheeks of those  
Who loved me; but no sound  
I made to check my awful woes  
Till deep beneath the ground

The friends had laid my form to rest,  
Then came the sound of clods,  
And though I did my very best  
To reach their minds—ye gods!

I still can hear that awful knell  
That thrilled this soul of mine  
To frantic madness in that hell  
Where now my bones recline.

Go find my bony fingers there,  
Not in that calm repose,  
But clutching matted locks of hair  
I grasped in dying throes.

How I did pound the coffin lid,  
But all were deaf to me,  
And there beneath the ground they hid  
My spirit ere 'twas free.

All other horrors of my life  
Were weak beside this one,  
For all my being went in strife  
Before my work was done.

That awful struggle to be free  
All words must fall to tell;  
My passing out did seem to be  
An entrance into hell.

The only fault I have to find,  
Since all is over now:  
It left my spirit partly blind,  
And stunted me somehow.

'Tis bad enough on earth, you know,  
Where people must pay rent,  
To have to pack their things and go  
Without a single cent.

But where you own your home, and are  
Compelled to move right out,  
There seems to be a kind of jar,  
Or deep regret and doubt.

It seemed to me to be an age  
Before I left the tomb—  
My prison-house, my cell, my cage,  
My hell—my earthly doom.

But now I see and learn, and know  
That man is only blind  
To things ahead down here below,  
But sees what lies behind.

E'en Science sighs and drops a tear  
Beside the gloomy grave,  
Beyond the which it cannot peer—  
To earth it still is slave.

But I, a victim of the blind  
And sordid eye of man,  
Have solved the mystery of Mind  
And soul in this great plan.

'Tis done; 'tis done; the veil aside  
Reveals the real man—  
'Tis but a step, a single stride  
In evolution's plan.

## More About Thomson and His Work.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

A most excellent sketch of the late Samuel Thomson was given in THE BANNER of July 7. Although more than half a century has passed since he and his heroic son were withdrawn from the scenes of earth life, it has not quite gone out of fashion to vilify and misrepresent him. But they who love justice, who are willing to show fair play, and who appreciate the man and his work honestly and candidly, will not be reluctant or backward to do him honor.

In his career he greatly resembled Martin Luther. He was a son of the people, and not the "curled darling" of a privileged profession. He was a careful observer, a critical investigator—slow to accept a conviction, but tenacious as grim death in adhering to it. Luther dared beard a king who belied the words of God; and he burned the bull of a priest who had impudently assumed the authority of a lord over God's heritage. Thomson in his way dared as much and as bravely.

Attempts have been made to disseminate the belief that he was not an original discoverer of his Botanic Practice. It is doubtless true that Lobelia, and many of the plants which he adopted in his Materia Medica, and the vapor bath which became the symbol of his methods, had been employed long before by the aboriginal practitioners. Yet I find it easier to believe his story than to coin one to discredit him. His favorite agent, Cayenne pepper, however, was too much for me; I had like him a Calvinistic education, and was very repugnant to be tormented before the time. So I chose in earlier days the blander methods of Wooster Beach.

Most of the atrocious medical legislation of a century ago was hatched to put down Thomson and his disciples. Thomson largely outwitted the conspirators by securing patent rights for his procedures, and vending them. Bitterest mud-slinging was freely bestowed on him for this; but the head and front of his offending was that many of his patients whom the opposing physicians failed to cure, and gave up to die, recovered under his treatment.

His indictment for murder in Essex County was a conspicuous example of the ferocious malignity of his adversaries. He had, against his own judgment, consented to treat a patient whom he knew could not recover. The man died, but there was no ignorance or malpractice in the matter. But a Dr. French accused him of wilful murder and procured his arrest and imprisonment. It was evidently intended, not to bring him to trial, but to cause his death by privation. The jail was filthy and swarming with vermin. It was winter and there was no fire. The Court which should try him had adjourned its session to the ensuing spring. The chances of the prisoner to live over winter were not many. As the charge was murder, there was no opportunity for bail.

The Chief Justice, Theophilus Parsons, was induced, however, to hold a special term in early winter. The evidence was frivolous, and the Justice expressed strong disapprobation that an indictment had been found at all. Thomson was acquitted; nevertheless, Judge Parsons accompanied his action with the recommendation that a statute should be enacted, making "irregular practice" a misdemeanor. An obsequious Legislature did this, and the measure remained in force till the uprising of the people against doctors' laws led to its repeal.

When the Asiatic cholera first invaded this country in 1832, it was fatal to a degree that scattered terror everywhere. That time it prevailed in the cities, but spared the rural districts. The Thomsonian practice then justified fully the claims of its supporters. Not over three or four out of a hundred of the cholera patients who were treated by Thomsonians, succumbed. Dr. Beach had a like success in New York, where he had official charge of the cholera hospitals in the Fifth Ward.

The first medical convention ever held in the United States met now at Columbus. The Thomsonian practitioners assembled there in council, to interchange views and congratulate one another. Few had anything to tell except to set forth their procedures and tell of results. Alva Curtis, then of Richmond, was conspicuous, and became a leader in the new school.

He, however, lived under the leadership of Thomson, and a few years later organized a secession in the ranks.

Thomson was now encountering an experience which is perhaps too common. As the half becomes gray on a man's head, if he has made a successful career, others become eager to crowd him from his place. He may be like Moses, with eye undimmed and natural force unabated, but a Korah will arise to demand his place. Naturally, Thomson was tenacious of his rights, and unwilling to accept a successor or innovation.

He has certainly "done a great deal of good, a great deal of good." It was he who taught the American people to refuse being murdered by bloodletting, and poisoned with mercury. He predicted that Reform Medical College, even though of his own professed faith, would be likely to drift into the old methods and become less useful. The Reformed Practice, now the Eclectic, he vigorously denounced as a mongrel art, and declared that it would yet form coalitions with the Old School. How far all this has been verified, let others judge.

It is recorded that on a certain occasion two men, Pilate and Herod, who had been at enmity with one another, became friends. They cooperated on the occasion of the crucifixion of Jesus.

Dr. Thomson was often described as illiterate. The sneering question might have been asked respecting him: "How know this man letters, having never learned?" It is recorded of the Apostles Peter and John, "that they were ignorant and unlearned men," and hence the rulers and chief priests marvelled at their boldness, and attempted to overawe them by threats. Similar arts were tried on Thomson, but he did not scare worth a cent.

It ought, perhaps, to be remembered that there were Botanic practitioners in America before Thomson. The first person that was hanged in Massachusetts as a witch was Goodwife Jones in 1635. She treated patients successfully with herbs and roots, and prognosticated the results of diseases and medical treatment intuitively, and as a result came this accusation.

Medical statutes nowadays are of a piece with the old jurisprudence of witchcraft, and are entitled to no higher respect.

Dr. Thomson had three sons, John, Jesse and Cyrus, successful practitioners and stalwart men. I would that there were three men in America to-day with equal virility, integrity and persistence. There would be hope for liberty then. They would not wear the collar patiently.

I knew Cyrus Thomson. He evidently did not mean to be a physician, but his knowledge attracted patients, and his successful treatment aroused the adversary. He defended himself, won, and continued a practitioner in Onondaga County, New York. His daughter was also a physician.

John Thomson made his home in Albany, where he conducted a medical journal. In 1827 the Legislature of New York passed a medical statute of unusual atrocity. Professor Waterhouse, of the Harvard Medical School, was shocked, wrote letters of remonstrance, and denounced the measure as unconstitutional and fit only for a barbarous age and people. "You New Yorkers are half a century behind," said he. The pretext of "police power" had not then been invented.

It was then that John Thomson put on his armor, and for long years engaged in conflict for the freedom of medicine. He expended thousands of dollars in arousing public attention, and caused the Legislature to be flooded with petitions signed by thousands of voters. Western New York, always alive to moral questions, was in favor of repealing the obnoxious statutes; the cities generally were more indifferent. William H. Seward, then at the beginning of his career, was a champion for the Old School and oppressive laws.

He was defeated for Governor in 1834, and the Legislature then elected repealed all the statutes making Botanic Practice a misdemeanor. But the fight was kept up till 1844, when the political destinies of New York and the Nation hung in the balance. Such men as Horatio Seymour, Sanford E. Church, A. B. Dickinson, took the field openly for equal rights and equal opportunity, and a law was enacted under which, till 1881, New York was a free State.

The psalm of triumph was sounded in the pages of the New York Tribune, which, then, when Horace Greeley was its editor, sustained liberal views.

The two Thomsons, Samuel and John, had now completed their work. It was well done and gloriously successful. But with it they finished their career and passed from life.

The States, all, whose statute books had been blotted with the iniquitous legislation, had now expunged it all. "Let us hope forever," said Thomas Vaughn Morrow, of the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati. And till after the Civil War, it did appear as if the days of proscription in medicine had passed away.

But the circle has returned upon itself. The instinct of liberty has become obtuse, if not wholly lost. The men of the present generation tolerate what would have created a revolution forty years ago. We hear the boast of a grand party that abolished slavery; but it has taken more liberty from white men than it has given to black men.

We hear much of the obnoxious Goebel law of Kentucky as virtually disfranchising citizens. Yet the very men and the public journals that denounce the Goebel law for citizens, now permit and even advocate a Goebel Medical statute, that shall place unprivileged practitioners who do no wrong at the mercy of medical sleuth-hounds and unscrupulous magistrates.

It is time for another Samuel Thomson and his followers—liberal in faith, lovers of freedom, democrats in conviction—true men to the core, to arise like a Macabean and contend again for the right. We are living in a period of legalized wrong; and the time for a Deliverer is well nigh ripe. The people must speak! A privileged profession will never reform its own conduct.

## That "Love Medical Bill"—How the Doctors "Love" Each Other.

By C. S. Carr, M. D., (Dr. Talkwell) Columbus, O.

The Love Medical Bill has become a law in the State of Ohio. This bill professedly has been urged in the interest of higher medical education. If the higher medical education is the real and only intent that has moved those who have been so active in procuring its passage, no one can criticize the motive. But it is easy to see that many other impulses may have been behind the scheme.

It is perfectly right for the medical profession to wish to procure in the State of Ohio a higher grade of medical education. They have been throwing out in the country a host of incompetent practitioners of medicine of long time. It is no wonder that they are sick of it. They can no longer trust their medical colleges to say whether a man is fit to practice medicine or not. They know very well that the medical colleges have a selfish interest in graduating as many students as possible. They have learned this from a long, tedious and bitter experience. The medical profession is tired of it, and so are the people.

Having lost all confidence in the medical colleges to properly guard the interests of the profession and the safety of the public they have thought it wise to institute a Medical Board of Examination and Registration, whose business it is to see whether these so-called graduates know anything about their profession or not. Instead of trying to rectify the colleges which are culpable in allowing incompetent people to receive diplomas, and thus correcting the evil at its source, they institute another piece of machinery, which is not liable to be conducted any better than the medical colleges are, to stand guard over the colleges.

The Board is thus empowered to hold up any young man who holds a diploma from a medical college, in case he does not pass an examination satisfactory to them. The young man has spent his time and paid his money to procure a diploma, has received it from a regular chartered college, but is yet liable to have the whole thing taken from him in a single moment by an act of the Board.

It would seem to an onlooker that the college granting the diploma under such circumstances is the culprit, as they have received the benefit. If these colleges have given a young man a diploma who is not fit to have one, the colleges should be held up, not the young man. The colleges ought to be made responsible for their mistake. As it is now, there is nothing to hinder a college from luring incompetent young men to take their course of instruction, and then granting them diplomas when they know they are not fit to practice medicine. They have no longer any further responsibility in the matter. A Medical Board of Examination has been appointed to protect the people from incompetent practitioners.

All the colleges have got to do now is to grind out their list of incompetent medical students as fast as possible. What little misgiving they may have had heretofore about such greenhorns going out into the world to practice medicine, is entirely removed by the presence of the Examining Board, who assumes all this responsibility. When they issue a diploma now to a young man that they know is utterly incompetent, they are doing so with a conscience by hoping that the Examining Board may hold him up and prevent his actually practicing medicine. This the Board will probably do, unless indeed the young man in question may happen to have a "pull" with the Board, and get his way through.

By and by it may happen that the Board will be found to neglect its duty. The Board will also be allowing a horde of incompetent people to practice medicine. When that day comes, as it surely will, then we shall be obliged to have another Board appointed to examine those who have passed the examination of the first Board. And when the second Board shall have proved unreliable, we could then have a third Board appointed to examine the product of the second Board, and so on *ad infinitum*. This is where the logic of the movement will surely lead us.

Instead of making the medical college what it pretends to be, a place where young men are fitted to practice medicine, they make it a place where young men are lured into spending their money and time going through the motions of studying medicine, and coming out with a diploma not worth the paper on which it is written.

This is only another example of the general tendency to multiply legal machinery. If any evil arises, however great or small, the tendency is to organize a special machine to correct the evil. Instead of finding out what the source of the evil is, and trying to remove the cause, the tendency is to allow the cause to continue, and try to mitigate some of its evil effects.

The doctors are proceeding in this matter exactly as many of them do with their patients. A slight bodily derangement generally depends upon some bad habit or unwholesome surrounding. The patient applies to a doctor. The doctor, instead of seeking to remove the cause, simply drugs the effect, and so goes on drugging as long as his patient will keep up his end of it. A little inquiry would have revealed the cause, which, being removed, the patient would have recovered without any medicine.

This is the way the doctors are proceeding to cure the evils of the low standard of medical education. The cause is in the medical colleges. Instead of correcting the medical colleges, and making them what they should be, a Board of Censors is organized at great expense and greater danger, to mitigate an effect. Instead of removing the cause this encourages the cause, and stimulates it into greater activity. Just as soon as the colleges discover that their bad work is to be taken care of by the Board of Censors they will lose all concern about the matter, if they ever had any.

How long this Board will remain true to its function no man can predict. But we should remember that the Board is composed of the same stuff that composes the professorship of medical colleges, and will probably do no better than the colleges have done. But, as before said, we can then have another Board appointed over this Board, and so on without end.

This, at least, will have the effect of creating more and more fat offices for the doctors to occupy, and thus saving rest to them. The losses which they have suffered from such creatures as Osteopaths, Christian Scientists, etc., etc. If the people will not come and take their medicine, and pay their fees, at least they can be taxed, and thus indirectly be made to support the doctors, whether they wish to or not. As the people more and more turn away from the doctors and their drugs, and seek some other remedy for their ills, the doctors will seek other means by which the people are made to pay them for their professional services.

But the most ridiculous and iniquitous phase of this whole subject remains to be said. Who are the men that compose this Board of Censors? They are Homeopaths, Allopaths and Eclectics. These men are regularly appointed and banded together to protect the people from incompetent practitioners of medicine and surgery. What do they mean by competent practitioners of medicine? The Board does not agree as to the practice of medicine. According to the Allopath, the Homeopath is doing nothing whatever but fooling the people. According to the Homeopath, the Allopath is committing a crime every time he prescribes a dose of his poisonous drugs. According to the Eclectic, both the Homeopath and the Allopath are wrong. They agree in no particular whatever in the practice of medicine. Each one has a theory absolutely incompatible with the other two.

And yet these are the men that are brought together to decide whether a man is a competent practitioner of medicine or not. How such a farce can be carried on without exciting laughter or indignation is a mystery. According to the Allopath's notion, the Homeopath who sits by his side on this Board of Censorship is incompetent to practice medicine. According to the Homeopath's notion, the Allopath is incompetent to practice medicine, for he knows nothing whatever of homeopathic remedies or their uses. According to the Eclectic, neither the Allopath nor the Homeopath is competent to practice medicine, for they are as ignorant of his peculiar remedies as he is of theirs. Each one of these men would decide that the other two are incompetent to practice medicine, and yet the three together compose a Board by which the competency of other men to practice medicine is decided. Now, this is a ridiculous farce, a monumental piece of tomfoolery.

First let this board decide what they mean by competent practitioners of medicine. The Allopath loses no opportunity, spares no time, to show the people that the Homeopath is utterly incompetent to practice medicine. And yet he will, in mock gravity and ponderous pretence, discuss with this same Homeopath the competency of another man to practice medicine. The Eclectic, sitting by listening to their discussion, holding them both in perfect contempt, knowing exactly how they feel toward each other and toward him, and he sits looking on at this comedy, and hasn't even sense enough to laugh at the performance.

But this agreement on the part of these three conflicting schools of medicine to sit on the same Board for the purpose of passing on other people's competency to practice medicine, did not come about by any love they had for each other. Neither the Homeopath nor the Eclectic would have been admitted on any such Board if the Allopath could have hindered it. They did all they possibly could to include them among Osteopaths, Christian Scientists, and other alleged fakes, and for a long time they were able to keep themselves entirely separate from both the Homeopath and the Eclectic. But the people chose to employ the Homeopath and the Eclectic in spite of the Allopaths' slanders and vituperation.

Thus it was these two schools came to have such following that they could no longer be ignored. Then a conciliation was effected. Open hostilities ceased. A federation for the purpose of war was effected. The three schools were allowed to practice any abomination they pleased, if only they would join forces with the other two to crush out all other aspirants for the practice of medicine. Here we find them to-day, side by side, acknowledging as their common enemy everybody who does not go to their colleges, study their text books, or pay for their diplomas.

But the people are going to speak again in

this matter. This sort of tyranny will not last long. Once more the people will rise and decide that they will have just such doctors as they want, and will not have those they do not want.

Perhaps the Osteopaths will be the next to be admitted to this circle of inquisitors. Then perhaps the magnetic healers will be the next. Possibly the Christian Scientists will be the next. But whatever the order of their admission may happen to be, they will all finally be admitted in spite of all this agitation and turmoil. Human nature is such, however, that as rapidly as each persecuted school is received into the ranks of the persecutors, they will probably change their attitude of posing as martyrs and become as fierce to make martyrs as any of the rest.

## Pointed Paragraphs.

The following are culled from Dr. Peeble's new book, "Death Defeated; or Psycho Secret of How to Keep Young."

Don't forget to frequently give the infant a warm bath. And mark it well, don't allow everybody who rushes in to see the baby to kiss it. There is altogether too much kissing in the world. Remember that this kissing, spasmodic kissing often proves to be a murderous practice, especially when erysipelas, scarlatina and diphtheria are prevalent. These diseases, as well as many others, are contagious. Kissing bears much the same relation to diphtheria, the cancerous stomach and the scrofulous lip that promiscuous hand-shaking does to the itch. It was not Judas alone who betrayed by a kiss. Hundreds of children are indirectly kissed into their graves every year. Page 145.

Look at the hog, asleep in the filth of his own making! Scent the odor of the sty; observe the tetter and scurf and mange of his skin; listen to his coarse, swinish grunt; see him fall himself upon some filthy, dead carcass; straighten out his fore leg and examine the open sore or issue a few inches above the foot. This is the outlet of a sewer, a scrofulous sewer, discharging daily a putrid, poisonous mucus. Study the glands, soft, fatty and cheesy, verging upon tuberculous degeneration, and then, through a microscope, look at the tapeworm sacs and the terrible trichinae often found in the swine's flesh, and if from no higher motive than common decency quit eating dead hogs. Page 152.

Morbid excitement, intense nervous activity, and especially all sexual indulgence, for indulgence's sake, cause languor, lassitude, moodiness, sensitiveness, irritability and general debility, pointing with bony finger to death and the cold, grim grave. Wasted sex power in the young, and even in marital life, is a fruitful cause of disease and physical degeneration. Lust leads to the hell.

Passional indulgence during the period of gestation is to the true, ideal life unnatural and monstrous. It impresses the unborn with the desire for gratification. The flocks and herds that graze upon the hills do not thus indulge. Such continence in animals, though called instinct, is admirable. Page 155.

On the 13th of September, 1898, a single cow, of the "improved short-horn breed," was sold near Utica, N. Y., for \$40,000, and fifteen calves and cows of the choicest breeds sold for \$250,000. What would be the result if the same attention and study were devoted to the development of a better, higher breed of men?

But, alas! those old times are fast fading behind the horizon of the past. The ideal man, nowadays, is the man who makes money, who frequents club rooms, dresses in fine broadcloth and goes a yachting—"a society man!"

The ideal woman is sweet, gentle, sickly and waxy. She dresses in fashion, reads novels, visits the seashore, plays pedro, and burdens herself with costly precious stones, thus exhibiting her vanity and exciting the envy of those who are silly enough to wish they had them. But what has this to do with living long on earth? Why, just this: Lives so external and abnormal, lives devoted to feasting, fashion, greed and showy worldliness, like frail, flickering lamp lights, soon expire. Page 161.

No woman should remain maritally allied for a day to a "bluebeard" or a syphilitic sot. Such marriage alliances are unholy. They are festering sores on the body politic. They replenish the earth with imbeciles, thieves and murderers. And no young lady should give her heart and hand to a young man addicted to midnight carousals, club room gambling, or to a liquor-drinking, trifling tobacco-monger, with the hope and expectation of reforming him. Inset that he reforms before marriage and keep him on probation from five to seven years. This will test his sincerity, integrity and courage. Page 171.

All honor to North Dakota. She truly made a good "beginning." There is too much marrying, and considering the quality, there are too many children illegitimately conceived and gestatively unloved, uncared for children, as we have often said, brought into the world to fill, in after years, hospitals, jails, penitentiaries, or paupers' graves. Page 172.

Divorces, sad to say, are growing more numerous each year. During one week last year in Los Angeles, Cal., there were nine divorces granted by the courts and there were issued eleven marriage licenses. What's the matter? Where's the remedy? Marriage on the multiple plan for propagation is assuredly right and honorable. What is the cause then of the unhappiness in wedlock leading to so many divorces?

The young before entering wedlock should be examined physiologically, pathologically, temperamentally, phrenologically, physiologically and sardonically, by competent committees of men and women. These committees should be appointed by the State and amply paid for their services. Page 173.

God never united as one, oil and water. Though both are liquids and may be temporarily mixed, they are chemically, fixedly incompatible. If the married yet really ununited, in soul—in their youthful ignorance, or through deception, or hypnotic suggestion, unwisely joined themselves in wedlock making a mistake—a most palpable, painful mistake, no statute law, nor congressional legislature has the right to enforce, to rigorously compel the continuance of this distressing mistake through an unhappy half-day lifetime. Freedom is the soul's inalienable birthright, and in the enjoyment and practical pursuit of this God-given right, it should feel no icy shackles, be saddled with no unnecessary burdens, press no crimsoned thorns, paths, drink no wormwood draughts, nor breathe the socially poisoned, pestilential air of dark, dismal dungeons. Pages 175-177.

Profound students versed in the chemistry of reproduction run from reading, research and the study of bees, silk-worms, and other of the lower orders of existence, that the male is not an absolute necessity to procreation. Page 179.

Goethe said of himself: "From my father I inherit my frame, and from dear mother my happy disposition, my poetry and my love-nature."

From the same pile of bricks the master-builder makes the palace and the pavement; so from the same organic elements, auras and impressions are made philosophers, angel or demon. And while the mother is the major architect, the husband imparts the magnetism by the law of radiation. Page 183.

The best months for conception are August, September and October. These bring the birth in spring time when the old earth renews the youth of its years.

As before mentioned, the most scientific time to generate a new life is in the broad light of a clear, sunshiny day. Light implies health; darkness disease. Light is one great source of life; darkness and dark rooms are the synonyms of death. The new life should be a child of light rather than of darkness. Not only should hours of darkness be avoided for conception, but dark, cloudy and stormy days. Men and women are never so strong at night as they are in the morning time, and they are

not so strong in the morning as they are near the middle of the day when the sun is reaching its meridian. Page 185.

Many of the renowned men of the world did their most important work when between seventy and one hundred years of age.

It was only a few years ago that Lucretia Mott, in her eighty-eighth year, passed to the better land of immortality. The year previous to her transition she delivered one of the ablest speeches of her life in Philadelphia. Her mind was clear, her voice firm and her logic inexorable. She manifested few of the gathering infirmities of age. For nearly three generations this sainted woman won from the masses the warmest love and praise. She was mild, forgiving and pleasant. She truly "grew old gracefully," retaining a most beautiful expression upon her face until the last.

The Jews, the Friends, often called Quakers, a quiet, temperate, plain dressing, industrious and thrifty people, are noted for their long lives. The Shakers, however, excel them in length of years. Pages 190-191.

The five steps to immortality upon earth are these:

1. A healthy ancestry and right conception.
2. Born rightly in the right months of the year.
3. Educated rightly in the physical, mental and spiritual laws of life.
4. Eating, drinking, tolling, and sleeping rightly.
5. Thinking rightly, willing rightly and doing rightly in the way of supplies for body-building. And further, thinking and willing rightly, actual and in manifestation, imply an equal balance of the acids and the alkalies of the secretions and excretions, of the chemical integrating forces, and of the higher, finer, vitalizing up-building forces.

Mortality, then, becomes an event, which when reduced to the last analysis, is simply a matter of knowledge or ignorance, folly or wisdom. Pages 292-293.

Among the life destroying emotions are despair, worry, melancholy, anger, peevishness, jealousy, fear, and among the life preserving emotions are obedience, will, faith, cheerfulness, courage and an invincible determination. It is clear and evident from the previous pages, that the good, the great and the long-lived have, with few exceptions, attained to old age by avoiding animal flesh, and by obedience to physical, mental and moral law—that is to say by right living, by good habits, by persevering industry and sturdy energy of character. The wicked and the lazy do not live out half their days. Pages 294-295.

## Was He Buried Alive?

The Discovery Made in Disinterring the Remains of Vett Case in Sandy Creek.

ROCHESTER, April 4.—On Jan. 4, Vett Case, thirty-five years of age, of Sandy Creek, died of scarlet fever. Two days after his death the remains were interred in the Case burial plot in the Sandy Creek cemetery. He was unconscious for several hours before he was pronounced dead by the attending physician.

On Friday of last week Case's father was taken violently ill, and on Sunday he died. When arrangements were made on Monday for burial in the family plot, it was discovered that there was not room without a re-arrangement of the bodies already interred. It was, therefore, decided to remove the casket containing the body of Vett Case to a place several feet distant. This was done. Upon disinterring the casket the grave-diggers were astonished to find that the glass front in the coffin was shattered to pieces, the bottom kicked out and the sides considerably sprung. It was decided to remove the lid. When this was done, the body of Vett Case was found resting upon its face, the arms, bent at the sides, and in the tightly clenched fingers were handfuls of hair, showing that a terrible struggle had taken place. There is no doubt but that Case was buried alive.

As soon as the grave diggers opened the coffin they left the cemetery horrified, and spread the news about the hamlet. In a few minutes the whole population of the village was at the grave viewing the distorted remains. The discovery would probably not have been made had it not been for the father's death, and the fact that the coffin had to be removed to make room for his interment. Both bodies were interred this afternoon.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dear Sir: As in the past this subject of premature burial has received considerable attention in your columns, I beg herewith to enclose an extract from the New York Sun, which was handed me by a gentleman who is much interested in this matter, thinking it worthy of your notice.

There are in the community, as you know, a large number of individuals who shrink from the thought of being buried like a porter-house steak on a gridiron. Their sentimentality prevents them from endorsing or approving of this method of disposing of the earthly casket. For the benefit of such, why may not there be a new method adopted which may meet the requirements of the case and avoid the risk of consigning our friends to an untimely grave? Why cannot there be a reform in all funeral ceremonies, something after this fashion?

For instance: The friends have collected at the house for the funeral service over the remains reposing in the casket. After the spoken words, the singing, etc., the last look taken and the mourners have departed, why not allow the body to remain in the house until signs of decomposition appear, which, of course, is infallible evidence that life has departed? Then let it be privately taken to the place of interment by the immediate friends or relatives.

This reformed method of burial would also do away with the expense of carriage hire which now obtains, and the somewhat garden-some to those of limited means, especially.

Another point we have to offer is as follows: In warm climates when bodies can be kept but a limited period, places are provided where coffins are put in a room and a bell connected with each coffin so that the least movement would cause the bell to ring—then an attendant on guard in an adjoining room instantly responds—at hand are wine and other restoratives to administer in case necessity requires.

I venture to offer you these few ideas on the subject under consideration for such use as you may deem them worthy. Respectfully,

C. A. FRENCH.

## One Thing in Existence.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I see in THE BANNER of May 19th the question, "If the soul of man is to live eternally, what was it before it took on its present earthly expression?"

I wish to answer that (there is but one thing in existence) it takes everything that has, does or will exist to make the Supreme Ruling Intelligence we call God. Science proves that you cannot create or destroy one atom, therefore the soul of man is a part of God without beginning or end.

No. 148, W 16th St., Erie, Pa.

## Copies of Banner for Circulation.



## Children's Spiritualism.

NELLIE'S ANGEL TREES.

BY M. A. WHITE.

Two happy little sisters,  
Dainty Nell and May,  
Through the fairy dell  
They roamed one summer day,  
Gathering ferns and daisies  
In a shady nook,  
A great white birch,  
With outspread arms,  
Sweet May "finks is a spook,"  
"No, not!" said dainty Nell,  
As up the leafy lane she gazed,  
"I fink dey mus' be angel trees,  
With gowns so white, and lace  
All spotted up and down  
With 'tittle spots of brown."  
"Dat's it, dat's it!" said baby May,  
Clapping her hands in childish glee,  
"It's the beautiful, beau'ful spirit  
Of dat old deaded tree!"

## The Story of Oh-wah-ni-tah.

"Oh-wah-ni-tah! Oh-wah-ni-tah!  
Hear the wild birds ever calling,  
Ever through the tree-tops calling,  
Calling Oh-wah-ni-tah, fairest maiden,  
As she, homeward, heavy laden,  
Steps along the forest path,  
Laden with the fruit of the tree,  
Laden with the sweet pine boughs,  
For the couch of old Ma-kon-jah;  
He the mighty one, Ma-kon-jah,  
Warrior with the heart of oak tree,  
Warrior with the strength of bison,  
Warrior fierce to strike in battle,  
He the leader of his people,  
He the teacher of his people."

Far away among the northern woods and  
lakes of Minnesota, by the side of a small,  
heart-shaped lake, dwelt old warrior Ma-  
kon-jah and his grandchild, Oh-wah-ni-tah—  
Oh-wah-ni-tah, daughter of Wah-wah-tay-see,  
his only child, and Pezh-e-kee, a young war-  
rior who had been slain in battle with the  
fierce Dakotas when Oh-wah-ni-tah was a tiny  
babe scarcely three weeks old. His death  
affected Wah-wah-tay-see (the Firefly) so that  
she followed Pezh-e-kee (the Bison) very soon  
to the happy hunting grounds, leaving Oh-  
wah-ni-tah (Singing Sunshine) to the care of  
her grandfather Ma-kon-jah (the Great Oak)  
and his wife Minne-sha-wa (Dancing Water).

Little Oh-wah-ni-tah grew, and romped away  
with the other boys and girls of her tribe, grow-  
ing like a weed, and making sunshine in the  
hearts of all with whom she met. Such a  
merry, singing child was she that all the peo-  
ple called her, Oh-wah-ni-tah (Singing Sun-  
shine).  
The lake where her tribe lived is a small  
heart-shaped lake, tucked away among the  
hills, in a pretty little valley with great pine  
and oak trees growing all around its edges on  
the hillsides. From one side of the lake near  
its apex flows a narrow, yet deep spring rush-  
ing down through a valley with a narrow fringe  
of meadow on each side, and great pines and  
oaks along the border of the meadow, and this  
narrow, rushing stream, sweeping through the  
valley with its tall grasses and wild flowers  
dotted the green carpet everywhere, is the be-  
ginning of the *Miche Sepe*, the Father of Mighty  
Waters. Years before the white man had dis-  
turbed the beauty of these scenes with fire-  
water and gunpowder, the Indians called this  
lake, *Uasca*, the Sioux name, but our tribe,  
the Ojibways, called it *Minne-sha-wa* (Wild  
Goose Lake), because it was the summer home  
of so many of these beautiful birds.

Here in this beautiful spot, Oh-wah-ni-tah  
was born and lived until she was fifteen years old,  
and then there came to her grandfather's lodge  
a young warrior, from the Eastern Ojibways,  
whose name was Wauben-ekuh, the Sun-  
bearer, who fell in love with her, and bringing  
to her grandfather a red deer, laid it at his feet  
as a gift. Oh-wah-ni-tah prepared the venison  
for the feast and then, Ma-kon-jah and Wauben-  
ekuh sat by the fire and smoked the pipe  
of peace, drawing the smoke of the fragrant  
kinnikinnick bark in long breaths through their  
nostrils. Many of our children, have seen the  
kinnikinnick (the spotted willow) growing by  
the side of the streams, and in low, swampy  
ground. This is what the Indians of the West  
used as tobacco before the white man brought  
the tobacco from the Eastern Indians among  
us. The bark was stripped from the wands in  
the spring-time, and with the leaves of the kin-  
nikinnick, dried in the smoke of the wigwam  
fires, in the full of the moon.

After smoking, Makonjah passed the long  
clay pipe to Waubenekuh, and as soon as the  
latter had taken a few puffs, the pipe was  
laid to one side and Makonjah spoke, saying:  
"What is thy wish, Oh Waubenekuh?" and  
he answered:  
"Makonjah, let the path from thy wigwam  
by the waters of Minnewawa to my lodge by  
the rushing Taquamenaw, (White Fish River)  
be always open, and see I have brought many  
gifts of deer-hide and blankets woven from the  
rushes and wampum belts, with knives and  
axes of copper from Keweenaw to make the  
trail smooth for Ohwahnihtah to walk upon, and  
let her walk with me as my wife, and thou, too,  
shalt come and dwell with us if he be thy wish."  
And Makonjah turned and spoke to Ohwahnihtah  
saying, "What is thy wish, Oh maiden,  
wilt thou go with this young warrior to his  
lodge by the waters of Taquamenaw?" and  
she replied by rising from her seat in the cor-  
ner of the wigwam, and coming over she put  
her hand between the hands of Waubenekuh  
and then sat down upon the blanket by his  
side.

Then Makonjah said, "It is good. Thus  
about a maiden ever turn to her warrior, and  
now the wigwam of the Great Oak will be  
dark without the Singing Sunshine, and Ma-  
konjah has no warriors of his own blood to  
follow him. He is a withered tree whose  
branches, save this one tender twig, have been  
lopped off. He will arise, and go with thee as  
thou hast said, and teach thy young warriors  
how to make the bow and feathered arrows,  
and hurl the spear and tomahawk, and tell  
stories at evening to the young warriors and  
maidens of thy village; and my wife, Minne-  
shawwa, will teach the maidens how to prepare  
the food and dress the deer-hide, how to make  
the bukskin mittens and moccasins and leg-  
gings, fringed with quills from Kagh, the  
hedgehog, how to dye the quills and make the  
herbs for healing. We will go with thee.  
Makonjah has spoken."

And Waubenekuh said: "The heart of  
Waubenekuh is made glad, and thou and thy  
wife shall be to me as my father and mother,  
who have departed to the land of Ponemah (the  
hereafter) and have left me to rule my tribe  
alone, and I have not yet sat as chief at my  
council fire because no wife sat in my wigwam  
to welcome my guests; but now thou shalt come,  
and help me with thy wisdom, the experience  
of many winters. Waubenekuh has spoken!"  
So they departed, and after three weeks came  
to the waters of Taquamenaw, and there  
Ohwahnihtah and Waubenekuh were married,  
and Makonjah and Minneshawwa dwelt in their  
own wigwam, near the lodge of their son and  
daughter. And here they lived for many years,  
until several sons and one daughter, Wahwah-  
nowan (White Fawn) had been born, when the  
old people departed for the land of Ponemah,  
to their home in the islands of the Blessed,  
wafted by the home wind, Keewaydin.

Such, children, is the story of the wedding of  
the father and mother of Wahwahnowan, (White  
Fawn) who with White Fawn are guides of the  
medium who writes this story for them. Three  
hundred years ago, before the white man came,  
they lived in Northern Michigan, and we told  
you a long time ago how White Fawn and her  
father passed over to the land of Ponemah, and  
Ohwahnihtah, too, passed away very soon after,  
and these three dear Indian spirits, father,  
mother and daughter, have been the guides of  
the medium for many years.

Now we have told you our story and so say  
good-bye until another time.WAUBEN-KEUH and OH WAH-NI-TAH.  
(Through the medium, Henry H. Warner,  
Alden, Mich.)

NOTE FROM WHITE FAWN.

Dear Children: In my last story in THE BAN-  
NER OF LIGHT, I wrote the names so poorly  
that one or two were misspelled, so this time  
I have written them very plainly. In the  
story of June 30, instead of *Mikha Mokwa* read  
*Mikhe Mokwa*, and for *Chosha* read *Chas'ka*.  
The following are the names with their mean-  
ings in my father and mother's story. Remem-  
ber in pronouncing, where i begins or ends an  
accented syllable, it is sounded like ee, every-  
where else it is sounded like the i in it; a is  
sounded like ah, and the a in Cuba, except  
when followed by y, when it is like a in fate,  
and when followed by u or w, like a in caw;  
ch is sounded like sh, and gh like zh.

NAMES AND THEIR MEANINGS IN STORY OF  
OH WAH NI TAH.

O wah ni' tah ..... Singing Sunshine.  
Ma kon' jah ..... Great Oak.  
Wah wah tay seg' ..... Firefly.  
Pezh e-kee ..... The Bison.  
Min ne sha' wa ..... Dancing Water.  
Mi che' se pe ..... Father of Mighty Waters.  
Jus' ca ..... Clear Water.  
Min ne wa' wa ..... Wild Goose Lake.  
Wau bu' e-kuhn ..... Sun Bearer.  
Kin ni kin' nick ..... Spotted Willow.  
Ta quam' e naw ..... White Fish River.  
Kee wee' naw ..... Windy Point, the Point of  
Wind.  
Kagh ..... Hedgehog.  
Po nez' mah ..... The Hereafter.  
Wah tah' no wan ..... White Fawn.  
Kee way' din ..... Northwest wind, the home  
wind.

## A Spiritual Kindergarten.

Dear Children: I feel as if I would like to  
write to you this beautiful Sunday morning,  
and send you another Enigma, which I hope  
will give you as much pleasure to solve as I  
have given me to compose it, because along  
with it was the thought of a kind, loving  
teacher—one whom I dearly love—who is giv-  
ing her life, "offering up her body as a living  
sacrifice to the work of the Lord."

I love to come to the earth sphere on a Sun-  
day much better than at any other time for  
several reasons, one because it is easier to do  
so, requiring less strength of will, and the peo-  
ple are more receptive of spiritual truth on  
this day than any other, and all is quiet and  
more restful.

I have been thinking lately how necessary it  
is for the children of earth to know more  
about the spiritual spheres than they do, and I  
felt as if I would like to have a Kindergarten,  
and teach children between the ages of four  
and twelve years many things that I know I  
understand which would be useful to them.

All through life I would like to teach them  
how the spiritual body grows and develops in  
the material one, which acts as a mold, much  
as the worm is a mold for the butterfly; but  
the butterfly is much more beautiful and freer  
than the worm in which it was molded; and  
so are our spiritual bodies, in all grades and  
conditions; thus we have the old saying that  
the devil was modeled in the form of an angel.

Right here let me tell you that all evil is  
devil, and all good is God—and certainly many  
beautiful bodies have molded evil spirits. We  
have good and evil all around us, both in the  
material and spiritual spheres, but as spirits  
overcome the evil and develop the good in  
their natures, they ascend higher into the di-  
vine realms, and finally when perfection is  
reached are at home with God.

Yours lovingly, LILY BELL.  
Mediums' Home, Monon, Ind., July 17.

## Enigma.

I am composed of twelve letters.

My 7, 2, 4, 12 is not yours but?

My 11, 3, 8, 6 is not to find but?

My 3 is not out but?

My 1, 9, 10, 8, 6 is not a rat but a?

My whole is the name of a much beloved  
modern teacher. LILY BELL.

Elsie Hornbeck, Medium, Monon, Ind.

## A Father's Appearance.

Some years ago a friend in the Southland  
narrated the following occult incident. This  
friend is a fine business man, a deep and care-  
ful thinker, a close reasoner, and, prior to his  
remarkable vision, a materialist, and even now  
is far from a dogmatic churchman. Here is the  
story as he told it while seated in his cosy  
library, through the open windows of which  
were wafted the odorous breath of the mag-  
nolia blossoms and the rare tones of the mock-  
ing bird:

"Father had been dead some six months; my  
brother and I were conducting the business as  
best we could, especially endeavoring to ex-  
tricate ourselves from a financial tangle enter-  
ed into before father's demise, and the full details  
of which he alone had known." (The father  
had passed away rather suddenly.) "It was  
about 11 o'clock at night. I had retired after  
a busy and trying day, and was wide awake.  
The red coals were smoldering in the grate and  
a small lamp burned by my side on the dresser,  
in anticipation of the baby needing attention.  
I was much exercised over the intricate deal  
bespoke of, and of which threatened busi-  
ness disaster."

"Obeying a mysterious impulse, I glanced  
around toward the fire and clearly saw out-  
lined the form of a man, seated in the willow  
chair in which I invariably deposited my cloth-  
ing. Do not recall that I experienced fear, only  
wonder as to how he had gained ingress, for I  
was aware that the doors and windows were  
fast closed. The figure was well defined, with  
the face turned toward me, and seemed enveloped  
in a supernatural golden light. In a moment  
the features were turned toward me, and I  
recognized my deceased father—the being who,  
as I supposed, had turned to dust as the plant  
or tree; but there he was, natural as life, with  
the same smile I had so often seen on his face  
when he had accomplished something he con-  
sidered exceedingly clever. To say I was sur-  
prised is putting it mildly; I was absolutely  
dumfounded, and, rising upon my elbow, said:  
'Well, I will see what this is at any rate.' Put-  
ting out my hand, I drew the chair and form  
close to me without difficulty; it seemed as if  
there was no weight at all within the chair. I  
looked into the tender depths of my father's  
eyes, and even noted the old-time shade of gray  
that I had often considered so beautiful in  
those orbs."

"Dear old pa, is this really you?"

"A loving smile was the only reply. By and  
by he spoke—the voice I had considered hushed  
forever—making sweet music through the room  
where he had so often been. Think of it, a  
dead man—returned from where?—holding  
converse with a mortal!"

"My son, I have been with you often; you  
have been worried concerning certain business  
complications, but I have aided you; be not  
dismayed—all will end well."

"The voice was just as it had always been.  
He gave me light on the 'deal' that was bother-  
ing me, which enabled me to draw it to a suc-  
cessful close without financial loss. A long  
conversation ensued; he told of incidents  
which took place while he was dying—that had  
occurred even after he had lost consciousness,  
as I supposed—thus indubitably proving his  
identity, even if the 'appearance' had been  
illuquary, for the things mentioned were only  
known to us two. He had been very nervous  
during his earth life. I notice that the hands  
trembled exactly as they had before his  
decease. I took the hands in mine; they were  
cold as ice. I felt for the tip of the middle  
finger of the right hand; only a stump there  
where the tip should have been. Years before  
he had lost the end of that very finger in a saw-  
mill. I know it was my dead father as well as  
I know that I am living. Never was I any  
wider awake, any saner, than at that time."

"It was all so weird and wonderful, as well as  
pleasant, that I thought to awaken my wife  
(sleeping at my side), but she doing so turned  
again to say something to pa. He had disap-  
peared in that short time; the golden light was  
fading. I caught a last glimpse of that dear  
old face, with its loving smile, just as he passed  
out of the room, at the upper corner where  
ceiling and walls met. He has never appeared  
since then. However, I sometimes feel that  
his presence is with me in the office."

No doubt that Dr. Hudson's "subjective and  
objective" mind theory will explain a portion  
of psychic phenomena, but can it satisfactorily  
account for the foregoing mystery? The  
narrator is one who would not misrepresent;  
especially would it be unwise for him to re-  
count this incident, if untrue, for it does away  
with the materialistic hypothesis, to which he  
most tenaciously clung. He is not in the least  
imaginative, and it could not have been the  
result of auto-suggestion. However, it may be  
that much which passes for "Spiritualism" is  
the result of auto-projection into the realm of  
objectivity. It will devolve on men like Gib-  
bers, Hodgson, Mason, Hylop to place psy-  
chism upon a strictly scientific basis.—C. H. A.  
De LANCEY, in *Exchange*.

## "A Visit to a Gnaní."

BY EDWARD CARPENTER.

With an Introduction by Alice B. Stockham, M.D.

A Gnaní is an adept, a Knower; in other  
words, one who has a consciousness of the  
greater or universal life which Carpenter calls  
the Kosmic Consciousness.

This brochure presents a dramatic picture,  
full of interest, at the same time in a concise  
and comprehensive manner, gives the practical  
esoterism of the East. One reads in this book  
what many have searched for through cum-  
bersome volumes and failed to find.

## INTRODUCTION.

Are we not learning that man can so un-  
derstand his faculties that he can control thought,  
that he can cause for himself peace of mind,  
health of body, as well as train his mental  
powers to obey every behest, and put his spiri-  
tual forces into full equipment for service?  
Does he not do this by a realization of a superi-  
or or universal mind, a consciousness of the  
pervading principle of all life and action; and  
by rising out of his subjection to the ordinary  
confused products of intellect that go chasing  
each other like insects around an evening  
lamp? These thoughts, these insects, instead  
of rushing on to destruction, are lead quietly  
to glide out of the way, in order that the great  
light unobscured, may reveal the soul's efflu-  
ence.

If this is so, the metaphysics of the West,  
practical and effective in their application, are  
not so widely different in philosophical aspect  
from that taught by the Gnanis. Man loses his  
life to gain it; he loses the sense of bondage in  
the physical and mental, to gain the greater  
power in the life of the spirit.

In "A Visit to a Gnaní," the author's nomen-  
clature is very happy, giving an unmistakable  
clearness and distinctness to his subject. Man  
has an ordinary consciousness, and a Kosmic  
consciousness, and this Kosmic consciousness  
through definite training becomes a power of  
such magnitude, that all experiences through  
individual consciousness pale into insignifi-  
cance. Every individual possesses this con-  
sciousness, and by its growth he gradually learns  
to emancipate himself from the traditional be-  
lief in the inherent power of matter, and to  
understand that there is no life separate and  
apart from the universal life.

To have this truth engraven upon one's mind  
as a verity puts new meanings upon all things,  
and enables one to evolve into effectiveness,  
hitherto, unused faculties of the soul.

One needs no glossary to read this brochure,  
but its perusal will quicken the perception,  
elevate one's estimate of himself, and give him  
a glimpse of the principle, pervading all life  
that makes all souls akin. [Price \$1.00]  
Order of Banner of Light Pub. Co.

## An Active Improvement Association.

Inspired by the articles by Jessie M. Good  
and the reports of Village Improvement Clubs  
in *How to Grow Flowers* and other papers, last  
winter several ladies of the city undertook the  
organization of such an association. A meet-  
ing was called at the court house and the  
names of about thirty women, with a number  
of men as honorary members, were secured.  
The organization was perfected under the  
name of "The Woman's Improvement Club,"  
and thus the good work was begun. The work  
accomplished during the four months of the  
club's existence has been along these lines:

The streets have been cleaned, the city coun-  
cil visited by the committees and requested to  
enforce with greater rigor the various sanitary  
ordinances. The court-house has been made  
more attractive by vases of growing plants  
which were placed in the square. The ladies  
themselves solicited the necessary aid, and in  
conjunction with the fraternity owning the  
cemetery secured the services of a permanent  
sexton. In addition to this, flower beds have  
been made in the cemetery and in the available  
spaces around the churches.

The greatest work of the year was accom-  
plished recently. I refer to the opening of a  
public waiting-room, which is one of the large-  
st and finest rooms in the city. It is light  
and airy, well furnished, and provided with all  
the necessary toilet conveniences. The tables  
always contain plenty of good reading matter,  
and this with the beautiful plants and pictures,  
makes the place seem quite homelike.

Ladies who are in the city shopping or on  
other business may find a pleasant place to  
rest, rearrange their toilets, eat their lunch or  
read. Our club women have employed a ma-  
tron, whose duties are the general oversight of  
the room and to make comfortable all the  
guests. The room itself has been leased one  
year as an experiment. The actual cost of the  
rent was provided for by a very liberal sub-  
scription from the merchants and business men  
of the city.

As a community we feel a pride in this organiza-  
tion, which has already done so much for our  
town, and were other of the small towns of  
Missouri provided with associations as enthu-  
siastic for their general improvement a trans-  
formation would surely follow.

ETHAN'S NOTE.—The foregoing is a sample of  
many reports we are receiving daily. It is not published  
as an example, for we have no preconceived opinions as to  
plans of work, but rather to give our readers an idea of  
the successful work one club is doing to improve its  
neighborhood.

## "Katherine Barry."

BY HARRY HUGHES.

This is a pleasing romance in which the  
homely features of life on an American farm  
are well and truthfully portrayed. The heroine  
is a typical farmer's daughter who, finding her-  
self in love, sacrifices sentiment to her devotion  
to her religion. Subsequently, Fate deprives  
her of another lover through an interesting and  
rather exciting episode, whereupon she enters  
a convent. There, some time later, psychic  
phenomena are manifested through her, most  
markedly in automatic writing, the deliver-  
ances of which give to the book perhaps its  
chief interest in so far, at least, as to what is  
stated explanatory of some of the riddles of this  
life, and as descriptive of conditions in the life  
beyond the grave. It is indeed in the capacity  
of a new revelation, and its perusal is sure to  
arouse profound interest in that rapidly widen-  
ing circle which embraces those who have lost  
faith and hope alike in the propositions of ac-  
cepted religion!

Persons interested in the great questions re-  
lating to life, death, immortality, will find  
more conclusive statements within the cover of  
this little book than multiplied volumes, as it  
contains a formulated statement of spiritualis-  
tic knowledge, instead of vague assertions.  
It is a simply told story containing the philo-  
sophy of life.  
[Handsome bound in cloth, \$1.25.]  
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## "Elopathy"

Is the title of a valuable work by Dr. Geo.  
Dutton, Therapeutics and Physiology, that  
should be in every school and home. It treats  
of the human body in a logical and interesting  
manner, and advances the idea of the Garden  
of Eden being located in the human structure,  
reasoning out the theory in an instructive and  
rationing way.

The purpose of the book is to educate the  
mind upon the uses of the body, and its rela-  
tions to the spiritual nature of man, and in  
this sense, it is a most valuable work for the  
class-room as well as for the home. It is re-  
ceiving wide attention from prominent phys-  
icians of different schools, from ministers and  
other professional and intellectual minds. As  
I feel that all instructive works should be  
brought to the notice of the people by our spiri-  
tual press, I consider it my duty to thus make  
mention of "Elopathy" in the columns of the  
BANNER OF LIGHT. M. T. LONGLEY.

THE DELINEATOR.—In the August num-  
ber, Dr. Murray handles very thoroughly  
a subject of great interest to mothers. The  
sudden attacks of oroup with their very dis-  
tressing symptoms, and the alarming dangers  
of diphtheria, are treated with professional  
thoroughness, but in such a way that unpro-  
fessional people can understand and act upon  
the advice at the outset of an attack. Of sim-  
ilar aid and help to mothers in the same num-  
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"Pastimes for Convalescent Children." Par-  
ents who are thinking seriously at this time  
of the future of their growing daughters will  
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an article of great assistance by Miss Halstead  
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Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles in question.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1900.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.

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Harriet D. Barrett.....President.  
Frederic G. Tuttle.....Treas. and Bus. Man.  
Harriet D. Barrett.....Editor-in-Chief.  
Marguerite C. Barrett.....Assistant Editor.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the EDITOR. All business letters should be forwarded to the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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THE BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to vouch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once interrupted. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

### Deceit.

The optimist who, exulting, says, "Whatever is right," and then complacently folds his hands with the comfortable feeling in his mind that he has nothing whatever to do with the events of life, finds himself impaled upon one or the other of the horns of a dilemma when he is asked to solve the problem of Deceit. If it is right to wilfully mislead one's fellows, if it is right to practice the most cruel impositions upon those who place implicit faith in the promises of a friend, then the optimist can dream on in his laziness and feel that the only effort he needs to make is that of breathing. He may even urge some one to invent a machine to do that work for him, in order that he may save labor. It would be as consistent to do this as it is for him to claim that he should make no effort to better the conditions of his fellow men. If everything that is right, he should do his own breathing, and not put the burden upon another. If whatever is right, he is under obligations to prove that doctrine true by his daily conduct in life.

Falseness is one of the forms of deceit that is most frequently met with. But it is much easier to meet an outright lie than it is some other forms of deceit that are more deadly in their influence. A mere glance of the eye, a shrugging of the shoulders, a slight curl of the lip, a peculiar tone of voice may, each and all, be employed to cast discredit upon one's fellow-men. Then there are the sly innuendoes, the vague hints of possible wrongdoing, and the half-truths that are told for the purpose of misleading, that are often encountered in daily life. These are, one and all, much more difficult to meet than a thousand open falsehoods could ever be. They are more subtle in expression, hence more potent in influence. Such deceits as these may be likened to the gnawing of the worm that never dies, so cruel is the agony they inflict, so great is the sorrow they inevitably create.

But there are other expressions of this malign influence that our optimist must needs consider. One of them may be in the form of a direct promise to do or not to do a certain thing, while the individual giving that promise had already planned to do the exact opposite. The Jesuits argue that "the end justifies the means," hence the individual feels warranted in giving a solemn promise with a fixed purpose in mind of breaking the same, as a means to the desired end. It does not matter that another's heart may be crushed, or life blighted, his immediate pleasure requires that he must deceive even an angel from God in order that he may accomplish certain things. Men promise not to use intoxicating liquors, not to step themselves in tobacco, with the mental reservation that they will do as they please when by themselves. Women solemnly aver that they will care for their health, yet at the first opportunity defy the laws of God by tight lacing, or by wearing some costume that is the John the Baptist of Death. These people justify their deceits out of their selfish love of pleasure and their desire to gratify their own vanity.

Husbands are frequently heard joking about

the innocent (?) deceptions they practice upon their wives, while not a few wives boast among themselves of their ability to deceive those into whose care and keeping they gave their lives at the marriage altar. Some men and women form fictions that would shame even an angel from the under world, so gross and unprovoked is the deception they practice. They succeed in gratifying the lowest elements in their natures by outraging the virtues of the soul. One of the saddest tragedies ever enacted upon the stage of life is found in the popular drama of Deceit. Concealment of unpleasant facts leads to repeated falsehoods, and every falsehood requires twenty more to cover it up. If it is right to lie, to betray confidence, to defraud, to trample upon honor, to outface right, and to wantonly assail truth, it is unnecessary to ask our optimist friend to solve the problem given at the head of this article.

If thoughts are things, if every act and wish be eternal in duration, then mortals have something to face when they come into the presence of their soul selves. Every sensual thought will be found hanging to the branches of the life-tree, like a slimy serpent, seeking some living object about which to entwine itself. Every act of deceit practiced for a base or ignoble purpose, will be a veritable apple of Sodom to the one who wrought it out while in the body. Every base wish, to mislead, to defraud, to injure in any way, will be found to be a bunch of blighted, poisonous fruit whose eating will prove as bitter as the waters of Marah. If Spiritualism be true, and who can gainsay it? then there is no escape for any human being from the consequences of his own acts, words and deeds. If not made to feel their import in the body, he is forced to do so in the world of souls where he must pay the penalty to the uttermost farthing. The optimist may say this is merely the law of compensation, worked out in the destiny of the individual; therefore, he still has nothing to do, for retribution will come in time.

But would it not be better to have all falsehood, deceit of all kinds removed while in the earth world? Would not those who were taught to overcome their evil tendencies on earth, be farther along progression's way on the other side? Would it not be better to begin to improve the conditions of human life here and now? True Spiritualism asserts that it would be, and declares that it is every man's duty to aid his fellow men. Its new golden rule is this: DO ALL FOR OTHERS. When this rule is lived up to, selfishness, distrust, deceit and jealousy will disappear forever. The homes in mortal life will become fit places for angels to visit, for their inmates will have become angelic in character and worthy to associate with those who have gone into the world of souls. Those who come from the other life will terrify and reiterate the fact that every mortal must sooner or later stand face to face with himself and meet the consequences of his misdeeds. There is absolutely no forgiveness for sin; the wound may heal but the scar remains until, from the tears of the soul, there is distilled a crystal fluid whose application, by the hand of repentance, will at last make the scar only a tender memory to every soul.

If mortals would but turn about, if they would replace falsehood with truth, deceit with trust, jealousy with confidence, and would deal in perfect frankness one with another, there would be less scars to mar the beauty of the soul on the other side. Let all optimists, Spiritualists, and thinkers of all kinds, emphasize goodness, truthfulness, purity, and brotherly kindness; let their thoughts be freighted with sweet good will, with trustfulness, with loving tenderness, and there will be a change for the better in short order. Selfishness will be overcome; trust will beget trust, and mortals will cease to read into the lives of their fellows that which they themselves would do, if they were similarly circumstanced. They will look for the light of wisdom, and will gladly accept it as their guide. To accomplish these beneficent results, all lovers of righteousness must faithfully work; the optimist must teach the final triumph of the good, and show the potency of that good by living a noble life here; the moralist must toil to make better the condition of the lives of his fellowmen by some helpful service; the pessimist must be turned from his gloomy considerations of self, to face the sunshine of love, that he, too, may have a share in the noble work of redeeming a sin sick world.

### Life and Love.

The Angel Life once became discontented with his surroundings in his heavenly home, because he found too little to do. He sought permission to roam through the universe, that he might find some object with which to occupy his time. Swiftly he journeyed to and fro over the earth, ever seeking to find something that would give him a nobler purpose for which to work. As his air-boat was floating far above the blue ocean, he saw an island containing but a single inhabitant. Much he marvelled thereat, and as he listened, he heard a voice ring out in a glad song of joy. He stopped his boat to listen, for he wondered how any soul dwelling alone in a semi-desert waste could ever be impelled to sing even one note of joy. Swiftly he descended to the shore of the island, but found no one. Then he climbed to the mountain top, that he might better see and hear, should the lone figure once more make its appearance.

Suddenly he heard a voice in the sweet cadence of song in the valley far below. He looked down and saw the face and transfigured form of one whom he knew to be the object of his search. She was talking to the grasses, flowers and trees around her in the valley, and they were bending their heads to listen. As she sang to them, the grasses donned their brightest robes of green, the flowers put on their happiest looks, while the trees fluttered with joy under the magical spell of her voice. Life gave a sigh as he saw the effects of her noble efforts, and as that sigh dropped downward upon the dew laden atmosphere, it was heard by the one in the valley, causing her to cast her eyes upward to see from whence it came. Startled was she indeed to find the eyes of Life looking into her own. Impulsively she threw her hands upward toward him, and began to climb the mountain. Life went down the mountain side halfway, and bending over a cliff took her hands in his own, and drew her up to him.

"Who are you?" he asked, earnestly. "I am Love," she replied, "and I dwell here with my companions who live with me in love." "Where are they?" he asked. "There," she answered, pointing to the grasses, flowers, trees and birds that he saw on all sides. "Is there no one here like yourself to hold converse with you?" Life asked. "Nay," she said, "not until you came. I found all of my time occupied in my work for my friends, who have repaid me by becoming

beautiful and good, filled with the innocence of gratitude for my sake. In seeing the grasses grow in beauty, the flowers unfold in their glory because of the joy in their hearts, the trees take on their regal robes, and the birds flitting from point to point in happy glee. I was never disappointed, and was happy in the happiness of my humble friends around me. The more I did for them, the more beautiful did they become in gratitude, and the light of their joy was reflected back upon my own face until I, too, shone with happiness from my soul." Life listened in wonderment to Love's words. "Were you not lonely and afraid here in your island home?" he asked. "Never," she replied, with a smile. "I was never lonely because all of the children of Nature were my constant companions. I was not afraid, because fear is born of Distrust and Envy, both of whom were, long since, banished from my domain. In fact, where Love is supreme, as I am here, there is no room for Fear."

Life marveled to hear her thus discourse, and he asked her yet again, "Did you never long for a purpose—did you never seek an object for which you could strive with greater courage?" "My purpose was ever with me," was her reply, "and my object was to keep that purpose steadfastly in my mind. My purpose was to make the humblest thing around me as happy as possible. In so doing my island has become a bower of beauty, for if you give your trust, you will receive trust in return. I trusted the children of nature: I loved them—gave them that love in full measure, and they have thrown the spell of their own loveliness over me, transfiguring me with the love-light they emit each day in gratitude. Had I thought more of myself, had I made myself first in my thoughts, I should have become restless, and should have vainly sought far and wide for a purpose. By making the most of everything around me, I did not have to hunt for the bird of Happiness, for she came of her own volition and made her nest in the place in my heart forever."

Life was silent, for he had not done as Love had said. He had made his own enjoyment his first consideration, and the result was dissatisfaction. He wondered why he had not done as Love had done in her unselfish work, and turned to ask her to explain it to him, when she smiled and said: "You tried to dwell apart from your fellows, and kept your soul closed to their needs. It takes love to beget love, and I believe that even Life himself would be unmindful of his duty, unless Love dwelt in his heart, and revealed to him his purpose." Humbly he stood before her. "I am Life," he cried, "and I have long felt that I was all alone, and so I was, for Love did not fill my heart. You are Love; give me, I pray you, the key to the storehouse of the soul, that I may once more become myself." She gave him the Key, Fidelity, and, in the storehouse of Truth, Life found his purpose. That purpose was to add to the happiness of every living thing, and to do all for others, regardless of self. He dwelt long with Love in that island home, and from their union was born the child Content, whose gentle influence proved the balm for the healing of the nations, and whose prowess soon ruled the world.

### Pain.

The severest physical hurt is often unfelt for many moments after it is received by men and women, when under the influence of some strong emotion or excitement. A cruel wound with an axe, or other sharp instrument, has frequently been unnoticed until the flow of blood was discovered by the one who received it. In numerous instances it is recorded that the pain became most severe as soon as the wound was discovered. This goes far to prove that pain is largely due to a condition of the mind. Headache, backache, rheumatism, and other painful ills, while decidedly real to those who suffer from them, are yet, in some measure at least, due to the state of the mind. The nerves that are injured by the wound are of course the conveyors of the idea of pain to the mind, and lead it to locate the ache at the aggravated point. Multitudes of cases are on record, showing that men and women have reported themselves as grievously wounded, and as suffering the keenest of pain in consequence, whose forms were found to be absolutely uninjured, when they were examined by the surgeon.

We do not claim that imagination goes as far as this in all cases. Where pain is due to inflammation, or when the bones and muscles are actually decaying in the living form, of course, there will of necessity be no little pain. But even in these instances, the nerves telegraph the information to the brain, where the mind takes possession of it, and issues its commands as it deems proper. If the mind is trained to thorough self-control, if the will is supreme authority, the pain felt will be much less keen than it is with those who submit to their fears and allow the most agonizing emotions to dominate them. We argue that the human Ego, under the dominancy of Will, can surmount every obstacle and overcome even the keenest pain. It follows then, that each individual should place his Will in chief command of the forces of his being, and so harmonize his own nature that his faculties are ever at full equilibrium. Andrew Jackson Davis, the greatest of all earthly seers who have lived upon this planet, well says that there is but one disease, and it comes from the lack of proper permeation or blending of the mental, spiritual and physical forces of man's nature. When these are duly harmonized and rightly related, pain and disease will disappear. Man will then, and not until then, fully realize his own capabilities and possibilities. When he can do so, he will rise to a consciousness of his heirship to whatever of good there is in the universe, provided he does his best to honestly earn his share. When he establishes the benign rule of Harmony within his own soul, physical and mental pain will be forever obliterated.

Thomas Carlyle said: "I do not believe that a State can permanently exist in which Jesus and Judas have equal weight in public affairs." If one can judge by the membership of the present United States Senate, it would seem that there were plenty of Judases there, without even one true disciple of Jesus. The Judases bought their seats and sold their country for gold, while one of the most able and distinguished Senators has recently sold his principles for party reward. The honor of our nation is as nothing to that man who prefers his political party, even when it is in error, to truth and righteousness. Look out for the political Judases! They exist in all parties, and the world hears little of the Sermon on the Mount from such as they. Spiritualists, vote for principle, and let party fetters fall from you forever.

### The Blue and the Gray.

Hundreds of Federal and Confederate veterans have recently been in attendance upon the reunion of the Blue and the Gray in Atlanta, Ga. Together the quondam foes visited the historic battlefield, and talked over the thrilling events of that mighty contest at arms. Arm in arm the Blue and the Gray walked about the field, engaged in earnest conversation, friends now, who were then gallant foes. When such scenes as these can be enacted, the people of the North and South can realize in full that the war between the States is over forever, and that we are again one country and one people. When the asperities of war can be thus removed, it inspires the dreamer to believe that that glad day is close at hand when war among men shall be abolished forever, and the denizens of earth led to realize that they are members of one family of brothers, citizens of one great country—the world—and heirs to the common destiny—Immortality. Speed the day when this bright dream shall be realized in full.

### The Mayer Fund.

In response to several inquiries, we would say that the list of donors to the Mayer Home Fund, recently published, does not contain the names of all contributors to date. It will be supplemented in the near future with the names of all who have donated even a nickel to this noble purpose. A few friends who sent in their contributions during the month of May were inadvertently overlooked. They have not been forgotten, and will receive the credit justly due them. In this connection, we ask all donors to give their names in full, and correct postoffice address. Some generous friends have sent donations without giving either their names or addresses. This has made it very difficult to attend to the matter of sending receipts, and prevented them from receiving credit for their generosity. As only a small sum yet remains to be raised, we hope there will be a grand rally of forces to the end that the entire amount may be safely lodged in the N. S. A. treasury within the next thirty days.

### "Lisbeth."

This splendid work by Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, the gifted speaker and author, has struck a popular chord, and is much in demand on the part of the reading public. The first edition is already exhausted, and every effort is being made to place the second edition upon the market at an early date. We are pleased to announce that we shall be able to fill all orders for this excellent work as soon as they are received. Mrs. Twing has already received two propositions to dramatize the work, and it is possible that this may be done in the near future. The most erudite men and women in the ranks of the liberal religionists of America have written in terms of highest praise of this latest work of Mrs. Twing's. Indeed, they could not do otherwise, as it is certainly a literary gem, a credit to its author, and an honor to Spiritualism. It deserves the success which it has met, and should be a popular favorite for many years to come. Single copies only one dollar each. Send in your orders. You will be pleased with your investment.

### The A. B. C. of Palmistry.

We take pleasure in calling our readers' attention to this work, an advertisement of which appears in another column of this issue. Palmistry is a subject of interest to thousands of people, all of whom will find this work of great service to them in coming to a correct understanding of this important branch of thought. The work deals with principles upon the ground floor, and will serve as a text book to the study of the many scientific and abstruse treatises upon the subject. This work has the merit of accuracy, simplicity of language, and brevity. It is for sale at this office at fifty and seventy-five cents per copy. Send in your orders.

### B. F. Small.

We rejoice to learn that our good friend, Mr. B. F. Small, the highly esteemed Treasurer of the California State Spiritualists' Association, has so far regained his health as to be able to spend a portion of his time each day at his desk in the Custom House in San Francisco. He is yet weak from the effects of his protracted illness, but is well along upon the road to recovery. This will be welcome news to his thousands of friends throughout the nation, all of whom will send him thoughts of healing and good wishes for a complete and permanent recovery. Mr. Small is everywhere rightfully regarded as a tower of strength to the Cause in California, and may well be considered one of its chief pillars west of the Rocky Mountains. May he long be spared to serve the "good Cause" with his old-time zeal. Such workers as he are needed in all parts of the spiritual vineyard.

To those who have written us with regard to one "Prof." LeRoy, who has recently been operating successfully in the noble art of deceiving the people of Baltimore, we wish to say that the man is absolutely unknown to us by that name. It may be an alias assumed for the occasion to enable him to deceive the people the more easily. Any person who advertises as fraudulently as he does may well be looked upon with suspicion. Beware of all of his kind.

In sad contrast to the happy reunion of the ex-soldiers of the North and South at Atlanta, are the awful events now transpiring in China. That unhappy nation seems determined to war against the whole world, while the great Powers of Europe, and the United States as well, seem equally anxious to engage in a bloody contest in the Orient. Each nation is jealous of the other, and the allied powers are unable to make war among themselves over the partition of China.

A message has been received from China conveying the cheering intelligence that Minister Conger, and other diplomats were alive and well July 18, but were in imminent danger of destruction at the hands of the Chinese insurgents. The Government at Washington is making every effort in its power to send relief to the beleaguered foreigners in Peking. Let us hope that the aid will reach them in time to save them from their impending fate.

A copy of the Western Rural Press published in Salem, Oregon, by R. A. Harris, is just at hand. It is full of excellent reading matter, and its words upon the Chinese question should be given calm and considerate attention by every American patriot. Success to this new reform journal is our earnest wish.

Francis Truth, "The Divine (?) healer" was fined \$2,500 in the United States Court in Boston, a few days since, for using the mails for fraudulent purposes. The fine was promptly paid, and it is now claimed that Truth will soon resume business on even a larger scale than before. In the meantime, the parties who sent him those numerous five dollar bills, will look anxiously for the outpouring of the "divine" allures of healing with which they so generously endowed him in thought. Let us hope that they will not look in vain. A Bible text would be of moment to some of them just now, as they mourn the loss of their dollars. The little girl quoted it in Sunday School as she dropped a penny into the contribution box.

Suggest to thyself, oh mortal, each day thou livest, that thou art an heir to a portion of the Universe in which thou livest, for thou art a part of that Universe. Therefore, no one has the right and no one can have the power to deprive thee of thine own. Celebrate thyself often, and the victory is thine.

If the people of earth would have happy homes in the hereafter—if they would reap full harvests of good—then they must live right and do right here. Mortals build their homes in the soul-world by their thoughts and deeds on earth. How many expect to find their soul-home perfect in every respect?

Life is only worth living to those mortals who find greater and worthier objects than the gratification of their own selfish impulses. When self is made the means to the noble end of aiding others, the children of men will be happier and far more civilized than they are at the present time.

Good and Evil are said to be only relative terms used to express the status of the soul of man, in its endeavors to interpret itself unto its fellows. If each mortal would but illumine his conscience with the pure light of spirituality, only Good would be the condition of his soul.

Man's mistakes are misapplied energies. If his soul were but kept in touch with his higher soul-self, his energies would be rightly applied, and his fell foe, Ignorance, would depart from him forever. Let each mortal, therefore, apply himself to obtain spiritual understanding, and his energies will be directed to the noble purpose of doing good to others.

Very readable reports from Onset, Lake Pleasant, Casadaga, Briggs Park, Lake Brady and other Spiritualist camps appear on other pages of this number. If you would escape the stifling weather of the cities these hot summer days, the camps are the resorts toward which you can with profit direct your steps. Spiritual instruction and consolation can there be found by the earnest seekers for truth.

Our esteemed friend, Jay Chaapel, of Palmetto, Fla., was a welcome guest at THE BANNER office on Monday of this week. Life in the sunny South has agreed with Brother Chaapel, for he has renewed his youth in looks and actions. What man would not do the same, under the inspiration of a happy marriage?

Would you know of the prosperity of, and the news transpiring at the various Spiritualist camps the present season? If you would, then subscribe for THE BANNER OF LIGHT! You never will have a better opportunity. Send in your name and induce your friends to do likewise.

Our friends at Onset are requested to take notice that Mr. J. B. Hatch, Jr., is solely the duly accredited agent and official representative of THE BANNER OF LIGHT. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader has our sincere thanks for a finely-illustrated souvenir of the city of Quebec. May the beautiful scenery and invigorating atmosphere of that historic city become potent aids in her struggle to regain her health.

Injustice can only obtain where partiality and churchianity are preferred to principle and true religion.

The Kingdom of Heaven is not attained by gift, violence, belief, or searching for occult power, but by growth; just as the plant attains the fragrant blossom and nourishing fruit.—World's Advance Thought.

We never know the true value of friends. While they live, we are too sensitive of their faults; when we have lost them, we only see their virtues.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

Nothing has such power to broaden the mind as the ability to investigate systematically and truly all that comes under thy observation in life.—Marcus Aurelius.

He that seeks popularity in art closes the door on his own genius; as he must needs paint for other minds, and not for his own.—Mrs. Jameson.

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

Miss Sara Williamson is at Lake Pleasant for the season.

Mrs. A. E. Cunningham, after July 30, will be at Lake Pleasant, Mass., until Sept. 15.

Edgar W. Emerson is engaged July 27 and 28 at Harwich Camp-meeting, Harwich, Mass. He has the following open dates: Oct. 7, 14, 21, also Sundays after January, 1901.

A. J. Dexter, Healer, who has been spending a part of the summer in New Hampshire, and the last few weeks at Old Orchard, Me., will be in Boston after July 28, ready for work. See ad. in the Banner later.

Mrs. Sadie L. Hand is engaged with the Queen City Park Camp, Burlington, Vt., from July 29 until Aug. 13; Temple Heights Camp, Me., from Aug. 14 until Aug. 20. Would be pleased to correspond with Camps or Maine Societies for last part of August and month of September. All societies please send letters to the home address in regard to field and winter engagements—721 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Mattie E. Hull is engaged for the entire session of the Ashley (O.) Camp. Besides her lecture work, she will conduct the Lyceum, and, if desired, form classes in psychic work, also for Lecturers and drill in Physical Culture. She will resume the Lyceum work in the Spiritual Temple, Buffalo, N. Y., the first Sunday in October, she is at liberty to make engagements, either for lectures or Lyceum work, the Sundays of September.

DeLoss Wood has been engaged to speak for the Norwich (Ct.) Society the last two Sundays in September. Mr. Wood follows his lectures with philosophical life readings, free to all giving a chart to each one examined. These readings make a complete life reading. The readings also include the phase of membership a person possesses and instructions how to develop said phase. Societies desiring the services of Mr. Wood should address all letters to DeLoss Wood, Box 199, Danielsonville, Ct.



## This Is Loyalty.

To the President of the N. S. A., Dear Sir: Enclosed please find a small consideration to the N. S. A. Fund. I think people ought to give according to their means, and after a review of my income and necessary expenses, I have reached the conclusion that twenty-five cents is all I can afford. I see you take small sums; but what can be expected from an elderly woman with a bedridden mother ninety years of age, and an income of eleven dollars a month, exclusive of house-rent? Yours truly,  
A SPIRITUALIST, for forty-five years.

July 21, 1900.

## A Letter From Toronto.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is not very frequently that anything appears in THE BANNER from the Dominion of Canada, so perhaps you will be pleased to learn that during the past few months the Cause of Spiritualism in Toronto, and I might say all over the province has received such an impetus that it will be difficult for those who are opposed to the movement, to stem the rising tide that has set in its favor.

Continuous meetings which have been fairly well attended throughout, have been kept up in two large halls in different parts of the city; one of these, holding about four hundred people, has been well filled nearly every Sunday evening with earnest listeners, in whose minds seeds have been planted which will cause them to think, and eventually bear fruit for the Cause, if it is not apparent now.

The Rev. Dr. Austin has been instrumental in doing good work on that line. I presume the old-time Methodist little thought the good they were doing to the Cause of Spiritualism when by their action in conference about a year ago, they expelled from that body one of their ablest professors and teachers for preaching what ought to be considered one of the most sublime truths that can be uttered, but which they deemed to be heresy. Those creed-bound sectarians probably had no idea, that by expelling Dr. Austin, they were aiding the cause of Spiritualism by adding to its ranks such a scholarly and earnest worker as he has proved to be, and the supporters of the movement have felt highly gratified with the result of his labors during the short time he has been spreading the truth abroad among the people.

Neither will the frantic efforts of the Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, the organ of Methodism in Canada, avail to prevent a spread of the knowledge of a life beyond the grave, such as Spiritualism affords, by allowing the columns of *The Guardian* to be used by a fakir medium to expose Spiritualism with his "experiences," which was done recently in two issues of that journal, and paid for at the rate of two dollars and a half per column, wherein the writer attempted to prove by implication, if not explicitly stated, that all mediums were frauds; for he asserted that after ten years of investigation he has yet "to meet with a genuine medium."

Had the editor of *The Guardian* taken the precaution he ought to find out who this correspondent was, that had such ready access to his columns, he might have saved himself the humiliation of being the accomplice and the dupe of one of those fakirs, he was so anxious, apparently, to warn his readers against. Had he done this, he might have discovered that this same Mr. Scott, whose portrait *The Guardian* published, was the same man who, three years ago, was advertising himself under an assumed name as a spiritual medium, and professing to do what he says in *The Guardian* was only "fraud and trickery," and because he practised it, wants the people to take his word, and believe that all mediums do the same thing.

I mention this to show the fairness, or rather unfairness, of the attitude of the editor of *The Guardian* to this subject in concerning the "Experiences" of this man, whom, in justice to the editor, we must think he could not have known, though he preferred to pay for his communications and reject the experiences of one who presents another side of the subject; though this writer has had continuous business relations with the Methodist publishing book room, where the *Guardian* is issued, for at least ten years past. Still these experiences, which were the simple truth, offered without money and without price, are refused with the explanation that they were not available for their columns; it was always thus:

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne.  
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown  
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

W. H. EVANS.

## Camp Progress.

The largest audience of the season was at our grove Sunday. It was a most delightful day, and the services were interesting. At the morning meeting Miss Laura Metzger was organist and led the singing. Mr. Graham, Mr. D. C. Thompson, and Mrs. Sadie L. Hand of Boston, Mr. Smith of Chiltonville, Mr. Banks of Salem were the speakers. At the afternoon services Pres. Millikin gave a fine invocation and spoke briefly. Mrs. Sadie L. Hand spoke on "The Importance of the Hour." Mrs. A. Burnham and Mrs. H. A. Baker made interesting remarks; Mrs. H. Mason of Boston and Mrs. L. D. Butler of Lynn gave quite a number of well-received messages. Good singing by the quartet, with organ selection by Mrs. B. M. Merrill interspersed the exercises and made the services very pleasant.

Next Sunday, among the other good mediums, Mrs. Edie I. Webster will be present for the last time this season, as she goes to Lake Sunapee and the Maine camp meetings for their seasons. Mrs. H. O. MERRILL.  
53 Lovell St., Lynn.

## Wedding Anniversary.

Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Butterfield celebrated the anniversary of their wedding in their cottage at Onset, and it was the event of the season. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Gillette and son, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hollowell and daughters, Miss Besie Strom, Mrs. T. C. St. John, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Mr. E. Warren Hatch, C. L. C. Hatch, Herbert H. White and John Roth. During the evening Messrs. E. W. and C. L. C. Hatch and Mr. White furnished many musical selections; Mr. E. W. Hatch sang several songs much to the pleasure of the company. A bountiful collation was provided by the host and hostess. The party broke up about midnight, all going to their homes well pleased, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Butterfield many returns of the happy day.

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## Requiescat In Pace.

Only another thinker has laid down the burden of physical limitation; but it seems to us, her class, accustomed as we were to breathe her inspiration, that there's a difference in this case; for do we not know that she loved it? It was to her the mark that "good will to all men" stamps upon the heart that's full of altruism; the thorn in the side, that, prick it ever so deeply, would only cause to glow the exultation, that having "done all things well" brings to the cheek of willingness to work in the vineyard of love.

Out of the "night of Death" has come for her the morning of Freedom—to think, to feel, to love, to work as never before. Aye! that she will be with us always is a consolation which will inspire us to imitate her loving example, and further promote her benevolent work. And this, Mr. Editor, is what will best please our deceased sister and teacher, Mrs. Hillgoss of Anderson, Ind. "Rest not, weary not; there's work to be done, do it now" was her motto. We have adopted it.

For the class, by W. W. HAWKINS.

940 W. Wayne St., Lima, O.

## Notes by the Way.

Dear Banner: Here we are at our old Camping Ground, Niantic, once more, and as we gaze out upon the face of Nature, with the grand old Pines waving their arms in the strong breeze, the waves singing and dancing along under our feet, as it were, we only wish that all life was equally as harmless. But here the thought comes in, who knows, who can tell but out of these warring elements, engendered by thought-waves, all these seeming wars and strife, will come the dawn of a better civilization. We hope so.

We miss so many of the old familiar faces, and as I write I hear that another is nearing the eternal shore, Frank B. Wright. He has made his home here the last few years in his pretty cottage. Most of the cottages are open for the season. Mr. Belknap of Bridgeport is in his; he is very lame from a recent fall. Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Lyman were here, but started for Block Island. In New London, Mrs. Lyman was injured by a fall; is now stopping at the Crocker House. Mrs. Braces of Springfield, Mass., is as usual at the Foggy Cottage; Mrs. Mills is in her bower; Mrs. West has opened her house; Mr. E. R. Whiting of New Haven, Conn., is expected soon; Mr. Puffer of William, and Mr. Baily are in the D. A. Lyman Cottage. Capt. Vars and wife of Norwich are here, and as we look over the Camp we see nearly all the numerous cottages open, though in some we see changes which the Reader has made since a year ago.

Miss Lizzie Harlow was our first speaker. She spoke words good to hear and to think of. Mrs. Edie Webster of Lynn, Mass., was our next speaker, and test medium. She left a good impression as a true medium and co-worker with the spirit world. It was her first visit here.

Dr. Towne, of Boston, with his pets has just arrived; later his wife and daughter will come. Mr. Harrington has the tower store and Mrs. Ryder is at the restaurant, where excellent service is rendered.

Mr. Jesse Clark, of New London, had to close his cottage and return home, as his health would not admit of his staying longer.

F. B. Wright, formerly of Meriden, Conn., was buried at Leesville, near Haddam, Conn., the 20th instant. He had been in ill health for several years. He was a veteran of the Civil war, and made his home here on this camp ground. His mother was a staunch Spiritualist and passed on a few years ago.

Sunday, July 27. A lovely day, and Mr. H. D. Barrett has come and gone, leaving his burning words of inspiration to stir the lukewarm hearts of Spiritualists to realize, if possible, their drowsy condition. After the lecture we went out with our son in his large sailboat, and how restful it is to glide over the lovely river as the swift-running tide comes rushing in from the south. The little spirit engine is used in many small boats on the river, and the way they skim along shows the inventive genius of man is something wonderful. I will close these rambling thoughts and maybe find more to tell next time.

M. A. FOGG.

## Spiritualist Camps and Camp Work.

The camp work of the closing century should be such as to show progress all along the line of Spiritualism.

With the accumulated lustre of past centuries shadowing the intellect of the present, this should be an epoch in the growth of the human mind. Too much stress cannot be put upon the scientific investigation of the principles underlying and overlapping spiritual phenomena, their philosophy and their relation to the soul.

Too long has the world been held in the A B C class of this great work. Too long have phenomena alone stood for Spiritualism. It is time the senior class should move on and leave the way clear for the new investigators.

When such schools and teachers of the spiritual philosophy are given to the public as Lily Dale Camp has presented this year of 1900, there is no excuse for ignorance or superstition to find room in the ranks of Spiritualism.

I am not inveighing against mediums—mind, I say mediums; I have respect for every phase of mediumship, and have ever held it to be the stepping-stone to that which science builds upon. But, of what avail is scientific proof and demonstration if we forever look at the candlestick instead of the light which rises from it?

Honest mediums deserve all honor; but when the materialized form of a loved wife is presented at a materializing séance, and the husband puts a caressing hand upon her face and discovers the bearded face of a man, we have no respect for such pretended mediumship; and so we say it is time for the senior class to move on and make the way so bright that the juniors cannot be subjected to such infamous deception.

Lily Dale is aglow with spiritual light, and never inaugurated a session under more encouraging promises. The attendance more than averages any previous opening, and the roster never presented a better array of talent.

The schools which have been in session since May, one under the management of Moses Hull and his staff of teachers, and the classes conducted by J. Clez Wright, which will continue to the close of July, have been of great value. We understand these schools will be held another year here, and much may be expected from such a movement. In addition to the schools and teachers mentioned, we have teachers from the Orient and others on various lines of thought, all useful and uplifting to the thoughtful mind. All in all, Lily Dale leads the van, and the coming years of another century will glow with the light reflected from the genius of her past and present.

MARY WEBB-BAKER.

## The Spiritualist Training School.

The fourth annual session of the Spiritualist Training School, conducted on the grounds at Lily Dale, N. Y., closed the 13th inst., after a successful term of eight weeks.

At the annual business meeting, officers were elected as follows: President, Moses Hull; Vice President, Mrs. Sarah Comstock Ellis; Secretary, Mattie E. Hull; Treasurer, Andrew J. Weaver; Trustees, E. W. Sprague, elected for three years; Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving for two years; Mrs. Elizabeth Alkin for one year. It was decided that the next School term should open about May 10, 1901, and continue eight weeks.

Particulars will be published later. Persons desiring information should address, MATTIE E. HULL, Sec'y.  
72 York Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

## Ocean Grove.

HARWICH PORT, Mass., July 15: This, as yet, is not a good season for camp-meeting on Cape Cod. It is too hot, too dry and too dusty. No rain here, we are told, since sometime in May. The travelling is difficult through the dry sands, and when a strong breeze comes from the sea, soon we have clouds of sand to greet us. The greeting may not be a welcome one but it is a gritty one. But our philosophy is to make the best of all that comes our way. Our first speaker this year is Miss Lizzie Harlow of Haydenville, Mass. The subject of her opening discourse was, "What is Common Sense Spiritualism Teaching us?"

In the afternoon Miss Harlow took for her subject, "Three Great Needs of Humanity—Love, Truth and Justice." "Love is the motive power in all things. It leads us into glades of sorrow and into lofty and level plains. We are creatures of sensation. Man is unconsciously led from clan to clan, from nation to nation. By association we grow in knowledge. Our love of mastery has enabled us to work from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Where our forefathers went with the ox cart, we go with the automobile. Where they waited months for a written message, we talk at once with telephone. Every reasoner, every thinker, every doer recognizes truth in each man's ideal. Civil and legal rights do not touch our moral and natural rights. We are tired of a profit and loss religion. We are in a state of discontent. People are discontented with their gods. We are demanding a larger heaven. Think of Spiritualists who talk of going to Summerland, where there is no sorrow, no prisons, no almshouses—sitting down here in quietness and doing nothing to relieve the poor in our land. We are all enslaved. There is enough in America to supply the natural demands of every inhabitant. We require an intelligent motherhood. An intelligent motherhood demands an intelligent fatherhood."

Wednesday, 18.—To-day we had another fine lecture by Miss Harlow; her subject was "How Can We Spiritualize the World?" "The object of the different religions has been how to make the world better. Old terms are passing away and new ones are coming into use. The present methods of spiritualizing the world are not competent to do the work. The corridors of time are filled with dead religions. We do not discard anything that is of use. We can move upward in capacity and not simply in altitude. There is no wrong per se. All is good, and what we want is intelligence to know how to use it. We are in a way to spiritualize the world. The most spiritualized man or woman is the one who is the nearest poised."

Nature is the greatest economist. There are no slop pails at her back doors. Everything is utilized. A man with bad digestion is not the man to reason. What signify village spires when tramps are marching by with empty stomachs?"

Miss Harlow has more than pleased the people here, and we are sure they will want to hear from her another season. We have had several good conference meetings during the few days we have been in camp, and we find them profitable. We often wonder why more are not interested in them. They are surely quite educational.

Our music is conducted this season by Mrs. N. M. Kneeland of Boston, and she is pleasing the people very much. She is a willing, active and an earnest worker.

## Briggs Park.

Sunday, July 15, fourteen hundred persons turned out to hear Mr. Tisdale and Mrs. Carpenter. It concluded Mr. Tisdale's series of lectures with us, and was the beginning of Mrs. Carpenter's engagement. The day was fine and the people were well repaid for coming out. Mr. Tisdale delivered an excellent address in the forenoon. At the afternoon meeting Mrs. Carpenter lectured and followed her lecture with spirit messages.

Our visitors still continue to come. Several new arrivals yesterday. On account of so many campers being present it has been decided to hold our "Conference" meetings in the forenoon and have lectures in the afternoon by some of the many workers who are present.

Mr. and Mrs. Claman were on the grounds Sunday. Arrangements have been made to have them give us their stereopticon lecture on the book of "Ben Hur," on next Friday evening. Mrs. Blake was ordained last Sunday by Mr. Ripley. We all wish her well. Mr. Walker is fast making himself popular as a landlord. Mr. Edgerly will be our next speaker after Mrs. Carpenter. Every one seems happy, and we are all having a good time. Mrs. Merrill was present last Sunday and favored us with some of her beautiful songs, accompanying herself with her auto-harp.  
T. J. HAYNES, Secretary.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

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MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF  
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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 Seance held July 5, 1900, S.E. 53.

### MESSAGES.

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

#### James Wilson.

The first spirit that comes is a gentleman. He is tall and thin and has gray hair, very heavy and bushy. He has blue eyes, with heavy lashes, and beard all round his face. He stoops a little, and his voice quavers as he says: "Please help me to get to my own, because I am so anxious to tell them that my interests are theirs. I could not see very well before I went away, and I want to tell them that I am very much better; that now I can see all things, and that it is like living over again. I could not feel sad when I came, only feel great joy that liberty had come and once more I could look on the faces of those I loved. My name is James Wilson, and I come from Danvers, Mass. I want to get to Lizzie, and she will know and understand that every thought I can send her will be one of interest and comfort. Tell her father comes with me and bids her be of good cheer; the same trust and hope are his to day, and so he goes forward brightened with that thought."

#### Emeline Strout.

Then there comes a lady, above medium height and rather stout. She has a fair skin and brown hair that is combed back rather tightly. She has a pretty little way about her as though full of happiness and yet a little bit of fear that she would not say everything just right. She says: "This is no new thing. I understood much of it before I came over, but did not understand as much as now, as of course no one can. I used to wonder why spirits did not come stronger and better, and now I wonder how they ever get back at all. It is really very hard to make oneself felt and heard. My name is Emeline Strout and I come from Bradford, Maine. I want to say that I am constantly working. I have not the old worry that I used to have, but I work, work, work. Seems as though that brings more happiness than anything else. Daniel is with me and says, 'Say to the old friends that it is a good thing you can get back and report once in a while,' and that is why we have come."

#### Emma Dewey.

Now I see a girl about eighteen years old. She is tall and slight and has such a cough. She cannot keep from coughing. I think before she went away that she was sick a long time, for I see the bed on which she lay, and it seems such a struggle to free herself from the conditions of earth and enter with calmness into the other life. She gives her name as Emma Dewey and she comes from Montpelier, Vt. She says: "I have so often wished I might say a word or bring some evidence of my consciousness to those about me. It is very hard. Every time I attempt it, I practically take on my old earth conditions and am too weak to say a thing. But here I am and I want to get to father and mother and say to Louise that she must not cry so much and feel so bad over what has happened to her. She is not so deep in the sorrows of life that the sun will never shine again, and I can already see the breaking of a brighter day for her. I shall do everything I can to help her."

#### Charles Perkins.

And there comes right after her a large, stout man, fair skin and red cheeks. He has brown hair and looks so strong and well. He did not go after a long sickness, but just dropped out of earth quickly, and when he opened his eyes in the spirit he was a most surprised person. He says: "Well, well, well! I have been gone about ten years, and I went away from Allegheny City. I thought when I first dropped out that it must be I would keep on dropping until I would be bound to reach my friends; but all at once turned round and saw my father. He took my hand and said: 'Well, well, my boy, let's take hold of hands and gather strength together.' My name is Charles Perkins, and although I never did anything that would make me remembered for years after I was gone, I enjoyed life and tried to have everybody else do the same. My wife's name is Fannie, and she will be glad to know that I know how she is and what a struggle she has had. Somehow these people in earth life seem to be stronger to bear their burdens, when some one else knows of them, and so they make an effort to bear them bravely. She will be stronger and braver to know that some one understands her struggles. Little Charlie is pretty well and will soon be able to take my place."

#### Edith Fair.

Now I see a woman forty years old. She is about medium height, medium weight. She has dark brown hair and blue eyes. She is dressed prettily and stylishly and seems to be fond of looking nice. She says: "I feel the same interest to get back to my people as that gentleman who has just spoken did to get back to his. My name is Edith Fair. I have seen Jack, and have seen him sit down and try to imagine where I might be and what I am doing, and yet he is so utterly unconscious that I am beside him and looking at him. I have seen him looking at my picture and wondering why it that he cannot be content to have the mat-

ter as it is. I had every hope that I would get better, but suddenly grew worse, and came to the spirit world from Detroit, Mich. I like color just as well as before, and am just as fond of flowers as I used to be. Tell Jack that I saw those flowers that he placed on my coffin."

#### Jennie Ridpath.

Now comes a lady, tall, slim and quite old. Her hair is almost white and her eyes are a soft blue and dim with age. She wears glasses and has a sensitive mouth and a pleasant smile. She clasps her hands in front and says: "Well, well! I am glad to say that Jennie Ridpath is still alive and still looking out into the world to see if there is something she can do. I have Susan with me and we both want to get to John in Washington. We thought if we could send him a message it would stir him up a little about this thought and he would do better work. Give him our love and tell him we see him studying and writing, and that often when it is late and seems as though everyone else is in bed, he is doing his best work, because we can give him our best influence."

#### Rosa Kent.

Now comes a woman whose name is Rosa Kent. She is about fifty-five years old, and has rather an aggressive way. She is tall, not very stout, has blue eyes and gray hair; seems to be a hard working woman, one who was doing something all the time for some one else. She went out from New Bedford. She says: "My, my! but if I could only come back as strong as I want to. I was born in England, but came over to this country a long time before I came to the spirit. I called it my home here, and that is why I give the place where I lived."

#### Martha Goodrich.

The next is a woman sixty years old, fair face, dark eyes, and smooth white hair. She is dressed plainly and carefully, and gives her name as Martha Goodrich. She says: "Oh, how I want to get back! I want to go to Salt Lake City. I was familiar with the place, and have friends there, but the one I want to go to is Henry A. Davis. He seems to feel that it is possible for people to return, and I feel such an anxiety to make it clear to him, because his life will be brightened by this line, after it is known to him. Tell him that I will come again and do something else that will make this thought plain to him."

#### Lucy Ross.

A woman comes now whose name is Lucy Ross. She is a middle-aged woman, with dark eyes and hair, and has a pretty way about her. She lived in Lewiston, Me., and says: "It has been a long time since any one has come from Lewiston. I am so glad I am able to say that I am still alive. I want to get to Julia Patterson, who lives in Lewiston."

### Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY TWO.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It always seems to me that for six months in the year we are on the up grade of physical life. This comforting of the world, and then its rejuvenation, begins late in December, when Nature in her ceaseless and majestic course gives us just a little bit more of daylight and just a little less of the irksome, black night. In January the days become perceptibly longer, and this life-awakening process gives us the thaws of March, tender grass blades of April, the precious wild flowers of May, and then the very high tide of the year in June with its roses and the long, long days of the 20th and the 21st, sandwiched between one tiny night, when the very birds forget to sleep in their eagerness to greet the sun as it begins to gild the hill-tops at four o'clock in the morning. As on some other days in the year one wishes all a Merry Christmas, or a welcome home on Thanksgiving Day, so do I feel like saying to one and all on the 21st of June, "Rejoice, rejoice, for this is the very longest day in the year."

And yet, there is a note of sadness in the chord that thrills the heart, for we know that we have only reached an acme, which has not the element of permanency, for now the world enters upon the down grade, though she first poises long on the gilded summit; and the wealth of the July flowers might lead the unthinking to fancy that the long summer days are longer than ever. Then comes August with its heats, for though the nights have begun to be quite long, the earth has drunk in too much solar heat to make it cool.

In August the golden-rod appears, and though it is beautiful with its feathery plume of gold, my very heart shrinks when I see the first one, for it is the herald of autumn, and the precursor of the midnight chill of the death of the year. "Thus round and round the circle runs."

My little flower garden is a source of great delight. When I saw so many porches decked with the rambling rose, and so many yards rich with every variety of this floral green, I almost wished that I had tried to have roses. But their glory is short-lived, and I am glad to retain those plants that proper care enables to bloom the whole season through. There is, however, an evanescent flower that one would not spare, and that is the honey-suckle. While the delicious perfume of its blooms lasts only a week or two, the vine itself is so graceful, so full of leaves, and withal so dainty, that it is beautiful long after its flowers have fallen to the ground.

I have always needed more white flowers to put in the bouquets, so this year I devoted one bed to only white ones. It has geraniums, verbenas, and the border is candytuft, which has more "body" than the delicate sweetwallow. By tying the verbenas to stakes, and cutting off their clusters when they begin to fade, each plant looks like a large white bouquet.

While not a skilled florist, I have discovered two practices that make my flowers bloom abundantly the whole season through. These are watering twice a day, and plucking the flowers freely, never allowing them to go to seed.

A plant lives and moves and has its being with one definite aim—the raising of seeds that may propagate its kind. So if you let it go to seed, it feels that its work is done, that it may now rest on its laurels, and it grows leaves with great indifference until the frost comes. Why not? It has fulfilled the purpose of its existence, and the seeds that it has matured are safely deposited in the ground to make new floral creations the coming season. But if you do not let it seed, and the only judge he do the flowers with a lavish hand, to beautify sick rooms and the homes of your city friends just as soon as they look beautiful, your plant is not discouraged, but immediately goes to

work to produce new ones. But if you should out of its just opened flowers, and give it no water to drink, you would be doing a cruel thing. Its flowers are gone, the sun beats on it so pitilessly, it feels so weak, and its thirst is so great that every leaf droops, and it nearly dies.

In the early morning, before the sun is hot upon the grass, I give a generous watering all round. A mere sprinkling is not enough. Give water sufficient to wet the roots. Then when the sun is setting, water them again, and out off the fading flowers. If any shoots seem weak, add them with slender stakes, and if the climbing plants do not cling to the strings you have provided, put them gently around the string, being careful to turn it round in the same way as the other plants of its kind that have already twined. Each climbing plant has its own way to rise. If you should try to make a morning-glory twine like a honeysuckle, it would be useless. Even if you should tie it that way, as soon as the shoot got long enough it would turn the other way.

"In duty  
To the law of its own beauty."

Ah! little plant, you turn in the way heaven meant you should. But human flowers, that Heaven meant should ever rise, spirally it is true, and yet ever upward, toward the Life Eternal, violate the law of their own being, singly or in masses, bend down to darkness and crime and woe!

Sometimes these little shoots do not find the string you have provided. They can feel, but they cannot see. But if a gentle hand lays the shoot against the string, with a "This way, little dear," the next morning you will find it twined firmly about it. Then it will grow rapidly, but if its strength is expended in reaching out and trying to find a support, its growth is impeded. When I find a tiny morning glory twined around a blade of grass, and then waving forlornly in the air, I blame myself for my neglect.

This is July in the country, Mr. Editor, but alas! for those who are pent up in the hot city, and especially the poor there, in close rooms by day and by night, and no money to pay for an occasional outing! So many fields, so many trees, such thick woods, such cool brooks with flowers at their brink, and these poor souls cannot get to them! The little child holds the starving kitten to its thin chest, and suffers, it does not know how or why. "Ah me! The dreadful why!"

A few weeks ago the chairman of our Socialist Club said that three officers of another society were present, and would like to present their object to us through their secretary. As some stranger ladies were in the room, I looked to see one of them come forward, and was surprised when the little daughter of Frederic Scrimshaw, a modest and silent child, came out under the light, and with great composure and dignity read a report of a newly formed society, entitled "The Junior Branch of the Arlington Social Science Club." She presented its inception, its modes of working, and its aims. The principal aim of these young girls is to bring some light and sweetness into the homes of poor children, pent up in the neighboring city of New York. In pursuance of this end, they carry many beautiful bouquets every morning to certain members of our Club, who go daily to the city, which they distribute to the children as they walk from the boat to their place of business. They are most eagerly received. These bouquets are not little ones of the ordinary field daisies and buttercups, though these more common flowers are craved by the poor little city children. The bouquets made by our young friends are large, and have roses and whatever handsome garden flowers are in bloom, and are faithfully and industriously carried and distributed by our good members, who have themselves a day of hard work before them.

At our meeting on June 26, it was announced that during the previous week, one hundred and fifty-eight of these bouquets had been carried to New York. Many outsiders, who would not have initiated this work, are eager to supply flowers from their gardens to aid these little girls. They have to be up early, for these workers start for New York by very early trains. They are "wage-slaves," you know.

Another part of the work of this "Junior Branch," is to bring some of these children for an outing in our country homes by and by.

The Socialists of Arlington do not have their regular weekly meetings during July and August, though there may be an occasional conference for social purposes. The regular business will be resumed in September.

Besides the Republicans and the Democrats, *The Outlook* enumerates seven other minor parties that will be factors in the coming presidential campaign. These are the Socialist Labor party, the Social Democratic party, the DeLeon Socialists, the United Christian party, the Prohibition party, the Populist party, and the Silver Republican party. Possibly there may be an anti-Imperialist party, and a Gold Democratic party. The real issues are between the Republicans and the Democrats, but *The Outlook* will soon give the personnel and the principles of all these parties.

For myself, being still disfranchised, along with the minors, the idiots, the insane, the criminals, and the paupers of the country, I do not expect to have a voice in the election of our Chief Executive.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,

ABBY A. JUDSON.

Arlington, N. J., July 14, 1900.

### In Memoriam.

Mrs. Vine Winship Osgood Coburn.

Very lately one has passed through the pearly gates whose life was one of unusual opportunities. She has left trailing clouds of brightness in her pathway to the higher realms, and mourning hearts to those who cannot feel the ecstasy and exaltation from the opening clouds of her ascent to the heights and beatitudes of the spirit world.

Oh, thou great "Power and Glory," Life of the Universe—men call by different names, in different languages—may thy pearly "gates ajar" stand wide open for us whom she has left on earth, and may we be worthy to pass through when our turn comes. We ask it in remembrance of the great exemplars, the great *Ideals of the ages, the centuries*—"Son of Man and Son of God," as are all humanity!

HELEN NEIL HOWARD.

It is because man is his own judge that each wrong brings its own punishment and each kindly deed its own reward. The throne of justice is within man, and the only judge he will ever have is the one enthroned in the kingdom of heaven within himself.—*The World's Advance Thought.*

### Professor Alexander on the Payment of Mediums.

In asking you to publish the following letter, a few words of explanation are necessary. I had heard from my son in Brazil that the mediums there refuse to take money for the exercise of what they call "the gift of God." Feeling, as many of us do, that the payment of mediums lowers the ideal of Spiritualism, and is a temptation to fraud, I was much interested, and wrote to an eminent Spiritualist in Rio begging him to tell me how Brazilian mediums generally maintain themselves. I now send you his reply, as some of your readers may be glad to hear that their theory is actual fact in one part of the world.

E. M.

Rio de Janeiro, March 16, 1900.

"Your son is quite right in informing you that, as a rule, mediums in Brazil receive no payment for their services. The only exceptions are some two or three healing mediums, who invade the province of regular medical practitioners and give consultations. They are liable to prosecution for so doing."

"In general, Brazilian mediums do not keep open house for all callers. They are employed during the day in some kind of business, and attend friendly circles in the evening once or twice a week, when they write automatically or fall into trance. As our Spiritualists are nearly all of a religious cast, it is supposed amongst them that traffic in, or abuse of, mediumship will lead to its loss or end in obsession."

"Nevertheless there is rarely any difficulty in being admitted to such circles, or in obtaining a private sitting with a medium. The Brazilian Spiritualists earnestly desire to make converts, and receive the inquirers with open arms."

"Do not conclude that our sensitives are all superior persons. In spite of their disinterestedness, many of them have given lamentable proof of moral weakness and want of mental balance. Society in Rio is very corrupt, and they seem to be less able than others to resist temptation. It is only in an atmosphere of repulsion to surrounding evil that medial gifts may be exercised with comparative safety. High aspirations must be cultivated that there may be a guarding influence from the higher spheres. That connection interrupted, the earth-bound spirits crowd in and too often crush down the sensitive under the superadded weight of alien wickedness. In this lies the real danger of Spiritualism."

"In Spiritualism one finds what one brings. There is a wide range of response for all the modulations of our own minds. From things I have witnessed or heard of, I think I can assure you that phenomena occur indicative of a wickedness and misery too awful to be mentioned. On the other hand, there are communications that come with a brightness and happiness inconceivable to those who have not yet experienced them personally. In general, we stand on the middle rungs of this Jacob's ladder, but the lowest part dips into hell; the highest reaches to heaven."

"Premising that I am far from practising what I preach, I will add that it is evidently incumbent on everyone to whom the truth of Spiritualism has been brought home to live according to the light that has been vouchsafed to him. Whatever aptitudes he may possess must, at his own peril, be used for the attainment of noble ends that the mind may be sweetened by purity, the love of God and man grow greater, the trust in the Universal Father be more absolute. Not even angels interfere in our choice between good and evil. That is our own, and this individual responsibility is necessary to our growth as spiritual beings."

"Evidently gratuitous service on the part of mediums fits in best with this high ideal. I know but little of the class of professional paid mediums of Europe and the States, but I can conjecture that their situation is a very precarious one and subject to temptations from which they ought to be exempt. People who happen to have five or ten shillings to spend, but whose money might as well perish with them, go to them to be amused, to have their fortunes told, and to find out how it is done, so that they may boast of their hard-heartedness to friends, or write a few sneering paragraphs to a daily paper."

"It would be well if Spiritualists of influence would interest themselves in finding some regular employment for such mediums as are willing to accept it. Let them be well paid for fancy needlework, typewriting, correspondence, teaching, etc., but not directly for sittings. The mind engaged too exclusively with other-world subjects, may become morbidly unfitted for its present environment. The occupations of everyday life would therefore be useful in maintaining a healthy mental tone, which would surely not be unfavorable to communication with spirit friends. That even arduous daily work is not incompatible with great sensitiveness was shown in the case of the Rev. Stainton Moses.—*London Light.*

### Lend a Hand for the Sake of Humanity.

Sometimes as we read of the wickedness which is published in the columns of some of the daily papers, which make a specialty of showing all the cases of crime and wrong doing; which nimble reporters can get hold of, we are led to believe that the world is going backward and that the great cause of humanity is tending also in that direction.

But a second sober thought reveals the fact that out of the large population in the world to day, and the facilities for making deeds of evil public, the percentage of wrong doers is comparatively small, although large enough to be sufficiently startling. When we remember the lack of parental care and love in many cases, which is so essential to start the boy or girl in the right direction, and the effect of evil companionship upon the plastic minds of the young, the great curse of strong drink and kindred vices, and of the many who are so early led astray, many of whom, if they only had a little more stamina, would be a credit to themselves and families, the wonder is that the number of human wrecks is not infinitely greater than the records show.

The efforts put forth in behalf of the erring are a great blessing to humanity at the present day, and the power for good lights up the otherwise dismal picture. They comprise not only societies of devoted men and women but private individuals also, whose aim in life is to seek out the erring, and by words of kindness win them back to virtue. Such men and women fully understand poor human nature, and they have no bitter words with which to reproach those whom they seek to save. They appeal to the better nature which is never utterly extinct in any human breast. The ark is always there and in most instances, can be fanned into a flame sufficient to lead a

poor erring mortal out of darkness into the marvelous light, if those interested only pursue the right course.

First of all, one must get the confidence of the erring. Let them relate in their own way their story and then you can judge the best course to pursue to save them. Strive to convince them that the path of duty and honesty is the only safe one to follow, and above all, get them some honest work to do. Very many of the cases of dereliction today are occasioned by lack of something to do. Idleness is the well-known parent of crime, and a truer adage was never penned than that which declares that "An idle brain is the devil's workshop."

There is no person in this community today, however humble may be their sphere in life, but can do something in reclaiming the fallen and brighten up some life and render it useful. We are well aware that there are some unpleasant duties connected with such work, but the harder the contest, the greater the victory. Society today, for the most part, is too apt to bear down hard on those who are astray, and take it for granted that because one has wandered from the path, there is no use endeavoring to get him back again. This is entirely wrong, and utterly devoid of the spirit which bids us to never be weary in well doing.—*Ez.*

### Timely Topics.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

The late William Corbett a century ago insisted that the year 1800 was the first year of the nineteenth century. For this he was called to account, and accused of contumacy by Mr. Fenn, who had been his partner in Philadelphia. He responded in "porcupine" terms: "Does Mr. Fenn look upon himself as a judge and view the editor as an offender brought to his bar? Contumacy with a vengeance! Why, the very air of Philadelphia seems to be impregnated with tyranny—literary, legal and medical. Contumacy or not, the editor does still persist in asserting that the year 1800 is the first of the nineteenth century, and that to believe the contrary is to betray a degree of ignorance excusable in no one but a Philadelphian."

Let us treat the memory of Thomas Paine without prejudice. This insurgent Democrat was not an attractive person, as we look at him from the ranks of respectable society; but among the real revolutionists of the world, even among the greatest of them, how many would we have cared to meet as friends? We might as reasonably seek courtesy in Luther or urbane in Cromwell as moderation in Paine. It is the pioneers who have done the hardest work the world has ever given men to do. Thus it was with Paine. His tasks were not all done wisely, but they were done bravely. For often his light was darkness, but he walked steadfastly in his path, and the goal which he sought was the happiness of his fellowmen.—*Elery Sedgwick.*

Summing up all in a very few words, I find that all great poetry is a help to the human race in its search for enlightenment, and that it is all for the common good.—*Edwin Markham.*

Another bank officer has come to grief. The President of the Dime Savings Institution in Newark, N. J., has caused the arrest of the Treasurer for embezzling money. The recreant official is said to be without vices, to have lived frugally, to be an excellent family man; and no signs of having hid the money have been found. He had grown up in the bank, having been in its employ twenty-seven years, and was Secretary, Treasurer and managing man generally. He covered his defalcations by increasing the figures on the books when individuals drew out money. It seems from this occurrence and others that are getting numerous, that banks and savings institutions in particular are not carefully managed, and that the current modes of doing business do not develop honest proclivities. But too generally money is the criterion of social favor, while the means of getting it are winked at if only a large enough amount is obtained. The Newark man seems to have taken too small a sum to be excused. The officers who did not watch him now set up the cry of "Thief!"

THE REALM BEYOND.—We have neglected our dead, and in so doing have weakened one of the most intimate of our links with the unseen. In our minds we have put up barriers that do not correspond with the reality, and so have obstructed the flow of some of the grandest of the human inspirations. The mind revolts against these limitations. Its prophetic instinct recognizes them as a mistake. The vagaries of Spiritualism are a rough protest against the policy of cutting the cable between Here and the Beyond. And that other side protests also. Mystic hints and monitions, such as Kant records of Swedenborg, and Madame Guyon of her departed friend Proucet, remind us, on the best authority, that near to us, on the outer side of a very thin veil, lies a great Realm of Life which has the closest connection with our own.—*The Christian World (London).*

### Toward the Real of Things.

Toward the real is upward; toward the apparent is downward. Man is real and apparent. The apparent decomposes, dies; the real form lives.

The completed man is the summit of formation; as a whole he is a harp with unnumbered strings. The purpose of his life is to get in tune. When in perfect tune, he is the completed man. But it is a great thing to be in perfect accord with self, only from which can come the divinest melodies.

The study of man as a whole, is the work of eternity. The successive steps being the higher and finer vibratory action of more and more strings bearing harmonic relations.

The ultimate of each successive degree is the full and completed action of the attractive and repelling power of every string in the human form.

Life's troubles all seem to come from fear and restraint. Individuals do not regard the attractive and repelling power of every element entering into the composition of men. Nothing grows without food that nourishes. Nothing is in best health that the attractive and repelling power does not have its full, unobstructed liberty of action.

The crown of all authority, which should be recognized and observed, is in the attractive and repelling power.

The crown of all slavery is in the authority that curtails and obstructs the recognition and observance of this power which opens to the deeper consciousness and capacities for greater liberty.

What comes through another adds but little to an individual's attractive and repelling force. Nothing can crown the individual but the power in the individual which gives him complete self-control.

Study the individual as a whole!—*The Marion Enterprise.*



## Insulting the Creator's Goodness.

BY W. R. HART.

Mr. Hillis, a clergyman of Brooklyn, announced not very long ago his retirement from the Presbyterian Church.

At first this occasioned surprise. Since it is proper for a Christian to be labelled with some one of the little denominations which vex mankind, why not one denomination as soon as another? Of course, every attempt by man to write a creed expressing the detailed will of God Almighty is childish impertinence.

A kind Creator made us all, put us here, with laws all tending to our improvement.

Men, in the effort to make religion profitable and interesting, have invented various creeds to threaten and coerce mankind. They are based primarily on a desire to contradict and annoy other religious sects, and partly on the necessity of achieving corporate union and denominational liberality.

They date from a period when men were densely ignorant. Men, well-meaning, intensely pious, but unable to conceive of universal benevolence, got together to deal out eternal rewards or eternal damnation according to their own personal views of righteousness.

It is strange at this late date to see men disputing questions of dogma. But the Hillis incident is useful.

It will not be believed in a few centuries that a clergyman was compelled to give up his faith—as Hillis has done—or accept doctrines absolutely revolting to human nature.

What manner of man, what age of the higher class, could possibly accept the dogma that God would punish innocent children?

No being outside the vicious ward of a madhouse ready to believe that which Hillis has rejected. The technical theory is this:

That God, creating endless millions of beings, has in advance sentenced vast multitudes to eternal hell fire. Nothing they may do after birth, no goodness, no supplications, can save them.

This horrible punishment He has inflicted on creatures unborn, on victims that have not even had a chance to earn such punishment—were it possible ever to earn it.

The mother is told to look at her five little children and believe that three of them, before their birth, may have been sentenced by God to eternal torment.

What mother believes such horror? Most hideous of all is the suggestion that God thus punishes without cause "for His own eternal glory."

Of course no man could believe this. Of course none does believe it. If any did, it would perhaps be wise to hold such a one under a stream of cold water for about two hours. On emerging he would say: "How can you treat me so merely for believing certain things?" The reply would be: "You believe that God punishes with streams of eternal fire for nothing at all. Go back under the pump."

A great and deeply religious writer—religious in the true sense—has tersely and adequately dealt with this horrible Calvinistic doctrine of "reprobation." We suggest to Dr. Hillis that he read aloud to his congregation this extract from the works of Lecky—a man truly conscientious:

"Of this doctrine it is not too much to say that in the form in which it has often been stated it surpasses in atrocity any tenets that have ever been admitted into any human creed, and would, if it formed an essential part of Christianity, justify the term 'persecution,' which Tacitus applied to the faith."

That an all-righteous and all-merciful Creator, in the full exercise of those attributes, deliberately callous existence to beings whom he has from eternity irrevocably destined to endless, unspeakable, unmitigated torture, is a proposition at once so extravagantly absurd and so infelicitously atrocious that its adoption might well lead men to doubt the universality of moral perceptions.

"Such teaching is, in fact, simply demonism, and demonism in its most extreme form. It attributes to the Creator acts of injustice and of barbarity which it would be absolutely impossible for the imagination to surpass, acts before which the most monstrous excesses of human cruelty dwindle into insignificance, acts which are in fact considerably worse than any that theologians have attributed to the devil."

Here is a consoling thought:

"Those who embrace these doctrines do so only because they believe that some inspired writer has taught them, and because they are still in that stage in which men consider it more irreligious to question the infallibility of apostolic men to disprove by any conceivable imputation the character of the Deity. —History of European Morals, Volume I, pages 96 and 97."

It is generally supposed, dear readers, that a newspaper must not touch upon religious questions. It is believed by newspaper editors and owners, and especially by newspaper failures, that men are incapable of sane reflection when religious questions are involved.

Undoubtedly it is wise, as a rule, for newspaper writers to let religious questions alone. In realms where argument plays no part there is little use in arguing.

Discussions on religious matters convince no one; therefore, in general, they simply hurt some one's feelings while doing no one any good.

But this Hillis matter is out of the usual run. It drags into the light of publicity a theory that should have died out with the ducking of witches and the burning of heretics.

It insults the wisdom and goodness of God. Therefore, we are willing to risk the anger of an occasional well-meaning theologian if we may receive in exchange the approbation of Him who made that theologian, and who did not pre-destine him to eternal hell fire.—The New York Evening Journal.

## Why This Fearful Indifference?

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Every great movement in its first state of development has to battle with difficulties of all sorts, and the cause of Spiritualism makes no exception to the rule. All appeals in behalf of the Mayer Fund seem to find little response, even by those whom it most concerns, and from outsiders nothing can be expected. Why is this? Because men of science generally stand aloof from all that in the least relates to the psychic, and the public at large, not able to think for themselves, follow like sheep the dictum from the college desk or the pulpit. And why do men of science continue to ignore that which ought to be as clear as sunshine after only a little reasoning? Simply because Spiritualism lacks, in their opinion, the scientific basis—for they could not afford to stoop down to investigate what is pooh poohed in their textbooks, as all search for an after-life in corpses has been futile, despite scalp and crucible.

Now there comes a man claiming to possess revelations, 5,000 kilometers from beyond the north pole? What does this imply? Naturally these revelations or whatever they are, could only proceed from the psychic and through a psychic, and he even reinforces his startling announcement by the utterances of an impartial judge again from the psychic. Yet, so valuable as this may seem, it could and would not impress the scientist. He insists, like Shylock, upon his pound of flesh, and lo! he can have it for the mere asking. It would beseech folly for any man to come forward with revelations and claims in public if he were not individually sure of their truth by self-reasoning and induction, and to slight this rare opportunity, never offered before, namely to put Spiritualism upon a scientific basis, thereby satisfying the most scrupulous man of learning and giving an unheard of impulse for further investigation and elaboration, would be a criminal indifference indeed.

Who dares to doubt the wisdom and foresight of our Creator? Cannot he reveal his beautiful handiwork as the spheres must be to the gaze of man whenever it pleases him? Cannot he find means to impart the details of life and prevailing sentiments on those spheres whenever he deems it opportune to enlighten mankind which is evolved now to full manhood and prepared to face stern and yet so pleasant realities in the beyond? Never before in history was the need of light thrown upon the spiritual side of life so pressing as just now, and if that one fact of ethereal yet visible spheres proves correctly

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