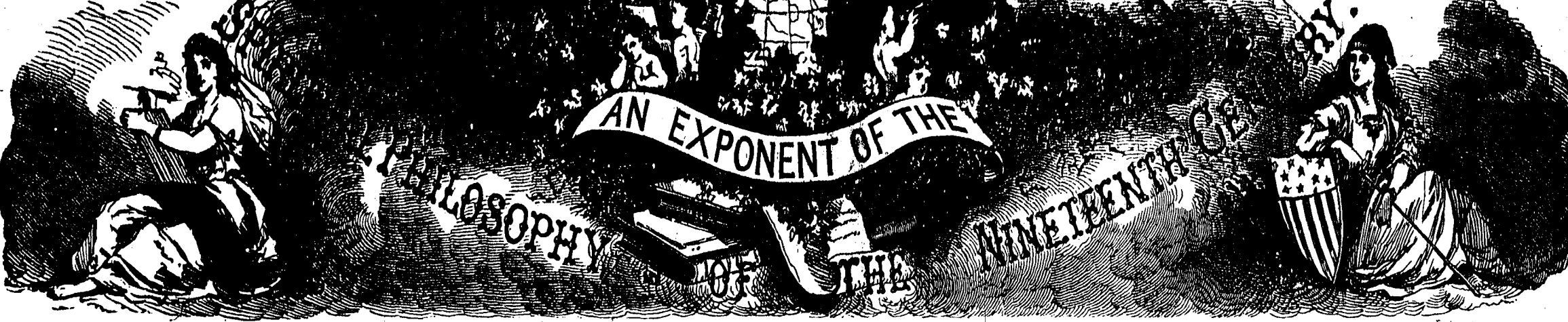


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NO. 2.

HOW WILL THE "KING OF HEAVEN" DECIDE?

BY J. MARION GALE.

Can it be that God has failed
To hear the prayers the Lion wailed
For sovereign power in Africa?
Can it be he heard before
The anxious prayers of the Boer
To save his home in Africa?

All the powers, but Uncle Sam,
Would like a little slice of Ham—
A bit of Darkest Africa.
All have prayed, and prayed the same,
All have prayed in Jesus' name,
To hold the fort in Africa.

And there are others—black men, there,
Mayhap they, too, have offered prayer
For prior rights in Africa.
The victor now must kiss the rod—
Or conquer all the rest and God,
To rule the roost in Africa.

How will the "King of Heaven" decide,
Unless he parcel and divide
The wide domain of Africa?

MORAL.

I would not dare to look before
And read what destiny in store
This year may yet evolve.
I only dare to work and pray,
To work, to watch, to hope away
It may end in good resolve.

I pray the coming century
May usher in with joyous glee
Of peace on earth, good will to man.
I pray that mad ambitions cool,
And leave mankind a happy school
To learn and live the Wisdom plan.

The Occult Eye, Can It See What the Material Eye Cannot?

A "Mind Reader" Tested by Dr. John D. Quackenbos, Columbia University's Emeritus Professor of Psychology, with Interesting Results.

Can a man see without eyes, hear without ears and detect odors beyond the ken of the physical senses? This is a question which has been raised recently by students of psychic phenomena who have given the subject the most thorough investigation. In the office of Dr. John D. Quackenbos last week a man seemed to read notes concealed in the drawers of a desk, to follow out characters written on a sheet of paper which had been burned and to decipher phrases written in a tongue with which he professed he was not familiar. He said that he actually saw the characters which he translated into speech or painfully and often awkwardly wrote upon sheets of paper.

On the night before these experiments were conducted he was taken to a Broadway restaurant. The proprietor of the place, being informed of the man's power of divination, or whatever it might be called, challenged him to make a test.

"Tell me," said the proprietor, "how much money I have in my cash register."

This man, who saw not with the eyes of sense, replied: "That I cannot tell you, for you have three registers. I shall tell you how much you have in the one which is behind the screen yonder."

He pointed as he spoke to a screen at the further end of the room. Nobody who was in the company could see what was behind the structure, but this man confidently asserted that there was a cash register there. A clerk was sent to count the contents of the strong box, and he returned after a few minutes and announced the computation completed. He held in his hand a folded slip of paper.

"You have found \$770.18," said the man who saw without eyes, "and you added up the amount with a blue pencil."

Upon opening the paper it was found that the wizard, or clairvoyant, or mind reader—call him what you will—had guessed the exact amount, and that the computation was indeed written in blue characters.

"How did you guess it?" asked a bystander. "Guess it!" exclaimed the man, indignantly. "Why, I did not guess it. I saw it. I saw what was in the register. It was very hard at first, but I kept on trying until I actually did see what the drawers contained."

These, and similar occurrences in connection with this mind-reader, were called to the attention of Dr. John D. Quackenbos, who for many years has made a study of hypnotism, and of the various phenomena of the human mind.

"It is no unusual thing," said he, "for persons who have been hypnotized to see without the aid of the physical organs. The soul does not know time and space. It may be that this man of whom you speak has the power of self-hypnotism, or it may be that he has a faculty so finely trained that he actually can see with out eyes. If his experiment with the cash register is a genuine one he undoubtedly must have such a power of sight."

Prof. Quackenbos, several scientific men and a reporter for the *Herald* met last Thursday morning in the physician's office in West 28th street, for the purpose of making a test of the mind reader's powers. Berthold Reese, whose work as a mind-reader has already attracted some attention, was the subject. The room in which the experiments were conducted was on the first floor, and corresponded to the back parlor of many New York houses. There were two doors leading into the apartment, one from the hallway, and the double door between the office and the front parlor. In the apartment were a desk, a couch, chairs, several book-cases and the paraphernalia of a physician's office. The mind-reader stood most of the time in the eastern end of the apartment, and the spectators were seated near the western wall.

"Professor" Reese, as he is called, seemed anxious to have his powers put to the test. The scientific men who were to make the investigation were not disposed to take anything for granted. During all the experiments the mind-reader was closely watched. What he did could hardly have been done by the most dexterous of sleight-of-hand experts. He began his experiments with some of the simpler tests. He asked those in the room to write on slips of paper the dates of their birth, the maiden names of their mothers and such information, and when these folded slips were pressed to his forehead he was able to read them, glibly and accurately.

"Not at all remarkable," said the men of science. "He knew yesterday that this test would be made. He could have gone to the Bureau of Vital Statistics and obtained such information. He might have guessed at some of it. Even if this were genuine, it is not more than other mind readers or muscle readers have accomplished."

"Perhaps he substituted the slips of paper in some way," suggested one of the scientists. "I have heard of such things being done."

So it was decided to apply a more severe test. The mind-reader simply smiled and said that he was ready. Under his directions, Prof. Quackenbos took five small slips of paper. They were such as physicians use for prescription blanks or for memoranda. On each of these the professor wrote certain questions. He had gone into another room to prepare them, and he reentered the study with the slips all neatly folded in his hand. At the request of the mind-reader, he carefully mixed up the papers and placed one in each of three drawers in his desk. The drawers were then locked. The mind-reader took his position at a remote corner of the room. He certainly had no means of touching the slips of paper, and he could not in any way have seen them. His mind was evidently hard at work, for he seemed under considerable excitement.

His actions were those of a man who was making a sustained effort to concentrate his thoughts upon a subject of great difficulty. In the opinion of some of the experts his manner was rather theatrical, and was the one commonly adopted by stage professors of the art of mesmerism and mind-reading. He finally approached Prof. Quackenbos and asked him to place a hand upon his head. Then the mind-reader abruptly turned toward Mrs. Quackenbos, who was present, and said: "Hold up your hand on which was your engagement ring."

Mrs. Quackenbos lifted her left hand, and it was seen that there was no ring upon the third finger.

"On the paper which is in the left drawer," said the mind reader, "you will find, 'Where is my wife's engagement ring?' Before the word 'engagement' there is something scratched out. That is very peculiar. It looks like 'd. i.'"

The drawer was opened, and on a slip of paper were the words, "Where is my wife's engagement ring?" Prof. Quackenbos said that he had intended to write, "Where is my wife's diamond ring?" but had reconsidered it and scratched out the letters "di," and had written "engagement" instead of "diamond."

Among the questions which the mind reader had asked Prof. Quackenbos to write was that of some girl whom he had known in his boyhood, and also that of one of his boy friends. The mind reader, with the utmost ease, told what the slip of paper in the middle drawer contained. Upon examination it was found that the name on the slip was "Lydia Spofford," as the mind reader said it was. Prof. Quackenbos had known the girl when she was about ten years old. She had been dead many years. The mind reader correctly said that the slip of paper in the right hand drawer bore the words "Clifford Ernest Pond."

This feat considerably astonished Prof. Quackenbos. Those who witnessed the experiment blankly stared at each other. There seemed to be no possible explanation of such a performance. Those who were willing to believe that the man had performed some act of legerdemain could not understand how he could have possibly accomplished it. He had been carefully watched, and there was no one who had seen him touch the papers or even look at them on the outside. Yet he seemed to have an X-ray power of penetration. He could actually see through the wood apparently and tell what was written on the folded and crumpled bits of paper.

"Write anything that you like," said the mind reader. "Put it in any language you wish, and I shall tell you what it is which you have written."

Prof. Quackenbos again retired from the room and wrote more questions. Two of these were given to one of those present who held one on each hand.

"You have in your left hand," said the mind-reader to this man, "something which is very hard for me to make out. It has cost me a great effort. After I am through I do not think that I can go any further. You will take me then to my hotel, for I may have to go to bed. It is a language which I do not know."

Then the mind reader took pad and pencil and wrote apparently after much effort the words in the Latin tongue, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," which translated means "It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country."

It had not been convenient for the man who held this slip of paper to stand up, so he touched a neighbor with it, who in turn laid his hand on some one else, and there was finally a chain of three persons between the man who held the Latin quotation and the mind-reader.

Prof. Quackenbos has long been a student of literature. He had written one question on a subject which it is probable that no one else in the world knew anything about, for it related to a discovery which the Professor is confident that he alone has made. That question cost the mind reader considerable mental effort as far as could be seen. Berthold Reese is a German, and according to his own account has only a limited education. He says that he has no acquaintance with the classical languages, and from his talk no one would believe that he had ever made much of a study of English literature. His English is only fairly good.

"Doctor," said the mind-reader, after a pause, "who was Dickens?"

"He was a celebrated English author," was the reply.

"That is a very peculiar name," said the mind-reader finally. "It is hard to spell. I never heard of such a place, S u n a." "

The question which the Doctor had written was, "Did Dickens really, as it is alleged, write the story in *Once a Week* (1863), entitled 'The Fisherman of Lake Sunapee?'"

This reading was done by the mind-reader under what appeared to be a considerable stress of mind. He called the quotation marks "two dashes, side by side, and his talk gave the impression that he did not fully grasp the meaning of the question. It would have been difficult to have selected a question with which the German could have been less familiar. Even if by any sleight of hand he had been able to get a glimpse of the paper, it would have been impossible for him to have remembered it so accurately. Nobody, as far as is known, had ever suspected that Dickens did write the story entitled "The Fisherman of Lake Sunapee," and it is doubtful if one man in a hundred thousand had ever heard of the bit of fiction.

Another slip was extended toward the mind-reader by Prof. Quackenbos.

"Burn it," said Reese. "Put it on a plate or cigar box, and burn it up."

No time was lost in complying with his request. The burning part of the proceeding was regarded by Prof. Quackenbos as rather a nonsensical proceeding. Nobody could see the use of it. After the slip was reduced to ashes, the mind reader took pad and pencil, and laboriously wrote out a Greek quotation from a play of Euripides, which by translation is "My tongue took an oath, but my mind is unworn."

Here was a man writing Greek who says that he never studied the Hellenic language. Prof. Quackenbos had written the quotation in modern Greek characters. The mind-reader wrote the characters much after the manner in which a youngster struggles with his "A B C's." He wrote them all accurately, with the exception of the Greek letter "Mu," over which he stumbled as though it were a rail fence. He finally said that he could not reproduce the letter, but would make a character as near like it as he could. With the exception of that letter the Greek was perfectly reproduced.

Those who witnessed this feat plainly showed their astonishment. It happened that the skepticism of one of those present angered the mind-reader, and he announced that he did not care to proceed further that day. He finally, however, consented to continue the experiment at another time. One question, which was "How much money have I on my person?" he dismissed in the early part of the proceedings with the remark that he had no time to trouble himself about anything so simple. He also declined then to venture an opinion or prophecy as to whether or not Gov. Goebel, of Kentucky, would recover. He afterward said that the Governor would not recover after he had left the house.

It is a common trick of mind-readers to locate articles which have been purposely placed in some obscure nook so as to bait their ingenuity in searching. Very often a person who is not a mind-reader can learn the location of hidden objects by the actions of those around him, even if he is blindfolded.

The supreme test of this kind of mind-reading consists in finding objects which are concealed on the person of some one present. Prof. Quackenbos is my authority for the assertion that Bishop and other well known mind-readers have never been able to find articles concealed about the person. After the mind reader had left Prof. Quackenbos' house, he said to me:

"I did not care to tell you where that engagement ring was, but if you wish to know, it is in the right-hand pocket of Dr. Quackenbos' waistcoat."

Subsequently I returned to Dr. Quackenbos' house and asked him where he had hidden the diamond ring at the time of the experiment. He took from the upper pocket on the right side of his waistcoat a small card case, from which he took the diamond ring to which he had referred in his question. This particular mind reader pays no attention to finding things except as an incident to his other demonstrations.

Those who witnessed the experiments last Thursday morning do not yet accept the tests as conclusive, but when they left the physician's house they were indeed mystified and astonished men. Even those who were disposed to think that what they had seen could not be genuine were at a loss to account for the remarkable exhibition.

"I have not given this matter sufficient tests," said Prof. Quackenbos, "to venture a full scientific opinion, but what appeared to be done in connection with reading a paper locked in my desk drawer, the contents of which I did not know, seemed to be a wonderful performance, somewhat akin to the X-ray penetration in the physical world. The operator

protests utter ignorance of Greek and Latin, and yet reproduced in writing a Latin quotation written on a paper held closely in Mr. M—'s hand. Although professedly ignorant of the Greek characters he reproduced a quotation from Euripides with only a single mistake."

Prof. Quackenbos was impressed by the demonstration which Reese had given of reading the notes placed in the drawers of the desk. As he reviewed the various steps in that experiment, and considered how the slips of paper had been handled, he could not think of any method by which he could have been imposed upon. Concerning the Greek quotation, he thought that a clever prestidigitateur might have imposed upon him by palming the slip on which the Greek had been written and burning a black slip instead. Yet the method in which the Professor went about the experiments indicated that the performance was absolutely genuine. Prof. Quackenbos was loath to believe that he had been misled in this respect. He merely considered it as a possibility. In the case of the notes which were locked in the drawers, he could think of no way in which he might have been deceived in regard to them. He is carefully going over all the steps which preceded the reading of the notes by Reese, and as yet has thought of nothing which could explain the mind-reader's power.

"Is it possible," I asked Prof. Quackenbos, "that some men have a distinct sense by means of which they are able to see and to understand things which are hidden from ordinary mortals?"

"No," was the reply, "I do not think that such is the case. It has been demonstrated, however, that the soul can proceed without the aid of the organs of the body. I know of a case which is verified by Dr. Roger Tracey, of the Board of Health, as coming under his experience. A man actually saw his mother on board a sinking vessel. Something seemed to tell him that she would not be drowned, but would be killed. A boom fell upon her and crushed her, according to his vision, before she could get into a lifeboat. He went to the steamship office and made frantic inquiries for the safety of that vessel. No news of any disaster had then been received. When it was known that the vessel had sunk it was definitely established that the disaster had taken place on the very day on which this man believed that he had seen it."

"The body of his mother was subsequently recovered, and it was found that her skull had been crushed, as though some heavy object had fallen upon it. In the experience of Dr. Mason, a well known practitioner, a young woman while hypnotized was sent to various places in spirit. She visited her mother's home, and told her story. The soul does not know of time and space. It may get a view further away than any one may think. It may be able to see that which is hidden from ordinary eyes. In the case of this mind-reader, if the experiments be all genuine the man may be able with the eye of his mind or soul to actually see what was within that desk. He has evidently gone through a course of severe training. He may have schooled his powers to do this thing. There are some persons who by close application are able to place themselves in a cataleptic state. The fakirs of India can so control the body that they can live for a time without food, or drink or air. They can be placed in the grave and buried."

"The grass may grow over them, and yet at the end of the time appointed for their coming to life, as they call it, they can be restored to consciousness. This fact has been demonstrated again and again. In my own experience recently a young woman, who had studied hypnotism, said that she could in spirit go on a quest for treasures buried in the side of a hill in Alabama. She believes that she can eventually, with the influence of hypnotism, find that treasure. It may be that there are some persons who can actually hypnotize themselves or look with the eye of the soul and find things hidden to most of us."

Prof. Quackenbos has arranged for other experiments with this mind reader, and the next series will be more exhaustive and searching than any hitherto planned.—N. Y. Herald.

Latest Mortuary Horror.

Irresponsible Undertakers who Embalm Bodies a Few Hours After Death a Greater Menace than Premature Burial.

Quite recently the possibility of burial alive has attracted much attention. Assemblyman Gale's bill to make the use of automatic signals compulsory is likely to become law. Similar bills have been introduced in Pennsylvania, and other States. There is a very manifest determination to end, if possible, the peril of premature burial.

According to the best authorities, however, a much graver cause of alarm exists in the case of persons suffering from coma, and other death-like symptoms.

The practice prevails, especially in all large cities, of sending for the undertaker immediately after death is supposed to have occurred. He or his assistants at once go to the house, and proceed to embalm the body.

"The process of embalming necessitates the opening of a main artery, and if the case be a difficult one other operations are necessary. Such operations mean death."

These are the words of one of the oldest and most respected undertakers in the business.

"There should be," he adds, "an act in all the States requiring the visit of the attending

physician after death. Upon the completion of his thorough diagnosis or examination he should issue a permit to the undertaker to embalm or otherwise prepare the body for burial."

Four arteries are available for effecting the purposes of the embalmer—namely, the carotid, brachial, radial and femoral.

The only difference in the treatment of bodies is that one embalmer may select one artery and another a different one. The object in tapping either of these channels by means of which the heart is reached is to enable the embalmer to draw all the blood from the auricles previous to inserting the embalming fluid. The fact of the withdrawal of the blood and the injecting of a foreign element into the passages would in itself be sufficient to cause death. But the process usually involves several other surgical operations of importance.

In raising the carotid artery, after the head has been turned to one side, an incision is made through the skin, following the upper border of the collar bone. The fat tissues and muscles are then separated until the artery is found in its place between the windpipe and in close proximity to the internal jugular vein and the pneumogastric nerve. The artery is then separated from the vein and opened with the knife, an arterial tube being passed downward into it. The jugular vein is opened, the flexible tube being passed into it downward, after which all the blood possible is pumped from the heart. By this means the arteries are ultimately cleared of blood and refilled with fluid.

When it is preferred to use the brachial artery for the purpose of embalming, the process varies only according to location. The brachial artery is the favorite form of entrance. Less surgical work is entailed in performing the operation through this channel. The brachial artery traverses the arm to the elbow, where it forms two channels, the radial and ulnar. The incision is made at a point between the armpit and the elbow, and a flexible tube is pressed through it toward the heart so as to render the pumping and injection easy. The cardiac needle is also sometimes used for the purpose of reaching the heart.

The femoral artery is quite often used as a means of embalming. This requires a good deal of cutting, as a passage has to be cut through the fat of the thigh in order to reach it.

Great delicacy is also required in separating the muscles and veins, which, if not properly done, leads to profuse bleeding.

It will easily be seen, therefore, that the work of the undertaker necessitates the killing of any subject who may possibly be in a state of suspended animation.

Even should not the loss of blood result in death, the fluid is poisonous. Moreover, the cutting, if done at all clumsily, must result in blood poisoning.

A prominent undertaker in this city said: "Cases of suspended animation lasting for a few hours only are not at all uncommon. Those which spread over a period of days are rare. Therefore we may calculate that there is ten times the amount of risk to be apprehended from premature operations on the part of the undertaker than from any other circumstance. The authorities are straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. If the actual facts of the case were known it would be shown that hundreds of thousands of persons have been killed by the embalmer. The gravest perils exist in allowing him to exercise his functions before the fullest tests have been made by a physician to demonstrate that death has actually taken place. In making this statement I am not endeavoring to pose as an alarmist. I am simply stating a fact which is known to my brother professionals the world over. The responsibility which is now left with us should be removed for many reasons. No embalmer under any circumstances should be allowed to embalm within eight hours of death."—Ex.

(Taken from "La Lumiere," Fervier, 1900.)

Nervous Vibrations.

(BY CH. RICHTER, REV. SCIENTIF.)

The rapidity of the nervous vibration is slow, averaging about 30 m. per second, and terminates finally the exterior vibrations. It is by means of the former that the human brain enters into relation with the outer world, and the manifestations of the universe, or at least with all causes that are able to throw the nerves into vibration and by their intermediation the cells of the nerve centres. The nerves are only prolongations or extensions of these cells which in their turn can reciprocally act upon them by communicating their vibrations by rotary and protoplasmic movements. This theory of the "neurone" is to-day well established. It is impossible for us now to enter into the details of experiments made by Messrs. Richet & Broca to determine the nature and form of the nervous vibration. One of the results obtained is that the nervous vibration lasts 1-10th of a second with dogs the same as with men. This knowledge enables us to establish a very curious comparison with the duration of the retina excitation. If there are more than 10 retinal perceptions within a second we have only a blurred image. An analogous observation has been made for the movements produced by will power. It is thus found that the cerebral phenomena, feeling as regards the eye, of motion by the muscles, of thought by speech, cannot exceed 11 per second, and average from 1-11th to 1-10th of a second. This figure M. Richet proposes to call the "psychological unit" of time, the minimum length of time appreciated by our intelligence. A time (Continued on Fourth Page.)

PROPHETIC OF THE BETTER TIME COMING.

BY N. F. BAYLIS.

The darkness of night is passing swiftly by;
The shadowy shadows of gloom already fly;
Soon bitter tears and the flow of human blood
Shall cease, by the stern edict of Nature's God.

Inhumanity shall curse the world no more;
For love reigns in every clime, on every shore,
While sweet peace spreads her angel pinions of light,
Blessing the world with the joyous reign of right.

The bright star of morning already appears,
To cheer the whole world, bathed in sorrow and tears;
For soon shall rise in undimmed splendor, the sun
Of a cloudless day, and of victory won.

Reason and science now together combine,
And all in fellowship fraternal entwined;
No longer does Mammon hold dominant sway,
For his dark reign has passed forever away.

The oppressed and down-trodden millions of earth
Have, from their dark trials in triumph come forth;
The knell of the dead past forever is rung,
While life's sweet song of freedom gladly is sung.

Brighter and brighter, more resplendent the skies,
For woman and man henceforth their ardent rise;
No more dual standard of judgment is found,
Giving freedom to one, while the other is bound.

Reciprocal love, blessed angel of peace,
From bondage of sorrow gives happy release;
Earth's children, like flowers in the garden of God,
Unfold in beauty, seeking only the good.

Within the bright realm of his opening soul,
Man, knowing himself, presses on to his goal;
No longer shrouded in the darkness of night,
But basking 'mid the noonday splendors of light.

From the N. S. A. Home Office.

To the Editor and Readers of the Banner of Light:
Dear Friends: It gives me pleasure to again
send fraternal greetings to you all from this
office, and to assure you that we keep in touch
with the good work of THE BANNER, and ap-
preciate all the courtesy that it has ever ex-
tended to us and to this Association. We are
doing well, for the words of kindly cheer that
come to us from far and near inspire our ef-
forts to greater zeal. Washington is kept busy,
especially at this lively season of the year, and
the Cause is receiving its share of public and
private attention.

The N. S. A. is having something to do right
here, too, for of late we have had several
scenes of opposition to Spiritualism sprun-
g upon the public. A few weeks ago the daily
papers made onslaught upon some of the
prominent mediums in town. No sooner had
this died down, than there came out in a pro-
posed Revision of the Tax Law of the District
of Columbia, Sec. 31, "Clairvoyants, sooth-
sayers, or fortune-tellers—by whatsoever name
called—shall not be allowed to practise their
calling in the District," etc. This meant
threatened danger to mediums, and required
attention from the N. S. A. Consequently our
Treasurer, Mr. Mayer, came to the front,
called upon the District Commissioner, wrote
a letter to the proper authorities, and, under
legal advice, got out a petition to be signed by
all Spiritualists and Spiritualists against the
proposed measure. This petition was shown
the people at the spiritual meetings on Sun-
day. The Secretary of the N. S. A. in the
evening made an earnest appeal to the people
at the First Spiritual Association to sign the
petition and to guard the rights of their medi-
ums and of the Cause. The case is still
pending.

The next morning's Post contained a sermon
by Rev. Mr. Talmage, a tacking Spiritualists
and mediums in the most scurrilous manner.
I need not mention the N. S. A. Secretary
wrote an article for the Post in response to
the sermon. Treasurer Mayer appended a per-
sonal note and carried the writings to the Post
editor. To-day I received a courteous note
from the Managing Editor of that great daily,
announcing that our articles will appear in the
Post of Monday, March 5.

The N. S. A. ought to have the Home fund
filled at once. It not only needs the Home, but
also the ten thousand dollars to help it do
needed work. Spiritualism is the butt of its
enemies, and it must have means to repel these
enemies. We still need four or more thousands
of dollars to fill the fund. Strange that Spiritu-
alists all over the country cannot raise ten
thousand dollars, when one audience in this
city, in one evening raised thousands of dol-
lars to help carry on the work of the Woman's
Suffrage movement, to the honor of those pres-
ent, be it said.

Since my last to THE BANNER I have been
questioned as to ordinations. The N. S. A. does
not confer ordination on any one. It files a
copy of the ordination paper, and registers the
ordained worker, the fee for which is one dol-
lar a year. In reply to another query, No,
contributing members are not necessarily in-
dorsed by the N. S. A. because we do not know
them, or but few of them, they are all over the
country, they become contributing members by
paying a dollar a year to help the N. S. A. in
its work. We have no doubt they are all worthy
Spiritualists, but as we do not know them we
do not promise to indorse them simply because
they are contributing members.

With loving regards to all friends and co-
workers every where,
MANY T. LONGLEY, Sec'y N. S. A.

An Explanation.

Veteran Spiritualists' Union Celebrations.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Some time since, Mr. J. Jay Watson, in a
"Query" propounded in the BANNER OF LIGHT,
made a statement to which I desire to reply.

Having been Chairman of the Veteran Spiritu-
alists' Union Anniversary Committee the last
three years, and having paid, at the re-
quest of the Treasurer in most instances, the
talent sum monies as they received, I know
the facts in the matter.

In carrying on a spiritualistic celebration
worthy of our Cause, it is necessary to have
speakers, mediums, music, and money. I de-
sire to state, knowing what I say, that no
speaker or medium ever received one dollar
for his services. Some not only donated their
services, but paid their own necessary travel-
ing expenses to do so.

At the celebration last year, A. J. Weaver
and Lizzie Harlow, in 1897 Mrs. May S. Pe-
pper, and perhaps others that I do not now re-
call, gave their services and paid their travel-
ing expenses. F. A. Wiggin last year, and J.
C. P. Grumbins in 1898 received only one half
the money they paid out to be present.

What the Union did do, where persons came
a long distance from out the State, was in
some instances to pay the necessary traveling
expenses, and entertainment while here.
Speakers living in Boston and its immediate
vicinity were paid nothing, as the traveling
expenses were too trivial to take into consid-
eration. Not only did the long list of speakers
and mediums donate their services but were
anxious and willing to do so, that they might
help on the grand cause.

Some of our hypercritical friends, more crit-
ical than wise or honest, have stated and re-
iterated the statement that one medium was
paid one hundred dollars for services last year.

This was not the fact. There was, however,
one engagement made for three test sances
one at the anniversary, two at later dates in
other halls, and for the three sances the sum
of one hundred dollars was paid. Reckoning
the cost of the anniversary sance one-half of
this amount, fifty dollars, which is more than
should be charged to that account, that sum
of money would not pay the necessary travel-
ing expenses of the medium who gave it.

When we remember that there were four hun-
dred and fifty more paid admissions the even-
ing sance was given than at the evening
sance the year before, to say nothing of the
morning and afternoon, the wisdom of the en-
gagement as a matter of business is apparent.

The theory of the committee was that the
best attainable talent was not too good for a

Boston audience, and they endeavored to pro-
cure such artists in the different lines as would
draw and satisfy the people. The results were
more than satisfactory: no such series of spiri-
tual celebrations had ever occurred before in
Boston. The gross receipts were large, and the
net proceeds of actual cash received on the
days of the three celebrations, aside from the
bequests promised by wills and otherwise,
were in round numbers six hundred dollars.

Now to more specifically answer Brother
Watson's "query." I will say that the ten dol-
lar he refers to went into the hands of the
treasurer and helped swell the net proceeds
that much.

The only other musician we had last year
was a lady, who, not being a Spiritualist, was
paid for her services, as well as the accompanist
on the piano. Of these Bro. Watson said,
in a letter to the *Progressive Thinker*, that the
singer, "Madam Barotto, sang divinely; in
fact, she reminds one of Patsy, Rosa, or
Charlotte Varian Hoffman in their palmy
days." Of the pianist, "Prof. Willis Milligan
presided with a grace and tact which soon
won for him many encomiums, of which he may
well be proud."

This was the character of the music the
committee engaged at very reasonable prices,
thinking it better to do so than to have third
or fourth rate artists whose music would have
been no attraction, only serving to kill time.
The wisdom of the committee was shown by
the results.

These three anniversaries occurred at the
end of a seven year financial depression, such
as the country has seldom seen, a depression
that sent several spiritual societies into obli-
vion, and staggered some of our oldest and best
organizations.

But now things have changed, prosperity has
come, the hum of industry is again heard, all
our properly managed societies are prosperous,
and we may expect this year more largely at-
tended and brilliant anniversary celebrations
than we have had for a long time. Let us hope
that all our organizations may receive a new
impetus, that the grand Cause for which we
all labor may be upheld and made more pros-
perous.
F. D. EDWARDS.

A Frank and Friendly Criticism.

"A Life for Liberty."

Such is the title of a valuable book I have
just read: "The Anti Slavery and Other Let-
ters of Sallie Hallie," a devoted, eloquent and
able woman. It is introductory editorial chap-
ter by Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn,
N. Y., is a part well done and instructive. Yet
to his estimate of the influence under which
"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written, I am
moved to write a friendly criticism.

Mr. Chadwick is not well informed, or does
not comprehend the subject, either of which is
hard to believe. Alluding to Mrs. Stowe he
says:

"In studying her book we are surprised to
find how little preparation, intellectual or emo-
tional, there was for its writing. Even such
experiences as she had she did not realize, and
the book was written, not from inward im-
pulse, but from outward instigation. Never-
theless it was a great creation, and a potent
help."

Few books have ever awakened both emotion
and intellect so much and in so far as this; and
this could not be unless both these had been
strong and deep in its pages; and no book ever
written from "no inward impulse" but from
"outward instigation" ever has, or ever will,
can stir the world of thought and life as this has.

All who knew her while it was being written
told of her complete absorption, and of an ex-
altation like that of an old Hebrew seer or
prophet—a mental and spiritual enlargement—
a state in which her inmost soul was alive and
swayed by a mighty, inward impulse, "with
no room or need for outward instigation." The
New York *Independent*, yet ago, in a
notice of her life, by her son, Rev. C. B. Stowe,
said:

"Impressive is the story how the spirit of
the Lord came upon her as she sat at the com-
munion service in the college church at Bruns-
wick."

"Suddenly, like the unrolling of a picture,
the scene of the death of Uncle Tom passed
before her mind. So strongly moved was she
that she could hardly keep from weeping. Re-
turning home, she wrote out the vision at once
which had, as it were, been blown into her
mind by the blowing of a mighty wind. Call-
ing her family around her, she read what she
had written, and two children, ten or twelve
years of age, fell into convulsions of weeping."

In her residence in Cincinnati she saw much
of the colored people, slave and free, who loved
and trusted her, and of their experiences she
made wise use.

Her visions, which make up important parts
of this book, from up like lofty peaks tipped
by celestial fire. They make a picture of slavery as
truthful as was ever drawn and far more vivid.
"Mighty through God to the pulling down of
the strongholds of sin" is well applied to it.
Mrs. Stowe's powers as a writer are great.
She utters her most illuminated intuitions, and
is helped in her visions by celestial intelli-
gences once dwellers in mortal bodies among us.

It must suffice to quote briefly from a late
"Life and Letters of Mrs. Stowe" by Mrs.
Annie Fields, of Boston, to find how Mrs.
Stowe frankly avows her belief in spirit pres-
ence, and shows the depths of her religious
nature.

Mrs. Field writes of one of Mrs. Stowe's vi-
sions: "She chanced to talk with greater fullness
and openness than she had done before on the
subject of Spiritualism. In the simplest way
she affirmed her entire belief in possible mani-
festations of the nearness and individual life
of those who had passed into the unseen
world, and gave vivid illustrations of the rea-
sons why her faith was thus assured. She
never sought after such testimony unless she
found herself sitting with others who were in-
terested, and who wished to try experiments,
but her conclusions were definite and unvary-
ing. At that period such a declaration of faith
required a good deal of bravery; now the sub-
ject has assumed a different phase, and there
are few thinking persons who do not recognize
a certain truth hidden within the shadow."

To the poet, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes,
Mrs. Stowe wrote: "I have long since come to
the conclusion that the marvels of Spiritual-
ism are natural, and not supernatural phenom-
ena—an uncommon working of natural laws.
I believe that the door between those in the
body and those out has never, in any age been
entirely closed, and that occasional perceptions
within the veil are a part of the course of na-
ture and therefore not miraculous."

Mrs. John T. Howard of Brooklyn tells this
story of what Mrs. Stowe told her of the writ-
ing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and it affected me so
deeply that I could not write a word for two
weeks after her death. "And did you know,"
I asked, "that Uncle Tom would die?" "Oh,
yes," she answered, "I knew that he must die
from the first, but I did not know how. When
I got to that part of the story I saw no more
for some time." Later, she said, according
to Mrs. Howard's story, that "the scene of his
death and its cause came to her suddenly."

Thus we see Mrs. Stowe, an aged woman, full
of peace and blessedness, passing to the higher
life a Spiritualist full of faith and good works.
Mr. Chadwick has said many good words and
done good work as a preacher and writer.
May his day come to feel and know the full
meaning of that word: "Where there is no
vision the people perish."

Then he will see how Uncle Tom's Cabin
was more inspired by inward and heavenly im-
pulses and experiences, and less influenced by
outward instigation than almost any book in
the world, and therefore had greater power
than almost any book.
G. B. STRENNER.

They Are at It Again.

The unpleasantness created a short time ago
by the Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon in a practical pro-
nouncement to Spiritualists and Unitarians were
synonymous terms, does not seem to have died
on either side. The Rev. Dr. Dixon himself
still appears to believe that sin has no greater
strength than in Unitarianism, and as late as
Sunday preached on "What is Unitarianism?"
Dr. Dixon will have peace even if he has
to fight for it with a club; but he does not
want anyone to run off without being made
aware of the fact that he is chuck-full of am-
munition yet, and that the only safe road to
paradise is to do and believe as he does.

Bro. Dixon is not revengeful, but he "had
one in," as the boys say, for the Rev. Horace
Porter, assistant pastor of Plymouth Church,
who refused to read the announcements of the
revival meetings on a certain Sunday. Dr.
Dixon did not mention Mr. Porter's name,
but otherwise the entire incident was a mat-
ter of comment. "Why, that man was so
broad he was bigoted," and he did not know it,"
said the Rev. Dr. Dixon. And this ex-
traordinary proposition was presented again a
moment later in another way: "I find the
most bigoted men are the broad minded." The
reason he thinks he knows this is because (Dr.
Dixon says), "if the man I speak of had not
been bigoted he would have thrown that an-
nouncement in the waste-paper basket and
said nothing about it." This does not seem to
prove bigotry. As well might Dr. Dixon him-
self be accused of lacking charity and Chris-
tian kindness because he stepped away from his
subject to say this unpleasant thing.

The Unitarians and their friends, though ig-
noring the acuteness of the attack of Dr. Dix-
on and the Rev. Broughton do not shrink from
the general charge. Occasionally they "carry
the war into Africa," as the Rev. Dr. Savage
did on Sunday, when in a sermon on "The
King of Sodom," in the World Needs," he
scoffed at Bro. Broughton's eagerness of hell,
and said there was no such place. He declared
that the story of Adam and Eve was immoral,
and that "this conception of original sin and
guilt, and eternal damnation as the result of
it," is in all the orthodox creeds. "Everlast-
ing hell," he declared, is "the product of the
imaginings of barbaric and cruel men," and
"an infamous libel on God."

The Rev. Sydney Herbert Cox, pastor of the
Lee Avenue Presbyterian Church, preached
Sunday evening on the question "Are Unitar-
ians Christians?" He would have got a
trouncing if John Calvin had been there! Without
being a defense of Unitarianism it was wholly
tolerant, and pointed out the un-
fairness of criticism against them. "Because
there are widely differing grades in their
bodies," said Dr. Cox, we have no right to
charge all who bear or accept the name with
the deplorable coarseness and intellectual vul-
garity of the few who discredit their fellows."

And again, "But are Unitarians honestly
searching for the truth? The man who will
doubt that and malign a church that stands
for God, deserves a hell of his own for such
blasphemy on human goodness."

"Where is the man who will dare to say that
Sarah F. Adams, Unitarian, after honestly
seeking the truth, and crying in her poem,
"Nearer, my God, to thee, even though it be a
cross that raiseth me, nearer, my God, to thee,"
is, for her intellectual opinions, consigned to
hell fire?"

And, speaking of hymns, attention has been
called to the fact that the hymns in all the
orthodox churches contain compositions by
noted Unitarians. It seems something in the
nature of a joke upon the Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon
to read that a visitor on Sunday evening at the
Hanson Place Baptist church found in its hymn
book songs of praise by Unitarians which, as the
finder puts it, worshippers were "periling their
souls in singing." Among these authors were
the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, John G. Whittier,
Sir John Bowring, William Cullen Bryant,
Sheila Howard Universalist, and Sarah
Flower Adams.—*Brooklyn, N. Y. Daily Stand-
ard.*

A Serious Alternative.

BY E. W. GOULD.

In the *Harbinger of Dawn*, published in San
Francisco, edited by Ernest S. Green, the fol-
lowing suggestive paragraph occurs:

"Organize and support your worthy press
and workers, or die."

This alternative is worthy of serious consid-
eration by all thinking Spiritualists, and, if
true, demands immediate and earnest action.
Let us see if our brother, the editor of the
Harbinger of Dawn, is correct. Is he not need-
lessly alarmed?

He evidently has some reason for making
this bold declaration. But is the evidence suf-
ficient to warrant him in declaring such an
alternative? I am not sure that he is in error
in the final result, but am quite sure he is
wrong as to the causes that have brought
about this lethargy, this indifference on the
part of Spiritualists. He claims Spiritualists
"have been lulled to sleep by the siren's song,
while the gold in their garner has been appro-
priated by others." The Society for Psychi-
cal Research has appropriated their phenom-
ena, Mental and Christian Sciences and Sug-
gestive Therapeutics have taken possession of
their healing powers, and all that now remains
of Spiritualism is a wreck, stranded upon the
shores of time."

The silent, edict has gone forth to Spiritu-
alism: Organize and support your worthy
press and workers, or die! "Raise the Mayer
fund, strengthen your organizations, and re-
trieve the glories that should be yours, or pass
out into the night and gloom of Oblivion."

Are the Spiritualists of America prepared to
admit this declaration of our brother, the Editor?
Is it a fact that our associate societies
have robbed us of our faculties of doing good,
of advancing our cause, of healing the sick,
of comforting the broken-hearted by teaching
them the benefits and the beauties of our phi-
losophy? In short, are they willing to rest
under the declaration that "all that now re-
mains of Spiritualism is a wreck, stranded
upon the shores of time"? I think the almost
unanimous verdict will be in the negative.

The editor sees such a lack of interest in
the important features of our Cause, so small
a proportion of our people who are subscribers
to the few spiritual papers published in Amer-
ica, so much inactivity and quibbling by our
leaders over matters of little importance
to the great cause in which we are engaged (as
illustrated in the attempt to adopt "princi-
ples" by the National Association at the last
Convention), so little effort on the part of our
people to organize and maintain local societies,
so little love manifested among the brethren,
it is perhaps not surprising that Bro. Green
should have exclaimed in a moment of des-
pondency, "All that now remains of Spiritu-
alism is a wreck stranded upon the shores of
time."

But he recognizes still a remedy that is both
simple and reasonable when he says: "Organ-
ize and support your worthy press and work-
ers, or die."

The suggestion is certainly commendable if
the alternative is serious and fatal. Perhaps
there is no thought in this arrangement of
Spiritualists more important or more to the
point than that of the necessity of supporting
"your worthy press." I think it is a lament-
able, a notorious fact, that there are less bod-
ies of spiritual papers among the great body
of Spiritualists than is found in any other class
or sect in regard to their own papers. It seems
difficult to understand why this is so. It cer-
tainly is not because of the cost or that they
do not contain much of interest to the true
Spiritualist or those that are investigating.

Our spiritual papers, while but few in num-
ber, are the best possible missionaries that can
be sent into the field, yet among all the fail-
ures we see in journalism, none equal those
that are started in the interest of spiritual the-
ories. I will not presume to suggest a reason

for this, but will venture to say, there is a
plethora of spiritual books on the market,
offered at such prices that their titles appeal
to those who are investigating, whether their
contents are of value or not. This may account
in some degree for the little interest mani-
fested in our "worthy press."

Our "workers" are not as great objects of
care and solicitation as are our aged and broken
down mediums. We must not forget that it is
now only about fifty years since Modern Spiritu-
alism was recognized as a system of ethics
and religion, and of course had to be organized
and systematized, in doing which it is not sur-
prising that many who were at first counted as
Spiritualists, have drifted off into organiza-
tions that have emanated from the same parent
stem, and in their enthusiasm and liberality
have eclipsed the more conservative theories
of the original body of Spiritualists.

But I think a correct estimate of the number
of acknowledged Spiritualists in the civilized
world to-day will far exceed those of any other
period, and of any other sect or religious de-
nomination except the Orthodox. If I am
right in this, Spiritualism as a sect has nothing
to regret, and nothing to fear.

The great and important lesson its advo-
cates have yet to learn is that it cannot be ad-
vanced with all the antagonizing elements
around it, satisfactorily, without a more lib-
eral contribution of money. As quiet as it is
kept, and as unwilling as our spiritual editors
seem to be to agitate this question, the fact
remains, that the only serious obstacle that
confronts the rapid advance of Spiritualism
to-day is the lack of sufficient means to carry
forward the many legitimate agencies now sub-
ject to its control.

It is not surprising that the *Harbinger of
Dawn* draws invidious comparisons, or claims
that Christian Scientists and other offshoots of
Spiritualism have so colored our efforts by
their enterprise, their liberality in building
churches and organizing societies, that it
makes this last appeal as above.

The lack of educational and benevolent in-
stitutions, of churches and suitable halls for
public and private uses, is of itself sufficient
to check our progress, and incline converts to
Spiritualism to unite with other liberal soci-
eties whose accommodation are so much superi-
or. This important fact should not be lost
sight of.

I may be allowed to express my sympathy
with the editor of the *Harbinger of Dawn*, as
his alternative involves the great financial
question, of which I have written so often and
so long.

But I can hardly agree with the final result
to Spiritualism, if his alternative is not ac-
cepted. The fifty years since the advent of
Modern Spiritualism have developed such won-
derful changes, both physical and spiritual,
that I am perfectly satisfied that no perma-
nent obstacle can come up to "strand the
Cause of Spiritualism or wreck it upon the
shores of time."

There may be, as at the present time, causes
for depression, even for despondency. But, if
the Cause is predicated upon truth, and en-
dorsed by pure spirit influences, nothing can
wreck it upon the shores of time. So take
courage, Brother Green, and push the *Harbinger
of Dawn*, with hope and confidence, realizing
that the "darkest hour is just before the
Dawn."

JONATHAN COLEMAN.

An Instance of Spiritual Development.

BY M. EARL DUNHAM.

CHAPTER X.

SUCCESS THROUGH CRUCIFIXION.

At the end of two days the conspiracy was
complete. Several disreputable fellows were
in the village, who would do anything for a
drink of whisky. These were engaged by Mr.
Mullethead to be present in the church on the
next Sunday morning, and if Mr. Coleman at-
tempted to hold services, they were to seize
him and put him out.

The Sunday came, and these disreputable
fellows, well plied with whisky, were on hand.
The people assembled in large numbers and
excitement ran high, in as much as rumors of
trouble had been afloat. When Mr. Coleman
entered the church and had proceeded about
half way to the pulpit, these fellows pounced
upon him, without a word, and attempted to
drag him toward an open window. Mr. Cole-
man was a strong, athletic man, over six feet
tall and built in proportion, quick in move-
ment and easily able to defend himself; but he
offered no resistance beyond that of wrench-
ing himself free and of stepping rapidly to the
open space in front of the pulpit, for the pur-
pose of addressing the congregation in behalf
of quiet. He would have no open quarrel
with less a free fight; but his assailants
closely followed him, and as he turned from
the aisle into the open space, one of them tripped
him so that he partly fell upon the floor.

At once all the party leaped upon him with
kicks and blows. In an instant, however, he
hurled them aside, rose to his feet and started
down the other aisle. His friends sprang to
his defence, but he waved them back, saying:
"Let there be no fight. These men are only
doing what they have been hired to do. Our
Master was crucified, and we have no right to
expect better treatment than he received." Then
he walked quietly down the aisle, through the
vestibule, into the open air, with out further
molestation. He was bruised and bleeding, but
was not seriously injured.

After a brief consultation, Mr. Coleman and
his adherents retired to a hall near by, and
proceeded with the service. It was remarked
he never spoke more eloquently and tenderly
as he pleaded for forgiveness and strongly
urged against retaliation. The general feel-
ing, however, ran high, and some threats were
made by the hot-headed; but on the whole
moderation prevailed. Time was taken to
think deliberately as to what had better be
done, and the outcome was a full and almost
unanimous determination to stand loyally by
Mr. Coleman. Indeed, the only dissenters
were the sectarians already spoken of.

Though having taken up a special mission to
his native village, he made his residence in
Ohi, a village about six miles away. The rea-
son for this was that Ohi, was better situated
for the general work, which he had not wholly
given up. It was situated on a main line of
railway which, with its connections, belted the
continent and ramified all over the United
States and Canada, thereby making Ohi an
excellent point of departure; and in as much
as he kept a horse, he could easily reach his
native village and do all the work useful for
him to do.

After careful deliberation and under the
direction of the spirits, the friends of the mis-
sion resolved to build a chapel for themselves.
They went about the enterprise earnestly and
with a determination to succeed. In a few
days money enough was pledged to purchase a
lot and lay the chapel foundation, when Mr.
Coleman said to them: "Now select your lot
and we will proceed to lay the foundation."

"Suppose we fail to obtain money for build-
ing on the foundation, what then? Would you
advise us to run into debt?" inquired one of
the more cautious ones.

"We shall not fall in funds; and under no
circumstances will we contract any debt be-
yond what we have pledged funds to pay," re-
plied Mr. Coleman.

To his all agreed in the form of a resolution,
stated, "When our chapel is dedicated, it
shall be dedicated free from debt." Then they
will never dedicate it," sneeringly remarked
Mr. Mullethead when he heard of the resolution.

"That's so," piped in Mr. Hardy, standing
by.

"They can't raise money enough to put up
the frame," said Mr. Mullethead.

"No, they can't," echoed Mr. Hardy.

"They have already pledged twice as much
as they will ever pay," continued Mr. Mull-
thead, "and they haven't pledged enough to
buy a respectable lot, or to lay a decent founda-
tion."

"No, they haven't," added the echoing
Hardy.

"You will be safer to delay your prophecies

for a few months—that is, if you have any re-
gard for your reputation as prophets," re-
marked Mr. Willing, who came up in time to
hear these modern Sanballats. "You forcibly
ejecuted Mr. Coleman from your church—I will
not say our church, for I renounce my connec-
tion with it from this day—and you merit as
you are receiving the censure of every man and
woman who have any regard for decency."

"You talk as if you are one of these deluded
Colemanites," said Mr. Mullethead contemptu-
ously.

"I am one of them from this day—not de-
luded, but clothed and in my right mind," re-
plied Mr. Willing with emphasis; "and though
I am not a rich man, I have one hundred dol-
lars to invest in that proposed chapel."

"Whew!" muttered Mr. Mullethead. "Man,
you're beside yourself! Better, a thousand
times, save your money to buy bread."

"I'll save like you, I would probably save it
to buy—drink," retorted Mr. Willing.

"This was a home thrust, as Mr. Mullethead's
red face and watery eyes plainly showed; but
he was not of a very irascible temper, and in-
stead of flaring

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO:

is judged, to get a fair and unprejudiced hearing. The persons to whom the frauds publicly should be the Spiritualists themselves. So long as exposure is left to newspapers and hostile outsiders, there will linger a presumption in the ordinary mind that the believers like to be cheated and that any demonstration is good enough for them until some enemy publicly destroys it. Their faith is too beautiful, and if it were demonstrated would be too vital, to have it smothered with the long line of imposture which masquerades in its name.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Mrs. Frances A. Logan.

I note in the columns of the Spiritualists' press a letter from the veteran worker in our beloved cause of Spiritualism, Mrs. Frances A. Logan, requesting financial aid to enable her to publish her poems, and I trust that the Spiritualists of America will respond most generously. This noble woman has devoted the best of her life to the cause of Spiritualism, aiding beginners to develop their mediumship. She has given freely from her bountiful store of spiritual food as well as from her material store, until unable longer to meet her daily wants and supply her humble home with the necessities of life. Hundreds of mediums can testify to her helpfulness in their first efforts (the writer among the number). The assistance we owe our veteran workers is too often delayed until the beautiful spirit that animates the physical body has flown to its reward, the goal to which it has blazed the way for us to follow. Let us not be late in sending our share to make her declining years free from care and anxiety for the necessities of life. Her address is Mrs. F. A. Logan, No. 1218 Railroad Avenue, Alameda, Cal.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. C. D. PRUDEN.

Giles B. Stebbins.

A Worthy Tribute to a Noble Worker.

At the Mid-Winter Convention of the Michigan State Spiritual Association at Lansing, Mich., on Saturday, Feb. 10, 1900, a communication was received from Giles B. Stebbins, Esq., a Veteran Reformer of Detroit, long known throughout the United States and Canada for his able advocacy on the platform and through the press of social, political and religious reform.

The communication was received with many expressions of delight, and several brief addresses given recounting the great services rendered by Mr. Stebbins, especially in the Abolition, Woman Suffrage and Temperance campaigns, and the advocacy of the Spiritual Philosophy. A committee consisting of Rev. B. F. Austin, D. D., D. P. Dewey, and Lyman C. Howe, Esq., appointed for the purpose, drafted the following resolutions, which were carried unanimously by the Convention:

Resolved, That we have heard with delight the fraternal message of our veteran co-worker, Giles B. Stebbins, Esq., and appreciate the lofty and encouraging thoughts and sentiment expressed in his brief epistle.

We recognize gratefully his long and faithful service in the cause of human freedom in the anti-slavery agitation and other great reforms, and would especially record our appreciation of his faithful and self-sacrificing efforts in spreading the lofty truths of the Spiritual Philosophy in America.

We believe that Spiritualists of the present day owe a deep debt of gratitude to the pioneer workers of earlier times, and that the wide and extensive and rapid advancement of the Spiritual Philosophy to-day is largely due to the self-sacrifice, zeal and devotion of Giles B. Stebbins and other noble reformers of earlier days.

We esteem it a special favor to express in this definite and public manner our appreciation of the character and worth of this veteran advocate, whose life is a constant "sermon on the mount," and to whom we can always point as a true representative of the best phase of Modern Spiritualism.

To him we would express our grateful acknowledgment of his life-work so ably and fittingly performed, and our united love and good-will toward him and his life companion, Caroline F. Stebbins, and hope their earthly pilgrimage may be prolonged for yet many years, in which we may share in the helpful graces of their spiritual life and extended work in the spiritual vineyard.

We extend to them our hearty congratulations on the success of their labors, and an earnest desire that the closing days of their earthly pilgrimage may be delightful with the memories of well spent years, and with brightest hopes and visions of richer rewards and nobler activities beyond.

Notes from Virginia.

I am happy to state that much interest has been awakened in the cause of Spiritualism and cognate themes in this most conservative city during the two months of my ministrations here. It was my privilege to inaugurate the first series of spiritualistic meetings which have ever been held here. The experiment has proven so successful that an organization has been formed as the nucleus of future work.

The meetings are held in Robert E. Lee Camp Hall, the rendezvous of the Confederate Veterans, the finest and most popular hall in the city. Upon its walls hang about one hundred and fifty portraits in oil, many of them life-size, of the prominent leaders in the Confederate army. Often when I am speaking, I glance up at some of these life-like pictures, and I almost feel as though they smiled approval; as though they were glad to have the liberalizing and humanizing gospel of Spiritualism presented to these conservative yet hungry hearted souls. The fact that our meetings are held in this fine and popular hall has had the effect of drawing in many persons who would not enter a small and uncleanly hall in some alley-way.

I believe that Spiritualism would be sought and respected in many places where it is languishing for support if the meetings were held in attractive, centrally located halls. True, societies may say, "We cannot afford such," but we are reminded of the old proverb which is quite apropos, "Nothing venture, nothing have," and as spiritualistic societies do not, as a rule, "venture" anything, they have "nothing" in the way of material support.

I hope and expect to visit other sections of this State before returning to Boston.

During the past week a traveling fortune teller passing by the name of "Prof. Dean Claiborne" has been arrested in this city for extorting twenty-five dollars from a woman under promise of helping her find "hidden treasures" on her outlying farm. The papers spoke of him as the "Spiritualist and Clairvoyant." In consequence of the affair, I have advertised to speak this evening (Sunday) "Mediumship, Its Uses and Abuses; or the Search for 'Hidden Treasures.'" I hope to show the difference between true spiritual mediumship and sensationalism.

Very fraternally, KATR R. STILES.

Richmond, Feb. 25.

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

Carrie L. Hatch, Secretary.

Talmage vs. Spiritualism.

Reply to Pulpit Utterances by Officers of Spiritualists' Association.

Editor Post: In your issue of Monday, Feb. 26, I find a report of a sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. Talmage of this city, entitled "Kaps at Spiritualism," and after perusal of the same, and finding it a tissue of false assertions and sensational statements, I ask in the name of justice and of fair dealing toward a large number of your constituents who are honest, respectable and intelligent Spiritualists—not at all the crew of insane, vile and morbid people. Mr. Talmage would make his hearers believe—that you will publish these words on the other side of the subject with the same courtesy and the same prominence that you have accorded to the Rev. Talmage in the publication of the sermon mentioned.

The writer of these lines is the representative of many thousands of Spiritualists all over the United States, being the Secretary of the National Spiritualists' Association, whose headquarters are in this city. These Spiritualists are law-abiding, and are, in thousands of cases, as refined, intelligent and honorable as the most cultivated and intelligent of Talmageans, not excepting the learned and reverend gentleman himself. Not having the opportunity to know of and to properly resent the wholesale imputations and indignities heaped upon them by this sensational preacher, which would have but little weight in my estimation did not the secular press hasten to give the same such prominence, I feel it incumbent upon me to have something to say in refutation of these false statements and in behalf of the worthy Spiritualists and their mediums whom I have the honor to represent.

To attempt a consecutive reply to all of the points and fallacies of Mr. Talmage's sermon would be occupying too much space and be wearying to the reader who has already perused or listened to them; but to those who have not, I must make request that they carefully and with candor read the sermon as printed in your issue of Monday, and note the sweeping statements made against a body of people who have less number of insane in the asylums than have the denominations of theology from religious excitement, and far less proved cases of immorality among their mediums than the churches have among their clergy. This is not vituperation, nor wild statement, but such as can be proven, as it happens that our Spiritualists have compiled statistics from insane asylums, and from authenticated cases of ecclesiastical ministers gone astray, that will amply show the balance to be in favor of Spiritualists.

Many of the statements of Mr. Talmage are too absurd to notice. Notably, that to look upon an audience of Spiritualists is to look upon a body of cadaverous, weak, nervous, exhausted people. In reply to this, I recommend the readers of *The Washington Post*, and those who patiently sat and listened to this tirade against the Spiritualists, to attend the services of the Spiritualists at Masonic Hall on Sunday evening next, and to carefully notice whether the audience is a cadaverous, nervous-looking body of people, or a healthy, genial and intelligent set, that would despise themselves if they even thought of descending to such mud-throwing against any one as this worthy and gentlemanly preacher has done.

Mr. Talmage says that "Modern Spiritualism proposes to open the door between this world and the next and put us into communion with the dead." This is what Modern Spiritualism not only proposes to do, but is actually doing, notwithstanding the fact that this matter goes on to assert that "it has never yet offered one reasonable credential." This is simply a matter of opinion. Mr. Talmage may not think that one reasonable credential has been offered by Spiritualism, but thousands of as intelligent people as he, among them ministers like M. J. Savage, B. Fay Mills, and T. Ernest Allen; Scientists, such as Prof. Hyslop, William Crookes, Alfred Russell Wallace, and Prof. James; lawyers and judges, like the Hon. A. B. Richmond of Pennsylvania, and Hon. A. H. Dailey of New York, and other professional and literary lights, all living and all rational persons, not to speak of the immense luminari of the past in the ranks of letters and science who have thought Spiritualism credibly presented and worthy of their profound and respectful attention, for even if a rap came out of the mystery of the unseen, bearing intelligence and verification of its claims, it was as worthy of consideration as is the dogma or creed of a theology that denies to its worshipers the right to think and investigate.

While Mr. Talmage, without exception, calls Spiritualists a body of immoral, cadaverous, nervous and insane people, he will hardly care to charge the minds I have mentioned with belonging in his category, nor Lillian Whiting, nor a host that might be named had I time and space to enumerate them; nor do I think this reverend gentleman will care to enter into public debate with any of the foremost advocates of Spiritualism, either upon the genuineness of Modern Spiritualism, or upon the statements and inferences of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, that indorse and show the truths of spiritualistic communications and manifestations.

Spiritualists, as a rule, are healthy, genial, sincere and honest people. There is no more immorality among them than among other classes; thousands of happy families are among them. One would think from the preacher's life statements that they are a pack of fiends incarnate; and they represent a large portion of the congregation of every liberal church in America. That there may be some cadaverous looking persons among them, also some tricksters, may be true; but as there are freemasons and mountebanks in the church, and some unhealthy enthusiasts in every department of human thought, such an indictment against the Spiritualists will carry very little weight with the candid mind. This reminds me to say, however, that it is a noted fact that the Spiritualists, as a class, are happier, healthier and show more specimens of longevity than any other two classes in the world.

But I will not enlarge; only a public platform and a challenge to Mr. Talmage to listen to the intelligent refutation of his monstrous statements would give opportunity to touch upon all his charges, but the thinking mind can be left to deal fairly with the subject. The thoughtless and blind followers of bigotry and sensationalism cannot be convinced by reason or facts. I leave the charges against mediums to those who intend point in the daily cataloguing facts and evidences of the truth of mediumship, that brainy and candid men and women deem worthy of research and acceptance, and which no amount of vituperation of pulpits or press can suppress.

With malice toward none, but with the desire to see justice done.

MARY T. LONGLEY.

National Spiritualists' Association,

400 Pennsylvania Avenue southeast, Washington, D. C.

Editor Post: As Treasurer of the National Spiritualists' Association of the United States and Canada, and as senior member of one of the largest business houses of this city, and as a man who has thoroughly investigated Spiritualism and its truth, and as one who claims to have as much good sense and judgment as Mr. Talmage, or any other so-called "divine," I fully indorse all that Mr. Longley says.

THEODORE J. MAYER.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her earthly home, 163 North Seventh street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 28, 1900, SARAH, aged 75 years, wife of Daniel K. Latham.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham were strong Spiritualists, and Mrs. Latham was noted for her kind, noble heart, and for her good deeds. She was a loving wife and mother, and leaves behind her a companion who rejoices in her freedom and who looks forward with joy to the time of reunion on the other shore. One son survives, and two daughters and many grandchildren. The funeral services were conducted on March 2, by the writer.

HENRY H. WARNER.

To Relieve Lassitude

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

A few drops added to half a glass of water relieves the feeling of lassitude so common in midsummer. A pleasant and wholesome tonic.

PAINT TALKS---XXVI.

What Makes Paint Expensive.

When a householder finds that his buildings need painting he may either figure how cheaply he can get the job done, or he may try to learn how he can do it most economically. If cheapness be his chief aim he will select the poorest mixture in the market, and proceed to apply it himself. If he prefer economy he will select the best paint he can find and employ a practical painter to apply it properly.

The work done with the best material, by a practical painter, will cost him perhaps a third more (or, if he counts his own labor as worthless), twice as much as if he had done the job himself with the poor material.

When the job is completed the sun and the wind and the rain begin to test the value of the work. If material and work be good they will stand. If they be poor a fresh job will be ready within a short time. Then the same operation can be repeated, and so on, till the building decays.

Now when painting is to be done it is well to bear in mind a few facts: First, any paint is cheap in comparison with the building it protects; second, the principal cost of painting is the labor; third, the most economical paint is that which protects the building best and longest.

The cheapest paints are neither protective nor durable. Pure white lead is expensive enough, but it requires frequent renewal. The combination paints, or the pure linseed oil ready mixed paints, containing enough (and that means a good deal) of zinc white to carry large quantities of linseed oil and to prevent the white lead from chalking, cost more than the cheapest alkali, water and benzine paints; but they cost much less than pure lead per square yard of surface covered, and they are far more durable than either.

Durable paint is never, in the long run, expensive; but paints that are not durable are always expensive, no matter how little they cost.

STANTON DUDLEY.

A Well-Known Spiritualist Gone.

Mr. B. F. Rugg, one of St. Albans best known and highly esteemed citizens, passed to his spirit home on Feb. 24, from Jacksonville, Fla., where he, with his two daughters, Mrs. Walker of St. Albans, and Mrs. Kenerson of Boston, Mass., had been spending the winter. Mr. Rugg remained in the physical form within a few months of eighty years. A great deal of this time he lived in his native State of Vermont. Mr. Rugg was a good sound practical farmer and did extensive business, always following none other than honest and upright principles. He was a thorough believer in the highest and best in Spiritualism, and in many unostentatious ways did much to promote its interests. The remains were brought to St. Albans. The funeral services were held at Mr. Rugg's late residence in St. Albans at 1 p. m. Thursday, March 1. The services were attended by a large number of relatives and friends; Mr. F. A. Wiggins of Boston officiated.

Banner Correspondence.

G. W. Kates writes that the missionary work in Minnesota goes on with continuous success. Mr. and Mrs. Kates held meetings in the Episcopal church in Aitkin, Minn., Feb. 22 and 23. Large audiences heard the first lectures ever given on Spiritualism in their town, and were all interested in the views presented. The descriptive work by Mrs. Kates was accurate and convincing. The church people declined to accept any rental for their edifice, as they found the meetings helpful to humanity. The next meetings were in Bemidji, Feb. 25 and 26, where the Opera House was well filled each evening. A local minister, here, adjourned his Sunday evening services at an early hour in order to hear us, and asked that we begin as late as possible.

Surely, we seem to be getting en rapport with the churches, and will soon be in fellowship as co-workers for humanity. After a while the ministers will see the necessity to prove immortality instead of only preaching a belief in it—with possible demonstrations of spirit-communication. The churches will then be more useful.

Mr. and Mrs. Kates organized the First Spiritual Church of Bemidji as an auxiliary to the State Association, with the following officers: D. C. Smyth, President; Mrs. Cora Smith, Vice President; Mrs. M. A. Achenbach, Secretary; Mrs. E. Manning, Treasurer.

The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists

Will celebrate the 521 anniversary in Berkeley Hall, Boston, Mass., Thursday, March 23, all day. This year will be no exception to the general rule of good things; a large list of speakers, mediums and musicians will take part during the day. Below are a few who have signified their intention to be present: Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Harrison D. Barrett, F. A. Wiggins, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. Alice Waterhouse, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Mrs. Jahnke, E. Warren Hatch, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mr. P. A. Blinn, Mrs. N. J. Willis, M. S. Willis, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, Dr. Dean Clarke, Mrs. I. P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. Caird, Mr. Geo. E. Schaller, Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding and members of the Clendon Orchestra. This is only a partial list. Other names will appear in later editions. Remember the day and place—March 23, in Berkeley Hall, all day.

CARRIE L. HATCH, Sec'y.

Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

This Association will hold its celebration of the Fifty-Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism on Saturday, March 31, forenoon, afternoon and evening, in Horticultural Hall. Among those who have already signified their intention of taking part in the services are Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Albert P. Blinn, Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Mrs. M. J. Butler and Miss Lizzie Harlow; and as musicians, Prof. Jay J. Watson, Miss Annie Watson and Mr. Harold Leslie.

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

ALBERT P. BLINN, Vice-Pres.

The Boston Spiritual Temple

will celebrate the Fifty-second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in Odd Fellows Hall, Sunday, March 25, morning, afternoon and evening, and a fine program is being arranged by the committee. Among others that will appear are Mr. F. A. Wiggins, Dr. W. W. Hicks, George E. Schaller, Mrs. Pearl, Lucette Webster, Mr. Fred Watson, Mr. J. S. Manserger, the Ladies Schubert Quartet, Mr. A. P. Blinn. Other names will appear later. Watch the BANNER OF LIGHT for particulars. The elevator will be in operation all day and evening. Entrance from Tremont street.

J. B. HATCH, JR., Sec'y.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Mrs. L. J. Akern desires engagements with societies for her work. Residence, No. 1 Allston court, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Dr. Ravlin has changed his postoffice address from 1215 Eighth street to 813 Broad street, Philadelphia. His correspondents will note the change and address him accordingly.

G. W. Kates and wife held meetings in Aitkin, Minn., Feb. 22 and 23; Bemidji, 25 and 26; Fisher, 28th. They go to Grand Forks, N. D., March 1 to 5; Fergus Falls, Minn., 6 and 7; Evansville, Ind., 8 and 9. Address them, No. 1 Highland avenue, Minneapolis.

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EVERETT, MASS.—Dear Doctors: Before taking your treatment I could hardly sweep the floor without fainting, but now I do all my work except washing. I know the psychic treatment has done wonders for me and I thank you most sincerely. Mrs. J. POMEROY.

MILLERS, N. Y.—Dear Doctor: I can feel the psychic treatment very distinctly. It seems like a baptism of glory, bluing my being with life and strength. Your patient, JULIA RESSEGUIE.

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

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It will cost you nothing to learn your exact condition. Thousands of so-called "incurable" cases are cured by this method, so do not despair if your physician has failed. There is help for you. Write at once, giving full name, age, sex, and leading symptom, and receive a true description of your case and literature upon this scientific treatment of disease. Each true writing for advice will also receive "Foods for the Sick and How to Prepare Them," a booklet of inestimable value to every home, and "Woman," a valuable booklet which every woman should have.

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Mar. 10.

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

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The author says: "We propose to lay before our readers such sayings of thought as may help some, we trust many of our fellow-believers in the path of a wise, loving and happy development, strengthening in them the purpose to live more effectively, and thus to anticipate beyond the range of earth-life a brighter, more useful, and a happier career." On 100 pp. 35c. Price 50 cents, postage free. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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Ten for five cents at drug stores. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. No matter what's the matter you will do you good! 25c. Mar. 10

STARNOS!

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SPIRIT Message Department.

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

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

These Circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Stance held Feb 22, 1900, S. E. 52.

Invocation.

Oh! Spirit of Divine Love and Wisdom, at this moment we would reach beyond ourselves, forgetting all personal gain, all personal doubt, all fear, and setting ourselves with that serenity of spirit which comes from standing firmly with the knowledge of truth, would give whatever is ours to give to others who are still reaching and striving after thee. Sometimes in our restless yearnings after a better life, after better conditions, after more of light and life and beauty, we grow discouraged and feel that naught avails us, and then there comes that sweet peace when the voice of the spirit rings through our very souls and makes us brave and strong and true to overcome. We lift our hearts in thanksgiving that we can see beyond death, that we have that knowledge which makes us triumphant over the worst condition which may ever confront us, that, after all, there is life, continued life and love abundant, which makes us happy even through our unhappiness. Help us all. Wherever life is, wherever love can come, there may we in spirit be and live, live forever. Amen!

MESSAGES.

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

Charlie Martin.

Here is a man who says, "Hello!" walks in, looks around, sits down, crosses his feet, slaps his hand upon his knee and says: "My name is Charlie Martin. What have you got to say for me?" He has blue eyes, but not much hair, and still he looks round, happy and sort of pretty like a baby. He laughs heartily as though he could not help it, as though every time anything funny came up it struck a little spring down in him somewhere and he would begin to laugh and could not stop till the spring ran down. He says: "Well, that will do. Say I am a good old man from Keene, N. H., and that I think it is time the Keene folks woke up to their situation. They seem to be having an awful lot of talk about the town. If I should go on and enumerate the many people I have met, it would be like a city directory, because I knew everybody and everybody knew me. Among those I will speak of is one named Thomas Wentworth. I met him and he and I took a little stroll down the street past the old bank building, and wondered if it would be possible to step in and see what was going on in the bank; but it was after hours and we could not go in. This brings me to an interesting question. People say they should think spirits could get in anywhere they want to; but you cannot because you are a spirit any more than you can if you are a mortal. You have to have an introduction somehow, somewhere, for every person has protectors about him, and they do not allow tramps in a bank any more than they would tramps on the sidewalk."

"A. A. B."

I find a little one in the spirit, I think it is a boy, but I find a little girl's influence, and I feel as if I want to send a message home. I see a child with blue eyes and rather light hair, falling a little below the neck. It is a pretty little face. All at once I am so choked up. The child's face is very red as though with fever. I put my hand on the little brow and note that it is quite a full one. The child seems to have been chattering, talkative, and I would that I could make that little voice heard again. There is a lady with this child. It is like a grandmother to it. I want to say that the grandmother brings the child with love and tenderness. That is all I see. A. A. B. will understand.

Amos Glidden.

Here is a man named Amos Glidden. He is very sober. I think he is about five feet, eight. He has square shoulders and is rather muscular looking. His nose is quite prominent. His eyes are dark blue, with dark lashes; his hair is dark, but is somewhat gray in front. He is a strong man both in looks and in character. He says: "I did not think it would be so hard to come. I suffered so much in my stomach before I went that it seemed I should die. I could not bear the pain, and when it grew so intense I went out into the spirit. Everything was done for me that could be done, but I do not believe the doctors understood me. I did not think they did then, and told the doctor I thought there was something growing in me. There seemed to be a continual gnawing, and the pain was intense. I came from Portland, Oregon. I was an Eastern man, and I went there thinking to make my fortune; but I was stricken, and it seemed that I had not a bit of strength or energy left; so I had to go without doing what I had set out to do. It is more the disappointment that troubles me now than the physical condition that I had. I had so many that were depending upon me, who were looking to me to bring them out, and when I look at them now it is more than I can bear. I want to get to Carrie. I found the baby, but she was grown to a woman and I hardly knew her. Oh! tell my brother Tom to do the best he can toward settling up my affairs, because it means so much to the family. Oh, my God! how can I stand it?"

Willie Mason.

A young boy from Aberdeen, South Dakota, comes now. He is red-headed, is about twenty. His eyes are blue. His face is white, his skin quite smooth. He has a nice mouth and features. He is dressed like a farmer boy, as though he came right in off the place. The name is Willie Mason. (Don't call him Wil-

lam; nobody ever did). He says: "I was killed on my own place, killed by a horse." He shows me the horse. It is black and sleek, but has white feet behind. He kicked this boy, and I see him on the farm as though he was not found for some time. When found he was unconscious. He was trying to get the horse, which was a little wild. When kicked he was thrown down, and then his head hit on a rock. It was most dark when they found him. He says: "They never knew how long I was there, but I had been there from early in the forenoon, and that is why they could not save me." When they took him home everybody was just about crazy; they did not know whether he was kicked by the horse, whether he fell in a faint, or whether it was the sun that did it. He says it was the horse. "Father always said that horse would be the death of somebody; he was so cross."

Nancy Burgess.

Now there comes a lady; her name is Nancy Burgess. She says she is a Cape Cod woman. She is as sleek and prim as can be, is about medium height, and very slim. She is dressed in a common cotton dress, with an apron on. Her hair is smoothed down, with a little bob behind. She says: "I came from Barnstable. I never traveled very much, and it is quite an effort for me to get here at this time, yet I feel a certain sense of satisfaction because Barnstable people do not report very often, and they are not very great Spiritualists; in fact, are inclined to make fun of it. So I thought if now and then some word could be sent, it would stir them up."

Joseph Hart.

This man is quite old, is tall with rather stooping shoulders; has a short gray beard around his face, but the upper lip is smooth. The eyes are gray-blue; he is bald-headed, with a good deal of hair on the lower part of his head. He speaks in a kindly, honest way, but rather slowly. "My name is Joseph Hart, and I came from Rochester, N. H. I want to say that many times when I used to live there, I heard them speak of Spiritualism in such a slurring way that I thought if I could get back when I died I would tell them, because they would believe me. I never told an untruth, and I find in the spirit that helps me a great deal. I have a great many friends there, but Frank Hart is the one I want to reach. I was useful up to the very last part of my life, and I always said I did not want to die after years of idleness. I would rather work, and work up to the very day when I should be called. I thought I was going home to my Father's house, and that I would be immediately received into the presence of the great King; but after all I am happy as it is, and if some time I do go on into brighter and better conditions, that are more like what the Christian Church teaches, why then I suppose I will be happier still."

William Jenness.

There comes now a man about fifty years old. He has quite dark hair, is short and stubby. He has very nice teeth. I know, because when he opens his mouth, I see them. His eyes are dark blue. His brows are a little heavy. He has a nervous way as he comes. He puts his hands together tight as though he has to hold every bit of energy for himself. He says: "Why is it that it is so hard to come? I stand off in the spirit and say I will go to morrow or next day, and I will make my presence felt, and when I get there I am just like a baby. I throw my arms out into the air and I make a little sound, but there is no coherency and no power, and then I feel so utterly helpless that I go back; and to-day I thought I would come and say whatever I could to help anybody and perhaps to help myself. My name is William Jenness. I came from Tallapoosa, Fla. I go to people who know something about this, and are expecting me, and yet it is almost impossible for me to get there, even with the expectancy."

Benjamin Fiske.

A tall very slim man walks in now. He has very dark eyes, and very dark hair, and he has a way as though he does not care a snap for anybody. The first thing he says is "Benjamin Fiske. Well, well, if this isn't a funny experience for me to come here, and talk through a woman. I had thought if a spirit could come he could project himself and his thoughts just as he pleased, but I see we have to follow along the wires. We cannot speak right out into space, and the wires lead to mediums. So when I hear people asking for me, I think why don't they come to me, or see about a telegraph. Put one in your house, and they will come all right. There is no danger but what they will come if the instrument is right. When it is not, how in the world can they telegraph?" He laughs as heartily as can be. He has little chin whiskers, and he takes them in his hands and fondles them. He says he came from Bridgeport, Ct., and has seen Barnum.

Fannie Spencer.

Here comes a lady now. She is real slight and pretty, about thirty-five years old. She has real dark hair and dark brown eyes and is as quick as a little bird. She jumps around from one place to another in a bright way. Finally she comes and stands by me and says: "Oh, please speak for me! I am so anxious to come, and I want to get to my mother. My name is Fannie Spencer. I am from Toledo, Ohio. My mother's name was Frances Spencer, and my father is with me. His name was Henry. He says he is as happy to have me come as if he came himself." She was not married. She always lived at home, and kind of took care of things around the house. "Although we lived in the city, we were rather countrified people, and carried some of our country ideas all through life. Mother looks with anxious eyes to see if anything will come to her, and won't she be glad when she reads this!"

Verification of Spirit Messages.

Dear Mrs. Soule: You are a marvel. I received with amazement the communication from my mother in the BANNER OF LIGHT, Feb. 24. Her name was given correctly, Polly Ryder, and the message was wonderfully accurate. I feel there is a great wrong somewhere that my mother should return for the purpose mentioned, she who did her work so faithfully while here. With gratitude,
MRS. F. S. LAMBERT.

58 Greene St., Fitchburg.

Remember that thy body is but a little thing, and needs but little, as the foot needs but a covering, and not a brilliant ornament of gold, silver, and purple embroidery.—Epictetus.

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

One who has lived long is struck by the changes in one's mental attitude toward the same object of thought. This was brought forcibly to my mind on reading the other day, a charming story written by a Southern lady who is one of your subscribers. The book is entitled "Lord Will by Force." The narrative has to do with the times of the Civil War, and the affections of the writer are with the "boys in grey" and with the heroism displayed by the Southern Confederacy. As I read it, I found my own heart thrilled by sentiments akin to her own, and was amazed to see how different it all seems to me now from what it did in 1861.

I do not mean that I love the North any less, nor that I waver one hair in my allegiance to the preservation of the Union. I only mean that, whereas I used to see but one side, I can now see both; can better understand that the Southerner was as truly patriotic in his devotion to the rights of his State as was the Northerner in his anxiety for the integrity of the nation as a whole, and can sympathize better with the love of Southern women for the "peculiar institution" which made so important a feature in their home life, and the frenzied dread with which they regarded any act that might precipitate a servile insurrection.

From the autumn of 1860 to the summer of 1861 I was teaching in a seminary in Rhode Island which numbered among its boarders many girls from the South. So largely did it depend on its Southern patronage that the withdrawal of these pupils at the opening of the war closed the seminary.

As the spring drew near, public events, of course, formed the chief subject of conversation. There was a brilliant Southern girl who said one day when there was an allusion to John Brown, that she would like to see him cut up into inch pieces! To me, who looked on Brown as a hero

"Who made the gallows holy
When he perished by the cord."

this speech seemed the height of savagery. I was amazed that a girl of tender nature and refined habits of thought could possibly say such a thing, and it was an outburst of most intense feeling on her part that seemed amazing. But as time passed on, and one learned more of the awful volcano which is always ready to burst open under the feet of a slave-holding community, one could better realize that this girl saw only the murder of her dearest ones as a probable result of such an act as John Brown, in placing arms in the hands of slaves. His actions to us at that time awakened our deep sympathy for the poor African, whipped and maimed to satisfy the greed of a cruel master. But to those who dwell in a slave-holding community, his actions awoke only horror and dread, lest they should see in their own family a repetition of the terrors of the slave insurrection in San Domingo.

I never heard of that young girl again after the school broke up. She was from Mississippi if I remember aright. She was one to devote herself body and soul to the cause championed by Davis of her own State. She must have worked intensely for the Southern confederacy, and her heart must have bled when the fierce and heroic struggle was brought to a close by Lee's surrender.

Once my feelings were wholly on the side of the North. I was thankful for every battle we won, rejoiced over Vicksburg, and Gettysburg, and Sherman's march to the sea, exulted when Lee's poor starving men surrendered to Grant, and when Jefferson Davis was captured. But now that the years have gone by, though I am glad that the Union was preserved, yet my heart swells in pride over the boys in grey as much as over the boys in blue, who fought so heroically at Antietam, and Lookout Mountain, and many another dreadful field.

I am now ashamed to confess it, but I thought then that Mr. Davis ought to have been executed as a traitor. But I am now immeasurably thankful that though Lincoln was shot to death by a private assassin, yet the government did not place an ineffaceable stain on the American flag by the judicial murder of Jefferson Davis. The grass has grown, woods have flourished, and villages have prospered on many of those bloody fields; and the sweet flowers of love and mercy have bloomed in many a heart in both the North and the South that has lived long enough to recall that four years' struggle that began to seem to us as if it would never end.

As the progression of our nature is our ultimate object, it is well to note the direction of the change in our mental attitude toward this or that earthly object, as the years pass on. If we find that we feel more harshly and judge more critically with the passage of time, we may be sure that we are retrograding, and that these backward steps will all have to be retraced by and by, before we can really go on. If we find on the contrary that those who formerly awakened our resentment are now regarded with love, that flowers of affection now bloom where the thorns and brambles of dislike and fear once flourished, we may take courage knowing that we are really making progress in our spiritual state. Resentment should grow gentle, and prejudice be obliterated with advancing years, rather than become more intense.

In relation to a great foreign power the other side of the Atlantic, it is pleasing to note that the violent feelings of Americans towards our mother country that were so strong three generations ago have gradually allayed, and that intelligent and far-seeing compatriots regard England with mingled sympathy and pride. The hatred of the red coat which was the natural outcome of the struggle for independence in the last century, and of our wrestle for national recognition in the war of 1812, has become a thing of the past, except with the inexperienced school boy and the immature youth. A broader view shows us that on the whole England leads the van in the advance of civilization, and it would be paltry on our part to ignore this great fact, as well as unnatural to continue old hatreds against men and women related to us by blood, by a similar progress in political freedom, and by religious toleration.

On the street car the other day, I fell into conversation with a bright school-boy who sat next to me. Alluding to the present content of England with the Boers, I found that his sympathies were wholly with the latter, on the ground, that England is a monarchy, and the Transvaal a republic. Bright for his age, he had not gone beyond the mere name of monarchy and republic to the real political characteristics of the two nationalities. To the youthful mind, lines of demarcation are

very rigidly drawn, and all things in heaven and earth are expressed by certain definite words, each object being on its own pedestal, and wholly separated from every other one. To his immature mind, England has a queen, is labeled among the governments of earth as a monarchy, and must therefore be regarded with distrust by an American; while the fact that the Transvaal claims to be a republic is quite sufficient reason why America should support her cause.

A more experienced mind, who knows something of the two governments, is aware that though England goes to the expense of having a queen as the figure-head of the nation it is really one of the freest governments in the world, and one which the vaunted American republic might profitably copy in several respects; while the Transvaal, which calls itself a republic, is really an oligarchy, is anything but democratic, and is mainly ruled by a few corrupt, greedy and tyrannical men. It has no more claim to be called a republic from the nineteenth century point of view, than had Venice in the fifteenth century under the Council of Ten. So any sympathy with the Boers that is founded on their being a "republic" has an insecure foundation.

The Boers allow no foreigners to be naturalized. This intolerable policy, which separates them from the rest of mankind, prevents the development of that part of Africa, and must sooner or later have caused foreign interference in the interests of civilization. Either England or the Boers must control South Africa, and those who have watched the colonial government of the British Empire see that civilization has been advanced by it, and that those who live under it are as free as in a perfectly-conceived republic. The Boers have no conception of what English rule is. They fancy that if the British triumph their houses will be confiscated, and they themselves imprisoned or hanged. They are hundreds of years behind the times, and act under the influences of by gone centuries.

But that the Boers are ignorant and have maintained a narrow policy against the world at large, and are hundreds of years behind the times, does not make their sufferings and their inevitable disappointment any the less. They love the land they occupy, and a fierce patriotism burns within their breasts. We feel deeply sorry for them, for they must eventually fall under British sway. Though that may soon occur, it will be very long, yes, generations may pass away before their descendants will fully realize that the open policy of England, and the even-handed justice she deals out to her colonial dependencies, have brought them a freedom and a well-being that could never be realized under the legislative system of the Boers.

There is one contingency on which we do not like to look. It is that the present deplorable war may possibly lead to an assault on England by those jealous powers of Europe who dislike to see British influence advanced. Should that dreadful thing occur, and a race war involve the whole of Christendom, we are certain that even those Americans who have sided with the Boers against England contending with the Transvaal alone, would just as surely side with England contending for her integrity against the Celtic and the Slav races. In such a direful event, all Anglo-Saxons, standing as they do for liberal government and free religious opinion, will stand by one another; and Germany, too, reluctantly it may be, but yet inevitably, will join the same, for she, as well as we, belongs to the same great Gothic stock.

We trust that any such general war may be averted by arbitration. The Anglo-Saxon nationalities would advocate that, and the other nations would probably concur, mostly for their own preservation, and yet in some degree for the peace of the world at large.

England and America have been criticized for sending delegates to the Peace Conference, and then engaging in war with small nationalities. It should be remembered that settlement by arbitration requires considerable advancement on the part of those who engage in it. While they themselves would settle their own common differences by arbitration, it would have been difficult, if not impossible to settle with the Philippines and the Boers in the same way, because the latter were not yet educated up to it. And England and America are not themselves educated up to the point of settling peacefully with these small nations in the same magnanimous way that is employed by the older children in a well-regulated family, who would rather yield to the immature little ones than quarrel with them. Evolution takes time with nations, as well as with individuals.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
ABBY A. JUDSON

Arlington, N. J., Feb. 22, 1900.

Dr. J. Rodes Buchanan.

In Memoriam.

The Progressive Spiritualist Society of San Francisco on Jan. 7 called the friends of the cause of Spiritualism together to do honor, as far as possible, to the life and labors of Dr. Buchanan, who had recently left the mortal plane of activity to pass on to those larger spheres of usefulness in the land of spirit.

The hall was decorated with flowers, and on the center of the table, or speaker's stand, was a picture of the Doctor, surrounded by a wreath of smilax and numerous bouquets of roses.

The President, Mr. William Rider, opened the exercises with a few remarks, and left the services in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Lillie. The congregation was called upon to join the choir in singing Lizzie Doten's hymn,

"The world has felt a quickening breath
From heaven's immortal shore,"

after which Mrs. Lillie said:

"I feel that Spiritualism has lost one of its greatest lights, and the cause of human progress one of the most devoted self-sacrificing and faithful workers. In an editorial of the *Progressive Thinker* I find this sentence, which expresses my own feeling. 'The death of Dr. Buchanan is like the falling of one of the cedars of Lebanon,' for like one of these rare cedars he stood, towering in strength of mind and wealth of thought far above his kind. He was a tireless worker, a constant student, one who was ever reaching out into the realm of truth, making researches, ceaselessly experimenting, and ever ready to give mankind the benefit of his thought, whatever it might cost him to do so. Those who know his history know that it did cost him position in his profession, and respect in large measure of his colleagues when he announced his discoveries in the realm of mind, and his conclusions, which they were not ready to accept, and which no one could proclaim, and still be considered orthodox in the science of medicine. But with

earnestness and bravery he proclaimed the truth as it appeared to him, until he stood among the advocates of Spiritualism, a fearless exponent and defender of a new school of religious thought as well. And from that time has been well known as heterodox to the accepted schools of Medicine and Religion, and has borne the criticisms and persecutions which have come to him in a spirit which could only come of a perfect assurance that he possessed the truth, and that it was far more valuable than the praises of men.

Before any of the mediums of Spiritualism had developed psychometric powers he had been experimenting and had proclaimed the results of these experiments, and he justly and with pride claimed to have been the discoverer of the science of psychometry. In pursuance of, and experimenting along this line, he opened a school for its cultivation, and there are thousands of physicians who were graduates of the regular schools of medicine, who took Dr. Buchanan's course, believing it would be the key to success, as by this method they are independent, in being able to diagnose without questions and to understand a case better than the patient can. Dr. Buchanan certainly taught this, and his pupils could successfully practise it whether they were Spiritualists or not. He is one of those who will be better known and appreciated in the future than at the present time. I have always been an admirer of Dr. Buchanan and his works, and many times my guides have referred to him in discourses, saying that, as in the case of many of the world's helpers and saviors, he would be appreciated fully when he had been dead years enough. 'So goes the world.' We knew him in the East, more especially in Boston, but could not have known him as well as some who were his students, and some of these are with us to-night—some who are practicing his system of therapeutics and among these I shall first call upon Dr. Cora A. Morse of San Francisco, an admirer and student of Dr. Buchanan." Mrs. Morse said:

"It is fitting that the liberal people everywhere should assemble to honor the name of Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan. He was the friend and champion of all the reform movements that bless the world to day. He was an explorer, a discoverer, a physician and preacher, a politician and teacher, and what is more he was a sun-crowned optimist. Although he knew the bitterness of the task of establishing a new order of things, he kept his face to the light and moved forward in the direction of truth and liberty.

As an explorer, he believed that there was a north pole in the mental constitution of man, rock rimmed and ice-bound by the prejudice and ignorance of the ages; and that its light, once discovered, would unfetter the world and enlarge the vision of the race. So he rigged his ships of hope and faith, and set sail for this hitherto undiscovered land. Nor was he cast down by the knowledge that he must pilot his ships alone, nor was he discouraged because they would be recognized by no other ships then sailing the psychic ocean, and when they made port again—mastless, helmless and rudderless, and the scorn of his fellows was gall and vinegar to his lips, he straightway constructed more ships and launched away in search of the goal; and lo! one day, after searching nearly a quarter of a century, he was heralded as a discoverer. His success proved to be an encouragement to other explorers who followed in his wake and who are still following, rifting still farther the clouds of superstition by bearing their cargoes of mental trophies from this north-land of the spirit, where the Angel of Revelation reigns.

As a discoverer he was entitled to all the recognition he received during his long and useful life, and will be known to the generations of the future as the Darwin of man's mental evolution. His works on Anthropology, Psychometry and Therapeutic Sarcogenomy will command the attention of the scientific world forever. Men and women will be spurred to new heights because of his successful leadership.

As a physician he met his greatest antagonists (his fellows of the medical fraternity) with the demonstrable and axiomatic laws of body and brain correspondence, and the interchangeable and interdependent action of the same.

To Gall, Ferrier, Fowler and others belongs the discovery of the action and relation of the convolutions of both the animal and human brain and their control of certain nerve centers, but to Dr. J. R. Buchanan belongs the credit of the discovery of the complete law of correspondence of brain and body, and to him belongs the honor of perfecting a method whereby the discovery could be made available in the cure of disease, a method which no true physician can afford to set aside, a method which will eventually puncture the present system of medical ignorance and quackery to such a degree that drugs will find their way to the bottom of the sea, and the butchery now practiced in the name of surgery be relegated to the shades of the past. The physicians of the world are indebted to this man for the discovery of a new constellation in the medical heavens, and are even now beginning to feel the influence of its luminosity and power.

To him the politician and preacher were one, for his conception of life led him to think that it was practical to put into execution as a servant of his State, the same truths which he proclaimed from the rostrum.

He believed, as does your humble servant, that we are all under mortgage to the past, that we are a promissory note to the future, and that our every moment should be devoted to the settlement of the same, principal and interest.

As a servant of his state, he urged equal rights and humane measures alike toward saint and sinner. He bravely fought for woman's emancipation and the right of her children to be well born. By the fireside in the old Kentucky home, on the rostrum in the old world and the new, from New York to California, his voice was ever heard in favor of the complete emancipation and absolute freedom of all creatures. He preferred death to anything short of a people's liberty to think and to act.

Friends, as politician and preacher he cancelled his mortgage to the past by helping to build a new republic and inspire greater religious tolerance. The politician and preacher of the future will be largely in his debt. God grant that they cancel it as royally as he cancelled his obligation to those who preceded him.

As an optimistic teacher we found Dr. Buchanan at his best. Although he knew the weariness of spirit portrayed by Helen Jackson when she says of the teacher:

"He starves with hunger, treading out their corn;
He dies of travail while their souls are born,"

yet he kept at his work until his hands fell helpless and his latest breath half given. He lived to see many of his educational hopes fulfilled and rejoiced in spirit because of it.

It requires no great stretch of the imagination to foresee that his greatest book, "Moral Education," will ere long become a text book for teachers of all nations, and the ethical education it pleads for be grafted into our present school system and bear its fruits of harmony and beauty. By his gift of this one book, "Moral Education," to the world, he has paid in full his promissory note to the future, and teachers everywhere will some day drop a tear as they realize the cost of his work for their selves and their pupils. I do not believe in eulogies, but I can do no less than to lay this tribute at the feet of our arisen friend.

One more thought and I am done. It is and has been a grief to me that custom has ordained that the flowers of thought and feeling be laid upon humanity's graves.

At the memorial of James C. Clark, held in our home, my pain was intense that I had failed to gather the friends about him while he lived, and that I had neglected to give them opportunity to say the things to him which they must then say of him, the things they wanted to say and would have said to cheer him on but for my carelessness to make the way. I feel the same condemnation to-night—that I have said and done no more to bring him to the world than he has responded. Some one has said that "flowers placed upon a coffin lid throw no fragrance backward over the weary years," and this, friends, is the pathetic side of life.

It is too late now to do more than this for this friend of humanity, but it is not too late to mend our ways; there are others, hundreds of them, perishing for the flowers we mean to bring sometime. I would be glad if it was the sense of this assembly that as a tribute to the memory of Joseph Rodas Buchanan, a message of encouragement and cheer be sent ringing around the world to the workers in all reform, of every tribe and nation: these vanguards of a new civilization, who are pouring out their hearts' best blood as the ransom for future generations whose liberty is thus assured. This alone will modify the paucity of living death which all workers in the cause of freedom suffer before the body at last succumbs.

So much for the tribute we can offer to his memory. But the responsibility of the future rests upon us. Our own mortgages must be cancelled, our own promissory notes be met. How? By urging upon all people the acceptance of every measure calculated to insure the health, happiness and harmonization of the world.

We can plead and work for the establishment of justice among the children of men. We can face the east, and cry out the tidings of the dawn. We can fill the broken ranks, and bear our breasts to the shot and shell of the hosts of error. Less than this will render our tribute meaningless, and leave us in bondage to an unpaid debt.

I have no tears for those who fall in the sere and yellow leaf of well doing; my heart's cry is for the dead in life, those who are spiritually deaf, dumb and blind.

Our friend is released from his weight of years. His sorrows are over. I joy for this. Let him rest; but let us work out the problem of Freedom which he lived and suffered for."

[To be Continued.]

One Way to Investigate Spiritualism.

A number of Spiritualists and investigators in Philadelphia have adopted the following preamble and conditions in their study of Spiritualism:

We, the undersigned, Spiritualists and investigators, believing that great harm is being done to the spiritualistic faith by reason of the pretensions of unscrupulous and dishonest mediums to hold materializing séances, thus making them liable to arrest and prosecution, which we believe to be detrimental to the well-being of the faith, we do hereby agree not to patronize mediums who have not gone under the following test conditions:

1. The medium and assistants shall be entirely enclosed in a screen of mosquito netting, which shall be securely fastened to the floor.
2. Five feet from the medium must be another mosquito netting reaching clear across the room, and eight feet in height.
3. The audience to sit in front of this one, while the materializing spirits must appear between the screen and the medium.
4. Six Spiritualists and four investigators shall constitute the committee.
5. No door or window will be allowed within the space enclosed by the mosquito netting.
6. The place for holding the séance must be chosen by the committee, and under no conditions shall the séance take place in the medium's home.
7. Materializing forms must be tangible.
8. The committee shall pay all expenses of said tests, and, if the phenomena take place, it shall make all fair use of same.
9. The medium to receive the original affidavit.
10. All mediums refusing to submit to the above conditions may safely be classed as frauds.

[The results thus far obtained have not been at all satisfactory to the members of the circle interested in the subject. One person, claiming to be a medium, went into hysterics when the words "test conditions" were spoken, and berated the leader of the investigating society in the most scathing terms, for even presuming to ask for such a wicked thing as a test séance. In this abuse she was sustained and applauded by many people who call themselves Spiritualists.—ED.]

Notice.

The National Congress of Mothers will meet this year in Des Moines, Ia., May 21 to 25, by invitation of Gov. Shaw, the Mayor of Des Moines Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade, Federation of Clubs, and the Woman's Club of Des Moines.

It is expected that thousands of persons from Iowa alone will attend, as during the past year in over eighty counties of the State Mothers' Clubs have been organized. The whole State is aroused to the importance of this Congress, and the public schools will be closed to permit teachers to attend.

The Club Women of Des Moines offer to entertain a thousand delegates free of charge, and for those who prefer hotels, the rates will not exceed one to two dollars per day.

The Convention will meet in the Auditorium, which seats forty five hundred persons, and the accomodations are excellent. The Savory Hotel will be the headquarters for delegates. The Grant Club has offered its building for the Congress, and this will be made the headquarters for Press women.

The Governor and Mayor will welcome the Congress to Iowa, and a large reception will be given by the Governor at the Capital, where good music will be furnished by the Iowa Band. The program this year will take up the subject of "Child Study in its Possibilities for 1900," and the subject will be treated from the physical, intellectual and spiritual standpoints by men and women of note.

"The Right Education for Women" will be the subject for one session, and this will be considered from various points of view.

"The Training of Young Children" will occupy another session of the Congress, and the "Child Saving Problem, in its Many Aspects," will be treated by men and women who have given the subject earnest thought and study.

Col. Parker will present "The Ideal Education." Mrs. Theodore W. Binney will speak of "The Benefits to be Derived from Organized Motherhood." The full program will be ready for distribution early in April.

Interesting accounts of the work accomplished during the past year will be given by State Organizers and President, and ample time will be given for discussion. In order that a more perfect organization of the movement may be effected, the following division of territory has been made among the Committee, and you are respectfully requested to communicate with the member in whose territory your State is:

New York, New England States, Canada, Mrs. Arthur L. Garford, "The Savilla," 117 West 58th Street, New York, N. Y.

Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, District of Columbia, Mrs. Frederick Schoff, 3418 Baring Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Southern States, Mrs. Cornelia E. James, Vindicta, Cincinnati, O.

Illinois, Western States, South Western States, Mrs. Grace Lea Heller, Des Moines, Ia.

It's a Mistake If She Don't. Who does not admire the lovely traits of health in a woman's face, the unmistakable evidence of serene nerves and pure blood? How much less frequently are such faces seen than those that indicate worry, weakness and disease. Discontent comes from weakness and disease. Female troubles breed nervousness, and the result is ruin to health, happiness and sweetest disposition, unless the right treatment is used to cure. Dr. Greene, the discoverer of the great Dr. Greene's Nervine, and many other wonderful remedies, offers free counsel to all such women at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., either by letter or personal call. He understands the conditions and diseases from which they suffer, and will give them advice that will make them happy. It is every woman's duty to preserve her looks and her health, and Dr. Greene has shown thousands of women how to do this. Don't let your beauty and health vanish without a struggle. Tell or write your troubles confidentially to Dr. Greene.

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