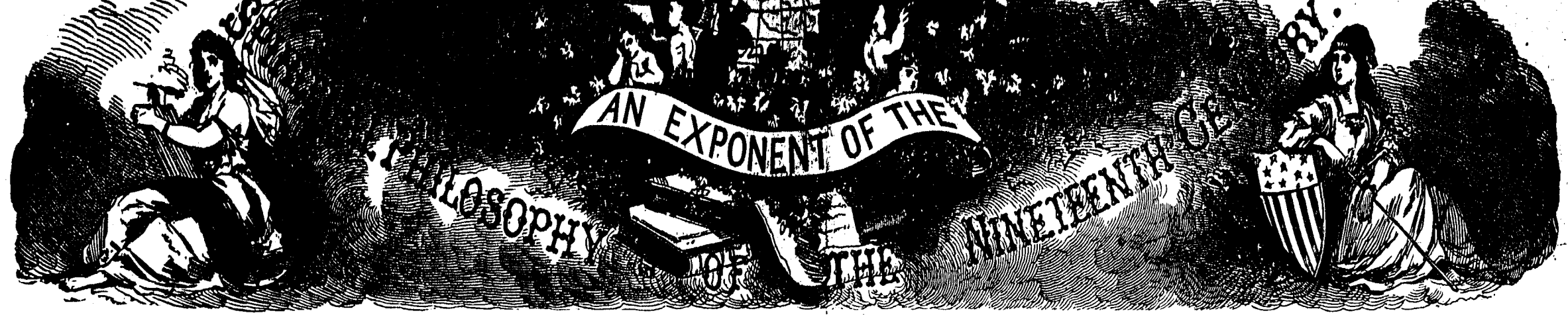


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 4.

"WHAT IS TRUTH?"

"Truth—what is Truth?" I cried one midnight drear,
"Deception's truthship dupes on either hand
Oiling to the lie; and, blind with passions fanned,
Strike at the true Truth-seeker with a sneer.
Hell's rebel-banner floats without a fear.
Well-paid accomplices together stand
Presumptuously—a loud-voiced, cruel band—
Disquieting, paining those who hold Truth dear.
Truth—what is Truth? My head is bent with shame
To see the Enemy boldly marching by
With secret treacheries, insults and the worst
Of persecutions, till a glowing flame
Doth fire my soul. Rise, Lord! Oh, slay the Lie
And Liars, too, with all their brood accursed!"

II.

I wept—I waited—joy! There burst a light
Upon my spiritual vision then unsealed;
A sheathless, two edged sword whose clear revealed,
The blade engraven thus, "Triumphant Right."
"O thou of little faith!" sounded with might,
"Think'st thou that God and all his spheres have reeled
Before the base earth-lie? All they who wield
Their arms 'gainst Truth must perish in the fight.
To such Death brings impenetrable gloom;
The worm which dieth not, the fires which burn—
Consuming not. The curse of Cain is great,
But greater theirs. A channel-house of doom
Prisons their souls. A hand of judgment stern
Points with a sword from heaven, and guards the gate."

III.

"Truth—what is Truth?" 'Tis neither bought nor sold.
The lie may be; but on hell's very brink
The liar stands, and, tottering o'er, doth sink
Down, down and down, to those dark depths that hold
Soul-cleansing punishments. Silver nor gold
God asks of poor parched lives, who crave to drink
Of Truth's life-cup. Blest they who do not shrink
From ministering free, like the sweet Christ of old.
'The laborer (true)' is worthy of his hire.'
And he who, liberal-handed, scatters free
The seed of Truth which God to him hath given,
Mirrors reflections of a glory-sphere
Wherein the harvest of his life shall be
Reaped golden bright amid the songs of heaven."
Sydney, New South Wales.

DEVOTION.

Talmagean Spirito-Phobia—A Reply to the Rabid Attacks of T. Dewitt and Frank Dewitt Talmage, on Spiritualism.

BY MOSES HULL.

"Debate thy cause with thy neighbor himself."—Prov. xxv. 9.

According to the Emphatic Diaglott New Testament, Peter said: "Be sober, be vigilant; your opponent, the enemy, like a roaring lion is walking about seeking to devour."—I. Peter v. 8. This means be sober, temperate and watchful of your enemies; they are watching for a chance to devour. In writing this I am trying to carry out the spirit of this admonition—to place before those who read this weapons of defense.

The great first century lawyer, Gamaliel, when the apostles went with their preaching and their phenomena to Jerusalem, said: "Refrain from these men and let them alone; for if this counsel and this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."—Acts v. 38, 39. If Spiritualism had not been sustained by more than mortal power, it would have fallen before the poisoned arrows of the enemy long ago. The life of Spiritualism has been one of defensive warfare ever since the effort to mob the Fox girls in Corinthian Hall, in Rochester, N. Y., about 1850. At one time the opposition forms itself into a mob; then the press attacks it; then the clergy, and then the courts. By the time this round has been gone over, the mob is ready again, as fresh as if it had not failed in its former attacks; thus the battle goes on, and on.

A Methodist minister by the name of McDonald attacked Spiritualism before the world had heard much about it; the ink had hardly dried on his pen when Rev. Prof. Matteson fired a broadside at it in the shape of a four-hundred-page book. While this was fresh on the minds of the people, Harvard College, the greatest institution of learning in America, brought its immense power to bear against it. Out of all the attacks, when the dust and smoke has cleared away and the dead and wounded are taken off the field, Spiritualism, bright and fresh as if nothing had happened, was found singing its "title clear to mansions in the sky."

All these attacks resulted in a deepened determination on the part of thinking people to sift Spiritualism to the bottom. The result was always new victories for this unwelcome child. Finally it was determined that this hated religion should die, so it was advertised far and wide that a number of Doctors of Divinity, clergymen, editors and laymen should meet at Anderson, Ind., to at once and forever "down" this Baal's ghost. The meeting came off, the Doctors of Divinity and Reverends were there in force, backed by a relay of jugglers and other performers, who were prepared to do everything that a Spiritualist ever did, from the tiniest rap to delivering the most sublime poem or discourse to which mortal ever listened. Spiritualism was to die then and there, and stay dead this time; they would never hold another camp meeting—no indeed, by the time the roses bloomed next year there would not be a medium nor a Spiritualist in the world—not one but that would be ashamed that he ever stepped inside of a room where a séance had ever been held. The Anti-Spiritualist Association somehow loaded its guns wrong; while Spiritualists who stood in front of them were unharmed they killed at the breach. The Association died at its birth, and Spiritualism since that event has held within four miles of the spot where these murderers of Spiritualism assembled, the largest camp meetings ever assembled in that part of the country. At that convention it was resolved to immediately commence the publication of the largest religious anti-Spiritualist paper ever known. Within three weeks the first number was to be issued to one hundred thousand subscribers. The money was rolling in, silver, gold and paper money, galore; but

"Alas for the plans of mice and men!"

The Association did not live long enough to get the first type set. Out of all these cruelties, Spiritualism has always come looking and feeling purer for having passed through the ordeal. I can but think it will be so in this case.

Before entering directly upon my work of replying to this renewed attack, there may be no harm in saying that Dr. Talmage, in fact, both of the Talmages—for I am going to pay some attention to Talmage II.—are Spiritualists. At times their fears get the upper hands of them—the spirit of John Calvin, finding a congenial place in their atmos-

phere, seems for the time being, to get control, and then their audiences suffer under a repetition of this attack on Spiritualism. The fact of their being Spiritualists can be proved by numerous testimonies; at present I will present only one from each.

In his sermon entitled "Our Employments in Heaven," the elder Talmage said: "When I get to heaven—as by the grace of God I am destined to go to that place—I will come and see you all. Yea, I will come to the people to whom I have administered in the gospel, and to the millions of souls to whom, through the kindness of the press, I am permitted to preach every week in this land, and in other lands—letters coming from New Zealand, and the uttermost parts of the earth, as well as from near nations, telling me of the souls I have helped—I will visit them all. I give them fair notice. Our departed friends are engaged in that delectable entertainment now."

What a calamity this will be; in addition to all the other loads Spiritualism will have to carry, it must endure these visits! If it survives them then it is surely immortal! It is possible that this clown of the American pulpit will visit every one to whom he has preached; yes, and even every one who has ever read one of his discourses. Why, Bro. Talmage that is more than any one of even the most fanatical Spiritualists has promised. What a busy spirit you will be! While those visits are to be dreaded, all will rejoice to know that Dr. Talmage is destined to go to heaven—not as a result of anything he has said or done, for at least his sayings have been decidedly against him, but "by the grace of God," he is "destined to go to that place." How glorious that grace! Oh! that it could be spread over a little more territory. The Doctor, who has preached to so many nations and peoples, would be dreadfully lonesome in that place of his destiny, were it not that he will be at home very little, as he will spend the most of his time on these visits.

As for Talmage No. 2, he acknowledges that Moses and Elias came back, and that dying persons have many times seen spirits of the departed when it could by no possibility have been hallucination. After telling of several wonderful spirit manifestations, he says: "This manifestation of spirit power has long since been taken out of the guess-work realm, and clothed with the flesh and blood of fact."

Thus it is proved that the Talmages are both Spiritualists; and that when they preach against spirit-return they preach against their own views.

It was in the latter part of the seventies, or not later than 1880, that Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, who was at that time the most popular minister in America, if not in the whole world, first delivered his tirade against Spiritualism. The popularity of the man, and the wide circulation of the discourse, caused it to create a great sensation. At that time the discourse was reviewed, but the review was read by comparatively few people. Since that time the discourse has, to my knowledge, been repeated at least seven times. Recently the barrel of discourses has been opened again at the bottom and the old discourse again fished out for the doctor's Washington audience. As recently delivered, it has one or two omissions and a few important amendments. Talmage II. delivered the same discourse in Chicago about the same time. He delivered it without the amendments.

Though the combined force of Talmage the younger and Talmage the elder is not to day what the force of the latter was two decades ago, it is enough, I think, to justify this response to the call of thousands of Spiritualists to put arms and ammunition into their hands to meet these Goliaths of the armies of the Philistine.

As I read over the younger Talmage's sermon, and found it differing so little in its thought or wording from his father's oft-repeated discourse, I was reminded of the fact that in times of old "the fathers had eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth were set on edge."

I believe it was Jean Ingelow who said:

"Oh, let me be myself! but where, oh, where
Under this heap of precedent, this mound
Of customs, modes and maxims, membrane rare,
Shall this myself be found?"

What alleth thee, myself? Alas! thy hands
Are tied with old opinions—hair and son;
Thou hast inherited thy father's lands
And all his debts thereon."

The young man is unfortunate. Having inherited his father's sermons, if he does not use them they are dead property, and if he does use them they are dead weights, binding him back to the dead past. How unfortunate to be, out of the living present by dead sermons!

Dr. Talmage calls his sermon "The Religion of Ghosts." The heir, who has inherited his father's lands and debts, says, "The religion of ghosts, amulets, fetiches, witches, demons, hobgoblins... has made a great gospel truth the centre of Satanic trickeries."

As I have very little acquaintance with the nations and families above mentioned, I know very little about what religion they profess. If, however, it is worse than Calvinistic Presbyterianism it has certainly done much injury to "a great gospel truth." I wish these gentlemen had told us something of the religion of which they speak; I would like to be able to compare it with some of the historic religions.

A person to create facts needs a vivid imagination; this Mr. Talmage never lacked. As an illustration of this I quote a rather lengthy paragraph as follows:

"A servant one day said to King Saul: 'I know of a spiritual medium down at the village of Endor.' 'Do you?' said the king. Night falls. Saul, putting off his kingly robes, and putting on the dress of a plain citizen, with two servants, goes out to hunt up this medium."

"Saul and his servants after awhile reach the village, and they say: 'I wonder if this is the house,' and they look in, and they see the haggard, weird and shrivelled up spiritual medium sitting by the light, and on the table sculptured images and divining rods, and poisonous herbs, and bottles and vases. They say: 'Yes, this must be the place.' One loud rap brings the woman to the door, and as she stands there, holding the candle or lamp above her head, and peering out into the darkness, she says: 'Who is here?' The tall king informs her that he has come to have his fortune told. When she hears that she trembles, and almost drops the light, for she knows there is no chance for a fortune teller or spiritual medium in all the land. But Saul having sworn that no harm shall come to her, she says: 'Well, who shall I bring up from the dead?' Saul says: 'Bring up Samuel.' That was the prophet who had died a little while before."

It is true there is but little of this in the Bible; but with an imagination that could manufacture history after that fashion, facts were not needed; in fact they were rather in the way. Here they saw a "haggard, weird, shrivelled up spiritual medium."

The object of all this evidently was to create the impression in the minds of his hearers and readers that all medi-

ums are terrible creatures, and hence haggard, weird, shrivelled. I would like to introduce his reverence to some of the mediums with whom I am acquainted. Mediums will average in health, avoirdupois and freshness of countenance with any other class of people we meet in theatres, churches or elsewhere.

Next, in order to further prejudice his hearers against the woman for whom he manufactures the title "Witch," he describes her surroundings. In his vivid imagination he finds her surrounded with sculptured images, divining rods and poisonous herbs, bottles and vases. All these wild imaginings are handed out as truth; the object of this is to deepen the conviction in the mind of his hearers that this woman was a bad, drug eating, poison taking witch. This was in turn to be used to fasten the impression on the minds of his friends that all mediums are like her. Thus it was intended that each falsehood should do double duty.

SEANCE DESCRIBED.

As most of my spiritualistic readers have, perhaps, never attended a séance—certainly never one like this—and would like to know just how such séances are conducted, I will allow the truthful reverend to describe one as he would have you believe it is. Here is his description:

"I see her waving a wand, or stirring up some poisonous herbs in a caldron, or hear her muttering over some incantations, or stamping with her foot as she cries out to the realm of the dead: 'Samuel, Samuel!' Lo, the freezing horror! The floor of the tenement opens, and the gray hairs float up, and the forehead, the eyes, the lips, the shoulders, the arms, the feet—the entire body of the dead Samuel—wrapped in sepulchral robe, appearing to the astonished group, who stagger back and hold fast and catch their breath and shiver with terror."

"The dead prophet, white and awful from the tomb, begins to move his ashen lips, and he glares upon King Saul, and cries out: 'What did you bring me up for? What do you mean, King-Saul?' Saul, trying to compose and control himself, makes this stammering and affrighted utterance as he says to the dead prophet: 'The Lord is against me, and I have come to you for help. What shall I do?' The dead prophet stretched forth his finger to King Saul and said: 'Die to-morrow! Come with me into the sepulcher. I am going now, Come, come with me!' And, lo, the floor again opens, and the feet of the dead prophet disappear and the arms and the shoulders and the forehead! The floor closes. Oh, that was an awful séance!"

In order to demonstrate to my readers the great ability of this man as an embellisher of history, I have caused this to be printed entire. Here are thirty-five lines of thirteen-ten nonpareil type, averaging seven words to the line. In this space is contained no less than fourteen out-and-out falsehoods. That is, an average of one falsehood for every fifteen words.

1. Medium waves a hand.
2. She mutters over incantations.
3. Stirs up poison.
4. Stamps with her feet.
5. Cries out to the realm of the dead.
6. There is freezing horror.
7. Floor of the tenement opens.
8. Gray hairs, etc., come up.
9. Sepulchral robes appear.
10. All catch their breath and shiver with terror.
11. Saul is frightened but tries to control himself.
12. Says, "Come with me to the sepulchre."
13. Floor again opens.
14. Finally floor closes.

Now turn and read the plain Bible history of this and you will thus learn how much we owe to Mr. T. for his *adventu*. I know the reader must regret with me that Mr. Talmage could not have written the Bible. Here is the plain dry story put in by the Bible makers: "Then said the woman, whom shall I bring to thee?" And he said, bring me up Samuel. And when the woman saw Samuel she cried with a loud voice, and she spake to Saul, saying, why hast thou deceived me for thou art Saul?"—I. Sam. xxviii: 11-12.

Truly the comparison of the Bible story with the one told by this Doctor of Divinity enables one to appreciate what a great thing it is to have an imagination.

We are next informed that "we are surrounded by mystery," that there is a vast realm unexplored; and the hope is expressed that "science will yet map it out."

Yes, there are many mysteries, especially to those who try to make every fact and every phenomenon fit into Calvinistic Presbyterianism. Every Bible student will remember Jesus' faithful warning about putting new wine into old bottles. Doctor, I assure you that it cannot be satisfactorily accomplished.

This remark about "mysteries" was made because the Doctor could offer no explanation of this case of Saul, Samuel and the woman of Endor, without admitting the spiritualistic explanation. It will be observed that the Doctor has offered no explanation of the phenomena which are here said to have occurred. Now let the Doctor say what he pleases about "incantations," "stampings with the feet," and "caldrons of poisonous herbs," the facts of the phenomena which there occurred remain, and all his rhetorical talk has failed to remove them either from the Bible or from the minds of his hearers or readers. Now how can these things be explained? Why, "they are mysteries," which science may bye-and-bye explain.

Why, bless you, Doctor, this is self-explanatory; Samuel, who had been Saul's medium, was invited and came to that séance; and, after being identified by his mantle and otherwise, he proceeded to renew his last quarrel with the king. He began where he left off on that occasion. Be it remembered that when Samuel left his torn old mantle in the king's possession he went away, and "saw Saul no more unto the day of his death." How natural that this mantle should appear as a reminder of that event; then how natural again that Samuel should say: "Why hast thou disturbed me, to bring me up." Scholars inform me that the word "here" would as truly represent the original as the word "up."

This is as much as to say, "Why do you think that I, who refused to see you during the last days of my earthly life, would give you consolation now?" He then gives the king a test: "Yahweh has departed from thee, as he spake by me."

This woman did not even know that this was the king, how did she know of a private *tele-a-tele* between the king and the prophet? Persons in humble private life do not usually get hold of secret conversations between kings and their immediate employees.

Again, thrice after this we read, "and Samuel said unto Saul," and, as often, "Saul said unto Samuel." After this the séance closes with, "And Saul was sore afraid because of the words of Samuel."

Now I ask did Samuel utter words, or did he not? If Samuel and Saul did speak together, then the dead can return and talk to the living; if they did not, then the Bible falsifies. Let Bro. Talmage take a position on this. In one case Spiritualism is true; in the other the Bible is false. Friend Talmage, please choose the horn of this dilemma on which you prefer to be suspended! Truly, Doctor, "that was an awful séance." It is more "awful" for the minister who furnishes the embellishments to the history than it was for King Saul. What a *petitio principii* it is for you, instead of attempting an explanation to say, "We are surrounded by mystery."

[To be continued.]

What Is Life's Object?

BY BERTHA J. FRENCH.

This earth was once a revolving sea of fire. Yet in the molten mass was the germ prophetic of man. Infinitely long ages glide away, evolution, involution and time—a trine strong, work with patient hands, until, through space, there sweeps a solid sphere, all gemmed with liquid mirrors.

Seven long ages dawn and die into the abyss of time. Granite, quartz and feldspar make a cradle for the unconscious sleeping man. In age of carbon, his spirit sings in forest, palm and pine. In the animal, his spirit dreams, unconscious of its dreams.

Onward evolution slowly creeps. The animal becomes erect. The dream merges into conscious thought. He looks around at the rocks, trees and sky. He thinks this is I. For him, life's object begins and ends in self; the body's wants and needs, its savage passions and desires. But the refining hand of time—tireless as the ocean's ebb and flow—tames and moulds, and through suffering the tyrant wish becomes subject to the reign of reason.

And now in the o'erbending sky, flame great rosy petals. A new century is about to bloom in the garden of time. Before it gates a pilgrim stands, wrapped in the mantle of thought. He muses: "What is life's object?" Is it to meet that city of happiness, pestling 'mid sunny slopes, in the far-away land of bye-and-bye? About the pilgrim are multitudes striving to reach this bewitching city. Some take the path called Carnal joys or the stony path of Fame, but the road that is crowded most is the one that bears the signboard Gold.

As the pilgrims, worn and weary, are almost within the magic portals—like a mirage it disappears—it is but a city of dreams.

As before, there stretches about them, dark, unfathomable, insatiable, the mysterious ocean of life—its ever-restless waves breaking upon the shores of time. And in the majestic music of their ebb and flow the pilgrim hears these words: Happiness is not found by external paths. Within thine own spirit lies the priceless pearl. Man makes happiness the object of life. God decrees it shall be the result of every duty done. Happiness is the ultimate object for which man was born, but it can only be gained through unchanged law. By diverse experiences the spirit must receive grow ere it may unfold the flower of happiness.

Reflecting upon these words, onward travels the pilgrim, weary with the burden of life. He comes to an open grave. Beside it stands the angel Azrael. And with a voice sweet as the lilies on her breast, she speaks these words: This life is but a second in the throbbing pulse of time, compared with the vastness of Eternity! This little sand of time sparkling on the shore of an infinite sweep of ocean was given man in which to learn the first lessons in the art of life. To grow, endure, unfold, to fall and rise again, by experiences learn to overcome and in imprisoning walls of flesh to learn the worth of freedom. That dark and open space shall not receive thy spirit. Only the worn and wearying prison bars. From thy clay shall immortal elements spring and live in gold of grain, the violet's scented breath, and the emerald verdure, daisy strown, that drapes the skeleton form of winter.

From carnal chains the spirit leaps exultingly to be free. Light as chistle, in the soft arms of summer winds it soars from height to height, following the enticing form of happiness.

Azrael ceases speech, and upon the pilgrim's brow she lays her cool white hand. Life's maddening waves grow sweet and still. A loosening of external chains. In the darkness of an earthly night the star of morning shines. About him is a circling host of loving friends in robes of immortality. On wings of love and music his spirit is upward borne to life, life immortal. Upon the pilgrim's silent lips rests the smile of perfect peace. He has learned life's object.—From the *Philosophical Journal*.

Williamantic, Conn.

A Card from Prof. Hodgson.

Dear Mr. Barrett:

I am rather surprised at the article which you have quoted from a New York paper in the last issue of the BANNER OF LIGHT, when you might have easily ascertained by a note to myself how much truth there was in the statement. There is no truth whatever in the assertion that Mrs. Piper's trances are to be open for any persons that choose to apply to her. Outsiders generally indeed are excluded, but this is by the arrangement of the trance personalities themselves, under the special supervision of the intelligence known as "Imperator." See section 7 of my report in Part XXXIII, Proc. S. P. R.

Yours sincerely,

R. HODGSON.

[We deeply regret the publication of the erroneous report in question, and assure Prof. Hodgson and Mrs. Piper that we had no intention of doing them any injustice, nor of misrepresenting the facts in the case. The clipping in question was forwarded to us by parties in whom we had confidence, hence deemed the report authentic. We take great pleasure in rectifying the mistake by the publication of the above.—Ed.]

FIREFLIES.

The fireflies, as they toss upon the night,
Diffuse their golden argosies of light;
And are we less than they, and dark-souled, then,
To shed no light upon our fellow men?—Arthur Griscom.

Somewhere there waiteth in this world of ours,
For one lone soul another lonely soul,
Each chasing each through all the lonely hours,
And meeting strangely at one sudden goal,
Then blend they like green leaves with golden flowers,
Into one beautiful and perfect whole;
And life's long night is ended, and the way
Lies open onward to eternal day. —Edwin Arnold.

Glenwood Ranges

Make Cooking Easy.

The Glenwood agent has them.

A Plea for True Spiritualism.

It is scarcely permissible to question either the correctness or wisdom of Mrs. Livermore's statement, "I am a Spiritualist, but I do not call myself one," yet it is impossible to refrain from a little quiet amusement when we read the words as coming both from her pen and that of Mr. Savage.

In the last number of the *Coming Age*, however, a quotation is made from Mrs. Livermore, which should call forth a protest from every true Spiritualist. When she says, "It seems as though when one professes this belief he or she immediately becomes inspired with a desire for somebody's husband or wife," she makes a statement which touches the honor of our religion, and merits a reply.

That it was, in a measure, true in the earlier days of Spiritualism in this country, I will not attempt to deny, but I cannot believe that it correctly represents the state of affairs to day. Those were the days of *pure Spiritualism*, and but little was understood of what to-day constitutes the real religion of Spiritualism. Mrs. Livermore is herself a woman of highest culture, refinement and purity. Can she not believe that there are thousands of others just as refined, just as pure as herself, who, although not possessing her widespread reputation for intellectual attainments, have yet been led to recognize the truth and beauty of our faith, and have also had the courage to acknowledge it?

When a person says to me "Spiritualism is not a religion," I say, "I beg your pardon, but you know nothing about Spiritualism," while my heart cries out in protest against the assertion. To me there is no religion so beautiful, so exalted, so pure in all its details, as true Spiritualism. How can it be otherwise when the principles which form the foundation of our philosophy are brought to us by those who are indisputably both wiser and better than we?

It seems to me that the time has come for us to abandon our custom of avoiding all discussions with those who hold erroneous ideas in regard to our faith. Even at the risk of having our most sacred feelings outraged, we should consider it a duty to show the world what true Spiritualism is; that it means not freedom from moral responsibility—not liberty in the sense of license, but above everything else, it means progress and purity, both public and individual. There can be no question that heretofore, as a general rule, Spiritualists who are not before the public as such, have shrunk from speaking of these things to unbelievers. In my opinion, nothing will go further toward changing the attitude of the general public toward our moral status, than for such women as Mrs. Livermore and Lillian Whiting to say "I am a Spiritualist." Let us hope that their inspired pens may yet demonstrate to all, the beauty and elevating influence of true Spiritualism, as it has never before been demonstrated. We cannot claim that we are all saints, but at least let us show that we desire, by our constant aspirations, to be brought every day and every hour nearer to the Perfect Life.

ADELLA WILLIAMS WRIGHT.

Meadville, Pa.

That Explanation.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In editing my article on the Veteran Spiritualists' Union Anniversary Celebration, published in THE BANNER OF LIGHT the 10th inst., you, in dropping certain words, change the meaning to such an extent that I must ask to have a correction made.

The third paragraph, as published, reads as follows: "In carrying on a spiritualistic celebration worthy of our cause, it is necessary to have speakers, mediums, music and money." This sentence should read as follows: "In carrying on a spiritualistic celebration to honor our Cause and raise money, it is necessary to have speakers, mediums, music, and some one to make an appeal for funds."

The sixth paragraph as published reads as follows: "Some of our hypercritical friends, more critical than wise or honest, have stated and reiterated the statement, that one medium was paid one hundred dollars for services last year." It should read: "... was paid for anniversary services last year."

Please make the correction, and oblige Yours truly, F. D. EDWARDS.

Note from G. B. Stebbins.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A written sheet came from Lansing to you for THE BANNER, to me also, a report of resolves of midwinter State Spiritualist Convention, highly commending my work in that and other reforms. I never dreamed of its existence or intent before seeing it. I could not so write of myself, but "what is writ is writ," and readers can moderate some statements which I love and prize, although, after the fashion of many friends, they are a little blind to my faults.

I have tried to do some good things well. Surely they aim to do well by me. So I thank them and prize them. We all know we are human, not perfect. I am sure their unsought good-will is real and precious.

Detroit, March 2, 1900. G. B. STEBBINS.

HUNDREDS OF EMBROIDERY MACHINES to be given away FREE. For full particulars address W. H. BATES & Co., 429 Century Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. Mar. 17.

Fox Fund.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Thanks to those who quickly responded to the call for the Fox Fund as published in the BANNER OF LIGHT, Feb. 24. Total received, \$30.20. I am in hopes Spiritualists will send their mite and assist in the worthy object.

Yours Fraternally, TRUS MERRITT.

Mills Hotel, Bleeker St., New York City.

B.I.F.A.N.S. Ten for five cents at drugists. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. No matter what's the matter one will do you good! 22w Mar 18

New Camp.

Pursuant to a call by Dr. N. yes, a number of Spiritualists met at 77 North Front street, Columbus, Ohio, March 7, 1900. It was moved by Dr. Noyes, that an Association be organized for the purpose of perpetuating a Spiritual Camp at Columbus, Ohio. Accordingly, an organization was completed to be known as the Columbus, Ohio, Liberal Spiritual Camp Association, and the following officers were elected: A. W. Dennis, President; Dr. W. D. Noyes, Secretary; Cora B. Noyes, Treasurer. The Association has secured a beautiful grove of twenty five acres in the suburbs of Columbus, reached by electric car lines from the depot and all parts of the city. It wishes to engage lecturers and test mediums. Those having open dates for July and August please write. Camp opens Sunday, July 1, and closes Aug. 31. Address all correspondence to Dr. W. D. Noyes, Secretary, 77 North Front street, Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. Dr. Wright.

We regret to learn that Dr. Mary J. Wright, of New Haven, Conn., so well known as a successful clairvoyant physician, has been critically ill with pneumonia, and will be wholly unable to answer any correspondence for two or three weeks. Her only brother died with this trouble last week, and as soon as Dr. Wright recovers sufficiently she will be compelled to go South for a while.

She desires to thank most kindly the several spiritual journals as well as the New York papers that have recently spoken of her work. Her correspondents will considerably appreciate her temporary silence.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter will be the principal speaker for the First Association of Spiritualists, Cleveland, O., on the occasion of the coming anniversary celebration, and will remain and serve the association through the month of April. He will speak in Geneva, O., April 3, 4, 5 and is awaiting Elyna, Oberlin, Defiance, Andover, etc., they having written him to decide as to proffered dates. He is open for engagements, week evenings, in both April and May, in that section of the country; but had rather, if possible, that all dates and plans be fixed before he leaves Boston for the West on Friday evening, March 30, he going directly from the Ladies Aid platform, after speaking to the train which places him in Cleveland, O., at noon of March 31, ready for action.

This Will Interest You!

The Publishers of the BANNER OF LIGHT are determined to at least double their circulation within the next few months, and ask the co-operation of their present subscribers to assist them in accomplishing this result.

We propose to make it an object for every one of them to add one or more names to our list. We will give absolutely free to any subscriber who is now receiving the BANNER, books or pamphlets of our own selection to the amount of 50 cents for each new three months' subscription which he or she will send us, accompanied by 50 cents, the regular subscription price for three months.

This offer is not made as a premium to new subscribers, but as an inducement to our present subscribers to secure additions to our list.

As soon as new subscribers commence to receive the BANNER, they can immediately proceed to secure additional subscribers, which will entitle them to the benefits above offered.

Our friends will thus be enabled to secure absolutely free a variety of progressive literature for their own reading and for missionary work.

As this offer will be made only for a limited time, prompt action will be necessary in order to secure the benefits offered.

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, H. L. Allen; selection, L. J. Blinn; song, Mrs. J. T. Pearl; address, F. A. Wiggin; selection, Schubert Quartet; tests, Mrs. Effie J. Webster; benediction. Afternoon: Music, Geo. E. Schaller; remarks, J. S. Mansergh; selection, Schubert Quartet; address, Dr. W. W. Hicks; poem, Mrs. Carrie P. Pratt; selection, Schubert Quartet; reiteration, 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, C. L. C. Hatch; ballad readings, Mr. F. A. Wiggin; piano, A. Edelweis, Platon Brunoff—B. The Man Behind the Gun, Sousa—Mr. Fred Watson; reading, Miss Lucette Webster; violin solo, Mr. 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' Spiritualistic 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 Graham; Mesdames Byrnes, Whitlock, Hand, Sanger, Burnham, Soper and others; readers, Mrs. O. Smith, Miss B. M. Packard and Miss Appleby; piano soloists, Messrs. Robbins and Griddle. Supper will be served in Dwight Hall from 5:30 to 7. Marion G. Packard, Rec. Sec'y.

Mr. F. A. Wiggin will be with the Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists this week, March 22, in Cambridge (Lower) Hall, 631 Massachusetts avenue. Supper at 6:30 P.M.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Mrs. Hannah Baker, of Danvers, served the Spiritualists of Salem, Sunday, March 18. Mrs. West followed with messages.

A Card.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I am very sorry to inform you that our friend and pastor, Mrs. A. M. Klein, of Van Wert, O., met with a serious accident on Feb. 21, from which she has been confined to her bed since that date, and in all probability it will be some time yet before she will be able to be about again.

With compliments and best wishes for yourself and work, I am yours very truly, ORA C. ROSE, 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. Mattie C. Hason, 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. Lorine, Mr. J. Frank Baxter, Mr. Edgar Emerson, Mr. Ghas. Sullivan, Mrs. M. J. Butler, Mrs. Mary Weston, Miss Lucette Webster, Mr. Thos P. Beals, Mr. J. B. Hatch Sr., Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. Caird, Mrs. Sadie Hand, Mrs. Kenyon, Mrs. E. I. Webster, Mrs. Annie F. Cunninham, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant-Henderson and others. CARRIE L. HATCH, Sec'y.

Notice.

A special meeting of the Boston Spiritual Temple will be held in Berkeley Hall Annex Tuesday, March 27, at 7:30, to consider the matter of changing the time of the Annual Meeting from the first Tuesday in June to Tuesday following the third Sunday in May. E. L. ALLEN, Pres.

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

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

Henry H. Warner, lecturer and medium, addressed the First Spiritual Church of Progression, Newark, N. J., Sunday evening, March 18. He can be addressed for engagements in Ohio and the West at 305 North Front street, Columbus, Ohio, care Light of Truth, during March and April.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter will give the Anniversary addresses at the celebration of the advent of Modern Spiritualism for the First Spiritualists' Association of Portland, Me., on Sunday, March 25. His subjects will be "The Victories of Modern Spiritualism" and "Spiritualism a Permanence."

Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham was in Lowell, March 11, in Fitchburg, March 18, and in Lowell, March 28. Would be pleased to make engagements for societies as a test medium, also camp meetings; will speak in Brooklyn, N. Y., May 20. Address 92 Whitfield street, Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. S. E. Hall, test medium, would like to make engagements with societies for Sundays of April and May, and circles for week-day evenings. Address 12 Burrell street.

Southern Development.

Parties seeking investments, pleasure or health, should turn their eyes toward the South. Virginia offers fine inducements for capital, brain and muscle. Parties interested in the development of Virginia's resources, or desiring to enter for business, or to farm in this State, would do well to correspond with PAUL SCHERER, Agent. Lands and timberland, N. & W. Ry., Roanoke, Va. W. B. BEVILL, G. P. A., N. & W. Ry., Roanoke, Va. Mar. 17.

FLORIDA! For Home-seekers and Investors, is described in a handsome illustrated book which you can obtain by mailing a two-cent stamp to J. B. FOSS, 11 Wabeno street, Roxbury, Mass. Jan. 4.

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Dear Doctor Peebles—I am in better health than I have been in five years. Last month visited my mother in Iowa. She was greatly rejoiced to see me well, for she never expected to see me alive again. For five years I traveled, and doctored with the very best physicians; finally I gave up in despair and went home to my sisters, as I thought to die. I wrote you for a diagnosis of my case, which I found marvelously correct. It was so accurate I decided you had more than ordinary powers, so placed my case in your hands. I can never express my thanks for what you have done for me. MRS. L. A. HUMBEL.

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

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

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THE ATTITUDE OF SCIENTIFIC MEN TOWARD THE SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA. An address delivered before the National Spiritualists' Association, during the Third Convention in Washington, D. C., Thursday Evening, Oct. 17, 1896, by GEORGE A. PAMPHLET, pp. 21, price 3 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

SPIRIT Message Department.

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

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

These Circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Séance held March 1, 1900, S. E. 52.
Invocation.

Oh, Infinite Power, Infinite Truth and Goodness! we are bewildered as we survey life and are in search of some staff that shall help us onward in our path. But there are moments when the soul understands, even though dimly, something of the vastness of thy power, and today we stand in the revealing light of thy mighty Truth and ask that we may be strengthened while we bask in its influence. We look not back into the past with regretful tears, nor yet forward into the future with too much of hope, but we would that the duty of the hour, the beauty of it, the fulness of it, might be understood by us, and thus be led step by step onward to the eternal heights where thou dost reign supreme. Amen!

MESSAGES.

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

Sarah Freeman.

Here comes one who gives the name of Sarah Freeman. She is just an ordinary woman she tells me, in every way. She hardly likes to be talked about, but I must give some description of her. She is a little below medium height, slight, and looks like a bundle of nerves. If there is anything to do she hurries as fast as she can to do it. She likes to dress up pretty well, has a stylish little bonnet on now with strings and an aigrette. She has not been gone very long. She wears glasses but they make her look kind of jaunty. She has a nice way of walking around and seeing if there is anything she can do. She says: "My sister Julia would like to know something of this; she is just investigating. I suppose the world is full of those who are investigating, just to see if there is anything in it." She is one of those. I thought if I could send her word perhaps it would help her to go deeper, for I am convinced that no one ever struggles to get to the bottom of this that they do not find a good deal to build their temple on. It is like driving piles for a good solid foundation. You may have to drive a good many and may have to go through some sand and mud, but you have a foundation after all."

Sydney Robinson.

A rather tall young man comes; he has dark eyes, dark hair and dark mustache, and a clear, dark complexion. He is very thin, and seems quite nervous and exhausted as he stands here. He puts his hand to his head frequently as if to recall as much as he can of his past conditions, in order to make his meaning clear. He says: "Well, I am able perfectly to remember everything when I am apart from here; but when I come there is a certain sense of pressure on me that makes it almost impossible to speak as plainly as I would like. I had heard spirits tell of it, but I did not realize it until I came to speak. My name is Sydney Robinson. I want very much to reach my mother. Her name is Frances Robinson, and she lives in Montana. Frequently I have been home since I passed away, and have tried to say something that might reach her ears. She is quite an old lady and is quite dependent on her glasses. Sometimes I will see her looking right at me, and she puts her hand up to her glasses and wipes them because she partially sees and is not quite sure whether she does or not. When I see her looking at me, I just smile back at her and it gives me a queer little shiver to think she does not respond. It seems so unnatural to be smiling at her and get such a vacant stare in return. Have you ever looked at any one and thought he was looking directly at you, and made a bow of recognition to which you received no response? You have a curious feeling of humiliation and wonder what he was looking at. That is the way I feel when I look into my dear old mother's eyes and find there is no response from her, and I realize I have failed. I have brought Aunt Sarah with me. She is a good deal smarter and quicker than my mother—stronger. Her name was Sarah Marston. She says: to tell my mother that she (Sarah) and her husband are together as happy as two children, as they always lived in earth life." They lived in a small town. I hear something that sounds like Lisbon.

Callie Grover.

A very big woman comes toward me. She looks comfortable and easy as though she made herself at home wherever she went, and wanted everybody to feel just as much at home as she was. She has blue eyes and soft gray hair, rather a low forehead and wears glasses. She has good fresh color for a woman of her age, rather a large nose and mouth. As she steps up to me I know she is a woman with strong characteristics. She says: "I am none of your Western women. I came from Maine and I feel as strong and rugged as the land is from which I came. I was no Spiritualist either. I knew a little of it as everybody does through hearsay, but I didn't feel there was much sense in rappings and noises that no one could quite understand whether they were raps or boards creaking; so I just waited until I came over here, saying to myself I guessed I would take my chances and wait until I got to the other side. My name is Callie Grover. I had a husband of course and we were happy as married people go. He is with me now, and we came together to-day as I send a message back to my sister. Her name is Mary Trout. I want this to go to her because she is in the same condition that I was when I passed away. She helped to take care of me and was so glad to do

all she could for me, and yet was sorry to see me go. She is not very well now, and I thought if I could come and give her a little message, perhaps it would help her. She lives in Bradford, Me." She doesn't seem to want to go, but turns and looks at the people in the circle and says: "I must say a little word to you. You seem so kind hearted and well disposed, and I just want to tell you that I thank you more than I can say for this opportunity."

Edwin Salisbury.

Here is a man from Troy, N. Y. He says: "I am not the first one from Troy, but I thought that as some of my friends had come, perhaps I might be able to get a word in too. I want to say, if you please, that my name is Edwin Salisbury. They called me Ed." He is very light, has a round face, a few freckles, and light hair of the sandy order, and blue eyes. He says: "Well, well, who would have thought that a poor unfortunate as I was would have the same opportunity to get back as some of those who have had better conditions around them? By unfortunate I do not mean in the sense that I was an outcast, but rather that everything I undertook to do seemed to be a failure until sometimes I grew discouraged, and thought it was not much use for me to attempt to make a business man of myself; and to you know since I have come over to the spirit I have found that men and women are divided off into classes, and that some are good for business, and some are not. Some are good for scholars, and some are good for one kind of work, and some for another. I verily believe that the most of the mistakes made in the world are made because men and women do not understand just what they are adapted for. If I were back again, I would just see what I was fitted for regardless of my tastes, and then I would create a taste to go on with my fitting. I had a brother Arthur. He is more fortunate than I. He never could understand how I made such horrible failures of things because he stuck right to things and finished them up. He is still alive, and I would like to get to him, and tell him that I am happier than I used to be, and that I have found Emma. He will know who she is."

Mabel Webber.

This one is a girl eighteen or twenty years old. She is very pretty, has blue eyes and brown hair, and the hair is pushed back plain, not awfully slick and smooth, but brushed carelessly over her forehead. She has a pretty forehead, small hands, and is one of those lady-like looking creatures. As she looks at me in a kindly way she says: "May I come? I do so want to get to my mother and send word to her. My name is Mabel Webber. I came from California. I have seen my father traveling about and know how unhappy he is. He has sometimes longed for me, and I—well, I have tried to be content with things as they are, though there have been many things that have troubled me very much. My mother is not very well, and I would like to get to her. She is living in the East, and she, I am sure, will hear of this, because some of her friends are Spiritualists. I think perhaps this will be as near as I can get to her, but I do so want to let her know that I am looking forward to her coming to me. I do not want her just yet, because I am not quite ready, but sometime she and I will live together just as sweetly and as happily as we used to. Tell her not to mind about papa, that Aunt Mary is doing all she can so far as I can see."

Clara Hovey.

Now comes a woman about thirty-five years old. She is very dark—dark eyes, dark hair, dark skin, and is a strong-tempered woman. She says: "I am a Baltimorean. I cannot hurry. I never could unless I felt in the mood. I want to get back to my little boy. He needs me. It seems sometimes when I stand in the spirit and look out at him, as though I must break through somewhere and get to him. He has my disposition. My name is Clara Hovey. My boy's name is Charlie Hovey. The father can take care of himself; it does not make so much difference about him; but the boy needs my care. Money cannot compensate him for the loss of my influence. I have not come here thinking that I could reach my own particularly, but rather to gain an independent force and strength that I might operate, if I could, at the home, and perhaps weave an influence about my Charlie that could help him. He is still in school and so ambitious to get through, but does not seem to mind how he gets through, so long as it is done."

Miss Jane Sargent.

This woman is sweet, bright, quick, and a nice little home body. When she walks in you love her right away. She is not pretty, but very stylish. The love element is so strong in her that you feel affection going out to her at once. She says: "Without any further preliminaries please say that Miss Jane Sargent, sometimes called Jennie, is here, that I was quite a home-keeper, and that when my mother passed away it seemed to me I could never go on again living as I did in the old fashioned way. I went to live with my brother, and it was then that I was never myself again. I tried to be because everybody was good to me, but I could not, and at last I found myself in the spirit, and I can say that it was with joy that I looked and saw my mother standing by me. My father had gone some years before, and he had grown so strong in the spirit that he knew how to adjust everything for me. My brother's family lives in Amesbury. His name is Frank Sargent. I think he will be quite glad to get some word from me. Tell him, please, I have found Mary over here, and that she was so glad to see me, and come with me to him, and we want to help him just as much as we can, not alone about the business, but about anything that comes in our way."

Joe Hall.

Here is a spirit from Reading, Pa. He is a short, stout, bald-headed man; he has black eyes, and whiskers all around his face. He says what he could not have on his head, he had on his face. He is very funny and jolly. He says: "My name? Oh yes, I can give you that; it is Joe Hall. I had n't any particular religion that I was interested in, but used to go and hear anybody who preached a good sermon. I did not see any sense in doing anything else. I never thought I would like to be tied to any one, not to be able to see what was going on anywhere else; could not see any growth in that. I believed in taking down all the fences and letting everybody have all they wanted in all the places. I had more controversies with the ministers in my city than I could carry out. It got to be quite a business with me, and while I had n't anything to give them in place of what I was taking away, I

held my own pretty well. I would like to get to my wife. She is one of those jolly, good-natured people that never had any quarrels; she let every one do as he pleased. She was awfully particular about the house—never could let me go in with my muddy boots on; wanted everything fixed just right; and I got used to that after awhile, so I took care of things myself. The children passed away before I did—a boy and a girl. My wife's name is Rebecca, and she will hail with delight this word from me."

Frank Drew.

Frank Drew is the next one to speak for himself. Oh! I am so sick through my lungs. It seems as though I could not speak. He gives me so much pain. Both his hands are up over his lungs and he says: "I passed away in the most dreadful agony, because I wanted to breathe so and I could not. I died with pneumonia." When I look at him I see he is a young man about eighteen or twenty, perhaps a little older than that. He has blue eyes, brown hair and light mustache. "I was a Boston boy. Ever since I went away I have been anxious to get back, and to-day I find myself here speaking a word. My mother has come over since I have and she wanted me to see if I could get an entrance for her and myself. My father is alive; he is a hard working man. Every day he goes to the shop, and sometimes when mother and I see him, we wish we might make his last days easier. It is not very easy though. His name is Harrison Drew. I have a little sister with me. She is grown up now. Excuse me for not being a little plainer, but it is the best I can do this time."

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Some of our readers may remember that in Letter Ninety-nine allusion was made to a very interesting family here in Arlington concerning a telepathic experience that came to a son in New York regarding the fall of a brother from his bicycle between here and Newark. In conversation with their father about it, he admitted the fact of telepathy, and avowed enough interest in Spiritualism to read one of my books on communication between incarnate and ex-carnate spirits.

Later I presented this great-minded and noble-hearted man with a copy of my book entitled "The Bridge Between Two Worlds," and as we met from time to time he told me of his interest in reading it, and how he was impressed by certain conclusions therein. This was last November, and little did we suppose that in so short a time as the present month Mr. Scrimshaw would himself pass over the Bridge to dwell in the home beyond! This being the case, it is to me a source of inexhaustible satisfaction that reading this book aided him somewhat, in connection with much that must have come under his notice, in both England and America, to understand more clearly the relation between the worlds, and to use with more facility the natural means for bridging the chasm between the living and the so-called dead.

In return for my book he gave me his able work of two hundred and seventy-three pages entitled "The Dogs and the Fleas." Its name bespeaks its satirical character, and its satire is made the means of conveying to the mind of the reader a clear and comprehensive presentation of the arguments in favor of a coöperative commonwealth. The dogs have allowed the tiny but pestiferous and domineering fleas to get the mastery over them in the same way that the mass of mankind in the most civilized countries are under the sway of multi-millionaires and their tools. It gives a succinct review of American history from the War of Independence down to our own time; and the arguments are so clear, and the delineation of events so masterly, that many distinguished men have been led by its perusal to espouse the teachings of Socialism as opposed to the rule-ship of a plutocracy.

Alluding again to the telepathic experience in Mr. Scrimshaw's household, described in Letter Ninety-nine, one of his friends who read the BANNER OF LIGHT recognized the family by the description, and at once wrote to inquire what it was that had happened to Fred.

My friends may remember that I was very lonely after coming to Arlington in the autumn of 1897. The partial blindness under which I then labored kept me secluded, and my immediate neighbors being Swedes or Roman Catholics, I could find no real companionship. I do not blame the Swedes particularly, for on their part they cannot enjoy the society of Americans. The few persons that I met took small interest in literary lines, and as to Spiritualism, the knowledge that I accepted its claims was enough to stamp me as immoral, crazy, or idiotic. So I walked alone, and depended on letters and an occasional visit to Newark or New York to satisfy the demands of my social nature.

After awhile, I began to hear of the Scrimshaws, that the family was cultured and genial, and that its head was highly educated and a writer, though no one seemed to be able to tell me what he wrote about. I also learned that they were English. It now appears that they began to hear of me, but no circumstances brought us together until I went to the Socialist meeting here on the 12th of last September.

Even if I had had no interest in a coöperative commonwealth, I found among its members hearts and minds congenial with my own. But socialistic principles had long interested me, and Bellamy's beautiful idealism had made me long to see how it could begin to be practically effective in our own day and generation. So I came into the Club to learn what I could, and found especial pleasure in the teachings of Mr. Scrimshaw, for his capacious intellect, his penetrating insight, his hatred of every sort of sham and deceit, his heart overflowing with every form of humanity, his purity of character, and his reverence for whatever is God-like in even the lowest of human beings, made him a man fitted to teach, not by precept alone, but by example. We may well say as did Hamlet of the dead king:

"He was a man, take him for all in all;
We shall not look upon his like again."

Leonard D. Abbott has pointed out that the newspapers who devote columns to the subject when a multi-millionaire dies, give only as many lines when an unselfish reformer like him is called to the world beyond. But in time to come, the scales will fall from human eyes, and the relative greatness of such men will appear in its true proportions. The desire to present his character and his aims with justice, and also to express my sense of personal loss in the transition of a true friend,

leads me to take him as the subject of the present letter.

Mr. Frederic Scrimshaw was of English birth and parentage, and came to live in America only seventeen years ago. He was born in 1844 of refined and intelligent parents who died when he was yet a little child. He had no brothers nor sisters. He was self-educated in the truest sense and made the best possible use of all his advantages. Mr. Scrimshaw married an English lady, and all his children were born in England, except the youngest, his pet, whose tender heart well nigh broke because her papa has gone from her. In fidelity to his socialistic principles he bred all his children to work, and the four oldest, a daughter and three sons, are all self-supporting, and coöperate unselfishly toward the well-being of the family.

Mr. Scrimshaw in England worked in behalf of all social reforms, and awakened much opposition by his trenchant and masculine arguments against the crime of compulsory vaccination. He came to this country in 1883 in order to work in a more untrammelled manner than he was then able to work in the mother country. But those who have revisited their former haunts in England of twenty-five years ago, have found that the spirit of progress has made marvelous strides.

Mr. Scrimshaw had all the English practices that build up and sustain a strong physique. He was also a total abstainer from spirituous liquors, and was a vegetarian for a number of years. His transition at the age of only fifty-five was due to overwork, and this overwork was owing to his intense anxiety to conquer the woes of a suffering humanity, and to further ways and means for social amelioration. We all knew that he was working too hard, and yet we never thought that he would die. The condition of death seemed totally foreign to the nature of Frederic Scrimshaw; and, thanks to the soul of all things, it is not he that is dead: it is only his body.

Latterly he was associate editor of *The People*, the paper for which he had written constantly for a number of years. He sent me many articles, and it is a pleasure to me to remember that the last cutting he mailed me was an analysis of the automatic writing through Mr. Stead. One of his noblest articles in *The People* was on "The Bi-ethical Standard of Conduct." It shows that in the present social status the standard of morality for corporations is quite another thing than for man as a unit. I have the whole of this article carefully pasted for me into book form by his thoughtful hands. After my painful fall Jan. 17, he seized time to come to see me on his way to the train, and cheered me with his intelligent and encouraging sympathy. I am proud to number him among my true friends, and, Spiritualist though I be, I must miss him here.

He was in bed only two weeks. He suffered much, especially in his head. His family bestowed on him all the devoted care which impassioned love, illumined by intelligence, can possibly give. Nine hours before he ceased to breathe I saw him once more. He was unconscious, for the merciful morphine had deadened his pain. All that night two devoted Socialist comrades and near neighbors shared the vigils of the courageous and sustaining wife and loving children. They went with him close to the very borderland, and there he was received by his parents and by the beloved daughter who left the earth-plane seven years ago. One of the gentlemen present said that in the two hours between his ceasing to breathe and the dawning of the day, he learned more of Mr. Scrimshaw, as the family sought to tell what he had been to them, than he had ever known before. All respected him, many loved him; but those in the bosom of his family, who knew him best, regarded him with an impassioned affection that bordered on idolatry.

At an evening service the only speaker was his close friend for ten years, George W. Hopping of Orange, N. J., an earnest and advanced Spiritualist. It seemed ideal indeed that an intimate friend rather than a perfunctory clergyman should give the delineation of his character, and offer his congratulations to the sorrowing wife and the bereaved children for such a legacy and such a memory. He pointed out that our friend had passed to an arena of even greater activity for the race than he could engage in here.

At the morning service, the clergyman of the occasion was the Presbyterian pastor in town. Admitting the fact that our friend belonged to no church, and inveighed sharply against many church practices, he did noble justice to his grand qualities, and said that in his opinion Mr. Scrimshaw was a true prophet, and labored manfully for that which is to be.

The other principal speaker was Peter Burrows of Brooklyn, a socialist leader of high standing and rare dignity of character. He had known Mr. Scrimshaw for many years. A large-brained man, with a judicial turn of mind combined with a feeling heart, and knowing our decarnate friend, he made a simple and concise statement of his character, which was so true that it bordered on eulogy. He called him an apostle and a martyr of the cause for which he wore himself out.

Among others I too had a little word to say. Alluding to the touching fact that he had told his dear surviving daughter during his illness that he was tired and wanted to go, I said that it was only his body that was tired, that his soul could never become weary, and that he would now labor more strenuously than ever in the glad, free life of the spirit.

It was a touching scene when Mr. Matchett, an old friend and comrade, laid his hand on the coffin's edge, and struggled to repress the tears that hampered his utterance. He alluded to happy hours he had passed in this ideal home, and said a sad good-by to his friend.

But nothing said or done appealed so forcibly to me as what was said by the sad hearted and heroic wife. A friend, Mr. R. J. Victor, co-founder with Mr. Scrimshaw of the Arlington Social Science Club, and now destined in all probability to carry its leadership, since the transition of our friend to the higher life, wrote down the words as they fell from her lips, and read them to those assembled around the dead form. Her words were to this effect:

"After we have laid aside this late friend, and she returns to her home, her Fred will come again, and she will see him in a thousand instances as she goes about her daily duties. His life will be spread before her in one grand panorama. He will be like a playful child, hiding in every nook and corner. The consciousness of that personality will lighten her heart and lighten her duties. In the words of the poet she can say,

"The stranger at our fireside
Sees not the forms we see,

Hears not the sounds we hear,
To them it is a mystery,
To us 'tis visible and clear."

As I stood by that coffin, gazed at that grand head and peaceful features, and noted the patient, moveless hand, I repeated the words of Lowell:

"Farewell, good friend, good angel now. This hand
Soon, like thy own, shall lose its cunning too.
Soon shall this soul like thine bewildered stand,
Then leap to tread the free unfathomed blue."

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
ABBY A. JUDSON.
Arlington, N. J., March 9, 1900.

Thoughts and Reflections.

BY LUCY W. HOUGHTON.

To live, to do, to dare to be true to the highest within our own souls, always requires courage, but the reward is unspeakably glorious, and more beautiful still because "every victory achieved, every high success won, is not for the victor alone, but for all."

To realize truly and fully that every high aspiration, every unselfish thought and deed lifts all the world to a broader, better and nobler life, is better than gold or diamonds or riches of any kind, which no Shylock can demand, for it is wealth that is to last through all eternity. Are many of us really conscious to what extent our experiences and environments limit our thoughts and opinions?

Human beings have spent a great deal of time to propitiate a variety of gods, but were they not in reality merely trying to compromise with the shortcomings of their own natures? Have not the world's truest saviors (for it has had more than one) been those who, claiming no superiority, have moved steadily on, shedding far and wide the fragrant influence of a true life—an influence that refreshed and blessed everything within its reach? It would seem that "to do good" is the substance of all religion, and no one could object to a Declaration of Principles which says: Our religion is to do good by earnestly striving to do unto others as we would have others do unto us. That, though simplicity itself in wording, is yet all-important and all-inclusive, leaving all individuals to settle all minor points in their own minds according to their understanding.

If we could all carry that simple sentence with us day by day, not only in letter but in spirit and in deed, written mentally upon our foreheads in letters of gold, it would be a talisman to shield us from all harm, and would enable us to see that there are no real ills save those of selfishness, unkindness, hatred and revenge. The one thing needful for us all to do as Spiritualists is to make practical in daily life the beautiful thoughts which the angels of love and wisdom have so long showered upon us. Let us bring our thoughts down from the clouds, cease to look upon them as too lofty for this world, and make our heaven right here, instead of impatiently and wearily waiting for it in some vague future time. Nature never unfolds for us pure ideals to hide within ourselves, but supplies the possibilities for their attainment as soon as we are willing to reject all counterfeits and patiently labor for the good of all.

The Christ said the kingdom of heaven is within you. Mark, he says it, not going to be. So there is already many an individual with a spiritual comprehension, and a hunger for the kingdom of God, or God, who is anxious to weave the golden threads into outward conditions, to make homes brighter and purer, and filled with kindness and love. The field is large, and workers are needed with spiritual insight and wisdom to guide.

Upon reading A. K. Kimball's useful article in a late BANNER on "Spirits and Disease," we are forcibly reminded in that connection that there are many minds in the form equally unconscious of the trouble they are causing themselves and others by continuing in disease and needless ignorance, who need the same treatment. We know from experience that it is not always pleasant to be made conscious of our defects, either physically, mentally or morally, but it is extremely profitable when revealed to us with a sincere desire for greater wisdom and purity of life. We think it must be easier and better to grow out of suffering conditions while in a physical of our own than causing others to suffer through borrowing their organisms. As the evidence seems to teach that it is one of nature's inevitable laws that after we leave the form, if we come near a sensitive one, for a time at least, must impress him with some of the same conditions of disease, as well as the moral and mental powers which we possessed. This being the case could there be a stronger plea for physical purity and freedom from disease right here and now? So we see that at present phenomena in Spiritualism are needful in more ways than one. Just so long as minds in darkness and disease continue to enter the spirit realms, will not meddlesome persons have to suffer as redeemers for them? It is not now so much a question with Spiritualists as to the existence of the phenomena, as it is how they can be best understood, and applied to the highest usefulness.

We find that Spiritualists often regard the spirit realm as separate from this one, and too lofty and good to be blended with ours. But, if, as we know, intelligence, through ages of suffering, has lifted human minds to even a partial comprehension of their own spiritual attributes, then those now within the higher realms of life have been laborers, would they leave the work only partially completed when best qualified to be real helpers and teachers? Would that be the method of the true builder? I cannot think that giving greater wisdom and spirituality can make us selfishly lose our interest in the progress of intelligence, though I do think spiritual unfoldment may enable us to often place ourselves even while in these coarser forms in the attitude of spectators looking on in the play of life, with its various struggles of mind with matter, and thus gain life's higher lessons without the humbling regrets which outward experience often brings, and to assist us to this is the message of the truest teacher:

As the tiny pebbles we often find,
Shining through the clear waters rippling chime,
So diamonds of thought in the human mind
Shine up through the vistas of time.

Grow brighter ye diamonds of thought,
Gleam out with a sparkling ray
'Till the only diamonds which shall be sought
Will a beautiful thought portray.

This world is all beautiful if you have a mind to make it so. Suppress revenge and the bitter word; stop your growling; help others by truly making yourself indispensable to their welfare and happiness; culminate everything in building true and permanent ties with blended love and wisdom as centers.—*Morton Enterprise.*

The Loves of the Imorden.

Rosenvick was what the taste of Boone Imorden and his wife Lella had made it. The house had front and rear porches, and they were overrun with climbing roses. In the yard were George's Fourth, giant-of-battle, centifolia, moss, cabbage and other shrub roses, sweet or showy, of that long time ago. It was outlined by a hedge of the maiden's blue and stretches of blue grass and clover cattle-lands, and around all the Kentucky river threw a silver loop.

One day the new rose budded—long, slender, fragrant and a genuine rose-color. "The Lella," Boone named it.

"And it is always to say to you, 'Come live with me and be my love,'" said Lella, sweetly serious; and in her own mood Boone replied, "That I will, wife and rose."

The new plant could spare one slip, which was carefully removed and placed in a box of sand and loam for rooting. That night Mrs. Imorden was stricken with sporadic cholera, and next day died, looking at her bereft husband and gasping, "Not Le-etie." Her eyes never closed. They looked at him from the coffin when he placed on her bosom the rose which she had created.

They had been a loving and congenial couple, and they had loved the earth, especially that beautiful bit of it at Rosenvick. They had no children, and strangely, the birth of a rose satisfied their parental instincts.

After Lella's removal, Boone neglected his flowers for months, and their care fell to Solar and Hesper Lamp, a slave pair, his property. The exact year of mourning had scarcely passed, when the neighborhood was astounded to learn that there would be a new lady at Rosenvick, and there was a tremendous upsetting at the Imorden place the night of the bride's arrival.

It seemed that a great trunk was hurried over the stair rail, burst open, and emptied of plotures and blocks that rolled away. Mrs. Lella's portrait that had hung at the side of her husband's bed, leaped upon him, and his own that had hung beside it, was flung upon his bride. Even the cabins were shaken that night; and Aunt Phylasia, who, miked, benched, and de althy bush an' de wilde cherry tree, all-frazzly an' tuckered out like, when she went out wid de buckets.

The trunk, packed with Mrs. Imorden's treasures neatly boxed, and with a collection of family daguerotypes was found undisturbed in the upper hall where it had long set. Boone Imorden loved his new wife and Rosenvick, and stayed at home with them in the good old way, and the blacks told strange tales of "Miss Lella's hant," which seemed to love Rosenvick too.

Once, twice, Le-etie leaped upon her husband's breast and complained that a strange presence was pushing her from home, and that relief came only when she passed beyond the estate. Boone pooh-poohed. His wife ceased talking and grew unhappy and pallid, but Boone felt that he had married a fiend, and it was plain that he was changing physically and emotionally. The blacks whispered of "Miss Lella" as if she were on the place, and Rosenvick was known as a haunted house, its people as haunted people.

Mrs. Imorden had disappeared in the spring, and as spring approached for the second time since then, Boone fell ill. One morning Le-etie discovered a rare bird in the glass-room, and, thinking to cheer her husband, took it and laid it on his bosom, but he dashed it aside, rose, leaped after it, and stamped it with his bare feet as if trampling a demon that refused to die.

His wife fled from the room, thinking him mad. Solar Lamp, sent to his master, found him white, shaking, wet with clammy sweat, but could not induce him to return to bed. "I want to live, I want to live," he said to Solar, far older than he. "I love the wind that comes to Rosenvick, that comes to meet me when I have been gone; and the odors of the flowers—that comes too—and is nowhere else so sweet. Oh God! I am dissatisfied—if I were not so grateful for my home, for my life—for just light and breath—it might all be taken from me; but I am grateful, no man more than I!"

After this outburst he recovered himself. "Your mistress has called me. I have long tried not to hear. I have loved freedom, and this calling has made me a slave." Then an idea appealed to him, accused him, spoke out: "Is slavery always a bad thing, old man?" The slave was sorrow in some strange light of hope.

"Youse good, Mas Boone. I'd be a dog an' a liar to say you wuzent; but you've us ain't as assisted wid whah de good Mostah's set us as you is yourself."

Boone Imorden grew more and weary, his body ever heavier. He would never lie down again. He freed all the blacks, and they stayed with him and worshiped him till they took him out of the chair and laid him down dead. In the glass-room that day the Lella rose rioted in bloom. Solar despoiled it, and dropped its blossoms with tears and a wish on the dead man's bosom: "I hopes youse free ole Mos Boone."

Rosenvick is an abandoned house. It ruins day by day. The roses, and those of the house and hedge spread and hang and straggle. The Cardinal is king of the porches, and other birds who would be king war therein. The spider sits in the door. Far-passers see Boone and Lella his love, sitting on the bench under the wild cherry tree, and begin to know how they loved the earth and life, and the odor, and color, and beauty that was born into roses—and how they loved each other—in the old Kentucky home.

A. F. KALFUS SPERO. Berkeley, Cal., Feb. 1, 1900.

State Mass Meeting and Anniversary Celebration, Buffalo, N. Y.

The New York Association of Spiritualists, the First Spiritual Church, the Buffalo Spiritualist Church, and other Spiritualist societies, have determined to unite and hold a grand Mass Meeting in the Spiritualist Temple, corner Prospect Avenue and Jersey street, March 30, 31, and April 1. There will be sessions each day at 10:30, 2:30 and 7:30. A grand Lyceum Session will be held Saturday at 2:30 under the direction of Mrs. Hull and Mrs. Twing. Every Spiritualist in and out of the State is invited to be present and enjoy this "feast of fat things."

Among the talented speakers and mediums who will participate in the exercises are Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing (President of the N. Y. S. A.), Mrs. T. L. Reynolds, F. Gordon White, the Campbell Bros., Frank Walker, Mrs. Atchison (First Spiritual Church), Mrs. Chase (Buffalo Spiritual Church), Rev. A. J. Weaver, W. H. Bach, Moses and Mattie E. Hull, and others.

Come, come, come. Come filled with harmony and a disposition to work and sacrifice for the Cause we love. Per order of the Committee, MOSES HULL.

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 the who will appear are Mrs. F. A. Wiggin, Dr. W. W. Hicks, George E. Schaller, Mrs. Pearl, Lucretia Webster, Mr. Fred Watson, Mr. J. S. Manserger, the Ladies' Schubert Quartet, Mr. A. P. Blinn, other names will appear later. Watch the BANNER OF LIGHT for particulars. The entrance will be in operation all day and evening. Entrance from Tremont street.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union

will celebrate the Fifty-second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism Saturday, March 31, morning, afternoon and evening, in Horticultural Hall, Tremont street, Boston. Everything will be done to make the day long remembered as one of true spiritual enjoyment. Pres. C. O. Shaw will preside.

The following speakers, mediums and musical artists will take part: Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. C. Fanny Allen, Mr. F. A. Wiggin, Miss Lizzie Harlow, Mr. J. S. Searlett, Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding, Mrs. Buck Hall, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. Sadie L. Hand, Mrs. M. L. Sanger, Mr. A. P. Blinn, Dr. W. W. Hicks, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, Mrs. J. J. Butler, Mrs. Nellie F. Burbeck, Mrs. A. J. Pettinelli, Dr. E. A. Smith, the Ladies' Schubert Quartet, Prof. J. J. Watson, violinist, and Miss Annie Watson; Mrs. George Chipman Merohant and Mr. Harold Leslie, soloists; Mr. Willis Mulligan and Mrs. McDonald, pianists; Miss Kate Bell Walton, reader, Mrs. M. J. Butler will contribute talent which will be mentioned later.

Presidents of all societies are cordially invited to a place on the platform.

Mrs. J. S. SOPER, Clerk V. S. U. and Sec. Anniversary Com.

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New York Advertisements.

Fred P. Evans,

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 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.

Berkley Spiritualist Temple, 100 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Meetings every Sunday at 10:30 and 7:30 p.m. E. L. Allen, President; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Secretary, 74 Sidney st., Dorchester, Mass. Take elevator.

The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Minnie M. Noble, Pastor, Assembly Hall, 600 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Meetings every Sunday at 10:30 and 7:30 p.m. Discourse and evidence through the mediumship of the pastor.

Edgemoor Hall, 616 Washington Street. First Spiritualist Church, M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Services at 11:30 and 7:30 p.m. Also Thursdays at 8 p.m. on Light for sale.

Home Rostrum, 21 Soledad street, Charlestown. Spiritualist meetings Sunday 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.; Tuesday and Friday 7:30 p.m. Thursday 7:30 p.m. Gilliland, President, 21 Soledad street, Charlestown.

Bible Spiritualist Meetings, Odd Ladies' Hall, 444 Tremont Street. Mrs. Gutterer, President. Services Sunday at 10:30 a.m., 2:30 and 7 p.m.

America Hall, 724 Washington Street. Two nights—Mediums and public invited. Circle, 11 a.m.; Proofs, 2:30 and 7:30 p.m. M. A. Graham, Chairman.

Temple of Honor Hall, 591 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport. Meetings at 7:30 and 7:45 p.m. Sunday. Mrs. Annie J. Banks, Conductor; residence 141 High street, Charlestown.

Spiritual Fraternity, at First Spiritual Temple, corner of Newbury street. Meetings Sunday morning at 10:30 and 7:30 p.m. Wednesday evening general conference. Lower Audience Hall. A. H. Sherman Secretary.

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

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday afternoon and evening. Supper served at 6 p.m. at 514 Tremont street, near Eliot street. Elevator now running. Mrs. Mattie E. A. Allen, President; Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, 74 Sidney street, Dorchester, Mass.

Children's Progressive Lyceum—Spiritualist Sunday School—meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 15 Tremont street, at 10:30 a.m. All are welcome. Mrs. M. A. Brown, Superintendent.

Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street. Mrs. Nutter, President. Services Sunday at 11 a.m., 2:30 and 7:30 p.m., and Thursday at 8 p.m.

The Helping Hand Society meets every first and third Wednesday in Guild Hall, 3 Boylston Place. Business meetings at 6 o'clock. Supper at 6 o'clock. Entertainment at 7:30. A. A. Edridge, Secretary.

Boston Spiritualist Lyceum meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Conductor, A. Clarence Armstrong, Clerk, 17 Leroy street, Dorchester, Mass.

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. Butler, President.

The Ministry of the Science of Health, and Boston Institute of Occult Science. Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 p.m. Lecture and psychic readings on Tuesdays at 7:30 p.m. Hotel Reno, 12 and 14 Windsor street, Boston. Dr. F. J. Miller, Psychic Healer and Teacher.

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

Mrs. Florence White will hold a tea service every Sunday evening at 6 o'clock, at 288 Columbus avenue.

Edgemoor Hall—Johnson Avenue, Charlestown. Meetings every Wednesday and Sunday evenings. Circles Tuesday evenings.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists meets at Cambridge (lower) Hall, 61 Massachusetts Avenue, the second and fourth Thursdays in the month. Supper served at 6:30. M. M. Came, Cor. Sec'y, 138 Auburn street, Cambridge, Mass.

MALDEN.

Malden Progressive Spiritualists' Society, Masonic Building, 76 Pleasant street. Meetings every Sunday at 11 p.m. Wednesday 8 p.m. Wm. M. Barber, President; Mrs. Rebecca Mott, Sec'y. A cordial welcome is extended to co-workers in the cause of progressive Spiritualism.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Spiritualist and Ethical Society, 744 Lexington Avenue, one door above 58th street. Services every Sunday morning at 11, and evening at 8 o'clock. Questions answered in the most improved manner after each lecture. Mrs. J. H. Tuttle sings morning and evening. All are cordially invited. Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, speaker.

BROOKLYN.

The Advance Spiritualist Conference meets every Saturday evening in Single Tax Hall, 1101 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Seats free. Wm. Mott, Mr. G. Delore, President; Miss Winnie Brown, Secretary.

The Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn holds meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 8 o'clock, and special meetings every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, at Hall 423 Classon Avenue, between Lexington Avenue and Quincy street. ELIZABETH F. KURTZ, Pres't. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the Hall.

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

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, 3310 1/2 Rhodes Ave., meets every Sunday, 11 a.m. Conference and tests. Tuesday 12 p.m. Oriental Lecture. Open doors, and everybody welcome.

Spiritualist Temple, Fort Worth, Texas, Taylor st., between 7th and Jackson. Services for children, 2 p.m.; for adults, 3 and 7:30 p.m. Mary Arnold Wilson, Assistant Pastor; leave notice to Mrs. Hagan Jackson, Pastor, residence 716 Florence street.

Notice to Local Societies.

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

Local Briefs.

BOSTON.

At Berkeley Hall, Sunday morning, beautiful weather resulted in a large audience. Previous to the lecture Mr. Wiggins made a call for new members, stating that the society would be well conducted next year, when he is to be the speaker for the entire season. The work of the society would be differently arranged than it had been in the past year. After a strong plea he succeeded in getting twenty five in the audience to raise their hands in promise to join the society. Mr. Wiggins thought this was a very good beginning. After the excellent music by Mr. Schaller and Mrs. J. T. Pearl, Mr. Wiggins took for his subject, "Involution and Evolution," and gave an interesting lecture and many communications. In the evening a large audience was in attendance. Mr. Wiggins gave a fifteen minute talk upon the medical bill, urging the people to see that a bill does not pass that will deprive them of their liberty. He then gave a ballot election that was very satisfactory. Next Sunday will be a gala day for this society, as it will hold meetings all day, celebrating the fifty-second anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. Do not miss the next number of the BANNER OF LIGHT. It will contain all the notices of the anniversaries taking place all over the country. You can get a copy at this hall every Sunday. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Sec'y.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum. Sunday afternoon, March 18, "What is the Lyceum Able to do in the Way of Character Building?" was the question, and brought out a number of instructive answers. Children taking part: Recitations, Maud Armstrong, Harry Greene, Louis Hatch, Miss Alice Hatch; song, Miss Esther M. Botts; reading, Miss Sadie Jackson; essay, Mr. E. B. Packard; remarks, Mrs. E. S. Waterhouse; topic of the day, Mr. A. P. Blinn. Question for April 1, when the Lyceum joins with Gospel of Spirit Return Society in celebrating the Fifty-second Anniversary, "Is Man Naturally Inclined to Evil?" A. C. Armstrong.

Commercial Hall, Mrs. Nutter President. Sunday, March 18, Miss Brehm led the song service and gave invocation. The circle was very harmonious. Mesdames who assisted during the day: Nutter, Ackerman, Alexander, Peabody McKenna, Stackpole, Gilliland,

Knowles, Fox, Cunningham, Fisher. Messrs. Brown, Howe, Jackson; Mrs. Germond and Will Nutter assisted in the music.

America Hall, 724 Washington street. We thank the following mediums for their assistance in our meeting Sunday, March 18: Mesdames Dade, Cunningham, Davis, Odion, Smith; Stackpole, Atwood, Reed, Bellows, Peters, Humphrey, Messrs. Blackden, Brooks, Turner, Wadley. Peace Council next Sunday morning. Admission free. M. A. Graham President.

First Spiritualists Church, 616 Washington street, M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor.—Sunday conference opened by Mrs. M. E. Carbo, subject, "The Soul." The speakers were A. Hill, Mrs. King of Fitchburg, Miss Sears, M. A. bald, Dr. Blackden. The meeting was very harmonious and all seemed interested. Subject next Sunday will be "Goodness and Its Reward." Afternoon song service led by Mrs. Kneeland; reading of the scripture and prayer. Mrs. Lewis: messages, Mesdames Belle (of Brockton), Woods, Strong, Knowles, Mr. Ibyl; solo, Mrs. Strong; evening solo, Mrs. Carlton Grover; reading of the scriptures and prayer, Mrs. Wilkinson; poem, Dr. Adeline Wildes; readings, Dr. Blackden, Mrs. Woods; recitation, Clifford Preston; messages, Mrs. Strong; a large number of spirits described by Mrs. Wilkinson, all recognized. We will hold Anniversary Exercises next Sunday evening. Indian council Tuesday evening, March 27.

Home Rostrum Spiritualists held two sessions on Sunday. Discussion at 11 a.m. on "The Relationship of the Bible to Spiritualism." Healing, Mr. Lothridge; messages, Miss Mackey and Mr. Howe. Evening service of song, 7:30, followed by C. H. Willis in address on "Life," after which he gave several convincing proofs of spirit-presences. Mrs. Genthner, Mrs. Gilliland and Mr. Howe also gave added testimony. Mr. Willis has promised to be with us again in the near future. Mrs. Gilliland, President.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, on March 18, held a well-attended session. The lesson subject was, "Where is God?" The topic for the little folks was "Helpfulness." The following members rendered songs and recitations: Little Ray, Wilhelmina Hope, Granville Breed, George Rogers, Ruth Breed, Harry Green, Iona Stillings, Esther Botts, Carrie Engel, Miss Maud Head, Wilfred Webb, Fern Foster, Floyd Sibley, Mrs. S. E. Jones, and memory gems by Mrs. Jones' group. A reading by Mr. J. B. Bird, remarks by Mrs. J. B. Bird and Mrs. W. S. Butler. 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. Many of the best mediums and lecturers will be present during the day. Admission free. All are cordially invited to attend. C. B. Yeaton, Sec'y.

Odd Ladies' Hall, 448 Tremont street. Sunday, March 18, Mr. Hall opened all three sessions. Those assisting: Messrs. Blackden, Hersey, Demby, Cohen, Ibell, Hall; Mrs. Fisher, song and remarks; Mrs. Barnes song, Mesdames Ackerman and Gutterer remarks. Prayers went out for all sick. Mrs. Gutterer, Pres ident.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met on Wednesday afternoon, March 14, in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street. Business meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. Maggie J. Butler. Supper was served at 6:30. As the evening meeting piano solo, Miss Robbins; reading, Mr. Bird; song, Warren Hall; remarks and messages, Mesdames Cunningham, Mason, Waite, Bird, Nutter, Butler, and Mr. Edwin Wilder and Mr. Graham. On Wednesday evening, March 21, Mrs. Maggie Waite of California will be with us, and will give readings from slips of paper. Come early and take supper with us; tickets 15 cents. The Lyceum, also the Lyceum Union, will celebrate the Fifty-Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism on Sunday, April 1. There will be three sessions held on that day, at 11 a.m., 2:30 and 7:30 p.m. There will be a grand concert given in the evening, and many who are well known will take part. Don't forget the date: April 1, at Red Men's Hall.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society, Mrs. C. D. Appleton, President, held regular meetings in Dwight Hall, Thursday afternoon and evening, March 15. Supper was served to a large number. In the evening Mr. F. A. Wiggins made a few remarks, and held a séance for the balance of the evening. During the evening piano solos were rendered by Miss Ella Robbins and Miss Foker. March 22 will be the celebration of the Anniversary of Spiritualism, and also the birthday anniversary of one of the oldest members of the society. An enjoyable program has been planned for both afternoon and evening. Read further notice for other particulars. M. T. Packard, Rec. Sec'y.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, 241 Tremont street, Friday, March 16, held its weekly meeting with the President Mrs. Albie in the chair. A fine array of talent was present in the evening. Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse made reference to the proposed medical bill, and urged all to go to the hearing. A vocal selection by Miss Stone was well rendered. Mr. J. S. Scarlett made an eloquent ten minute speech. Mrs. M. J. Butler also made brief remarks. Mrs. S. C. Cunningham gave many fine communications; Mr. Bird a fine recitation, Mr. J. B. Hatch, Sr., and Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant Henderson made interesting remarks; Miss Gertrude Sloan presided at the piano. Next Friday is whist night. Friday, March 30, we celebrate the Fifty-Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism all day and evening. See program in another column. We will also serve dinner and supper to those wishing to come and stay all day. Take elevator. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

Massachusetts.

Mrs. D. M. Lowe, Sec'y, writes from Worcester: Harrison D. Barrett of Boston has occupied our platform for the last three Sundays. His work has been highly appreciated by those who have sat under his ministrations—his addresses ways replete with suggestive thoughts and his benevolent freedom and cooperation. He will be our speaker for next Sunday, also the first three Sundays in April. The Fifty-second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be observed on Sunday, April 1. Local talent for the afternoon, and address by Mr. Barrett for the evening. Friends of adjoining towns are cordially invited to meet with us on that occasion. Services as usual, at 2 and 7. G. A. R. Hall, 35 Pearl street.

Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society.—Sunday evening, March 18, service of song; Scripture reading, President; invocation by Cyrus the Persian, Mr. Redding; recitation, Mrs. Dike; address and phenomena, Mrs. Abby Burnham. The address was one of the best we have had from this very talented speaker. The messages were exceptionally interesting, as they were given in a foreign tongue and then immediately interpreted. Mrs. Dike kindly gave a second recitation, easily showing that she stands at the front as an elocutionist. Our dear friend, Mr. Quint, made remarks in his usual happy and convincing manner. We expect Mrs. Sadie L. Hand next Sunday. Our monthly social and musicale occurred Wednesday evening, which was fully equal to the standard which has been established this season. Mrs. R. Morton, Sec'y.

The Arthur Hodges Spiritual Society of Lynn held interesting services Sunday at 36 Market street. At 2:30 and 7:30, music, Mrs. J. P. Hayes; usual services, remarks and messages. Next Sunday the society will celebrate the Fifty-second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. At 2:30, addresses and spirit messages by Mrs. Dr. Chase, Mrs. Noyes, Mrs. Holden, and others. Supper at 5. Social circle until 7. At 7:30 Mrs. William S. Butler and members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston will give a grand concert and entertainment. T. H. B. James.

Progressive Spiritualists' Association held services in Providence Hall, 21 Market street, Lynn, at 2:30 p.m. Sunday, Mary E. Pierce gave a test séance; D. E. Matson, messages, remarks and the benediction; from 4 to 5, magnetic treatments given by Dr. Quaid; remarks by George Baker, Sr., M. A. Moody, George L.

A Woman's Mistake

It is a well-known fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured more women than any other remedy. It therefore must be the best possible medicine for female ills.

But some women make the mistake of thinking that they will try something else, simply because it is new. That mistake is often a fatal one—fatal to the health and happiness of the experimenter.

Is it not foolish to risk the possible results of such experiments? Is it not better to depend upon a medicine which has been tried successfully for thirty years, and which has never been found wanting? Do not therefore let any one persuade you to try something which they say is just as good. It cannot be just as good. Mrs. Pinkham's Compound is the best, and there can be only one best. This is not a mere assertion, but is a positive fact, admitted by hundreds of regular physicians.

Rely on your own common sense, and Mrs. Pinkham's life-long experience, and you will make no mistake. Don't experiment with your health, but take a medicine that you know is good, and is backed by such letters as these to Mrs. Pinkham:

Ovarian Troubles Always Yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I had been in poor health for twenty years, having inflammation of ovaries and womb trouble. Although treated by physicians, I could not gain strength nor do my work, and was so low-spirited and tired of life. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The first bottle strengthened me, and I wrote to you. After taking six bottles can say that I am well and can even do my own washing."—MRS. M. W. MILLER, No. 1033 Canal Street, New Orleans, La.

"For three years I suffered with ovarian trouble, having inflammation and an abscess on right ovary. Had such pain in my back and head, and at times was unable to walk. Had several doctors, but they did not do me much good. One doctor said that I would have to have an operation and have the ovary removed. I became discouraged and gave up all hopes of getting well. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham and followed her directions faithfully, and am better than I have been for three years. I have taken ten bottles, and my friends are surprised at my rapid improvement."—MRS. W. H. WALTERS, Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., N. Y.

Suppressed and Painful Periods Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I was thin, sallow and nervous. I had not had my menses for over a year and a half. Doctored with several physicians in town and one specialist, but did not get any better. I finally decided to try your medicine, and wrote to you. After I had taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three of Blood Purifier, my menses returned, and I feel as well and strong as I ever did, and am gaining flesh."—MISS LENA GAINES, Visalia, Tulare Co., Cal.

"Before taking the Vegetable Compound I was troubled with irregular menstruation, and suffered great agony. My physician gave me morphine, and I remained in bed. I doctored eight years and got no relief, and the doctors told me there was no relief for my trouble. Finally I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. While taking the first bottle I felt that I was improving. I have taken seven or eight bottles, and never had anything to do me so much good. Every month my troubles have grown less and less, and now at this time I am cured."—ELLA QUINCY, No. 22 Stage Street, Haverhill, Mass.

Backache and Womb Troubles Succumb to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I have been for ten years an invalid with female weakness, and the torture and pain I suffered no tongue can tell. I never spent one week in the ten years that I was free from pain. My trouble was inflammation and congestion of womb. When I commenced to take your remedy I had been bedfast for some time under the treatment of two of our best physicians without receiving any benefit. You can imagine the benefit I derived from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when I tell you that I have gained forty pounds and am well—a thing I never dared to expect."—MRS. C. E. FOULAND, Monett, Mo.

"For a number of years I was troubled with backache and leucorrhoea. I became so weak and miserable that I could not attend to my work or studies. The least effort would completely exhaust me. Physicians failed to help me. I felt that my youth was blighted, and the life before me would be one of suffering and misery. Then a friend insisted on me taking your medicine. Before I had used one bottle I was greatly relieved. I had not known a well day for four years, but now I feel better than I have since a child, and it is all due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—MISS MAY B. STEVENSON, Alliance, O.

Mrs. Pinkham has Fifty Thousand such Letters.

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK. 40 YEARS THE WORLD'S FAVORITE. BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO., NEW YORK.

Baker, Mrs. L. D. Butler, Mrs. Emma F. Whittier. At 7:30, Rev. A. N. Foster, of the Second Universalist Church, gave an able lecture on the Bible. By request, Lilla A. Prantis gave a short test séance. Next Sunday, the 25th, Anniversary exercises. Many good mediums from Boston and other places invited to be present and help. Della E. Matson, Sec'y.

Cadet Hall, Lynn Spiritualists' Association. Sunday, March 18, Miss Lizzie Harlow continued her work with us, and as usual gave most excellent satisfaction. Musical exercises consisted of solos very finely rendered by Miss Harris of Everett, Mrs. Bertha Merrill pianist, and W. H. Thomas cornetist. Miss Harlow will close her engagement with us next Sunday, and will be assisted by Mrs. Effie I. Webster, test medium. Sunday, April 1, Mrs. May S. Pepper.

First Spiritualist Society, Lowell. March 18 two large audiences greeted our medium, Mrs. Annie L. Jones. She gave an excellent discourse followed by a large number of messages, read and recognized. In the afternoon, Mrs. Dr. W. H. Harvey rendered a fine solo, "Visions and Voices," with much feeling and pathos. Mrs. Harvey is engaged for the remainder of the year, and our musical program will be well looked after. We intend to celebrate the Fifty-Second Anniversary on the 1st of April, having one of New England's finest speakers engaged for that day, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, who is with us during the whole month of April. Next Sunday we have another visit from Mrs. Annie Cunningham. We had a successful Whist Party Wednesday last. John S. Jackson, President.

The speaker at Waltham, March 11, was Mrs. Sadie L. Hand. She gave many good thoughts, and honest little Gertrude was as usual good in her test work. March 18, Mr. William W. Reed of Newburyport was the speaker. He is an earnest, true worker. Next week, March 25, at 7 p.m., W. W. Hicks will occupy the platform.

First Spiritualist Church, Fall River, Thomas Cartman, Sec., writes: Large audiences greeted Mrs. J. K. D. Conant-Henderson on Sunday, March 18, and we had one of the most enjoyable Sundays of the season. Mrs. Conant-Henderson came early to our Lyceum and listened to our children practicing for the Anniversary. Then she spoke to the children in a very interesting manner. Her lectures both afternoon and evening were along the lines of progress and spiritual unfoldment, after which her little control gave interesting messages from the spirit side, all of which were acknowledged as being correct. Mrs. Henderson has not been on the Spiritualist platform in Fall River for fourteen years, but we are arranging dates with her for next season. We are booking dates now for the season 1900 and 1901, as the writer and his family are making arrangements for a visit to England, and expect to sail from Boston on June 30, for a twelve or thirteen weeks stay in the old country. Our speaker for next Sunday, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock.

The First Spiritualist Society of Fitchburg was favored with full houses Sunday, March 18. Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham of Boston occupied the platform. The two addresses were followed by many messages. This society will observe the Fifty-Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism with appropriate services next Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Kenyon will speak.

Leo Nelson writes for Progressive Spiritualists' Society, Methuen: On Monday evening, March 12, the closing meeting of a series of circles was given by Mrs. Effie I. Webster, of Lynn, to a class of forty-two which she formed in connection with the society, and which proved a success both spiritually and financially. Robert Driver, our President, in behalf of the members of the class, presented Mrs. Webster with a small amount of money as a token of the love and esteem they have for her and her spirit controls; when she comes to our society the hall is always crowded. She has been with us once a month this season, and we have enjoyed her for the first two weeks in June. We would say in conclusion that every true Spiritualist ought to send out the kindest thoughts to all such mediums, and in so doing will be conferring a great favor upon the mediums and their spirit guides.

The First Spiritualists' Ladies' Aid Society of Springfield has completed all arrangements for the Fifty-second Anniversary celebration, to be held on Thursday, March 29, in Memorial Hall, on Court street. The address of welcome will be given by Mrs. H. G. Holcomb, President of the society. Mr. Harrison D. Barrett will lecture. Messages Mrs. May S. Pepper. A fine musical program is assured. Afternoon session at 2:30; evening at 7:30. Supper will be served in the Banquet Hall in the same building from 5 to 7. On Sunday, March 18, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn of Stoneham, occupied the platform, and will be with us the 25th. This is Mrs. Allyn's second engagement this season. Thursday afternoon, March 22, the regular Ladies' Aid Social and baked bean supper will be held at 10 Foot's Block. Under the auspices of the amusement committee, the laughable farce, "An Economical Boomerang," will be presented. The ladies are always sure of a full house on Thursday evening; it means a good time for every one. Mrs. Anna Kelsey, Cor. Sec.

New York.

First Association of Spiritualists.—Sunday, March 18, Miss Gaule filled the platform at both afternoon and evening sessions, awakening great enthusiasm by the number and accuracy of the spirit messages given. I hope the readers of this paper will not forget that on April 2 the testimonial concert to Mrs. Cadwell is to be held and that her many friends throughout the country will generously respond and make this affair the success financially those in charge expect to achieve. Kindly address communications to Miss Fitz-Maurice, 7 West 92d street.

Mrs. N. B. Reeves, Sec., writes: The Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn again listened to two very interesting discourses delivered on Sunday by Mrs. H. P. Russege. She chose for her subject in the afternoon, "Natural and Spiritual Laws Regarding Criminals and Crime," delivering one of the finest lectures ever listened to by an audience. The subject for the evening, "The Relation of Phenomena of Spiritualism to Religion," was also a masterly piece of work, calling forth the attention of every one present, much regret being expressed that Mrs. Russege will be with us for the last time this season the coming Sunday, when we will celebrate the Fifty-second Anniversary with an extra good program and fine music.

Sunday, March 18, at 308 Tompkins Avenue, Brooklyn, the services were unusually interesting at Miss Chapin's meeting, opening with a musical program. Mandolin solo by Mrs. Birkus of Bridgeport; inspirational solo, Mrs. Chapin; vocal duet by the Misses Chapin and Whitman. Although the audience was very large, nearly every one received a spirit communication. Wm. C. Barnes.

At Advance Conference, 1101 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, quite a number of people came in spite of the increasing cold. Mrs. Tillie Evans, the Treasurer of the Conference, and speaker for the evening, gave a fine address entitled "Progress," which was replete with information. Mrs. Evans was followed by Mr. Simmons, who related reminiscences and anecdotes with fine bits of humor, as usual. Short addresses were also given by President Delore, Messrs. Sargent and Hopkins. Meeting closed with music and benediction. We are sorry to say that our co-worker, Mrs. Marie Robinson, is confined to her home by sickness. Her cheery good nature and helpfulness are greatly missed. May she soon be among us again. Mrs. Annie R. Palmer, Cor. Sec'y.

The Fraternity of Soul Communion is holding two spiritual services each Sunday at the Aurora Grange, Catholic, Bedford Ave. and Madison St. March 13, in the afternoon at three o'clock, Mr. Jerome H. Fort gave an interesting lecture, "Spiritualism as a Practical Religion," and held his hearers with marked attention. The afternoon lectures are of special interest; questions are gladly answered at these meetings. In the evening Ira Moore Courlis gave a special séance, at which many messages were given and all recognized. Verdi Quartet sang two numbers very sweetly, and Mr. Boynton sang a tenor solo, "A Green Hill Far Away." Special service in commemoration of the fifty-second anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be held next Sunday, for which an excellent program is being arranged.

Other States.

The First Spiritual Society, Portland, Me. March 4, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock served the society in a very acceptable manner. March 17, Mrs. Sadie L. Hand occupied our rostrum, and gave much satisfaction to all. March 25 we shall celebrate the Fifty-Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. J. Frank Baxter is to be the speaker of the occasion, and we are looking forward to it with a great deal of pleasure, anticipating a very interesting meeting. H. C. Berry.

Bangor Spiritual Society.—Fred Hall, Sec'y, writes: R. B. Cookson of this city addressed a good-sized and attentive audience Sunday afternoon. An enjoyable social meeting was held in the evening. Our meetings are gaining in interest, harmony and numbers.

Mrs. J. A. Chapman writes from Norwich, Ct.: The present month local talent is supplying our rostrum. March 18 Mrs. F. H. Spalding gave psychometric readings that were very satisfactory; many strangers were present, who were deeply interested in the "readings." Mrs. Spalding excels in this line of work, giving not only characteristics, but often seeing spirits and giving messages.

At Providence Spiritualist Association Dr. C. W. Hidden delivered two able discourses, listened to with the closest attention. At the evening lecture Mrs. Humes gave spirit messages, all recognized. Next Sunday, March 25, we shall hold anniversary exercises; there will be a mediums' meeting at ten o'clock, and all mediums who feel interested in the cause are invited to be present; there will be dinner in the hall at 12:30, services at 2:30, supper at 6 o'clock, the anniversary address at 7:30. Dr. C. W. Hidden being the speaker for the day, assisted by other talent. D. F. Buflington, Sec'y.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From the home of her married daughter (Mrs. Morris, 228 Backway road, London, N.E., England), on Tuesday, Feb. 20, Mrs. Mary, aged 65 years.

Mrs. Mary Morris had been an excellent medium for a long while, and often have the family and their friends enjoyed the privilege, through her mediumship, of holding converse with the spirits. Even before Mr. May's death, who was himself a powerful physical medium, during the first days of her mother lay ill the spirits gave her various indications that death was approaching, which culminated in her seeing the spirit of her mother. She was a devoted mother, and her children to an exceptional degree reciprocated and appreciated her love, not merely with words, but with actions, but with a filial affection of the highest type, which evinced itself in their readiness always to render aid according to the benefit done unto them, in proof whereof they were ever ready to make any sacrifice which appeared conducive to their mother's benefit, and, as a result, she had the gratification, during her latter days, of having two homes, one provided by her unmarried sons and the other by her married daughter.

From the residence of her nephew, Mr. Gardner, 261 St. Botolph street, Boston, March 9, MRS. MARY S. DANFORTH, aged 71 years.

After a long and useful life devoted to her family and a large circle of friends, Mrs. Danforth was seized by a fatal illness, and entered into spirit life. For many years she was a devoted Spiritualist and a constant attendant of the Lyceum Union, the Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, and others. In the evening of her life she was a powerful physical medium, and she was a devoted mother, and her children to an exceptional degree reciprocated and appreciated her love, not merely with words, but with actions, but with a filial affection of the highest type, which evinced itself in their readiness always to render aid according to the benefit done unto them, in proof whereof they were ever ready to make any sacrifice which appeared conducive to their mother's benefit, and, as a result, she had the gratification, during her latter days, of having two homes, one provided by her unmarried sons and the other by her married daughter.

From her home, No. 13 Church Court, Lynn, on March 9, Mrs. REBECCA J. SPEAR, wife of William A. Spear, aged 75 years.

Mrs. Spear was unconscious for a few days previous to her demise, only receiving sufficiently to say, just before her departure, "I want to go home." She was born in Warren, Me., and was highly esteemed by her many friends, for she was of a most lovable nature. Her husband, aged 78, survives her. Veterans Spiritualists for years, their home was a Mission or Bethel, as they lived to call it, where every Sunday regular services were held without money or price; all were welcome. For some years they were associated with Mr. Markham in his work at Pine Rock. The interment was in the family lot at Pine Grove, the services being attended by Mrs. L. A. Prantis, assisted by her husband.

From Los Angeles, Cal., March 5, T. B. TAYLOR, A. M., M. D., of dropsy.

A physician, author and student, a veteran in the ranks of progressive thought, he promulgated the truths of Spiritualism not only from the platform and with the pen, but his life was such that the world is better for his having lived. He was a reformer in the broadest sense of the word, with more virtues and fewer faults than the average. Calmly and judiciously he awaited the summons, "Come up higher!" N. TEMPLE TAYLOR.

[Obituary Notice not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. When exceeding that number, twenty cents for each additional line will be charged. Ten words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.]

THE HENRY SEYBERT BEQUEST.

And What Has Become of It? An Open Letter to the Spiritualist Commission and the Legation of Henry Seybert. By Hon. A. B. RICHMOND. The article of Mr. A. B. Richmond on his published review of the Seybert Commission's Report, which originally appeared in THE BANNER OF LIGHT, has attracted the deep interest of all readers who have a demonstrated knowledge of the communion of spirit-existence and incarnate. While it penetrates all the prejudices governing the Commission, and exposes the blankness of their willful ignorance, it furnishes a lucid statement of the truths of Spiritualism and a convincing argument in its support for which a great multitude of readers will feel spontaneously grateful.

The complete refutation of the Commissioners by Mr. Richmond is established. Now issued in neat pamphlet form, containing twenty-eight pages. Price 10 cents; 3 copies, 25 cents; 5 copies, 50 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.