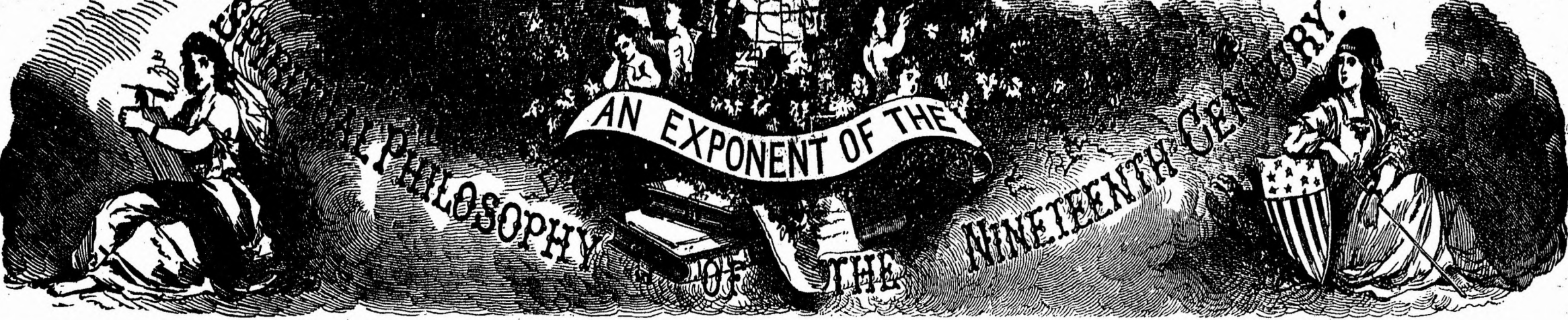


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NO. 3.

The Religion of the Future.

An Address Delivered by Charles L. Snyder at
Vienna, Va., on Sept. 11, 1899.

Ladies and Gentlemen: My Christian friends sometimes say to me: "You are endeavoring to destroy our faith in the religion of our fathers; you are striving to rob us of all the things we hold most sacred and precious; what will you give us in their place? You are taking from us those traditions which are closely interwoven with every emotion and sympathy of our lives; can you give us anything one-half so dear?"

These are fair questions, and it shall be my purpose to night to endeavor to briefly answer them, and to point out what seem to me to be some of the principles of true religion.

The great majority of people are conservatives. They fear changes of any kind, and most of all in matters of religion. The blows of the reformer cause a dread as to the consequences. They fear lest the good be destroyed along with the evil, lest the wheat perish with the tares.

In meeting this objection, I desire to quote as especially appropriate a poem of Whittier's, called "The Reformer":

All grim and solled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One in his wrath,
Smiling the goddess shrines of man
Along his path.

The Church, beneath her trembling dome,
Essayed in vain her ghastly charm:
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in;
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "you holy pile;
That grand old, time-worn turret spare;"
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Grey-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold,—
"Why smile," he asked in sad surprise,
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's Stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked; aside the dust-cloud rolled,—
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Upspringing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'T was but the rule of the bad,—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
What'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;
The slave toiled forging from his chains
The spade and plow.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay
And cottage windows, flower-entwined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,
And with the idle galleys rope
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That, where the share is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow.

Take heart!—the Waster builds again,—
A charmed life Old Goodness hath;
The tares may perish,—but the grain
Is not for death.

The real good in religion can never be destroyed so long as men's minds are free and unfettered to discern the good from the bad. The real dangers to true religion lie in the slavish acceptance without thought or analysis of doctrines and creeds which degrade and debase the mind.

Religion in its narrowest and most literal sense has solely to do with man's conceived relations to God or deity. It does not directly concern any of his relations to his fellowmen, or to nature in general. But in the more commonly accepted sense, religion not only includes the relations of man to God, but most of the relations of man to his fellowmen. That is, it includes ethics or morals as a part of itself.

Every rational being pictures to his own mind in some kind of symbols those great powers of the universe which are mightier than himself, and which he cannot comprehend. The savage sees God in the cloud, and hears him in the wind. The Titanic forces of nature are all personified to him, and become his gods and his demons. The sun, the physical symbol of all the life and energy in the world, has been worshiped as a god from time immemorial, and by nearly every primitive people. The storms and the lightning, the volcano and the earthquake, were to many primitive minds the manifestations of evil gods or devils.

Man in the earliest times worshiped the mighty forces of nature, and all the religious

of the world have a common source for many of their ideas in this primitive origin.

The gods of all the races and peoples which have ever inhabited the earth have been the highest conceptions of those peoples of the great cosmic forces of the universe. If the intelligence of a people was limited, its conceptions were crude and narrow, while if its knowledge was greater, its ideals of God were grander and more inspiring. The God of Moses is conceived as a very different personality from the God of Jesus. The one was an angry, jealous, vengeful, physical deity, while the other was a spiritual heavenly father, relieved of many of the crudities of the older belief.

The god-idea has always kept pace in greater or less measure with the intellectual progress of the people, and has been a fair index of their development and civilization. If the people were dishonest, crafty, cruel and vengeful, their gods were believed to possess the same general characteristics, and, as Col. Ingersoll has most aptly remarked, "An honest god is the noblest work of man."

The gods, in other words, reflected the ideals of the people. Their gods were never better, and were sometimes worse, than the highest ideals of the people. The new gods were usually better than the old ones, as they represented higher and clearer concepts, although this was not always the case.

In all the earlier beliefs in which the idea of a personal God was held, he was always conceived to be in the form of a human or other animate being, even when clothed with spiritual powers and attributes. The personal God always represented some of the attributes of man in a magnified form, and in many cases the God was simply conceived, and personified as a huge and powerful man.

The worship of gods undoubtedly grew in the first place from man's fear and awe of the great forces in nature which he could not control nor comprehend. He felt that these mighty and mysterious powers had complete control over his welfare and destiny. They could destroy and they could protect. They brought life and caused death; and in obedience to the instinct of self-preservation common to the race, man sought to appease the anger of offended deities or to win their special favors by gifts and sacrifices. He believed that the gods would be pleased with what most pleased him, so he brought to the sacrifice the fruits of his toil and care, the products of the earth of the firstlings of his flocks.

Later he sacrificed prisoners taken in battle, and in cases of great crises or dire distress, he sacrificed those most dear to him, a son or a daughter. He believed that the gods would be doubly pleased by the gifts that cost him the greatest pain or sacrifice. Out of this thought grew the doctrine of personal penance and suffering to please the gods. This doctrine assumes that God is specially pleased when man humbles himself and makes himself miserable for God's sake; that God loves to see his creatures abase themselves before him as before an earthly monarch, and thus magnify his glory.

The practices of asceticism, or extreme self-denial, are an outgrowth of this thought, and have resulted in the establishment of monasteries and nunneries in Christendom, and similar institutions in Pagan countries.

In these older concepts God is looked upon as a tyrant or arbitrary king who rules with a rod of iron, and whose wrath can be appeased only by the greatest self-abasement and humility. He rules the earth by the arbitrary acts of his will, and can be moved by prayers and supplications to change his mind. In fact, the kingdom of heaven was simply the counterpart of the kingdoms of the earth with all their arbitrary tyranny and abuse.

The Greeks and the Hindus idealized the forces of nature in very beautiful forms, while the Hebrews and the Persians, having much less of the artistic in their natures, gave their gods more seriously human characteristics. Javeh or Jehovah was at first probably a sun god and gradually grew into the more personal conception of a god with human attributes. He was not originally thought of as a spiritual being, but as having all the physical attributes and passions of a man, and is believed to have been seen by Moses and the elders of Israel, while in the later writings of the Bible we find the statements that God is a spirit, and that "No man hath seen God at any time." There is a great evolution in the ideal of God from the time of the earlier to that of the later books of the Bible. The God of the one part is not the God of the other.

The Greeks were largely speculative or thoughtful in their ideals, and their gods did not take on the grosser material concepts, but among the more intelligent of the people were always conceived as spiritual symbols of the forces of nature. The intermingling of the Greek philosophy with the Hebrew god idea gave the higher ideals of the God of the New Testament. Yet even here God is simply a great human personality who loves and hates, who may be pleased or displeased with the acts of his creatures, and who governs the universe by the arbitrary acts of his will. He is a God who may be moved to change his purposes and his plans by the prayers of his creatures and their faith in his power. The ideal has become more lofty, but still retains the human characteristics and symbolism.

With the development of the methods of modern science, the earlier ideas of God are passing away. When Humboldt uttered that immortal sentence, "The universe is governed by law," he signed the death-warrant of all the arbitrary and tyrannical deities that man had ever invented. For if the relations of cause and sequence exist throughout the phy-

sical universe, if all things move in obedience to great and unchangeable laws, there is no room left for arbitrary acts of interference on the part of the gods. Either God exists in and acts through the great cosmic forces of the universe or he does not exist. And if he is the animating spirit of all nature, the life of which all things are but parts, he cannot be clothed with a personality in the semblance of a man. He can neither love nor hate, he can neither be pleased nor displeased with the acts of his creatures; he can neither hear nor answer prayer, for since the universe is governed by law, and he is the life of the universe, he can act only in accordance with his own laws which science has proved, and is proving to be absolute and unchangeable.

Being infinite, God is unconditioned, and that which is unconditioned cannot be affected by any finite conditions, nor changed by any finite will.

In the teachings of Gautama Buddha, the Hindu Savior, this thought of the unchangeableness of the divine law as well as the incapacity of the finite mind to understand the infinite is most beautifully expressed. I read from Edwin Arnold's translation in the "Light of Asia":

Om, Amitaya! Measure not with words
Th' immeasurable; nor sink the string of thought
Into the Fathomless. Who asks 'loft err,
Who answers, err. Say nought!

The Books teach Darkness was, at first of all,
And Brahms, sole meditating in that Night:
Look not for Brahms and the Beginning there!
Nor him, nor any light.

Shall any gaze see with mortal eyes,
Or any searcher know by mortal mind
Vell after vell will lift—but there must be
Vell upon vell behind.

Stars sweep and question not. This is enough
That life and death and joy and woe abide;
And cause and sequence, and the course of time,
And Being's ceaseless tide.

Pray not! The Darkness will not brighten! Ask
Nought from the Silence, for it cannot speak!
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pains!
Ah! Brothers, Sisters! seek

Nought from the helpless gods by gift and hymn,
Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruit and cakes;
Within yourselves deliverance must be sought;
Each man his prison makes.

I, Buddha, who wept with all my brother's tears,
Whose heart was broken by a whole world's woe,
Laugh and am glad, for there is Liberty!
Ho! Ye who suffer! Know

Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels,
None other holds you that ye live and die,
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss
Its spokes of agony.

Its ire of tears, its nave of nothingness.
Behold, I show you Truth! Lower than hell,
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,
Farther than Brahms doth dwell,

Before beginning and without an end,
As space eternal and as surely sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.

This is its touch upon the blossomed rose,
The fashion of its hand-shaped lotus-leaves;
In dark soil and the silence of the seeds
The robe of Spring it weaves;

That is its painting on the glorious clouds,
And these its emeralds on the peacock's train;
It hath its stations in the stars; its slaves
In lightning, wind, and rain.

Out of the dark it wrought the heart of man,
Out of dull shells the phœnix's penciled neck;
Ever at toll, it brings to loveliness
All ancient wrath and wreck.

It spreadeth forth for flight the eagle's wings
What time she beareth home her prey; it sends
The shrike-wolf to her cubs; for unloved things
It findeth food and friends.

It is not marred nor stayed in any use,
All like it; it, the sweet white milk it brings
To mothers' breasts; it brings the white drops, too,
Wherewith the young snake slugs.

The ordered music of the marching orbs
It makes in viewless canopy of sky;
In deep abyss of earth it hides up gold,
Sards, sapphires, lazuli.

Ever and ever bringing secrets forth,
It sitteth in the green of forest-glades,
Nursing strange seedlings at the cedar's root,
Devising leaves, blooms, blades.

It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved
Except unto the working out of doom;
Its threads are Love and Life; and Death and Pain
The shuttles of its loom.

It maketh and unmaketh, mending all;
What it hath wrought is better than hath been;
Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans
Its wistful hands between.

This is its work upon the things ye see,
The unseen things are more; men's hearts and minds,
The thoughts of peoples and their ways and wills,
These, too, the great Law binds.

Unseen it helpeth ye with faithful hands,
Unheard it speaketh stronger than the stern.
Pity and Love are man's because long stress
Molded blind mass to form.

It will not be contemned of any one;
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains;
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,
The hidden ill with pains.

It seeth everywhere and marketh all:
Do right—it recompenseth! Do one wrong—
The equal retribution must be made,
Though Dharmas tarry long.

It knows not wrath nor pardon; utter true
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs;
Times are as nought, to-morrow it will judge,
Or after many days.

By this the slayer's knife did stab himself;
The unjust Judge hath lost his own defender;
The false tongue doom's its lie; the creeping thief
And spoiler rob, to render.

Such is the law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!

In the religion of the future, the god ideal will lose much of the anthropomorphic or human characteristics, and will be conceived more in the nature of a pervading soul or spirit acting in and through the universe, and giving all things a tendency toward symmetry and perfection. It will be sought as the law that moves to righteousness in the ideals of human conduct, and not as a personality who can alter or change the course of nature by his will.

This God will be conceived as the indwelling light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and as a divine ideal implanted in every soul, and leading to more and more perfect types of life.

The true worship of this deity will be the endeavor to attain to the ideal he has implanted in our natures. Our best prayers to him will be our efforts to purify and perfect ourselves and our fellowmen. The benediction of his holy spirit will be the peace and happiness that comes from virtuous and noble living. His altars will be human souls consecrated to the service of humanity, and his temples wherever men and women assemble to uplift and ennoble the lives of their fellows.

In the religion of the future there will be no sacrifices to appease the anger of offended deities, and no priests or preachers to stand as ministers of God to man. The idea of sacrifice grew in the atmosphere of simplicity, credulity and ignorance, and was fostered by the cunning devices of priests in all ages of the world.

The Hebrews sacrificed cattle, sheep and doves, the Greeks brought gifts of flowers, fruit, wine and grains to their shrines, in addition to occasion animal sacrifices. Certain Pagan nations offered up human beings as sacrifices to please the gods, and Christians, to cap the climax of the sacrificial idea, repeated what many Pagan nations had done before, and offered up a supposed Son of God himself as a perpetual atonement for their sins.

But with growing enlightenment, and in increasing scientific knowledge, men are realizing that vicarious atonement is contrary to the laws of the universe—that no one can directly atone by his suffering for the sin or wrongdoing of another. They are realizing the divine law of compensation, which declares that sin, or the violation of the laws of our being, cannot be separated from the sinner, but that he must suffer for his own sin, and make his own atonement. Men are slowly learning the uselessness of mediators between themselves and the gods. They are learning that the true gods are within themselves, and not in some far-away heaven; and that the priests have as a rule obscured rather than cleared the spiritual vision of man. They have, as a class, interposed themselves between God and man rather to magnify their own importance, and to gratify their personal ambitions and necessities, than for the purpose of helping man to interpret nature, and thus learn the laws of the living God. The faces of the priests have always been toward the past, and they have ever glorified the old and the dead, while the hope of mankind is in the now and the future, and the glorification of the living.

The priest may have been a necessary factor in the evolution of the race, but, in the great majority of cases, the priests of all religions have been opposed to progress and have magnified, fostered and perpetuated superstition in all ages. While in exceptional instances they have been the friends of the race, in the great majority of cases they have been mankind's greatest foes. They have encouraged belief in fables, myths and miracles; they have taught mankind that scientific knowledge is of little worth, and have thus discouraged true learning. They have held the great masses of the people in slavish ignorance, and have taught them to be content in their squalor and poverty. They have almost invariably been the friends of the old and the enemies of the new. They have nearly always allied themselves as a class with kingly and governmental tyranny. They have been the apologists for every abuse of power, and the defenders of every wrong. And whenever their power has been supreme, the people have been held in the most benighted ignorance.

As true knowledge grows, the power of the priesthood wanes; with increasing intelligence their influence grows visibly weaker.

In the religion of the future every man will be his own high priest and minister to God. Every man's mind will be his own church where he will be free to change his creed as often as he pleases. Man will then minister to his fellowmen not as an agent of deity, nor as a mediator between God and man, but as a true man among his fellows. The spirit of altruism, or love of others, will take the place of the fear of gods and devils. And when men come together in the spirit of true helpfulness and unselfishness to form the great church universal, the only article of their common creed will be "The Brotherhood of Man," their only commandment that beautiful thought which has been common to all the great religions of the world, the Golden Rule of Confucius and Jesus, illuminated by that divinest of all human attributes, unselfish human love.

The temples of the religion of the future will be temples of science and of knowledge, rather than of faith and prayer. In these temples facts and not fables will be taught, myths and miracles will give place to a knowledge of the laws of the universe of which we are a part.

The known will be taught, and the unknown will be investigated as far as human powers and human skill can go.

Nothing will be too holy or too sacred to be critically examined; nothing too pious or mysterious to be honestly questioned. Under these methods the true will live and the false will die. Truth does not fear critical examination or honest investigation, but falsehood hides herself away from the eyes of the discerning.

In these temples of knowledge men will no longer persecute or fight, or destroy one another on account of the views they entertain concerning the unknown or the undemonstrable. Science never persecutes and true knowledge makes no martyrs. Men have burned each other at the stake for believing or failing to believe a pious fable, but if intelligent, they have never quarrelled over demonstrable facts.

The religion of the future will be an evolution from the religious of the past and of the present. It will be a survival of the fittest in religious ideals. It will retain all that is good and true in the old and will leave all that is false and bad. Slowly, one by one, the false doctrines, the foolish myths, the cruel creeds are losing their hold on the minds of intelligent men and women. This is particularly true in Protestant Christendom, where scientific methods of thought are becoming almost universal. Science is the true emancipator from the tyranny of false religious ideas, the great destroyer of superstition, which is but a form of ignorance.

Almost every Protestant Christian and a great many Catholics are immeasurably better than their creeds, and are growing day by day toward higher ideals. This tendency toward change is marked by what is termed The Higher Criticism among the most intelligent Christians. It means that they are subjecting their faith in some degree to the test of reason and common sense. The change in the belief of Christian people, particularly the more intelligent, has been very great in the last twenty-five or thirty years, and still greater when compared with the earlier forms of faith. The cruelties and barbarities of the hideous and soul-harrowing beliefs of our forefathers are being cast aside and replaced by more humane and ennobling conceptions.

[To be Continued.]

Noted Spirit Medium.

Mrs. Leonora Piper to give the World Her Experiences.

Mrs. Leonora Piper, the noted spirit medium, is about to be released from her contract with the London Society of Psychic Research so that she can give to the general public the benefit of her experiences with spirit manifestations. Her career in this mysterious realm has been remarkable—remarkable because so many scientists of recognized standing have vouched for the genuineness of her claims. Many have declared that Mrs. Piper has demonstrated to them, scientifically, that the soul does continue to exist after death; that the demonstration is as real as any in chemistry or physics.

Prof. James H. Hyslop, of Columbia University, is one who professes complete confidence in her. Prof. Wm. Crookes is another. Of late Mrs. Piper has been under the control of the American branch of the London Society. An account of the marvels revealed by her was published last year by Prof. Hyslop and Mr. Richard Hodgson.

Prof. Hyslop suggests that many persons confined in insane asylums are not insane, but are simply favored recipients of visits from spirits. Most of the doctors in charge of insane persons ridicule this theory. It is noted, however, that insanity often manifests itself in an intense interest in spiritualistic sciences and a belief in spiritualistic claims, and Dr. Charles G. Hill of Mount Hope Retreat, Md., is the only insanity expert who has taken the trouble to answer Prof. Hyslop—N. Y. Mail & Express.

If the above be true, the interested public will have an opportunity to obtain more light upon the great question, is there a future existence for man? Mrs. Piper, it seems, is to become one of the many mediums who have been offering the world an affirmative response to this query. Hitherto she has stood aloof from the mediumistic fraternity, and owing to the exclusiveness prescribed by the Psychical Research Society, the tests given through her organism assumed greater importance in the minds of the masses than those of even greater moment that have been offered for fifty years by the genuine mediums in Spiritualism. Mrs. Piper has done a good work, and is entitled to full credit for all she has done. But results of equal import have been obtained through scores of others, with whom she has had nothing to do, but is now about to compete through public mediumistic work.—Ed.]

Spoiling American Children.

Summer Resorts and Hotels have Worked Great Evil. "Our hotels and summer resorts have helped to make the American child what he is," writes "An American Mother," in the March Ladies' Home Journal. "Even as an infant he learns to live in a staring crowd. In what other country would the baby daughters of respectable families be exhibited to the public in a contest for prizes for beauty or fine clothes? You may see every summer the poor little winners in such contests marched up and down the street before a shouting crowd to the music of a brass band, trembling with conscious pride in the dimples or plumed hat which won for them the blue ribbon. A child dead in his mother's arms is a sight far less tragic. In what other country would the parlors of hotels be given up to the enshrouded parties of children in the morning, and the ballroom to their Germans at night? The vanities, the jealousies of adults thus reproduced in miniature are not pleasant to look upon."

A SUNSHINE IN WINTER.

BY MISS J. A. CHAPMAN.

One winter morning crisp and clear,
While on my couch reclining,
I saw on yonder eastern hills,
A cloud with golden lining.
I watched this cloud as it flew white,
All tipped with burnished gold,
When suddenly from o'er the hill
The sun majestic rolled.

It shone upon my window-pane
In brilliant scintillations,
And quickly melted King Frost's work
That represented unctions.
When, chilled by hatred's icy breath,
They've led to wars and strife,
The sun of love will melt their hearts
And lead them to more noble lives.

I watched and pondered as the sun
Before my vision rose,
How human hearts inspired by love
Will kindly share each other's woes.
Love, like the sun gives warmth and life,
While hatred chills our very breath,
And as the sun the frost's work melts,
Love will unlock the chains of death.

I watched the trees, their branches reach
Toward the sun for heat and light,
They know when kissed by Springtime's breath,
Their leaves will burst anew to sight.
The verdure hidden for a time
By touch of winter's ice and snow,
Like human hearts whose fragrance sweet
Is withered by some cruel blow.

But, as the trees on yonder hill
With branches grim and bare,
Will bloom again with living green
In summer's balmy air,
So human hearts, though crushed and torn
By hatred's cruel breath,
Will sometime spring anew to life
To teach—There is no death.

Oh, Sun: Thou central orb of light,
Thy rays we only know.
We can not reach thy power supreme,
Thy fullness, thou dost never show.
Like love, the universal power divine,
That blends all human lives as one,
Thy potency will be revealed
In rays, like yonder rising sun.

Some time, thy power will reach afar
And link the nations of the earth
In bonds of peace and justice true,
'Till each shall know the other's worth.
'T will thrill all hearts and melt all hate,
Subdue all thoughts of war or strife,
Unfold each human heart to know
The value of a righteous life.

Dr. J. Rodas Buchanan.

IN MEMORIAM.

(Concluded.)

Thomas G. Newnam, Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, was then called upon, and paid a fitting tribute to his life and labors, saying he was not only an explorer in undiscovered fields of thought but a savior as well, and expressed eloquently his admiration of the life and labors of Dr. Buchanan, and his regrets that, even though ripe in years as he was, the world must lose his presence and his helpfulness.

M. S. Norton was then introduced, and responded with the following:

Dr. Joseph Rodas Buchanan, Prophet, Sage and Seer, whose flower-wreathed portrait adorns the speaker's stand tonight, has fought the battle of life; he has run the race; he has finished his work upon the physical plane of being. He has passed into a realm where the physical eye cannot penetrate, where the physical senses cannot follow him. And yet I cannot think that Dr. Buchanan has gone away; I cannot think that his spirit has taken flight to some far distant realm, there to rest in inactivity throughout the endless ages of eternity. He loved his work too well, he loved the activities of life too well, to be happy in a Nirvana of inactivity; and in the few words which I shall say in his honor tonight I shall speak as though he were here listening to every word.

In my wanderings to and fro I have climbed a lofty mountain in the midst of a vast forest, and from its pinnacle have looked about me and beheld here and there giants of the forest raising their heads far above their fellows. I have crossed the Rocky Mountains, and, pausing for a moment to look about me, have beheld here and there giant mountains lifting their snow-capped peaks far above their fellows, and standing there tonight and casting my mental vision over the world of thought and thought activities, I see here and there giant among men lifting their silvered heads far above their fellows, and among them I recognize Joseph Rodas Buchanan.

Eighty-five years ago, when he first saw the light in this terrestrial realm, men, women and children gathered together on Sunday evenings as we do now, but with long faces and solemn mien they listened to solemn music and to colorless sermons. The emotion which stirred them was that of fear—fear of God, the devil, of hell and they even feared heaven, lest they should not meet their loved ones there. But thanks to Dr. Buchanan and his compatriots we know that we will meet them, and speak to them face to face, and walk with them hand in hand. To-night all over the civilized world, multitudes of people are meeting together with happy faces to listen to spiritual music, and bright, sparkling lectures, and the element of fear is absent, because men like Dr. Buchanan have lived in our world.

When I read that magnificent poem by Chas. Mackay, called "Eternal Justice," I think that he must have had Dr. Buchanan in mind when he wrote the first stanza:

"A man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot plotting crime,
Who for the advancement of his kind
Is wiser than his time.
For him the henlock shall distill,
For him the axe be hewed,
For him the gibbet shall be built,
For him the stake prepared.
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim,
While malice, envy, spite and lies
Shall descend upon his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last
As round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

Dr. Buchanan met the scorn and wrath of men, and conquered in spite of it. He was a strong man, and overcame that which has wrecked thousands of men not so strong as he. He has entered now upon a larger field of action, and a higher and broader plane of being; where he will be untrammelled by the material conditions which so hindered him here. His works and memory will be immortal.

Dr. Mary Janey, a pupil of Dr. Buchanan and an intimate friend now practicing in San Francisco, spoke as follows:

"In 1841 Dr. Buchanan had consumed six years of investigation of the cerebral functions of the human brain, and proved that instead of it being an inaccessible mystery, as it had seemed to the scientific world, it was really the most accessible of all the great secrets of nature, and this discovery was competent to open the citadel of life, the organ of the soul, the seat of all consciousness, all faculties and passions, the organic embodiment of that divine principle in which exist all the potentialities of the universe, and consequently the basis of all science, philosophy and wisdom.

This great science of Anthropology rests for its evidence upon his experiments before public audiences in New York and Boston, and the reports of committees of investigation fifty years ago. Among the most important of these committees we may mention the faculty of the Indiana University, the York committee of Boston physicians and the York committee of which Dr. Ferry and the poet Bryant were members, the large and intelligent medical class of the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cin-

cinnati and the unanimous testimony of his pupils and those who have repeated his experiments.

It is beyond comparison the most important subject that has interested the mind of man, whether we consider its scope and grandeur as a philosophy, the light which it throws on all other departments of investigation, or its immediate practical utility in reorganizing, correcting and developing therapeutics, sociology, education, religion, pneumatology and the arts of human expression. Its scope, its power and grandeur in these respects cannot be adequately conceived until the sciences and the philosophies that must result from such a discovery shall have been developed and published to the world, although to a clear and intuitive thinker it may be apparent that in mastering Anthropology we conquer all science and all philosophy. But few can realize the vast extent of Anthropology, to many it becomes apparent when we master the first chapter—the science of Psychometry.

Such a discovery brings within our reach a larger realm of truth than all the sciences and philosophies taught in the universities, and if it were not still the existing condition of the human mind to be dominated by the past, if habit and conservative inertia were not still the dominant forces of human existence the authentic announcement that such a discovery had been made in the cultivation of science would have commanded the attention of the civilized world, and an immediate investigation by all the colleges and learned societies would have settled the question in the public mind, and made the year 1841 the most significant epoch in intellectual history—the year in which mankind added demonstrable psychic science to demonstrable physical science by which we approach nearer to the world of causes and the elements of divine wisdom.

But there were no collegiate organizations willing to look to the future, as there were none to welcome the discoveries of Harvey and others—the great era of the world is ever turned backward to catch the lingering echoes of the crude speculations that preceded the dawn of science, and therefore the names of Plato and Aristotle are still revered in the universities.

In his inexperienced enthusiasm he supposed that such a science would speedily interest the educated classes of all nations, but he was quickly undeceived. Under the auspices of one of the learned medical professors, he sent an account of his discoveries to what he supposed to be the most competent and appreciative body in Great Britain, a phrenological society at Edinburgh; but it was too marvellous for them, and they filed it away to be preserved for future reference, but not fit for publication. After his failure with the faculty, the failure at Edinburgh and an abortive attempt to procure an investigation by the Academy of Arts and Sciences at Boston, and the medical journal is being closed against such investigations, he thought it useless to seek any further for a decision by any authoritative scientific tribunal, so he united with other unconquerable liberals in the medical profession to establish a liberal system of medical education and break that intellectual despotism which had held and still holds the great mass of the medical profession; that effort was successful, and the flourishing condition of the eclectic system of medicine which was then organized gives promise that in time there will be freedom of investigation in medical study, medical practice and medical discovery.

In 1851 he offered the National Scientific Association at Cincinnati a memoir upon "Cerebral Embryology," but it was suppressed by the intrigues of the medical opponents who desired to crush the movement of medical liberalism represented by his college.

In 1877 he again made an attempt to have his new discoveries investigated by an authoritative body, and at his request the Kentucky State Medical Society appointed a committee for this purpose, but they so entirely neglected their duties that they did not even hold a meeting.

As late as 1878 he addressed a letter to the late Prof. Gross, who was then recognized as the head of the medical profession in this country, inviting an experimental investigation of the new science. He was politely but distinctly informed that it would be impossible under the code which governs the Association, and advised him to seek some body outside of the medical profession to investigate discoveries which belong to the sphere of medical science.

Under these circumstances it soon became apparent that *habitu*, not *reason* governed the world, and he abandoned the thankless task of propagandism, and confined his teachings to a college in which he addressed his own pupils.

His discovery of psychometry and sarcogenomy presented too great a revolution in science and philosophy to be accepted in one generation; such revolutions require centuries.

The last interview I had with him he said:

"My work is for the next century; only angels and women appreciate it now."

In his religious beliefs he was, as you all know, a devout Spiritualist; in politics a Socialist, and, through his great discoveries, one of the world's saviors.

Dr. Janey was followed by Mrs. L. S. Drew, author of the "Doctors' Students." She emphasized particularly his discovery of the power of Psychometry, and his faithfulness and patience in experimenting along that line, and his encouragement to all who were developing that faculty. While paying him an exalted tribute, she spoke in the highest terms of Mrs. Buchanan, who had so ably and faithfully assisted and upheld him in his declining years, seconding his efforts, and helping in all his good works. To her will be sent out by all a feeling of sincere sympathy and love in this trying ordeal.

Mrs. S. Augusta Armstrong of Buffalo, N. Y., who has been spending several months on the coast, was then called upon, and said she had only had the privilege of knowing Dr. Buchanan through his writings.

But through these had long been an admirer, and felt that the world had lost a great deal in the passing from the mortal to this great mind and earnest worker. She related an experience or visitation which she had received during the day, as her mind had been occupied with thoughts of him. As the result of the vision she had received a communication in poetry, which she read—a very beautiful inspiration, apparently from the newly-arrived spirit—and, with a few closing remarks from the writer of this article reminiscent of experiences with Dr. Buchanan, the inspirers followed with an improvisation, and Mrs. Lillie and Mrs. Sadie Cook, closed the services with the hymn "Beautiful Life." Thus one by one, as the years roll by, are we saying with regret, of the old time workers in the ranks of Spiritualism, they have "passed on," and we naturally gaze outward and forward, wondering who of us shall go next, and will we have our work as well done as did Dr. Buchanan, and in readiness answer the call. No doubt that on the spirit side of life there is great rejoicing, but to many on this side it is in reality "as the falling of one of the cedars of Lebanon."

Straws.

PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

Even from staid Baltimore and "tolerant" Maryland, straws may waft which show where the wind bloweth—an ill wind that bodes no good to the people or to the nation at large. We might add "no good to the world," for the little local puff goes to swell the hurricane that threatens destruction to all civilization founded on Truth, Justice and Love, leaving triumphant *Might* free to trample on defeated Right.

Were we mythologically inclined, we should say that old Æolus is gone mad or on a drunken spree and has cut the strings of all his wind-bags, it blows from so many quarters. Belong only a Modern Spiritualist, we will confine ourselves to deploring the blind obstinacy of men who resist the appeal for peace and concord which comes, so interestingly, from the spirit-world. But this blindness antagonizes a soul-giving thought: the ancients may have been right when they held that "whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make blind."

The trouble in this city and State (it came about the Sunday law) is so like a "tempest in a teapot," that these local straws of ours would tickle one's sense of the absurd and ridiculous but for the magnitude of the questions involved. A man's religion concerns but himself; the law cannot dictate to him what he is to think, what he is to believe; consequently, the law cannot force him to act contrary to his belief. Liberty of conscience is the first among the liberties dear to the people, the first and most precious, for without it the others would be valueless or easily lost. The Fathers of the Revolution wisely left God out of the Constitution; not that they were unbelievers, but they knew enough of the world's history to fear the dissensions, usurpations of power and persecutions perpetrated in the name of God; in endeavoring to protect the American people from these dangers, they paid a truer homage to the Deity, for they guaranteed to every man the right to believe and worship according to his conscience.

The only condition, necessarily implied in the exercise of this right by the individual, is that no act of his shall cause injury to his neighbor or to the Commonwealth. Sabbath laws cannot be at the same time civic and religious. The Christian Church has more sects than there are diversely colored pieces in Harlequin's coat; each sect has its leaders or chiefs—bishops or ministers—who may prescribe such disciplines as they think good for their congregations' souls; they may insist that their respective flocks shall go to church and keep the Sabbath holy. No one can object to this; the members of the churches are the only ones interested; they may save or lose their souls, as they list.

But the State? The State has no constitutional right to prescribe religious duties; the advantage of necessity of a day of rest out of the week is too plain to dispute, yet the State cannot compel one to rest; the most it can do is to say, "No man shall compel another to work on the Sabbath." The duty of the State is to protect those who do hired labor. Your rich merchant may spend Sunday counting his profits, if he chooses, he has no right to compel his clerks to spend the day at the store counter.

The Jewish Sabbath observance is a religious law, and the orthodox Jews obey it with a scrupulous fidelity that should put to shame even the Christian ministers. From Friday evening to Saturday evening no menial work is done in a true blue Jew's house. I have known a respectable old Jewish merchant to not only refuse to sell goods to an anxious purchaser, but even to name his price, because it was Saturday, his Sabbath; and yet this same merchant had to close his store on the following day, Sunday, being the Christian Sabbath. His was a quality which a Jew could not have, once that a Jewish religious feast and one of our legal holidays fell in the same week; our "greedy" Jew lost four days out of the seven.

Suppose that bound only to observe the holy days of his religion, he had kept open store the other days. Pious Christians were not compelled to go buy goods there on a Sunday, but they would have lost the advantage of one weekly day of trade, the law, which is supposed to not discriminate, gives the Christian over the Jew—both being tax-payers. Suppose, further, that our Jewish fellow-citizens—they are numerous, and many are wealthy—should petition city and State for a rebate of one-seventh on taxes and trade licenses; would they not be right in equity?

Early this year the sermons of the sectarian ministers were remarkable for their congratulatory tone. In every church the good work had progressed, the people, evidently, were longing for spiritual food; one could imagine a grand revival of religion, a forerunner of the millennium, was stirring the good people of the monumental city. This may not have been the opinion of the eloquent and polished Sam Jones, judging from this parting shaft of his in a recent address: "The devil will get a heap of you," said the popular preacher elegantly, "the devil will get a heap of you, but, thank God, he won't get much."

Well, the ministers, feeling strong, thought it was time to try their strength. They began to importune the police and the grand jury about the Sunday Law, which, they insisted, must be enforced more rigidly. For we have a Sunday Law in Maryland, a law of bluish tint, so antiquated it has fallen into desuetude. While it remained on the statute book the world progressed, and from time to time works of necessity or public convenience were allowed by the authorities, tacitly abrogating provisions of the law, until the closing of saloons and places of amusement was the sole measure strictly enforced. To this may be added the larger places of business; but small grocery stores and candy shops, mostly kept by poor widows as their only means of support, and whose customers are principally workmen's families, were not interfered with for violating the Sabbath. Newsboys and news stands vended their intellectual wares unhindered; many cigar stores kept open during the morning hours; drug stores sold drugs, cigars and papers on Sundays as well as on week days.

So flagrant an abuse could not be tolerated longer; custom was not law; the law must be enforced. Under clerical pressure the grand jury gave an opinion, and the police authorities promulgated an edict. Baltimore had the experience of a true blue Sunday; the result was a chorus of despairing howls, and an avalanche of protests nearly swamped the police. On the following Sunday the police authorities had stretched a point: newsboys could sell papers, news stands could not; drug stores might sell drugs and patent medicines without an M. D.'s prescription; milk and ice might be delivered, but not bread nor coal. Cigars were tabooed, and all shops must be closed. The man who could not shave himself must go to church (or to his sweetheart's) with a bristling chin on Sunday.

The ministers saw that they had "put their foot in it"; they were interviewed by inquisitive reporters: some were for a liberal understanding of the law, a great many wanted the law enforced rigidly, every one can purchase on Saturday (whether or not he has the time and money) what he will need on Sunday. A few of these reverend signors had not given sufficient attention to the question to justify their expressing an opinion; a still fewer number condemned the movement as adding to the hardships of the poor.

Meanwhile, the halls of the Legislature echoed the complaints of the people—the law must be repealed. One member offered a brief, concise bill: Let every one work who chooses; prohibit under a heavy penalty, any one compelling another to work. This bill, called by the clericals "the Atonistic bill," was not taken in consideration, but another framed increasing the list of permitted "works of necessity." The ministers were alarmed; they exerted themselves, went and sent delegations to Annapolis. The tradespeople got up their delegation too. Annapolis is crowded. The halls of the Legislature were turned, for some hours, into a field of battle—a battle of words, where right and justice may be slaughtered.

The fossil-law defenders are provided with able counsel; they represent influential organized bodies; one, speaking for the Y. M. C. A., claims to represent forty-five thousand citizens. The petitioners for repeal of the old law represent the people at large, the great host of hard working, tired men and women, who only ask to be allowed to live on Sunday. The minister may drive to church in his private carriage, earn his Sunday salary, get reporters to do the Sunday work of taking down his sermon; he may listen with critical ear to the paid organist and choir who perform sacred music, supposedly in honor of God (who has his far superior angel choirs), principally as a means of attracting fashionable music-lovers. The people, the "working class," ask, if they got their pay late on Saturday, and were too tired to go to market on foot, too poor to spend a needed ten cents in car-fare, that they be allowed to go to the little grocery store on Sunday, have a chat with the kindly widow who often gives them credit, and purchase food and fuel for the little family. The children have been good, the father has been given a few pennies; they want to invest them in candies. The father is tired; he will go sit with his neighbor, the cigar man, buy a three for a nickel cigar or a pipeful of tobacco, and smoke contentedly for an hour, reading the Sunday

paper and exchanging comments on the news with another the next morning. Sunday is the only day their body knows rest; per contra, their mind absorbed in mechanical work six days in the week is really active only on the seventh. Which will help more to unfold that human mind, listening to a sermon more or less dull, but which hedges it between very narrow limits, or reading of all sorts of places and people, of heroic or dastardly acts, of pleasures that have no name for him, and of suffering which he understands so well, having had his share of it? He surveys the world at a glance; his Sunday paper, if a good one—and we have several such—is for him a school of learning, a study of human and political economy, a code of ethics, an unfailing entertainment, and a sermon such as no single preacher can preach.

The tradesmen's delegation for repeal represent all this; they represent perhaps one hundred thousand voters whose influence should make itself felt—if they were organized, which their opponents are, and they are not. Hence it will probably turn out that *vox populi* is not always *vox dei*, but an obsolete Sabbath Law will be retained and enforced in *nomen dei*. Does not such tremendous power made unavailable in the defense of precious liberties, simply because of lack of organization, prove a lesson to us Spiritualists, who can be ostracized and legislated against at will, simply because we fail to present a united front, and thus make the power felt that would insure our social and political influence?

I had other straws to write about, such as the new medical bill, prescribing "special methods," which has caused an outcry among the Christian Scientists. Fortunately these are well organized, have church services, and count among their number some influential members of society—principally ladies. These ladies have come out in a protest claiming that not only Christian Science is a triad method of healing, but a religion, their religion. An amendment will probably exempt Christian Science from the penalties Spiritualist healers will have to pay. But I have intruded already too long on the courtesy of THE BANNER, and the patience of its readers. I will close, therefore, with a sample of the Sabbath campaign poetry. Rev. Guthrie, pleading for God against the shopkeepers, entertained the Legislature with the following quatrain:

"The little copper penny,
And the little silver dime
Help make the mighty dollar
That we're chasing all the time."

The churchmen scored one; but next day it was the turn of the "Constitutionalists," and Mr. Z. eget paid the reverend back with this neat retort:

"It's the precious greenback,
And the fat old envelope
That give the preacher's sequence,
And their ideas little scope."

The Catholics kept out of the fray; they never join forces with the Protestants; they lose nothing, and gain everything if the latter win.

What Do You Think of It?

Within the past two or three years considerable of the attention of Spiritualists and people believing in clairvoyance and even ordinary fortune-telling has been attracted by one of our Malone ladies, Mrs. David Hebert. During an interview with her by a representative of this paper a few days ago, she furnished some extraordinary facts in connection with a wonderful power, which she claims to possess, of transmitting messages orally from people in the spirit land. She says she does not believe in Spiritism and does not believe that she is a medium. At the beginning of her experience she claims to have felt strange sensations and seen shadows of unnatural objects, and when informed by a spiritualistic neighbor that undoubtedly she was a medium, she consented to attend a séance at which several firm believers in the faith were in attendance. Without any effort and almost against her will-power she acquired the "trance" state and went through the performance of the spiritualistic medium, often witnessed by nearly every one. Mesmerism was the cause at first adhered to, and this was also the theory offered by medical consultation; but it soon appeared improbable, as she gave séances at which the same persons were never in attendance; besides, as was agreed by her friends and cooperatives, orations were delivered which neither she nor any of the people in her circle of association were capable of composing.

After a séance she has only a dim recollection of any of what she has said, but her friends proclaim that she has repeated messages from Gen. Grant, Thomas Paine, a famous English writer, Charles L. Spurgeon, a celebrated London minister of the gospel, and Father Duffy, a priest of great brilliancy, who recently died in Chicago.

It was shortly after the explosion of the Maine that she believes she had a communication from General Grant. "He censured the American people for their hesitancy in righting this wrong and those of the Cuban people," Thomas Paine, an author famous for his connection with the American and French Revolutions, and for his advocacy of infidel opinions, lived in Philadelphia a part of his life. He published a work against Atheism and Christianity and in favor of Deism before his death, which occurred in 1893. Mrs. Hebert speaks very fluently on various subjects which he is supposed to offer. Rev. Chas. Spurgeon was a Baptist minister of great prominence, and was also a publisher and a writer. He died in 1892 and often communicated with our subject. Father Duffy speaks principally upon matrimony, and it is said that even to the most skeptical his lectures would prove interesting and profitable.

Probably one of the most interesting characters in her list of "controllers," and one which she calls her guide, is one, Michael O'Conner, a native Irishman, who died in New York City many years ago. He also speaks upon the subject of matrimony and upon divorces with considerable pertinence and says that there is to be a crusade instigated by an American woman against the latter sometime not in the far future. Says he in one message: "Homes would be better if the women did not wear cocked hats, flying ribbons and floating skirts to attract the attention of men." Though undoubtedly a spirit of much veracity, he very evidently is behind the times in the style of the modern coquette. Mrs. Hebert says this "spook" prophesies inclement weather with great accuracy.

Two other characters, which will probably be more seriously ridiculed by the average reader, are M. Meta Stein, who, during her earthly career, was supposed to have lived at Gttenburg, Germany, and one, "Van Trees," who is supposed to be of the planet of Mars. The latter speaks an entirely foreign language which is translated by the former to a "broken" English. In fact, Mrs. Hebert says she never communicated with "Van Trees" but once—about a year ago—and then "he was on a journey from Mrs. to Venus, and his attention being attracted by the spiritual light of the meeting, he was drawn to it." The only information he is said to have given of his present home was that the people of Mars were very small.

Mrs. Hebert says that the spirits—or whatever the power controlling her may be, declining to take herself—have told her that they were twelve years in preparing her for this work. During her séances she is not able to communicate with an auditor's deceased friends or relatives at all times, but repeats the messages of the spirits or power which come to her. Her principal reason for believing that she is a spiritualistic medium is that she is unable to communicate with her own relatives who have passed away. Spiritualism embraces the phenomena connected with alleged intercommunication between persons in this world and departed spirits, and in its present form, originated by rappings, similar to those heard in the Tallman houses on the "Fat" a few years ago, at a place in this State about 1837. This is another reason why Mrs. Hebert does not believe in her spiritual ability—not being willing to consider the alleged facts that the rappings and transmissions of a medium can both be put under the same head and constitute Spiritualism.

Many messages she receives are often of an exceedingly personal and unpleasant nature, and during her séances, when not under the influence of a "controller," Mrs. Hebert thinks her power borders closely on that supposed to be possessed by a clairvoyant or a prognosticator. She frames her messages from what she believes is refracted by some mysterious power from the auditor's mind. And again she occasionally renders songs, the words and music of which are entirely unfamiliar to her or any of the persons who have been in attendance, and recites poems which are said to be original and of a religious and praiseworthy nature. This is considered one of the best test-proving, as well as entertaining, parts of her séances.

In this case alone the facts present enough argument to give the most pessimistic mind ample food for reflection. The forewarned conclusion of many readers will undoubtedly condemn and ridicule the whole affair without an investigation or the slightest knowledge on the subject; but that is one of our great American privileges, is it not the fact that every American is left to think for himself in all matters.—Malone, N. Y., Palladium.

Diluted Christianity.

BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

When I sat down to pen this paragraph, my idea was to head it "Diluted Christianity." On a second thought, I deemed the heading as it stands the better of the two, for there is but little of the real, pure Christianity, such as the carpenter of Galilee preached and lived in Jerusalem and round about, inhering in the theological machinery of to-day. In his time there were no hundred thousand and more, aristocratic steeple houses, nor staff-led, pampered pulpit-shriekers blasphemously claiming to be specially appointed servants of God, messengers of salvation to pluck sinners as brands out of the burning. Christianity and Churchianity are as unlike honey and vinegar. A little incident has suggested the foregoing and vividly illustrates my characterization of modern, so-called religion and its soul-saving machinery.

Kid McCoy, the bruiser, after his bout with Dixon, retired to White Plains, up the Hudson, to regain his wind and nurse his battered muscles. There came upon the people, adults and kids, a high boxing fever, evidenced by the fact that boxing gloves and black eyes were common on the streets, betokening the state of the atmosphere in that rural village, a condition not to be wondered at, seeing that the Y. M. C. A. (that C. stands for *Christian*) has boxing bouts as a part of its religious curriculum, to develop in the saints a muscular religion—a prayer, a hymn, a boxing bout, interlarded perhaps by an exhortation from one of the heavenly-minded brethren.

The intensity of the fever may be estimated from the fact that an entertainment was projected in which boxing was to be a prominent feature. To give class to the solemnity, it was decided that McCoy should have a place to show his skill, there being a double object to permit the pious people of the village to see a specimen of the "manly art" by an ad pt in the brutalities of the "fistic ring," at the same time largely increasing the shekels in the treasury of the Lord, in the care of the Young Men's Christian Association. But McCoy would not be made a magnet for such purposes. While, as he declared to his interviewers, ostracized for his calling, he must decline to take any part in the entertainment, he would neither box, pose, nor fight under such auspices. The lads who box at the rooms of the Association were very indignant, profane in their maledictions, hoping when the projected bout with Choyinski came off he would be defeated, some even wishing they could see him "licked." When such things are happening among the recipients of "saving grace," diluted Christianity becomes the fitting term. When religion becomes so highly diluted as to become hypocrisy, permissive of evil practices, it becomes salt which has lost its savor.

Shall we Know Each Other There?

BY E. J. ROGERS.

Frequently we hear this remark uttered under different circumstances and mind environments. To the thinking mind it conveys great thought. My dear inquirers, where is there? The question has been asked; many replies given. To the earnest, who are seeking a true spiritual answer, there takes me to an abode. That each disembodied spirit, after passing beyond the change, will find its kind, and chemical affinity; it will become chemicalized in spirit. The question involves the condition we have lived in, and taken the most pleasure whilst on the earth plane. For instance, if an individual has employed spiritual thought, spiritual aspiration more than any other degree, the spirit of that person will be attracted to higher spiritual attainments than one that was imbued with desire to make himself thoroughly comfortable. In nature's gifts the materialist loses ambition and bodily desires. With these two comparisons it is quite evident the soul should go to there to find its assimilation in spirit. There is conditional as we mark out our course in spiritual perceptions, so we must find when severed from material condition. We can progress from the closeness we have followed out whilst here, yet in order to make progression we should have our course shaped whilst journeying life's foot plane. Let us not forget that we owe it to our spiritual selves to cast a reflection in this direction.

It is said they never come back to tell us. Why do they not return to communicate to the skeptic, careless and thoughtless? They do return. Are we ready to receive them? Did you ever sit for a few moments to allow your spirit-self to overtake your material receiver them? If not, why question their non-return? My dear friends, kindly give this a thought. The journey must end. In spiritual existence there is no ending nor any standing. In spirit-life each one will follow out his or her course adhered to in earthly guise. Think for a few moments. Do I really want to believe? I shall find the same thought, condition, mind, environment I am living in now. Does not every one enjoy the thought that the place called there is a place of rest and happiness? Although every one may not accept of the philosophy, in a vague way he does refer to a haven after the encounter of storms in life, and often expresses himself, "When I get there I shall be released from the fetters that bind me here."

Let us all try to get a glimpse of the spirit realm by giving our spirit friends a welcome. They will teach and direct our thoughts to the realm of spirit love. We shall know each other there. It depends upon ourselves whether we gain the great inheritance of spirit immortality or hold to earthly conditions, to wander in material environments with earth's subjects, or will we open the doors of our souls and allow the glad tidings to be given? Would we close all avenues to soul inspiration and grieve away the dear ones that come to fulfill their mission? Will we have it said, after passing the boundary that leads into the golden realm, "I came, but you received me not"? Let us hasten to make amends ere it be too late, and allow our souls to become enraptured and communicate with the spirits that are around us.

The Progressive Spiritualist Society of Lawrence was served March 4 by Mr. Chas. E. Dane of Lowell. Spiritual discourses upon "Consecration" and "Work" were listened to with closest attention. Diligent note following each discourse were readily recognized.

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

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Mr. J. T. SMITH, Twin Oaks, Washington, D. C., says: "I have used two bottles of Dr. Greene's Nervura and have been greatly benefited by it, and it is an excellent medicine. I was very nervous and weak, and had pains about the kidneys and dizziness in the head, which made me very unfit for work. Now I am better, and my strength and nerves are much stronger than before I took Dr. Greene's Nervura."

Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., is the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He has remedies for all

being completely cured by an overwhelmingly pleasant surprise.
I remember myself, several years ago, being confined to my room for three or four days. I had a cold, stiff neck, and heaven knows what—all of which made my bed a necessity. I collected I was just learning to dance well, and was passionately fond of the merry maze. On this particular day I was "blue," and feeling very ill and miserable, when a party of friends burst into my room with news of an impromptu dance to be held that night, and—to my surprised delight—I found myself perfectly well.
I have seen children with such intractable tempers that their parents were on the verge of despair—yet these same little ones when scolding, bribes, punishments failed, were won to docility and good humor by a merry laugh. Mirth wins when all else fails. Laugh, and consider yourself the greatest savant if you can meet the life of life with a smile, than the most erudite of gloomy sages.
Our lives, no matter how secluded, must, through the nature of things, have a more far-reaching effect than we ever know. Just as a little pebble thrown into a stream causes the waters to break into ripples that circle far out to the compass of the stream, so our every laugh or sigh is felt throughout the circle of our sphere—a merry laugh rippling through other hearts, unseen, unknown, will cause them to break into responsive smiles. We cannot exist alone, our deeds affecting no one else, for each human life is connected with others, as are the links of a chain. Our emotions are all more or less contagious. The world, like a mirror, reflects just the sort of face we show—smile for smile, frown for frown. Many times it requires our utmost bravery, I know, to show this cheerfulness, for I have realized how bitter a thing it is to have to cover an aching heart, a smarting wound with a smile. But in cheering others we lift ourselves above grief, laughter robs even defeat of its sting. Is it not better that the "corridors of time" should echo with our laughter—not answer groans nor sighs?—*The February Omega.*

AN ANECDOTE OF WHITMAN.—In his serial novel began in the March Century, Dr. Weir Mitchell permits "Dr. North and His Friends" to introduce the names of many well known people. Walt Whitman is thus alluded to in the opening instalment:

"There is no such thing as a universally indubitable commonplace," said my wife; "it is a question of time and people. You had best begin by refining it."

"It does not exist as a noun in the old dictionaries. To commonplace is to reduce to general heads," says Johnson. The trite, stale, and hackneyed is a more modern definition," says Clayborne. "Commonplace—well, that is something any one can say and any one can understand. There is Tupper, a forgotten name, and Walt Whitman; my second definition covers their trash."

"Ah, now," cried St. Clair, "my good old poet Walt!"

Clayborne sat up alert. "He was neither poet nor confound our tongue! I want to revive an old word—no prose. He was so vain that he had no power of self criticism. No man is great who has lost power to be self-critical. I asked him once if he thought Shakespeare as great a poet as he himself. He said he had often considered that question, and had never been able to make up his mind."

"Oh, but he was jesting," said Mrs. Vincent. "No, not at all," said I. "I, too, knew him well. He was matchless in his vanity. He had the courage of his vanity. Very few strong people are fearless enough to tell you their honest self estimate. The poets have been deviously about that. One would like to know where Wordsworth and Shelley ranked themselves in the peerage of genius."

"Tell us more about Walt Whitman," said Mrs. Vincent. "He must have been anything but commonplace."

"I will tell you something," said I. "He consulted a physician, a friend of mine, some time ago. When about to leave, well pleased with advice to live out-of-doors and to take no physic, he asked me what he was to give as a fee. The doctor said: 'Yes, as he was a poet, he is a person who is still the creditor.' Walt rose up, with his great head like that of the Capitoline Jove, and saying, 'Thank you, good morning,' went out of the room as a stout lady entered. A moment later he reappeared, without knocking, set two large hands on the table opposite to the doctor, and said: 'That, sir, I call poetry!'"

"How pretty!" cried Mrs. Vincent. "But what did the stout lady say?"

"I asked that very question. She said, when Walt had gone, 'Is the gentleman insane?' The doctor said 'Yes,' as he was a poet, he was of course cracked at times, and that his name was Walt Whitman. The stout lady was the head of a school. She declared that although his books were not for young ladies, she wished she had known his name in time to ask for an autograph. The doctor consoled her with a note of Walt Whitman's."

AN INFANT HERCULES.—Stagg's baby is the wonder of the Chicago University. This baby is a lively exponent of his father's new system of developing invincible football players for the university. This system includes gymnastics in the nursery, scrimmages in the kindergarten, and tackling in the cradle. The father is A. A. Stagg, the athlete and coach of the Chicago University athletic department.

A. A. Stagg, Jr., is now seven months old, and he has been in active training for six months. The youngster was taken in hand by his father when he was four weeks old, and by regular and systematic exercise has developed strength and skill in muscular movement which surpass children three times his age.

Well developed muscles of the arms and legs are not usually found on children who have not reached the half-mile post in their first year, yet this baby was decidedly muscular at four months, and at six he could control the great muscles which govern the movements of the body. He is an interesting study in experimental knowledge of child development.

Amos Alonzo Stagg, Jr., was born April 11, 1899. He "weighed in" at eight pounds, and was the ordinary sort, kicking baby. When four weeks old he took his first lesson in physical culture. The first attempts were experiments, but the results soon showed that the experiments were a great success. Simple movements of the little arms and legs constituted the first week of training. The effect was noticed from the first. Not only did the infant grow in strength in his arms and legs, but his general health improved. The exercise seemed to stimulate growth in every part of the body. Light massage and easy movements were introduced for the body muscles, and the child was taught to hold his head up by the muscles of his neck.

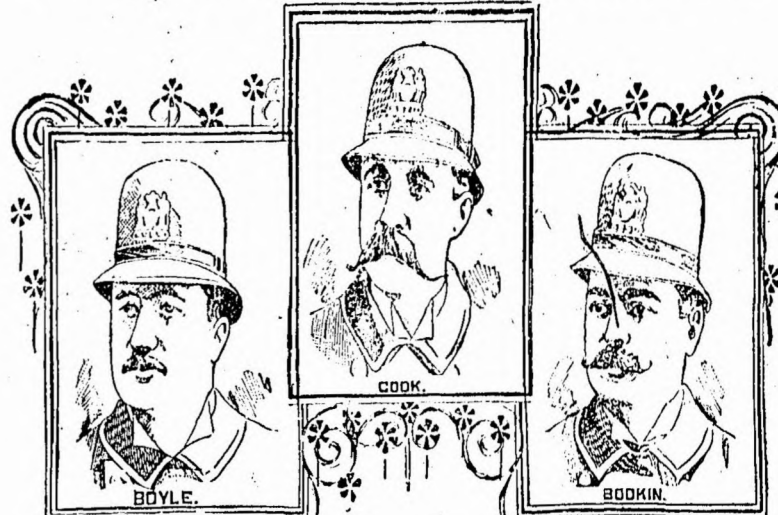
Friends of Stagg were often startled to see him roll his own about and gather him up by the clothing, without supporting his head. Stagg, Jr., instead of fretting and crying under the rugged treatment, crowed and smiled and exhibited a decided taste for the work. His health improved, and has been perfect ever since. The whimpering babe of four weeks became a spirited, buoyant child, full of life and activity when three months of age. The progress since then has been steady and consistent.

At seven months he is the picture of health and robustness. He is what Coach Stagg calls a good "trainer." Regularly three times a day he takes his exercise under the tutelage of his father. At other times he acts like other babies. He is a good sleeper and keeps excellent hours. A few weeks ago Stagg left the city for a few days, and in his absence Stagg, Jr., did not get through the course of training usually given. The result was noticed in his fretful disposition and inability to sleep soundly. As soon as training was resumed the child assumed his normal and even temperament.

In his training Coach Stagg has taught his son several tricks. Since the boy was two months old he has been tossed about in rough and tumble fashion on a soft couch. His tumbling feats consist of head stand, somersaults and roll-overs, helped of course by a strong hand.

WONDERFUL CURES BY SWAMP-ROOT.

To Prove What This Famous New Discovery will do for
YOU, Every Reader of the Banner of Light May Have
a Sample Bottle Sent Absolutely Free by Mail.



65th Police Precinct, Greater New York.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Nov. 11th, 1899.

Gentlemen:
In justice to you, I feel it my duty to send you an acknowledgement of the receipt of the sample bottle of Swamp-Root remedy you so kindly sent me. I had begun out of health for the past five years with kidney and bladder trouble. Our best physicians prescribed for me. They would relieve me for the time being, but the old complaint would in a short time return again. I sent for a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and I found it did me a world of good. Since then I have taken eight small bottles purchased of my druggist, and I consider myself perfectly cured. I do not have to get up during the night to urinate as I formerly did three or four times a night, but now sleep the sleep of peace. My back is all right again, and in every way I am a new man. Two of my brother officers are still using Swamp-Root. They, like myself, cannot say too much in praise of it. It is a boon to mankind. We recommend it to all humanity who are suffering from kidney and bladder diseases.

My brother officers (whose signatures accompany this letter) as well as myself, thank you for the blessing you have brought to the human race in the compounding of Swamp-Root.

We remain yours very truly,

JAMES COOK,
HUGH E. BOYLE,
JOHN J. BODKIN.

Officers of the 65th Police Precinct, Greater New York.

Among the many famous cures of Swamp-Root investigated by the BANNER OF LIGHT, the one which we publish this week for the benefit of our readers speaks in the highest terms of the wonderful curative properties of this great kidney remedy.

It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work.

So when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected, and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the famous new discovery, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince you—and you may have a sample bottle free for the asking.

When your kidneys are not doing their work some of the symptoms which prove it to you are pain or dull ache in the back, excess of uric acid, gravel, rheumatic pains, sediment in the urine, scanty supply, scalding irritation in passing it, obliged to go often during the day and to get up many times during the night to empty the bladder; sleeplessness, nervous irri-

tability, dizziness, irregular heart, breathlessness, sallow, unhealthy complexion, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, sometimes the feet, limbs or body bloat, loss of ambition, general weakness and debility.

Swamp-Root is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by skillful physicians in their private practice, and is taken by doctors themselves who have kidney ailments, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy that science has ever been able to compound.

To prove its wonderful curative properties, send your name and address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., when you will receive free of all charge a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a valuable book by mail prepaid. This book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact their very lives, to the wonderful curative properties of this world famous kidney remedy. Swamp-Root is so remarkably successful that our readers are advised to write for a free sample bottle, and to be sure and mention reading this generous offer in the BANNER OF LIGHT.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty cent and one dollar size bottles at the drug stores every where.

The early exercise of his leg muscles gave him the movements for walking, and when three months old he would toddle across the floor, supported by guiding hands, which did not allow him to bear his weight on his feet. His next feat was to raise himself from a sitting posture to his feet. This he has been doing now for a month. Many a grown person would find it difficult to raise his weight by simply using his leg muscles, yet this baby does it not once, but three or four times without stopping.

Stagg has coached his infant to arch his back like a wrestler, thus bringing into use the back muscles. He has made him use the abdominal muscles by raising the weight of the body from a horizontal to a vertical position without using the arms. One of the most interesting and spectacular performances of this precocious athlete is to stand on his father's hands erect, and balancing his weight. He stiffens his back, throws out his chest, and looks every inch a man. He never fears falling, nor does he weak on let down in his statuette position.

His latest accomplishment is to hang by his hands from a small trapeze bar. Gripping his little fingers about the bar, he can hang suspended for a minute at a time, and can be raised and swung about quite roughly without losing his hold. All these feats he performs with a will, and enjoys the work, for he is never in better humor than when taking his exercise.

Mr. and Mrs. Stagg are both athletes. Stagg is too well known to need comment. At the University Mr. Stagg has a record in basketball and tennis the equal of any woman. She was one of the leading women tennis players of the country in the summer of '97. Mr. and Mrs. Stagg are thoroughly imbued with the efficacy of the system of regular exercise for the infant. Other parents in the neighborhood have followed their example. Now there are four infants receiving regular exercise. The experiments in each case have been a success.

There is also a physician in West Philadelphia who has a son one year old, and this baby is probably the strongest human being for its age and weight in the world. Its father will hold a case in his two hands, and the baby, grasping it, will draw itself up to its chin three times. That is but one of its numerous feats of strength. The physician says that his boy's unusual muscular development is due to a daily massage treatment. Every morning he lays the little fellow, naked, on a blanket, and kneads his muscles for thirty minutes. Once a month he weighs the baby and measures its calves, chest, arms, etc. The monthly increase of weight and girth is remarkable. The baby has never had shoes or stockings on its feet, or a hat on its head, and in the summer it wears only a little sleeveless dress that comes to its knees. It gets a cold bath every morning. "If nothing goes wrong, the physician often declares, 'this child will be one of the strongest men the world has ever seen. He will never get bald, and he will never lose a tooth. As for his muscles, with massage and a course of exercise that I have laid out, they will be big and supple all over his body. All his flesh will be, when tense, as hard as steel, and when relaxed, as soft as the flesh of a young girl.'—*Suggestive Therapeutics.*

RUSKIN'S PROGRAM OF SOCIAL REFORM.—First, he would have training schools all over the country, established by the government, maintained at government cost, and under government discipline. They should be free to every child born in the country, and in them each should be taught (1) the laws of health, (2) gentleness and justice, and (3) the calling by which the scholar is afterward to live.

In the next place he would have government manufactories and workshops for the produc-

tion and sale of every necessary of life and for the exercise of every useful art. Good material only to be used, and proper wages always given.

Thirdly, anybody out of employment should be received at the nearest government school, where personal examination should be held, then work given of a kind the person was fit for. If ignorance be the cause of lack of employment, the person should be taught; if illness, then work should be found from the class of work which most men shrink from, painful and degrading, but necessary, such as mining and other work of danger; but in every case the utmost care should be taken to render the work as little dangerous as possible. Due wages should be allowed—deducting the cost of compulsion—these wages to be at the workman's command as soon as he has come to sounder mind respecting the laws of employment. When sickness is the cause the sick one should be tended.

Fourthly, for the aged destitute comfort and home should be provided, which provision should carry with it no disgrace to the receiver when the misfortune has not come through fault. From "John Ruskin: Poet, Painter, and Prophet," by Lucking Turner, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for March.

"THE COMING AGE" FOR MARCH.

There are several notable papers which will appeal to thoughtful people in *The Coming Age* for March. The following call for special mention: "Some Psychological Aspects of Experimental Science," by Prof. Lyman C. Newell, Ph. D.; "The Relation of Religious Classes to Social Regeneration," by the Rev. Gustavus Tuckerman; "Victor Hugo's Great Poem on God or the Search of the Soul for the Infinite," by Kenneth Guthrie, A. M., Ph. D.; "Applied Psychology, or Hypno-Suggestive Therapeutics," by Henrik G. Peterson, M. D.; "Race and Religion in Swiss Referendum Voting," by Elwood Pomeroy; "The Employment of the World to Come," a social study by the Rev. Charles R. Brown; "Professor James Mason Hoppin," a study by William Ordway Partridge; "Some Little Known Facts in the Life of Charlotte Cushman," by Rev. J. Henry Wiggin. There are several other papers of general interest in this number, and the regular departments are well sustained.

HORSE COMMITTED SUICIDE. Those who gratuitously assume that animals do not suffer as do their human brothers under similar trials and bereavements should recall the following note from the *Daily News* of Jan. 11:

"Wild Bill," a horse belonging to John T. Finn, 228 North Elizabeth St., according to its owner, committed suicide yesterday afternoon. The animal took its own life, it is said, by gnawing strips of flesh from its breast and sides until from exhaustion and loss of blood it fell to the straw of its stall and died.

Three weeks ago Bill's companion since childhood, Kate, slipped on a pavement and broke a leg, so that it was necessary to kill her. Three days afterward, Mr. Finn says, the bereaved Bill refused to eat, and since that time had been gradually pining away.—*The Vegetarian Magazine.*

THE HYMNAL: A Practical Song Book for Congregational Singing. This book of thirty-two pages contains one hundred and thirty-three hymns (without music), every one of which can be sung by a congregation. The tunes are easy, and generally well known. They are mostly to be found in the *SPIRITUAL HARP* and the *GOSSAL HYMN*. Price to societies \$1.00 per hundred copies, or 12 cents a copy in less quantities. By mail 5 cents extra. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Children's Spiritualism.

A Letter to the Banner Children.

[Dear Little Children: Perhaps some of you will be glad to learn of another little messenger spirit who tries, through the organism of her medium, to bring cheer and comfort to those in earth-life who are in need of messages from their loved ones.

I have been doing this work but a little time compared with many others, but I love to bring the messages and see the love light up the faces of those who receive them and the happiness that shines out through the eyes of those who recognize their loved ones who return to them. It more than repays me for the effort I make. I have learned many lessons in the spirit-land, and one which is dear to me is that, if I want to be happy all the time, I must first make some one else happy, and making others happy gets to be real natural to us if we practice a little each day.

Won't some of the little girls and boys who read the Children's Department try to make some one found about them happy, and tell me if it is not truly nice?

Some time I will come again if the good people think I am worthy. BLUE BELL, through her medium, Mrs. E. B. Smith, 13 State street, Lawrence, Mass.

To the Banner Children.

I am Winona, an Indian maid. I have sent you greeting twice before; but at times when you did not see me, I was there and heard the things you said. I never saw a pale-face when I was on earth. You have glasses to look into and see your faces there. I never saw one, but the still water showed me my face. I was looking into the water, standing on a rock, when I fell in—looked too far down and that was the last I knew of earth life for a time.

I had a fawn when I was on earth I loved, and it loved me. I do not believe the Banner children ever played with one; a fawn has beautiful eyes, and can run very fast. I could run too, and climb rocks and trees.

I hear people say Indians are 'crue', and do not love things as pale-faced children do. I never saw any Indian boy tie anything to an animal to make it run and suffer. I never saw any Indian put a hard piece in the mouth of a horse, and because the horse did not understand him, pull on that until the mouth bled. I did not see them put a lot of animals of any kind in a little place, and keep them there without water and something to eat, until some of them died; the Great Spirit would have been angry with them.

I never had any idea of God. I heard the voice of the Great Spirit in the running water. It said to me that I began my life in a little spring on the mountain. I am going to keep on until I become a part of the big water. I heard the same voice in the singing bird, in the trees, and the life of all things. The Great Spirit spoke in the thunder and in the sun shine. But when I got to be a spirit I learned of a new God that the pale-faces feared and worshipped also, not in the higher spirit, but in earth life.

I was told by spirits to return to earth after having learned somewhat of spiritual things, and through my medium learn of the things of earth, and through her teach spiritual things. I was also told that I must never, never tell a lie, and never, never act a lie, and when I heard a word I did not understand I must ask what it meant, and remember it too. I have helped many spirits to rise out of a dark condition. I have helped many people to understand spiritual things, and I often come to children in earth life, and try to make them good and true.

Some time I will tell you of some things seen by children who are clairvoyant, and I will tell you what the trees, and flowers, and water say to me; but now my work is to help people who are crying for friends gone away, to help them to know that the friends are with them.

I will tell you one true story and stop this time. A lady and gentleman (I used to say Brave and Lady, but I am learning better) had two children who passed away with that dreadful disease, diphtheria. They were all the little ones they had, and the parents were nearly broken-hearted. The people could not go to them for fear of sickness, and they were alone. My medium went there to speak over the children's bodies, and people looked in the windows at the two little white bodies they lay in. My medium saw an arch made of flowers, and swinging in that arch a hammock, also of flowers, and the children in the hammock. A lady was swinging it, and my medium described her, when the mamma cried out: "O God! I thank you; my mother has my babies." When the two boxes were put in the ground side by side, the mamma's eyes looked up toward the heavens and not in the ground. That mamma knows her babies are not dead, and does not cry as she did. And they come to her often too. I think it is work enough to do, to other people, and I love to do that. I must stop now; but, children, remember I shall come to see you and sometimes try to play with you, and I shall try to have you see me, too. I have long black hair, and large black eyes, and I will smile at you and help you, too. I thank THE BANNER gentleman for letting me write to you, and the little watchers will always help and guard him. Good-bye, everybody; I shall come again.

Winona, through the mediumship of
Troy, N. Y. TILLIE U. REYNOLDS.

Dear Sunbeam: I have just come home from Vassalboro, where I had a beautiful visit with my dear Aunt Ida, so I am anxious to write to you. My presents Christmas were beautiful, and I thank you, Sunbeam, very much. I was glad to see Earl Prescott's letter in THE BANNER; we had a good time together at the Etna Camp meeting, and I hope we will both be there next fall again. We have a Lyceum every Sunday afternoon at my dear grandma's and we have a good time. I liked Mattie Hull's lesson about the apple; there are only a very few of us, but my mamma says it is just as important that we learn the truth, as it would be if a large number gathered together, but I should like to have more meet with us. I would like to know how a boy can always do right; won't Sunbeam, or some one else, please tell me. I often get into trouble when I do not mean to, how can I help it?

With love, CHARLIE M. COY.

Dear Banner of Light: I love you all very much, so I want to write to you once more, and send my special love to Sunbeam, and Mr. Barrett. The rainy day story was nice. I hope Sunbeam will write again soon. I had a nice present lately that I want to tell you all about. A kind old gentleman gave me a pair of pants made out of deer-skin, with fringe up and down the side of the leg, the same as the Indians used to wear. I like them very much, and wish you could all see them. I have a dear little bobbie that my papa gave me. I have named her Red Rose; she is very pretty. I shall love her, and take good care of her. I like THE BANNER stories very much; they help me to be good, and I try hard not to let any of the giants get into my castle. When I get big I am going to have a paper like Mr. Barrett's. I am printing a little one now.

Good bye, with love to all!
Monson, Me. HAROLD R. JENNE.

Dear Banner of Light: I am only a little boy three and one-half years old, but I know all about the "Children's Spiritualism"; so please may I write to you? I would like to have my name printed in the dear paper that my mamma and grandma love so well. I know quite a good many things, and sometimes I sit just as still in grandma's circle and listen to the beautiful angels. When I am a man I mean to do lots of good. Aunt Mary says a good boy will become a good man, so I try every day to be good, and then I expect white flowers will grow in my soul-garden.

Love to everybody and a kiss to Sunbeam, from
Monson, Me. GAYLON F. COY.

Reviews and Clippings.

PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHTER.—By W. T. Laing.

A principle that should be well inculcated into each and every human life is cheerfulness. I would have all know with what greater facility one can overcome obstacles by a laugh than by a frown. To my mind a pleasant word, a kindly smile, a ray of hope sent to pierce the black clouds of despair have more of godliness in them than years of religious cantings or gloomy prayers, and do more for the preservation of God's greatest gift, health, than carloads of medicine or volumes of hygienic advice.

Cheerfulness, I really believe, is the keynote of health—the Midas which turns all it touches into the priceless gold of joyous innervation. Notice what amount of physical discomfort a happy person can ignore that would sometimes be nigh fatal to a heart heavy with the weight of woe. Why, I have seen lovers go tramping through wind and rain, drenched to the skin, happily unheeding, and with no physical ills resulting—yet such a soaking would give some gloomy malcontent a lifelong attack of tuberculosis and all the other ills that flesh is heir to!

Cheerful people respire twice as much as irritable ones, and with pleasant ears, thus filling the blood with life giving oxygen. Hence, cheerfulness really affects the stomach, lungs, liver, heart and kidneys. How? Simply because it draws more life into these organs and so enables them to perform their various functions with greater facility.

Experiments have proven that the stomach of a man refuses to deposit the juices necessary for digestion of food when that food has lost its flavor—and joy is the salt of life without which seasoning nothing is palatable to us. I read of an acute and nearly fatal attack of indigestion

SPRIT Message Department.

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

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

These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Séance held March 1, 1900, S. E. 32.
MESSAGES.

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

Mary Chapman.

A lady about thirty eight years old comes rushing in here in the greatest hurry and says: "Don't keep me waiting. I am so anxious to say my word and get away because I feel the need of getting to my own people. I have been asked to come here to-day." I hear the word Florida and then what sounds like La-bella. She says also: "My name is Mary Chapman. I want to get to my daughter who is in Florida now, as she is very anxious to hear from me. Her name is Chapman now, so that makes me her mother-in-law. I want to tell her she is not to worry, that I have him with me and it is all right. I will take care of him until he is able to communicate with her. She will know what I mean. This does not seem very definite, and yet it pleases me and I am sure it will please her. Sometimes the things that seem the most indefinite to you seem the most definite to the people who get them. This is all I have to say. Good bye."

Charlie Hayden.

A man comes now. He has fiery red hair, and freckles all over his face. He has a red mustache and is about forty years old. He is square shouldered, strong and muscular looking. He looks like a mechanic. His hands wear the marks of hard work. He seems to have worked around machinery. He says: "Well, my name is Charlie Hayden; I came from Fitchburg. I was there where they work on engines. It is like a repair shop. They often say: 'What in the world will a man like Charlie Hayden find to do in the spirit?' He didn't care much about books or church or society, and seemed perfectly content when he was polishing up some piece of steel or iron, and so I have come back to tell them that the very perseverance I had in keeping on rubbing till I had a polish has given me something to do in the spirit. I do not have to do the same kind of work, but I find many other things to do for people. If I have not taken to books and flowers and all the things that some finer natured people have, just the same I have taken to helping men, and that is better than all the books or flowers you can lug around to sick folks."

Nellie Veacie.

Here comes a woman about medium height, rather slight. She has very light blue eyes, a fair skin and brownish hair with a little gray mixed in it. She seems so tired, as though she never in the world had a chance to dress up or look after herself, but was forever doing work of some kind that kept her busy, busy, busy. Her name is Nellie Veacie, from Whiteplains, N. Y. She puts her hands up over her face, and cries and cries, and says: "Who would not cry if taken right away from the family the way I was? Oh, dear! I shall never be happy until I can get to them. I go there to see what is being done, and it is all disturbance. The children are not together. I worked and tried to keep them so; but they are scattered now. Johnny is the one I want to speak to most because he always clung to me, and he needed me very much. He was the youngest; and isn't it dreadful that I cannot teach and help him? Sometimes I am almost wicked enough to want him to die and come to me, so that I can do more for him; and then my mother, who is in spirit, talks to me and tells me that it is better for him to stay and get the experiences that he needs. So I try to be patient; but you will help me, won't you, with your thought, so that I can get to my own and do anything that is possible? My husband's name is John, and the child was named after him."

Maria Robinson.

Here is an old lady. She sits in a big rocking chair right in front of me. She has glasses on, and her soft, white hair you can hardly see because it is all covered up with a black lace cap that has purple ribbons on it. She wears a brown dress with little spots in it. It is a little coarser than cashmere. It looks more like old fashioned delaine. She has earrings in her ears, and seems to be quite dressed up. She came just as though she was going somewhere to have her picture taken, and she sat down in front of me that I might see her in her best rig. She laughs as though she thinks it is a lovely thing to be able to come here. "My name is Maria Robinson, and I lived in Dorchester Mass. I was quite old when I passed away, as you may guess from the way I come, but I tried to keep my brain open to any new thought that might be about. I read everything that was brought into the house; didn't spoil my eyes reading the old Bible, and yet I liked the look of it; seemed as though it was part of the family, and ought to be somewhere in the house." I see her, sitting in a very comfortable sitting room, as though it has a lot of old fashioned things around, but it looks so nice and clean and comfortable. She says: "I want to get to Cornelia, who is my sister. She is younger, and is still alive, and that is all I have to say except that I found all those who had gone over almost as soon as I got my things off when I came over to the spirit. Cornelia is kind of su-

perstitious. She thinks when she hears any sounds that it is somebody come to warn her of something. But I say it is not always for a warning; sometimes it is to awaken her, the same as you would wake up in the morning when it is time to get up, build the fires, and set the tea to steeping."

Sabrina Hackett.

Here comes now a beautiful lady, quite tall and she has very gray hair. She swoops with that air as though she wanted to bring herself here as naturally as can be. She says: "My name is Sabrina Hackett, from Salt Lake City, Utah, and (straightening up) I was not the wife of any old Mormon elder. If I had been I do not know as I should come back. I should have been so mortified to find I was only one of many that I would hardly want to come into a circle of this kind, where each one has a particular claim on some individual. I believed as you people do, and passed on at a time when small-pox was raging."

"It is a number of years ago, and a great many people passed out at that time. I went there from the East to help take care of some of my friends not realizing that I was in danger, and all at once it was over and I was in the spirit. All these years since, I have been trying to heal people of their illnesses before they left the body, and wherever there is a case of small-pox I seem to be called in because I understand something of the treatment of it. I was not a professional nurse, but I was always interested in sick people, and while I do not find sick bodies to heal over here, I find many sick spirits that have worse diseases than small-pox, and need more careful treatment. I was hurriedly buried in the pit, but it did not have the least effect on me, and that surprised me. I come to speak to those who may have lost friends in the same way, and who feel with regret that the proper interment is not given. Tell them that when it is necessary for the good of the rest of the people it does not affect the spirit at all; it is the spirit in which the thing is done that makes it harmful or helpful."

Blauche Williams.

The spirit of a young lady comes to me now, and as she runs in she says: "My name is Blauche Williams." She is as pretty as a doll, and is dressed very tastefully. She is quite slight, has blue eyes, and brown hair that is frizzled all over it. It must have taken an awfully long time to fix her up so nicely. She says: "Oh, but I liked to look pretty! I never thought of it after it was done, but I used to fix myself so I would look as nice as I could, and I think it is all right, too. My own people had plenty to do with, and they did not see any harm in my spending all I wanted to, so I did. I come back to them with dearest love. My father's name is Henry, and we lived in Brookfield, Mass. While I come back with a good thought to them to help them, I sometimes wish that I had known more the worth of money, because I could have done so much for people if I only had known." She loves to dance; she swings her little foot out, and it is pretty and dainty. She whirls around on her toes, and dances about as light as a feather, and seems to be so happy in the coming. She says: "I sometimes think that my dancing was only just my joyous spirit expressing itself through my feet. You will find usually that people who have litesome spirits are light-hearted, move quickly, and respond quickly to music. It is only heavy, lazy folks, or after they get old and rheumatically, who cannot respond; but their spirits do over here, because my grandmother is with me, and she dances with me as lightly as I can with her."

Sam Young.

I see a man named Sam Young. Something is the matter with him—he is crazy! He passed out in that condition. He is dark, about forty-five years old, and has an awfully cross way, as though he would grit his teeth and clinch his hands and fight like a good one in order to have his own way. I think he was crazy some time before he went. He says: "I was conscious of the things I did when I was in that state, and I passed out in that condition, knowing what was done around me and how people were afraid of me. I used to laugh to think they were afraid of me. It did me good to see them skulk out when I looked at them; but when I got free, I found that I had been used by influences that did not belong about me; and I have come to speak for people who are daily and hourly being tortured by influences that do not belong to them. If I had asserted my will and had been sorry to see people skulk away from me, I need not have been controlled as easily as I was. I used to say there was nothing the matter with my brain, but I had this fearful way. In the first place, it came through temper. I used to give way to my temper whenever I felt like it, and attracted an influence to me that was bad for me; and before I knew it I was in its power, and it wanted me." I think he came from Nashua, but he is not going to tell. Now he says: "I thank you, friends. You have no idea how much you have helped me. It has been good for me, and I am sure it will be good for some other people."

Elizabeth Simpson.

Here is a fine big lady. She is stout, and looks good-hearted, as though she needed a big body through which to express herself. She always wears a mild smile on her face. Her hair is very dark brown, and very glossy, parted in the middle, and brought down plainly toward the back. She has dark brown eyes, a fair skin, with red cheeks. She never seems to fret over anything very much, but takes things as they come, making the best of them. She says: "Oh! dear; if I ever had any sicks, they were not for myself, but for people I saw who were making such a mess of life. It seemed to me that half the trouble that came into the ordinary woman's life came through unnecessary worrying, and I just thought that if I ever got a chance to speak to women as a whole I would say, 'Let's take hold of hands, and not worry until we are actually in the place where there is something to worry about, and when we find ourselves there, there will be something to do, and we will not have time to worry.' Please say that my name is Elizabeth Simpson, and that I came from Topeka, Kan. Everybody said when I went away, that I looked as though I had fallen asleep, and the reason was I had just folded my hands, and given myself up to what was."

Whatever you do, do from a sense of right, not from fear of pain, or a love of gain. It is not what others say, but what you say. Seriously and honestly ask yourself. In no other way can you strengthen or grow the divine within you.—Marion Enterprise.

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Our readers will, I think, be interested in some account of a Spiritualist lady for whom I am concerned. She has some mediumistic gifts, though as in my own case they serve to put her in relation with her own dearest friends rather than to communicate for other persons in the spirit world.

She is about sixty-three years old, is an American from the State of Maine, has been a widow for fifteen years, is absolutely alone in the world, lives in New York City in a very small room, for which she pays seventy-five cents a week in advance, and earns a scanty living by peddling thread and needles.

I heard of her through the wife of my baker, who has known her four or five years. After Christmas I sent her a little gift of money as to a sister Spiritualist, and I spoke of her at Mrs. Brigham's meeting on Feb. 11. Some ladies gave me \$1.25 for her, and several took her address. One who went to see her the next day told me that she kept her little room very clean, had a stove, and seemed to have what she needed.

I invited her to visit me last Saturday to spend the day. When she appeared at my door that chilly day I was shocked to see that the only wrap she wore was a little thin brown shawl, one thickness, and a hat with not even a veil. I fed her at once, till dinner should be ready, and she was poorly that day, owing to poor and improper food.

Being anxious to know just how such poor people live, I asked her many questions, and gleaned the following facts in reply to my close enquiries. The food she had at home was a little sugar, no butter, some very old bread, of which she can get a good deal for three cents, and a little melted pork fat, which she used in place of butter. She has a little bit of carpet on the floor, and has covered the rest with newspapers. The washstand belongs to an Italian woman who lives in two rooms with her husband and five children, and sublets this tiny room to our poor friend. She eats on the washstand, as she has no table. She bought a broken cot bed for thirty cents, and a little rocker for thirty-five, and keeps what she eats in the closet. The tenants get their water from a sink in the hall.

In reply to close questioning, she admitted that her one blanket was thin and had holes in the middle, but she was going to split it open and sew the outside edges together. You can imagine, Mr. Editor, the kind of big package of condensed food and other articles I did up for her to carry away, but on reaching the depot we just missed the train. But this was fortunate, as she had a good warm bed in my house, and two more warm, nourishing, plentiful meals before going home Sunday afternoon. I had no cape or shawl that I could give her, but a large piece of outing flannel laid within her shawl and a head-wrap made her go home better provided against the weather, which had suddenly turned intensely cold. On her way to her room she said she would stop at her grocer's and get two little bundles of wood for five cents. This grocer and his wife are Germans, and very kind. When she goes in to get three cents worth of vegetables to boil with her five cent soup-bone, the German woman bids her go to the barrels and get whatever she wants, and sometimes raises her arms to heaven and cries, "Mein Gott, you may take anything in the store for three cents." And once when very cold, the grocer said she ought to have some coal, but she said she would not get coal then, for she must get a little wood and some bread. After she got home he came himself with a hod of coal, and she embarrassed the good fellow by telling him that her angel mother in heaven blessed him for doing it. She does not hide her Spiritualism "under a bushel basket." The next day I wrote to an aged, benevolent lady of means, who lives in her own house, with a Roman Catholic servant, and longs for spiritualistic companionship, about the poor woman so sadly in need of a home, and shall doubtless hear from her by and by. Tuesday I wrote to a very dear lady in New York City, of independent fortune, but concealing her interest in Spiritualism, in deference to the aged relative who lives with her. This morning, Thursday, my heart rejoiced to receive a letter by special delivery, containing the money to carry our poor friend to the home we hope to secure for her.

In this letter she said that as soon as receiving mine, she wrote to her dry-goods man to at once send her "a pair of good, warm blankets for that poor little bed." Wednesday she sent her maid to see her and carry her three dollars for her present necessities, and the next day the maid was to go and buy a warm cape for her, and she says she will see to her needs until some other help comes.

This lady writes that she only two or three days ago she said to herself: "I must send dear Miss Judson a little money for her poor people."

She says her maid was much impressed with the neatness and cleanliness of her room, but said "the house and neighborhood are horrid." And she adds: "If she does not go to —, we must try to establish her amid better surroundings." She was much gratified that I wrote to her about it, and says she is only too glad to do all that she can for this dear poor woman.

I would like to add another little circumstance, to illustrate her character, on the principle that even a straw can show which way the wind blows. She pays her rent on a Friday, always in advance. I asked her if she had paid the rent for this week. She said that on Friday she paid her only sixty-five cents, but when she left for Arlington, she placed ten cents on the washstand, so that if anything happened to her on the journey, the landlady would find the dime that would make up the whole week's rent. Does not that illustrate the old New England grit and integrity?

Steps having thus been taken, Mr. Editor, to provide for the present and future necessities of our suffering sister, it will be seen that I have not written this account in order to ask the assistance of our readers in this special case. It is for us who are in her neighborhood to care for her, and we will do it, now that we know about it. In her loneliness and poverty, often shut by bad weather in that poor small room, she has heard her dearest mother and sister Abby say, "Wait, Ceen, wait (her name is Luina), there will come a change for you by-and-by." Perhaps that sister impressed the baker's wife to tell me about her, well knowing that this Abby would surely aid her, if she only knew.

It was not to ask our readers to help in this case. It was for another reason that I have narrated all this. It was to beg our readers to

look closely into the condition of those in their own neighborhood, and see if they cannot find numbers who are equally destitute. Pride often prevents the deserving poor from letting a stranger know the extremity of their destitution. When that first lady called on this poor woman, she saw a very neat little room, a neat bed, a stove, a little rocking chair, and some bright pictures on the wall. She could not see the thin worn blanket on the cot, nor the little thin brown shawl, her only wrap on the coldest day. She reported to me that she seemed comfortable. But further research revealed the pitiable facts that have been related. We who have always had enough warm garments to shield us in cold weather, who have had enough wood or coal to keep us warm when shut in-doors by a biting, blistering storm, who have had enough of warm, nourishing food and drink to fortify our systems against the cold, cannot well realize the sufferings of those who are destitute of these comforts. Taking a last little bite of something lest we be hungry in the night, we tuck ourselves into our warm beds in a warm house, with extra covering if the weather be unusually cold. They on the other hand have not had a proper supper, and they creep shivering in a cold room into a bed with scanty covering; and if the night be unusually cold, they keep on the clothes that they wore during the daytime. Oh! it is hard, hard. And when we have once realized their condition, we cannot rest in peace until we have done all that we can possibly do to relieve our suffering brothers and sisters.

It is often remarked that poor people can get more help from those that are poor like themselves than from the rich. The well to do will give them a nickel or a dime, and let them pass on hungry and insufficiently clothed, in the cold wind and sleet, but the very poor will let them in, and all crowded as they are, will share with the wanderer their food and their hearth. The reason is self evident. The poor know what it is to suffer by poverty, while the rich know nothing about it. To truly sympathize (from *syn*, with or together, and *pathos*, feeling), people must have either suffered the same, or must possess with a feeling heart a power of the imagination that will enable them to put themselves into another's place.

A good way is to go personally into the rooms of the poor, to sit down with them with unpretending sympathy, to find out what they actually have of fuel and food, whether they have good covers for their beds, and warm garments under their outside clothes, and whether they are able to pay their rent. If the man is out of work, as is so often the case in times like these, or is ill and unable to work, or if there be other reasons why they are in want for the necessities of life, then we must pay out of our own purse to have these necessities sent to them. And if we are too poor for that, we must go to those who have money, tell them all about it, and try to obtain the means from them, remembering the Bible verse, "Though he will not rise and give him because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity, he will rise and give him as much as he needeth."

But of course if we be under the guidance of benign, dearest spirits, we shall make no mistakes, but shall be impressed to go to the right ones for aid, as I did when I was moved, to apply to that lovely lady in New York City, who so gladly gave blankets and garments and money to this aged, suffering sister.

As to the solid happiness to be derived from work like this, there is no more delightful feeling than to sit down to one's own good food, with the knowledge that such and such persons or animals have plenty to eat owing to one's efforts; and to lie down in one's bed at night with the reflection that certain persons and animals are warm to night because of something one did to day. After we have done these things, we can tell them that their dear departed friends sent us to them, and they will believe us; and then their souls, as well as their bodies, will be comforted indeed.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
ABBY A. JUDSON.
Arlington, N. J., March 1, 1900.

"The Power of Love."

Few people can imagine the power of love over the human race. It is the one power to shape the course of every man, woman and child upon the earth. It guides the footsteps from the cradle to the grave. As a child is taken in the mother's arms, it is cared for by that parent's love, and guided through infancy, childhood, youth and manhood to the time when he takes upon himself the vows of wedded life, and gives forth from his own pure heart to his offspring the same love handed down for ages past. The many trials each one is called upon to endure in the pilgrimage on earth are made less perceptible when the life is shared by a loved one, or by the children clustering around the hearthstone giving forth many expressions of love, hope and interest. When children step aside from the beaten track, and wander far from the home-circle and become objects of public charity, or censure, they are too often carried down the stream of adversity, because of a lack of public interest in suffering humanity. The public at large is the cause of their downfall, in passing judgment upon them, and giving forth expressions of condemnation before knowing the circumstances in the case. If more people would extend the hand of sympathy and love to the erring ones, the world would be purer and the Great Ruler of the Universe would receive more respect and honor which is due him from every mortal receiving the breath of life. When a poor unfortunate is brought before the people to be judged according to the deeds done in the body, the injustice done him is such to bring down God's anger upon their heads; however great an offence may seem which receives condemnation at the bar of justice, there lies behind the veil hidden deep in the recesses of the heart a sorrow known only to the offender and his God.

When the day dawns in which will be presented the laws of the Ruler of our being, in words that can plainly be understood, the people will begin to realize how greatly they have been instrumental in bringing about the unhappy conditions of the land in which they live. Thoughtlessness, selfishness, aggressive principles, and last but not least, lack of love for humanity, have been the disturbing elements in many families and homes throughout the civilized world.

Few can see their own faults, and yet every one has more or less the element within his organism that causes the unhappy conditions throughout the world. Those who cannot extend the hand of fellowship and good will to man will find a home beyond the boundaries

of earth life, where new teachings will overcome the disadvantages of material existence. The first principle by which the children of earth are to be governed in the next period of time will be continued in the five great studies of life that will be presented in book form to the people of every nation on the globe who can be reached through the new literature of the day. The Golden Rule must be the one creed by which to live, and when the interpretations of the Bible are presented, there will be no more mysteries regarding the power of God, and all wars will have ceased upon the earth.

As the sun gives warmth to the earth, so will the love of God abide in the hearts of the people, and his laws will receive from every enlightened person under the broad canopy of heaven the obedience demanded to make life a success, and to hand down to generations to come the beautiful precepts of his word.

When a child departs from the divine influence under the parental roof, let the love of each one in that home circle bid him "God-speed," and, if a partner is to share his or her future lot, may they live in all truth and purity to each other, that God's sacred law may be kept inviolate to the end of time. It matters not how great the worldly possessions of man, he cannot know rest or peace without complying with the laws laid down to follow, as long as the world shall stand.

Fathers and mothers have obeyed the divine law of God, inasmuch as they have made an effort to live the life ordained by Him, whereby the earth shall bring forth its increase, to keep it from being depopulated. As time goes on, it will not be necessary to ask how this can be brought about. Let each one watch the tide in the current of events as it ebbs and flows, and as the winds blow in different directions, and see for himself how easy it is to upset all nations of the earth and bring about, in God's own time, the manifold blessing of His great power and love. The first to be overcome is the fear of God in the hearts of those who knew Him not; they have been led this way and that way, and taught to believe the many unjust punishments presented from every pulpit throughout the land. Their hearts fail to accept His work or words of admonition through the instruments appointed by the people to teach His beautiful work. Let those who give a secret thought to their Father in heaven live according to the dictates of their own heart, and do by others as they would be done by, and no fear of everlasting punishment will remain with them to mar the holiness of life upon the material plane.

This subject is endless, and greater benefit can be derived than is possible to imagine by allowing the mind to develop and become more conversant with the laws of God for man, and the power of love will be seen to be the great ruling power of the world. J. L.

That Mayer Fund.

Who has failed to respond to the generous proposition made by Theo. Mayer of Washington? Are the Spiritualists of America so entirely indifferent to their own interests that they will allow such a munificent offer, \$15,000 in cash, and the present elegant headquarters of the National Spiritualists' Association, become the property of ALL the Spiritualists of this country on the simple condition that they—numbering more thousands than there are dollars of present real estate value in the property offered besides the actual cash he proposes to give in addition, to the Spiritualists of this country, if they in return will but contribute just an equal amount of money that Mr. Mayer is willing to give in a single bequest, \$15,000, to say nothing of the equal value in addition, of the lot and splendid brick building situated corner of Sixth street and Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington.

Spiritualists, will you let this grand offer of Mr. Mayer slip through your fingers, and then regret ever after that YOU FAILED to do a simple duty, a duty to yourself, to home, and to the Cause, to the philosophy, the religion we all pretend to love, cherish and support?

Is this religion something that we prize above any and all other religions? If so why can we not show our interest, our enthusiasm in as great degree for such a religion as those who will not accept, or cannot comprehend what a glorious philosophy of life is ours here, and capable of positive demonstration, that we and all of our loved ones, old or young, good or bad, rich or poor, high or low, do live, do have this life continued through the persistent law of our being out into the Great Eternal Present that is always and everywhere revealed by the several steps through all the past, present and future as we count time. "It is but thinly the veil intervenes betwixt this fair world" and that new life that must come to all in the natural evolution of the inherent possibilities of our personalities.

Can any sincere adherent of our philosophy hesitate to give a helping hand to the grandest religion in the known world, seen and unseen today, by contributing at once as little or much as is possible to secure the splendid offer made by Mr. Mayer?

An offer that is open now for only a few weeks longer, and if not now accepted on the conditions proposed by him may never again be ours to accept. Let all act in this matter without further delay.

Why should there not be an earnest rivalry among the Spiritualists of America to each outdo all others according to their means, to carry the several individual contributions up, up to that point of certainty in the aggregate that shall insure to us the unselfish and most worthy example set for our emulation by Mr. Mayer. In behalf of the most reasonable Philosophy, the most consoling Religion now awaiting the recognition of the entire world let all Spiritualists give, GIVE NOW, before it is too late, give now and so recognize the value of Mr. Mayer's magnificent proposition, and by so much add to our own happiness as we contribute to his substantial effort for our benefit. Let all act promptly and liberally.

M. A. WARREN.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her earth home, 61 Bunker Hill street, Charles town, Mass., Wednesday, March 7, Mrs. HARRIETT COBB, aged 81 years.

Mrs. Cobb was a Spiritualist in the full sense of the word for more than forty years, and found her greatest delight in doing for the Cause she loved. She was a reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT almost from its first issue, and continued to be its steadfast friend up to the hour of her transition. Her friends and relatives have the record of her well-spent life as a tender memory of the loved one gone from their midst. The funeral services were held on Friday, March 9, at her late residence, at which Harrison D. Barrett officiated.

From Hopdale, Mass., Feb. 13, of paralysis, GEORGE O. HATCH, aged 76 years and 3 months. He has been an active Spiritualist for half a century, and a subscriber of the BANNER OF LIGHT ever since its publication.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1900.

Spiritualist Societies.

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

BOSTON AND VICINITY.

Boston Spiritual Temple meets in Berkeley Hall, 4 Berkeley street, every Sunday at 10:30 and 7:30 p.m. E. L. Allen, President; J. H. Hatch, Jr., Secretary, 74 Sidney st., Dorchester, Mass. Take elevator.

The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Minnie M. Soule, Pastor, Assembly Hall, 200 Huntington Avenue, Boston, every Sunday at 10:30 and 7:30 p.m. Discourse and Evidences through the mediumship of the pastor.

Maile Hall, 614 Washington Street. First Spiritualist Church, Mr. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Services at 11:30 and 7:30; also Thursdays at 3. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

Home Rostrom, 21 Soledad street, Charlestown. Spiritual meetings Sunday, 11 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.; Tuesday and Friday, 3 P.M. Thursday, 7:30 P.M. Mrs. Gilliland, President, 21 Soledad street, Charlestown.

Bible Spiritualist Meetings, Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont Street. Mrs. Gutierrez, President. Services Sundays at 10:30 A.M., 2:30 and 7 P.M.

America Hall, 724 Washington street, two flights—Mediums and public invited. Circle, 11 A.M.; Prayers, 2:30 and 7:30 P.M. Mrs. Graham, Chairman.

Temple of Honor Hall, 591 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport. Meeting at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M. Sunday. Mrs. A. J. Banks, Conductor; residence 141 High street, Charlestown.

Spiritual Fraternity, at First Spiritual Temple, corner Newbury and Tremont streets—Meetings Sunday morning at 10:30, 2:30 and 7:30 P.M. Children's school 11:30 A.M., Library 2:30 P.M. Also Wednesday evening general conference, Lower Audubon Hall. A. H. Sherman, Secretary.

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

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday afternoon and evening. Supper served at 7 P.M.—at 214 Tremont street, near Elliot street. Elevator now running. Mrs. Mattie A. Allen, President; Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, 74 Sidney street, Dorchester, Mass.

Children's Progressive Lyceum—Spiritual Sunday School—meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 114 Tremont street, at 10:30 A.M. All are welcome. Mrs. M. A. Brown, Superintendent.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street. Mrs. Nutter, President. Services Sunday at 11 A.M., 2:30 and 7:30 P.M., and Thursday at 3 P.M.

The Helping Hand Society meets every first and third Wednesday in 514 Hall, 3 Joynton Place. Business meetings at 8 o'clock—supper at 6 o'clock. Entertainment at 7:30 A. M. Eldridge, Secretary.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10:30 and 7:30 P.M. Conductor, A. C. Armstrong, Clerk, 17 Leroy street, Dorchester, Mass.

Faine Memorial Building—Appleton Hall, Appleton street, No. 9, side entrance. Meetings every Sunday, at 7:45 and 7:45. Speaking and tests by Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Sides.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society meets at Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street every Thursday afternoon and evening; supper at 6:30. Mrs. C. H. Appleton, President.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union meets every Wednesday afternoon and evening in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street. Supper served at 6:30. Entertainment in the evening. All invited. Mrs. Maggie J. Pratt, President.

Massachusetts Society of Science of Health and Boston Institute of Occult Science. Meeting every Sunday at 12:30 P.M. Lecture and psychic readings on Tuesdays at 7:30 P.M. Hotel Reno, 12 and 14 Windsor street, Boston. Dr. F. M. Williams, Hope, Iowa, Stirling, Mass.

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

Mrs. Florence White will hold a tea session every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 286A Columbus Avenue.

Rebo Hall—Johnson Avenue, Charlestown Dist. Meetings Wednesday and Sunday evenings. Circles Tuesday evenings.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists meets at a Cambridge (lower) Hall, 631 Massachusetts Avenue, the second and fourth Thursdays in the month. Supper served at 6:30 P.M. Mr. C. M. Cane, Cor. Sec'y, 183 Auburn street, Cambridge, Mass.

MALDEN.

Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society, Masonic Building, 76 Pleasant street. Meetings every Sunday at 8 P.M. Wednesday, 8 P.M. Wm. M. Barber, President; Mrs. Rebecca Morton, Sec'y. A cordial welcome is extended to co-workers in the cause of progressive Spiritualism.

The Spiritual and Ethical Society, 74 Lexington Avenue, one door above 59th street—Services every Sunday morning at 11, and evening at 8 o'clock. Questions answered in the mediumistic department after each lecture. Mrs. J. H. Hatch sings morning and evening. All are cordially invited. Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, speaker.

BROOKLYN.

The Advance Spiritual Conference meets every Sunday evening in Single Tax Hall, 1101 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers and mediums. Free admission. Sec'y, J. E. Allen. Mr. G. Delrose, President; Miss Winnie Brown, Secretary.

The Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn holds meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 6 o'clock, and social meetings every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, at Hall 423 Classon Avenue, between Lexington Avenue and Quincy street. ELIZABETH F. KURTZ, Pres. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the Hall.

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

First Christian Evolution Society—Penn Fulton Hall, cor. Penn Ave. and Fulton st. Services every Sunday at 8 P.M. W. W. Sargent, Chairman; Mrs. Julia Sclar, Secretary.

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

NEWARK, N. J.

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

CHICAGO, ILL.

The S. and M. H. Society, 8310% Rhodes Ave., meets every Sunday, 11 A.M. Conference and tests. Tuesday, 3 P.M., Oriental Lecture. Open doors, and every body welcome.

Spiritualist Temple, Fort Worth, Texas, Taylor street, between 7th and Jackson—Services for children, 2 P.M.; for adults, 3 and 7:30 P.M. Mary Arnold Wilson, Assistant Pastor; leads in singing. Joseph Hagin Jackson, Pastor; residence 716 Florence street.

Notice to Local Societies.

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

Local Briefs.

BOSTON.

The Boston Spiritual Temple.—Mr. F. A. Wiggin spoke before the largest meeting of this season Sunday, March 11. Mrs. J. T. Pearl and Mr. George E. Schaller pleased the audience with excellent mediums. The meeting opened with congregational singing, and Mr. Wiggin followed with a poem and an invocation. After a selection by Mrs. J. T. Pearl, Mr. Wiggin gave a fine lecture—one that pleased every one. Many remarks were made to that effect. At the close of the address, which lasted forty-five minutes, Mr. Wiggin gave some satisfactory readings, going among the audience. No ballots will be read hereafter at the morning meeting. In the evening, notwithstanding the severe weather a good sized audience was in attendance. Mr. Wiggin gave a short address and devoted the greater portion of the time to reading ballots. Mrs. Pearl sang beautifully, and Mr. Schaller is always good. Mr. Wiggin gave a chance for the benefit of this society at the home of Mrs. C. F. Pratt, on Monday evening. The number of tickets was limited to thirty, and were all sold in ten minutes. (See Anniversary notice in another column.)

Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, that ever popular speaker, will occupy the platform for this society during the month of April. All her friends should turn out in a body, and give her a glad welcome. Tell your friends that the best way to keep posted about the Anniversary and all Spiritualist news is to do as you do, viz, read the BANNER OF LIGHT; for sale at this hall.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum held a very interesting session Sunday afternoon March 11. The answer to the lesson "With What is True Religion in Sympathy?" were all good, and showed that the minds of the young when put to a test can be made to give good results. If you have never visited this Lyceum I know it will please you to do so, that is, if you are in-

terested in instructing the young. Pay the Lyceum a visit, and see and hear for yourself. After the march the following took part in the exercises: Harry Green, Esther Botta, Mr. Arthur Wallis, Willie Sheldon, E. Warren Hatch, and Mr. Forrest Harding. The lesson for next Sunday is, "What is the Lyceum Able to Do in the Way of Character Building?" Spiritualists, why is it you do not send your children to some Lyceum? Certainly, if Spiritualism is good enough for you it ought to be for your children. Don't be a Spiritualist and send your children to an Orthodox Sunday School. Come and see the working of our Lyceums; there are two in Boston, and there are children enough to have ten times that number. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Conductor.

Commercial Hall, Mrs. Nutter, President.—On Sunday, March 11, we had a very enjoyable service of song before each session, led by L. A. Cameron; invocation, Miss Brehm; mediums who assisted in the good work, Mesdames Nutter, Bishop, Smith, Peabody, McKenney, Knowler, Webber, Annie Kibbie, Cunningham, Alexander, Messrs. Brown, Will Nutter, Turner. We will hold Anniversary services on Sunday, March 25, afternoon and evening, with a good array of talent.

America Hall, 724 Washington street. Good meetings all day. Developing circle in future 11 A. M., free to all. Harmony to be found there. M. A. Graham, President.

Home Rostrom Spiritualist meetings well attended on Sunday, although the cold weather interfered somewhat with the evening attendance. A very interesting discussion was enjoyed at 11 A.M. on "Individual Control and Influences from Spirit Spheres." Mr. Loth ridge gave healing magnetism to all who desired it. Evening, service of song at 7:30; address and messages, Messrs. Howe, and Wilkinson of Roxbury; Miss Banks, Mesdames Hayes and Gilliland. Mrs. Gilliland, President; Wm. Hutchinson, organist. During the evening Mr. Howe rendered very acceptably two solos with banjo accompaniment.

First Spiritualist Church M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor. Subject for conference, "Progression"; speakers, Mesdames Kneeland and Carbee, Miss Sears, Messrs. Fred de Bos, Black den and Newhall; solo, Master Warren Fowler; spirit messages given through the mediumship of Mesdames Kemp and Woods, and Miss McGrath. Afternoon, song service; scripture reading and prayer, Geo. Emerson; messages, Mesdames Quoted, Ackerman, Davis, Woods and Mr. Johnson. Evening solo, Mrs. Carlton Grover; messages, Mrs. Wood, and Mr. Jackson. Subject next Sunday, "The Soul." We celebrate the fifty-second anniversary Sunday, Mar. 25, with a fine array of talent.

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont street, Mrs. Gutierrez, President.—Circle opened by Mr. Hall. Those assisting throughout the day: Messrs. Whitcomb, Harey, Wood, Gilman, Cohen, Ubell, Dr. Blacken, Mesdames Knowles, Alexander, Hall, Thomas, Gutierrez, Ewell and others. Prayers were offered for the sick. A good house. BANNER at door.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 on March 11 held its service as usual in Red Men's Hall. The lesson subject was, "What are Our Duties as Lyceum Pupils." The little folks' topic was "Our Duty." The following rendered songs and recitations: Little Ray, Harry Green, W. Wilhelm, Hope, Iona Stirling, Miss Emma, Esther Botta, Carrie Engel, Floyd Sibley, Mr. Albert Blinn, Mr. Arthur Wallis, and Mr. J. B. Bird. Remarks by Mrs. W. S. Butler and Dr. Wm. A. Hale. On April 1 the Lyceum will celebrate the Fifty Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism by holding a Lyceum session beginning at 10:30 A.M., a spiritual service at 2:30 P.M., and a concert at 7:30 P.M. All are cordially invited to attend. C. B. Yeaton, Sec'y.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met in Dwight Hall Wednesday afternoon, March 7. Business meeting called to order by the Vice-President, Mrs. J. P. Weston. Supper served at 6:30, and the evening meeting was called to order at 8 o'clock. Willis Milligan opened the meeting with a piano solo; singing by the congregation; remarks and messages, Dr. C. E. Huot, and Mesdames Webber, Mason, Cunningham and Knowles; Little Clara Weston, Master Warren Hall, Miss Ella Robbins and Harold Leslie, vocal selections; Iona Stirling and George Hall, readings. The President was out of the city, and her presence was missed very much. She will be with us in the future, and we hope, for many years to come. We invite all to join with us on Wednesday afternoon and evening of each week. Supper is served at 6:30. Tickets, 15 cents.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society, Mrs. C. H. Appleton, President, held its regular meeting in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street, Thursday afternoon and evening, March 8. Several new members joined. A large number enjoyed the supper. During the evening the following were heard from: Mesdames Shirley, Julia Davis, Weston, Sheldie, Hall, Ida P. A. Whitlock, and Mr. Brooks; Miss Brehm, piano solo. March 15 Mr. F. A. Wiggin will be with us. March 22, the regular dance of the month. March 29, Anniversary exercises. For full particulars see further notice. Marion G. Packard, Rec. Sec'y.

At 241 Tremont St., Friday, Mar. 9, The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society held its meeting as usual, with the President, Mrs. Mattie E. Allen, in the chair. A very fine entertainment was held in the evening, the following talent taking part: Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, C. C. Shaw, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mrs. Mary Weston, Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Lovering. Next Friday will be mediums' night; public circle at 4 P.M. Friday, Mar. 23, will be whist night. Friday, 30th, anniversary exercises—see other column. C. L. Hatch, Sec'y.

The Boston Spiritual Temple and the Helping Hand Society will jointly celebrate the Fifty-Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, Sunday, March 25, in Odd Fellows' Hall, all day with the following program: Morning: Music, Geo. E. Schaller; invocation; address, E. L. Allen; selection, Ladies' Schubert Quartet; remarks, A. P. Blinn; song Mrs. J. T. Pearl; address, F. A. Wiggin; selection, Schubert Quartet; tests, Mrs. Elsie I. Webster; benediction. Afternoon: Music, Geo. E. Schaller; remarks, J. S. Mansergh; selection, Schubert Quartet; address, Dr. W. H. Hicks; poem, Mrs. Carrie P. Pratt; selection, Schubert Quartet; invocation, Willie Sheldon; remarks, F. A. Wiggin; music, Geo. E. Schaller; benediction. Evening: Piano solo, Geo. E. Schaller; invocation; song, E. Warren Hatch; remarks, J. S. Mansergh; violin solo, L. C. Hatch; ballad readings, Mrs. F. A. Wiggin; piano, A. Edelweis, Sonata Brunnoff—The Man Behind the Gun, Sousa—Mr. Fred Watson; reading, Miss Lucette Webster; violin solo, Mrs. Geo. E. Schaller; remarks, Dr. Dean Clark; song, Mrs. J. T. Pearl; remarks, to be announced; music Schubert Quartet; benediction. See BANNER for further particulars.

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

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society—Mrs. C. H. Appleton, President—will celebrate the Anniversary of Spiritualism at 514 Tremont street, Thursday afternoon and evening, March 29. The services are to be held in Red Men's Hall both afternoon and evening, at 2:30 and 7:30 respectively. The following talent is expected to be present: speakers, Messrs. Hicks, Wiggin, Blinn and Graym, Mesdames Byrnes, Whitlock, Hand, Sanger, Burham, Soper and others; readers, Mrs. O. Smith, Miss B. M. Packard and Miss Appleby; piano soloists, Messrs. Robbins and Gridley. Supper will be served in Dwight Hall from 5:30 to 7. Marion G. Packard, Rec. Sec'y.

Massachusetts.

Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society, Masonic Building, Sunday evening, March 11. Scripture lesson by the President; invocation, Mr. Reading and Mr. Quirt; instrumental and vocal music, Mrs. Barber, Mrs. Wiley, Miss West; Mrs. Abby Burham painted a word picture of the Summer Land that cannot fail to carry conviction. Mr. J. S. Scarlett of Cambridgeport, whom we gladly welcomed, gave a short address filled with force; the audience seemed fairly reaching out to clasp hands with the loved ones standing by their side. With

The Pinkham Remedies

For disorders of the feminine organs have gained their great renown and enormous sale because of the permanent good they have done and are doing for the women of this country.

If all ailing or suffering women could be made to understand how absolutely true are the statements about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, their sufferings would end.

Mrs. Pinkham counsels women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass. The advice she gives is practical and honest. You can write freely to her; she is a woman.

such workers as these the word *Forward* will be heard all along the firing line. Hattie C. Webster of Boston, through her guides, gave a number of messages, which were most cordially received, and recognized. Mrs. Sadie L. Hand and others next Sunday. We are having a large attendance of young people, for which we thank the angel world, and the instruments being used by them in the cause of truth. Mrs. R. Morton, Sec'y.

The Arthur Hodges Spiritual Society of Lynn held services at 36 Market street Sunday, with a fine and appreciative audience. Music, Mrs. J. P. Hayes. At 2:30 Mrs. N. S. Noyes gave a fine lecture on "Mother's Love," also many fine readings. At 7:30 G. H. Webster of Boston gave one of the best lectures of the season on "How Planets Effect Our Lives," which received well merited applause. He then gave many Astrologic readings.

Cadet Hall, Lynn Spiritualists' Association. Sunday, Mar. 11, Miss Lizzie Harlow continued her work with us and delivered most eloquent discourses to large audiences. Music was furnished by Mrs. Bertha Merrill and W. L. Thomas, cornetist. Miss Harlow will be with us again next Sunday. There will also be extra musical exercises. Sec'y.

Progressive Spiritualists' Association held services at 21 Market street, Lynn. At 2:30 Prof. St. Leon, astrologer, was unable to appear on account of sickness. From 7 to 8 P.M. magnetic treatments were given by Dr. Quaide; messages by D. E. Matson; psychometric readings, Mrs. Clara L. Fagan of Malden; remarks, Dr. Chase and Mr. Griffin. At 5:30 hot coffee and oyster supper were served to many. At 7:30, by request, Lillie A. Prentiss gave a test session. Mrs. Emma F. Whittey and Mrs. A. E. Sherman of Vermont assisted. March 18 Rev. A. N. Foster of Second Universalist Church will occupy the rostrum.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists held regular meeting March 8. The President, Mrs. C. M. Hartwell, introduced Mr. J. Frank Baxter as speaker of the evening. A large audience was highly pleased with this gentleman's lecture, singing and messages. March 22 Mr. F. A. Wiggin will be the speaker, as he was unable to be present (on account of sickness) the last time he was advertised. Miss A. M. Cane, Cor. Sec., 183 Auburn street, Cambridge.

Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn was the speaker and medium Sunday, March 11, for the Salem Society. It is needless to say that the audience was all attention. Mrs. Butler occupies the platform again March 25.

Helping Hand Association of Spiritualists, Haverhill, held regular meeting at 82 Merrimack street, March 11, at 7 P.M., with Carl Guisler of Lawrence as lecturer and psychometrist. He gave satisfaction. Next Sunday we expect Mrs. George A. Libby of this city. Lilla B. Ruiter, Sec'y.

Mrs. Nellie Burbeck of Boston closed a two week's engagement for the First Spiritualist Society of Falmouth Sunday, March 11. Full houses greeted her. The two addresses were presented in her usual able manner, followed by a large number of spirit messages, fully recognized. The piano selections by Miss Howe were pleasingly rendered. Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham of Boston, test medium, speaks for the society next Sunday. Dr. C. L. Fox, President.

Thomas Cartman, Sec'y, writes for First Spiritual Church, Fall River: Our President, Mr. J. Lucas occupied the rostrum, Sunday, March 11, and was greeted by large audiences both afternoon and evening. Next Sunday, Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant-Henderson will be the speaker and medium. On Thursday, March 8, the friends of our Lyceum and church surprised Miss Lizzie Bolton, the eldest daughter of our Vice President. Mr. J. Lucas on behalf of her father and mother, presented Miss Bolton with a very pretty gold watch and chain, and in behalf of her Lyceum friends a handsome gold bracelet and jeweled casket. Miss Bolton made a neat speech, thanking all who were present, and invited them to have a good social time with her. Songs were rendered by the President and Secretary and several friends from New Bedford.

New York.

First Association of Spiritualists, March 11.—Both sessions were well attended, and despite the weakened physical condition of Miss Gaule she never did better work for the spirit-world. The Testimonial Concert to be tendered Mrs. Cadwell will take place on Monday evening, April 2, at the Tuxedo, 59th street and Madison Avenue. The music is under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Edmond Severn, whose names are a guarantee for the quality of the musical numbers. Mrs. Cadwell is well known in many parts of this country, and a large aid of each and all of her friends in making this Testimonial something worthy of her, and the Cause she has faithfully represented so long. M. J. Fitz-Maurice, Sec'y.

Advance Conference, Single Tax Hall, 1101 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn.—An exceedingly fine evening brought out a large number of people to the Saturday evening meeting. The evening hymn, "Sweet Summer Land," led by President Delrose, was sung with a will by the audience. Mrs. Annie Palmer, the speaker of the evening, read a very interesting article on "Thought-Transference; or, Healing at a Distance," concluding with a poem. W. Wines Sargent, State Missionary, with a few remarks, presented a petition for distribution for signatures asking legislative action for the abolition of capital punishment in this State. He was followed by Messrs. Delrose and Hopkins.

Mrs. N. B. Reeves, Cor. Sec'y, writes: The Woman's Progressive Union held two interesting meetings Sunday, March 11. In the afternoon Mrs. Helen P. Russek chose for her subject, "What Has Contributed to the Height and Breadth of Spiritualism," while her evening subject was "Practical Life in the Spirit World." It is needless to say that Mrs. Russek did full justice to both subjects. In the afternoon many strangers were present, and in the evening many familiar faces were seen in the audience, and welcomed. Every one expressed satisfaction and delight at the powerful and forcible manner in which Mrs. Russek handled her subjects.

A spiritual service is held every Sunday evening at Aurora Grata Cathedral, Bedford and Madison street, Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Fraternity of Soul Communion, a new spiritual society organized March 6, with the following officers: Ira Moore Courts, President and Medium; Wm. Westwood, Jr., Treas.; Warden L. Adams, Sec'y. March 11th Mr. Courts devoted the main part of the evening to giving tests and messages, which were most gladly welcomed by those to whom they were given. An excellent musical program was rendered by the Verdi Quartet.

A correspondent writes: Mrs. Myra F. Paine of Syracuse, N. Y., has just left Watertown, N. Y., after leaving with the people of that city a better knowledge of the philosophy of Spiritualism than they had previous to her coming; while Mrs. R. E. Jackson and Mr. Curtis A. Gould, new workers in the field and residents of Watertown, are continuing the good work they commenced a few months ago in connection with the First Progressive Spiritual Society of that city and in which they were so ably assisted by Mrs. Paine during the months of January and February. These young workers, besides being able to lecture, have developed other phases of mediumship, and are doing a great deal toward removing the prejudices some may have for our religion. We know it can't be long before others besides Watertownians will be awakened to the powers they have unfolded by living the truth they know.

Other States.

G. W. Kates writes: Mrs. Kates and self visited Grand Forks, N. D., by request, and held meetings there March 1, 3 and 4. The effort was made to confine the audiences to invited guests, but, being held in a popular place (Hall's Academy), it became known to the press and thus received public notice and attracted increased attendance. But it was evident that the auditors were thinkers of the better class of citizens. The lectures and messages were enthusiastically received and highly appreciated. So great became the interest that on Sunday night at close of the meeting, by request, quite a number of persons remained to see if a local society could be formed. A motion to organize was made at once and carried.

The Minnesota State Association's plan for a local society was approved, and with a few alterations adopted. Being equipped to organize a society, we are able to do so quickly. As no one was informed that a Spiritualist Society exists in North Dakota, they adopted the name of "The Alpha Society of Spiritualists of North Dakota." The following officers were elected: A. W. Denny, President; Miss M. E. Blodgett, Sec'y; F. E. Tiffany, Vice President; O. Young, Treasurer. Trustees were elected at an adjourned meeting. Thus the work is started in North Dakota, which, it is hoped, is the precursor of a State Association at no distant day.

Wm. R. Freas writes: The Philadelphia Spiritualists' Society had the pleasure of having Prof. W. M. Lockwood grace its rostrum during the month of January. The large number attending every lecture was a sufficient warrant that he aroused deep interest in his particular line of thought. He also had a mid-week class, in which he treated the molecular hypothesis in relation to human structure in detail. His addition of new philosophical instruments enabled him to demonstrate and elucidate many intricate problems. Prof. Lockwood was succeeded by Mrs. May S. Pepper, who officiated during the month of February. Language is inadequate to express the admiration that was manifested for this highly gifted lady. A vast throng crowded the hall at every session. From the time Mrs. Pepper ascended the rostrum until she finished her work, there was a perpetual applause of enthusiasm and satisfaction. Long may she enjoy health and happiness; also may she receive universal sympathy to sustain her in giving to the world proof palpable of immortality.

Mrs. Mary E. Lease is to be orator for the ensuing month. Those who saw her Sunday evening, just after leaving a bed of sickness, declare that she was the embodiment of omnipotence. To me, as one interested in meta-physical healing, it was a great object lesson. As never before, did I see the efficacy and potentiality of will-force. She wove her bouquet of words into beautiful garlands that fell like music upon the ears of an immense and spell-bound audience, thrilling their very souls with the rhythm and sentiment. Standing before that multitude she appeared a human harp in the hands of the Infinite. Whoever reads these lines, I implore you to send out all the love and sympathy of your nature, that it may prove a dove of peace to Mrs. Lease, with healing in its wings, as she is a very sick woman, and to those that can read the "signs of the times" might realize the need of such a soul as to help make the crooked paths straight, and to bring order out of chaos.

M. G. Ward writes from South Barre, Vt., Feb. 23: Business meeting of the Spiritualist Society was called to order by B. P. Willey; Secretary's report was read and adopted; all financial business was postponed until some future time; election of officers for ensuing year resulted as follows: President, B. P. Willey; Vice-President, J. M. Ward; Secretary, Miss M. G. Ward; Treasurer, Mrs. Rosina Claffin; Business Managers, Edward Ward, Mrs. Julia Hatch, Mr. Harry Willey; Committee on Entertainment, Mr. Harry Willey, Mr. Edward Ward; Auditors, Charles Heats, Mrs. Mary Dodge, Mr. J. M. Ward. A vote of thanks was extended to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Easterbrook for services rendered in the past. Meeting was then adjourned. Our society during the past year has been working to pay for its Temple, and has done so. This year we hope to make a few more repairs, and then we shall be ready to do good work. For the past few Sundays we have been served by Mr. Lucius Colburn.

Providence Spiritualist Association on March 11 held a Medium's Meeting both afternoon and evening. Services opened with a short discourse by E. J. Dowell, recorded with a loud applause at the close of his remarks. Mrs. Ring and Mrs. Smith gave messages. One of our oldest mediums, Mrs. Rose of Barrington presented a poem. Mrs. J. W. Kenyon was also present, and made remarks. Mrs. Sarah E. Humes gave messages in the evening; all re-

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organized. We wish to return our sincere thanks to all who took part in making the meeting's grand success. Next Sunday Dr. C. W. Hidden will be with us. David F. Buffington, Sec'y.

Carrie Newton, Sec'y, writes: The Montpelier Spiritualist Association met Feb. 23 at the residence of Mrs. Eliza Turner, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Eliza Turner; Vice-President, Mrs. Sarah Scribner; Secretary, Mrs. Carrie Newton; Board of Managers, Henry Childs, G. A. Newton, Mrs. Ben. Daley, Treasurer, Mrs. Henry Childs; Auditor, Gilmah Scribner; Musical Director, Mrs. Ida Young. The society, though small, is thoroughly in earnest. Much interest has been shown in the working during the past year, and we hope not only to see a gain in numbers, but also in spiritual growth at the end of the present year.

Mrs. M. A. Brackett writes from Portland, Me.: Our home talent, Mesdames De Lewis and Reddon, has served the Orient Hall society for the past two Sundays. We are always as pleased with the work of these two ladies as that of any who come from other places.

Many valuable and instructive thoughts were given out by F. W. Smith of Rockland, Me., in his second lecture before the Bangor Spiritualist Society Sunday P. M. The hall was filled with an attentive and harmonious audience.

The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists

Will celebrate the 52d anniversary in Berkeley Hall, Boston, Mass., Thursday, March 29, 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. Wiggin, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. Alice Waterhouse, Mrs. C. Fannie Alvyn, Mrs. Johnnie E. Warren Hatch, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mr. A. P. Blinn, Mrs. N. J. Willis, M. as Willis, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, Dr. Dean Clarke, Mrs. I. P. A. Whitlock, Mr. Cairo, Mrs. Sadie Hand, Mrs. Kenyon Nettie Holt Harding, Mrs. Sadie Hand, Mrs. Nellie U. Reynolds, Mrs. E. I. Webster, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mrs. Ella Kimball, and members of the Clenton Orchestra. This is only a partial list. Other names will appear in later editions. Remember the day and place—March 29, in Berkeley Hall, all day.

CARRIE L. HATCH, Sec'y.

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. Wiggin, Dr. W. W. Hicks, George E. Schaller, Mrs. Pearl, Lucette Webster, Mr. Fred Watson, Mr. J. S. Mansergh, 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.

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. Mason, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mr. F. A. Wiggin, 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. Feals, Mr. J. B. Hatch