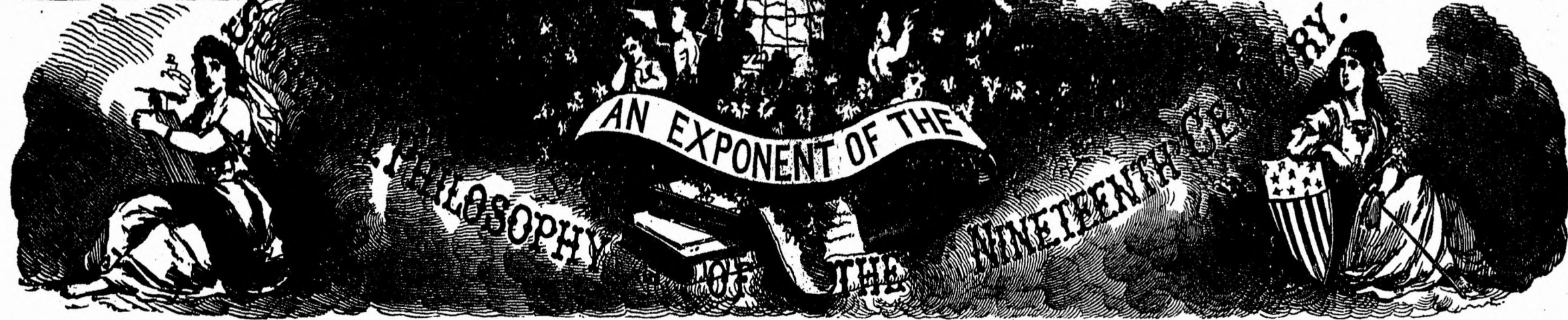


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NO. 6.

CONVICTED.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

You held my fate within your hands,
You, twelve true men and brave,
One word from you would send me out, unblemished, free,
And one would doom me to a murderer's grave:
You gave that word; I stand convicted, bound
By stern decree, to meet a craven's death—
So little and so much there is between the words
We utter with each passing breath.

I stand convicted, yet you do not know
I mine the hand that did the cruel deed,
Or whether circumstance has placed me where I am—
The scapegoat for another's lust or greed.
My lips are silent. Naught that I could say
Would have the weight another's word has borne;
But in my heart of hearts I know my innocence or guilt—
Whether I merit most your sympathy or scorn.

And if you rightly spoke the fateful word,
Then yours the knowledge of a just deed done;
But if I were not guilty—then the weight,
Of your misjudgment like a stone
Must bear upon your soul; and only I
Can in my inmost heart absolve or blame
You for your action. For I only know
The truth. I put you all to shame.

For though you send me forth by this, your word,
To die, a felon, in a felon's cell,
A higher law than yours can only judge me right,
And set me free, or bind me down in hell;
When on your hearts, in years that pass away,
The burdens of your human judgment press,
Your minds shall turn to this, and in your doubt
The weakness of your human wisdom shall confess.

80 School St., Taunton, Mass.

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

BY MOSES HULL.

(Continued.)

Nothing but a determination to do my work so thoroughly that it will not need to be done again, induces me to follow the Doctor through all his peregrinations. He next says:

"Still further, we learn from this text how it is that people come to fall into Spiritualism. Saul had enough trouble to kill ten men. He did not know where to go for relief. After awhile he resolved to go and see the Witch of Endor. He expected that somehow she would afford him relief. It was his trouble drove him there. And I have to tell you now that Spiritualism finds its victims in the troubled, the bankrupt, the sick, the bereft. You lose your watch, and you go to the fortune-teller to find where it is."

Why does the Doctor call this woman a witch? The Bible nowhere calls her by that odious name. Is not the argumentative health of that cause very feeble, which is compelled to resort to such *odium theologium* in order to meet that cause with which one is unable to cope by argument?

Josephus, in his "Antiquities of the Jews," Book VI., chapter 14, says, this consultation was not with a witch, but with a necromancer. If necromancy was talking with a dead prophet, as Groves informs us, then it is plain that this woman was only a medium. Nor was this woman one who used her powers for pay. At least, Josephus said she did not. He said she was a poor, honest woman, who made her living at hard labor. Bro. Talmage, it is poor business for a man of your cloth and prestige to prostitute your pen and voice to vilifying poor, honest working women, as you did this lady, even though they have passed to their better home.

Josephus, like yourself, was a priest, but he was an honest man, and told the truth. He emphatically says "Samuel was there, having come out of *hades*." Moreover, to prove that Samuel was there he quotes Ecclesiastes xiv. 20, the passage which I quoted in a former part of this reply for the same purpose.

Instead of abusing this woman, he, as an honest historian, comes to the front with the truth. He says:

"Now it is but just to recommend the generosity of this woman, because when the king had forbidden her the use of that art whence her circumstances were bettered and improved, and when she had never seen the king before, she still did not remember to his disadvantage that he had condemned her sort of learning, and did not refuse him as a stranger and one that she had no acquaintance with; but she had compassion upon him, and comforted him, and exhorted him to do what he was greatly averse to do, and offered him the only consolation she had as a poor woman, and that earnestly and with great humanity, while she had no requital made her for her kindness, nor hunted after any future favor from him, for she knew he was to die."

Next the Doctor informs us that "Spiritualism finds its victims in the troubled, the bankrupt, the sick and the bereft." Possibly this is partly true; it takes great trouble sometimes to make people rational; it was said that poor old Nebuchadnezzar had to eat grass in the field with other animals seven years, before he "came to himself." It was not until after the prodigal son had become "bankrupt," troubled, nearly starved, that he came to himself; then he said, "I will arise and go to my Father." Luke xv. 17, 18. "People are in distress," he exclaims in righteous indignation. "Go and put yourselves in that communion, that is why I hate Spiritualism." Well, I prefer that Spiritualism should be hated for relieving the distressed than for causing distress.

Did not Jesus come to the poor, the bankrupt, the troubled? Who said, "Blessed are the poor?" "Blessed are they that hunger?" "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden?"

As for bankruptcy, all Christianity is founded on it; without it there could be no Christianity. It is not Spiritualists but Christians who sing that familiar song:

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay;
Without one cheerful gleam of hope
Or spark of glimmering day."

Does not the above represent the sinner as being hopelessly bankrupt? Now who comes to the aid of these poor, bankrupt sinners? Another stanza of the same hymn will answer that question. Here it is:

"With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our hopeless grief;
He saw, and O amazing love!
He flew to our relief."

How good it is for other religions to relieve distress; it is a decided feather in the cap of Christianity in the Doctor's estimation that it relieves distress, helps the bank-

rupt and does so much other work, for which he hates Spiritualism. In his sermon on "A Heavenly Guard," the Doctor said:

"You were some time borne down with trouble, bereavement, persecution, bankruptcy, sickness and all manner of troubles beating their discords in your heart and life. You gave up. You said: 'I cannot stand it any longer. I believe I will take my life. Where is the rail train or the deep wave or the precipice that will end this torment of earthly existence?' But suddenly your mind brightened. Courage came surging into your heart like oceanic tides. You said: 'God is on my side, and all these adversities he can make turn out for my good.' Suddenly you felt a peace, the peace of God that passeth all understanding. What made the change? A sweet and mighty and comforting angel of the Lord met you. That was all."

"Spiritualism finds its victims in the troubled, the bankrupt, the bereft." This proves Spiritualism to be very bad. Now comes his "Heavenly Guard." It finds no victims; oh, no! They are converts; they are "in bereavement, persecution and bankruptcy." The Doctor's religion takes them in and comforts them; that is why he loves Christianity! Truly consistency is a jewel too precious for the Doctor's use. A great drawback to the Doctor's sermons is that his memory is so short; he forgets what he said in one sermon before he preaches the next one. This makes it extremely difficult to harmonize the two. In one discourse it is a terrible thing to bless and help the poor, the needy, or the suffering from any cause; in the next the religion which does that has reached the very apex of perfection.

Mr. Talmage says, "You lose your watch and you go to the fortune-teller—the medium—to tell you where it is." I never do; but why not do that now as well as in the days of the prophets? Saul, who was Israel's first king, never owned a watch, but his father owned some asses, which strayed away, and Israel's future king went to Samuel, the prophet-fortune-teller to find the strayed animals. The old prophet was kind to the embryotic king, and told him where he would find the asses. The Doctor will find this account in I. Sam. ix. 6-27.

The Doctor continues on from the last quotation made from his sermon, as follows:

"You lose a friend; you want the spiritual world opened, so that you may have communication with him. In a highly wrought, nervous and diseased state of mind you go and put yourself in that communication. That is why I hate Spiritualism."

Here it seems that Spiritualism does what the Doctor's Christianity has failed to do; the fact that Spiritualism does sometimes put us in "that communication," is one of the things that goes to help make some of us love Spiritualism. Spiritualism has come, not as an enemy to the church but as a friend, to put mourning members in "communication" with their friends. The Doctor, instead of hating Spiritualism, on that account, should love it. It is his grandest ally. It has come, Doctor, to lift you "feet out of the mire and clay," and to place them "upon the rock"—to "put a new song in your mouth." It will save you, and help you to save the world from Atheism, Materialism, Sadduceism, and Agnosticism. Spiritualism has come to demonstrate what the church has talked about for centuries but has never been able to prove; that man lives beyond this mundane existence. When it is learned that Spiritualism does what the church never has been able to do—that it demonstrates that existence of which the church has talked so much and known so little, it makes the work of the church look so small even to Dr. Talmage that it hurts—"that is the reason why he hates Spiritualism."

After describing a supposed séance—such a séance as never occurred among Spiritualists, the Doctor says:

"What is remarkable, the departed spirit, although it has been amid the illuminations of Heaven, cannot spell as well as it used to. It has lost all grammatical accuracy, and cannot write as distinctly. I received a letter through a medium once. I sent it back. I said: 'Just please to tell those ghosts they had better go to school and get improved in their orthography.'"

That is "remarkable"; no one is ever sent to the other world whose orthography and grammar is not perfect. Doctor, that is because you and I are not there! If the Doctor does not take a few lessons in grammar and rhetoric before he gets to that place which "by the grace of God" he is "destined to go," I fear that when he returns, as he has promised to do, he may give a few extra tests by handing out some such outlandish specimens of syntax and rhetoric as that in his oft repeated discourse against Spiritualism.

Seriously, it is possible that the Doctor may have met specimens of bad orthography and grammar in communications which purported to come from the spirit world. I have received several badly-spelled and badly-worded telegrams! I did not send them back and say: "Just please to go to school and get improved in your orthography." I was glad to get the message, even though it might not have been quite grammatical and rhetorical. On two occasions, where the cause of these mistakes was investigated, the fault was found to be not with the one who sent the message, but with the medium—that is, the operator, who failed to read the messages correctly. The machine through which the messages came was what the clown called "a mighty bad spellin' machine."

As a type-sticker, I once set a manuscript for a very learned minister—a man who dabbled much in Hebrew and Greek; he always spelled thief, t-h-e-a-f. His spelling of other words corresponded very well with that. Supposing he were to return; he would probably write about Jesus coming as a "theaf" in the "knight." That would be something of a test.

The fact is, communication between the two worlds is, as yet, imperfect; Spiritualists know that, and make allowances for imperfections. When spirits use mediums, they do not always take away all the imperfections of the mediums; hence the communications are expected to partake of the imperfections of the mediums used.

When light enters a room through a colored glass, it always partakes of the color of the glass through which the light comes. Water sometimes tastes of what was in the glass in which it came; so mediumistic messages may partake somewhat of the infirmities and shortcomings of the mediums through which they are received. While the men who wrote the Bible were for the most part inspired, any one can read the idiosyncrasies of the one who wrote each paragraph.

Besides this, as there were false prophets, false Christs, and false apostles, so there are false mediums. See Matt. vii. 14, xxiv. 5, II. Cor. xi. 5. Etc., etc. Rogues, you know, will "steal the liver of heaven to serve the devil in." There is no place where the fraud and fake cannot be found. Like the poor, we have him always with us. Do

you not find him in Presbyterianism? or is copper coin too cheap to counterfeit?

The Doctor next illustrates his knowledge, or rather his lack of knowledge of Spiritualism, in the following:

"Now, just think of spirits, that the Bible represents as enthroned in glory, coming down to crawl under the table, and break crockery, and ring tea bells before supper is ready, and rap the window shutter on a gusty night! What consolation in such miserable stuff as compared with the consolation that our departed friends free from toil, and sin and pain, are forever happy, and that we will join them, not in mysterious and half utterance, which makes the hair stand on end, and makes cold chills creep the back, but in a reunion most blessed, and happy, and glorious!"

The Bible speaks of some who are "willfully ignorant." Were it not for the confidence I have in the great honor of this bold fighter of Spiritualism, I would think this a splendid specimen of willful ignorance, but as that cannot be I must assume that the ignorance here manifested is the real thing. I must be charitable enough to think the Doctor is as ignorant as this paragraph represents; not for the sake of the general reader, but for the Doctor's sake I will explain the matter.

Did any Spiritualist ever say anything about spirits crawling under tables, ringing bells and breaking crockery? Dear Bro. Talmage, sarcasm is a two-edged tool, and is often more dangerous to the one who uses it than to those against whom it is used. What fun I could have at the expense of the Bible could I get my consent to treat it and its manifestations as you have treated Spiritualism.

When David inquired of the Lord about going into battle with the Philistines, and he got the answer that he must wait until "thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, that then thou shalt bestir thyself; for then the Lord shall go out before thee to smite the Philistines." See II. Sam. v. 23-25. Were I to treat that in harmony with the great Doctor's exegesis of the spiritual phenomena, that this means that God lives in these mulberry trees, or that he climbed up to pick mulberries; or, that he simply climbed into the tree to watch the Philistines, so that he could give David the cue, in order that he might know just when to strike? Why did not the Lord speak out like a man? I think this was simply a manifestation from Yahweh—a sign to David; and, perhaps God was no nearer the mulberry tree at the time of the manifestation than he was at other times; so, no Spiritualist ever supposed that a spirit was necessarily under the table when a message was produced through raps or tips on it more than when we are eating off it.

I have received many telegrams, they all came through raps on a table; but who ever supposed that the spirit then communicating—a spirit yet in the flesh—was under the table whence the message was sent, or yet under the table where it was received?

Gideon was said to have received two messages from Almighty God through a fleece of wool. (See Judges vi. 36-39.) It was a tedious and a not very definite way of communicating, but, as it was the best that could be done, Gideon accepted it, as would any honorable man who was not talking to please the mob. Perhaps if Bro. Talmage had been there, he might have been heard catering to the mob element in his audience as follows: "Now just think of God who made the heaven and the earth, and who is enthroned in glory, coming down from heaven with water to wet that fleece for Gideon. What consolation in such miserable stuff! The mysterious half-utterances which make the hair stand on end." Cannot anyone see that the Doctor's ill-timed ridicule will apply with all its force to the Bible? Doctor, your house is made of very thin glass; be careful how you throw stones.

We are next treated to a comparison of "such miserable stuff" with the Christian "consolation." I believe I would prefer the "miserable stuff" rather than the idea which it has supplanted, that ninety-nine out of every hundred of the people with which God has peopled the earth have been doomed, as a Christian poet has said, to

"Eternal chains and heavy plagues,
Tormenting racks and fiery coils,
And darts to inflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls."

And then to think, as Rev. Mr. Emmons said in one of his sermons:

"The happiness of the elect in heaven will in part consist in witnessing the torments of the damned in hell; and among those may be their own children, parents, husbands, wives and friends on earth."

No, I need none of that "consolation." Do you say that is not the "consolation" Presbyterianism imparts to those who mourn for their departed friends? I answer, it is yet in your creed. Presbyterianism has not yet as a body renounced it, and it was everywhere preached until Spiritualism supplanted that "miserable stuff" with a "better hope."

Doctor, I think your son beats even his honored father, if it is possible, in misrepresenting the views of Spiritualists on this subject. In his Chicago rodomontade against Spiritualism he said:

"Would you believe with the Spiritualists, our dead have lost their common sense and become stark mad? So dumb they cannot speak unless they rap upon a table or talk through the lips of one we know to be a fraud; so morbid they only open their eyes like an owl, to watch you in the darkness of midnight? Your mother would never enter the medium's paneled room when in her sane mind and clothed in flesh and blood; why does she do that now? Your dead wife must find her chief post-mortem pleasure in stumbling over chairs and making tables so drunk they dance a jig and hop around on one leg and touch your arm until it shakes with the palsy?"

Is not this a wonderful argument?

"And still the wonder grows,
That one small head contains all he knows."

Shade of Sir Humphrey Davy and John Stuart Mill, what logic! Was ever a poor audience compelled to swallow so large a dose of ignorance and misrepresentation at one dose before? Now I am led to ask, what Spiritualist believes that "our dead have lost their common-sense"? Who believes "they have become stark mad"? "so dumb they cannot speak unless they rap upon a table"? "so morbid they only open their eyes like an owl to watch you in the darkness of midnight"? Does this young man pretend to think that spirits only come in the night? When the angels came to the shepherds by night, and the glory of the Lord shined around about them, and they sang "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good-will toward men," if this sprig of divinity had been one of the shepherds he would have exclaimed, what? "Stark mad!" "So morbid you can only open your eyes at midnight?" Then he would have de-

cented on their having "lost their common sense." What an immense amount of wisdom will take its flight from this world when this son of his father is called hence!

Suppose spirits cannot speak. Perhaps God could not speak was the reason he used a sheep skin in the case of Gideon. On the manifestations in the night, more further on.

We are next informed that our mothers would not have entered a medium's room in earth-life. Perhaps some of them would not; there have been ignorant mothers of ignorant sons and daughters. Our mothers' sons are, some of them, very ignorant of spiritual things; the mothers perhaps, had quite as much prejudice and not the same opportunity to investigate as their sons have. They might possibly have been under the influence of clergymen quite as ignorant as a few pulpites are to-day. Let us hope that death, the great eye opener, has opened the eyes of our blessed mothers.

Does this young man mean to advise us to tie ourselves back to what our mothers did not know? In that case, what an immense mass of ignorance we will have on which to hitch; it will be worse for us than Pilgrim's burden was for him. What a lesson that will be for the world! what a deadener on human progress! My mother never saw a washing machine, nor a sewing machine, nor rode a wheel; so with the grandmother of the young minister under review. Yet Talmage the elder, in his sermon on the wheel, extols the bicycle and rejoices that women have learned to ride it.

All the other *ad captandum* of this part of this young man's discourse is off of the same piece with what has been quoted. It will capture only the extremely ignorant. Doctor let me advise you to nurse that son tenderly, he is too "previous" for this world.

The Doctor next says: "I learn still further from this subject that Spiritualism and necromancy are affairs of darkness. Why did not Saul go in the day? He was ashamed to go. Besides that, he knew that this spiritual medium, like all her successors, performed her exploits in the night. The Davenportes, the Fowlers, the Foxes, the spiritual mediums of all ages, have chosen the night or a darkened room. Why? The majority of their wonders have been swindles, and deception prospers best in the night."

"These are affairs of darkness. Why did not Saul go in the day? He was ashamed to go." How profound! Let us apply it in other places. Nicodemus came to Jesus by night. Jn. iii. 2. Why did not Nicodemus go in the day? He was ashamed to go. "He knew that Jesus, like all his successors, performed his exploits in the night." Here all the change I have made from the Doctor's argument is I have changed the names and applied it to another night séance. The same might be applied to that chorus of angels which sang to the shepherds. I can find fifty other places where with equal propriety the same thing could be said. I will briefly refer to a few. Before doing so, I will say I do not believe that our best manifestations nor that a majority of manifestations occur in the dark. The best that I have ever witnessed have been in the light. I do believe that in the dark the elements are less agitated and therefore conditions may be better for certain kinds of manifestations. This may have been the reason why in the *sanctum sanctorum* where the Jews received all their best manifestations no light was ever permitted to enter. But to the subject of darkness that these Talmages find so wicked. Do they know that it was in the night when the Lord appeared to Isaac? Gen. xxvi. 24.

Have the Talmages learned that it was in the night that Jacob wrestled with the Lord? When the day began to break the Lord plead with all his earnestness for Jacob to let him go, for the day breaketh. Jacob was obdurate, and held on until he got the blessing. Gen. xxxii. 24-26. This was perhaps because God and Jacob were ashamed to wrestle in the day time!

It was in the night that God again met Jacob, and made his promise to him, that he would make of him a great nation. Gen. xli. 2.

The manna, the "bread from heaven," always fell in the night. The quails the Lord sent were sent at "even." Ex. xvi. 13.

Balaam's several séances with God were in the night. Num. xxii. 20. It was in the night when the miracles were wrought on Gideon's fleece. Judges vi. 37-40.

It was in the morning watch when Pharaoh's linch-pins were pulled out. Ex. xiv. 24, 25.

The wonderful manifestation of killing one hundred and eighty five thousand Assyrian soldiers in one night was in the dark. That was a shameful job; it was just possible it was because the angel was ashamed to be seen at his murderous task in the day time. See II. Kings xx. 55.

It was at a night séance when God promised Solomon such extraordinary wisdom. II. Chron. i. 17.

The miracle of parting the sea, and leading the Hebrews out of Egypt, was done in the night. Psalm lxxviii. 14.

A night vision gave Daniel his wonderful wisdom. Dan. ii. 19.

A wise man in the book of Job thought man was more receptive at night than in the day time. He said: "For God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in the vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in the slumbering upon the bed, then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man." Job. xxxiii. 14-16.

The Rev. Mr. Talmage forgets that Jesus walked on the water at night. Perhaps it was because he was "ashamed" to be seen walking on the water in the day time. See Matt. xiv. 25; Mark vi. 48.

Jesus was "ashamed" to pray in the day time, so he prayed all night. Luke vi. 12.

Paul held séances with the angels at night. He knew that they "performed their exploits at night." Acts xxiii. 11, xxvii. 23. The Ten Commandments were given in the dark. Ex. xix. 9. Indeed God dwells in thick darkness. I. Kings vii. viii. 12.

[To be continued.]

The river—with the sunlight flashing from its dancing rivulets, gilding gold the gray-green beech trunks, glinting through the dark cool wood-paths, chasing shadows o'er the shallows, flinging diamonds from the mill wheels, throwing kisses to the lilies, waltzing with the year's white waters, silvering moss-grown walls and bridges, brightening every tiny townlet, making sweet each lane and meadow, lying tangled in the rushes, peeping, laughing from each inlet, gleaming gay on many a far sail, making soft the air with glory—is a golden fairy stream.—*Jerome K. Jerome.*

Life is a warfare and a stranger's sojourn, and after fame's oblivion.—*M. Aurelius.*

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN AND
"THE TRAMP."

(Delivered by the Spirit-Guide of Mrs. M. T. Conley,
at the close of the New Birth of the Spirit-Life,
Sunday Evening, Feb. 19, in Washington, D. C. Subjects
for the poem suggested by persons in the audience.)

Out from the realm of perfect light
There came a wondrous voice.
And o'er earth's regions fair and bright
It sang: "Be joyful! Rejoice!
For Love to earth hath come with power—
The grave hath lost its sting—
And from heaven's sweet ethereal bower
Ye hear the angels sing."

"Ah! love eternal, purest love
At last is holding sway,
Horne from the regions far above—
The realms of endless day;
It sweeps o'er all the fields of earth,
It brings good cheer to man,
To teach him of immortal birth
Shown by God's holy plan."

Oh, Love! eternal Love that rules
The man and woman too
Who gain their training in the schools
Of heaven, divine and true,
Sends out its beauty and its peace
To human hearts below—
For there eternal warnings cease,
With suffering and woe.

But here on earth we see the curse
Of poverty and pain;
Oh! that the glowing universe
Were held by one great chain
Of Human Brotherhood and Love
And sympathy so deep—
E'en as in worlds of light above
Where none may sigh or weep.

Not until Human Brotherhood
Shall sweep man as a whole,
Not till its laws are understood—
Till Love by its control
Shall rule the head and rule the heart
Of every one below,
Till all injustice shall depart
And men shall even so:

Care for their brother men as one,
And all united be;
Then Love, as glorious as the sun,
Shall rule humanity;
Then not a "Tramp" shall tread the earth
In poverty and woe,
For peace and beauty shall have birth
In every heart below;

Then Human Brotherhood indeed
Shall lift the fallen one,
From star to star its angels lead
Till heaven itself is won.
Oh! Human Brotherhood so sweet
No selfishness doth show,
In every heart its songs repeat
In music soft and low.

Love is the blessing of the world—
A beacon-light, a star,
A glorious banner o'er us unfurled,
First near and then afar;
A heavenly love so vast and deep
To make all humans one,
And man shall then forget to weep
For he has victory won.

It will send him onward day by day
Unto a higher goal,
For Progress then shall lead the way
And bless his marching soul;
And he who was the tramp before
May find himself ashine
With purer glory than of yore,
With brighter thoughts divine.

Unto each human heart to-night
Oh! may this sign be given
To lead his steps into the light,
From earth to highest heaven;
The tramp is here, in pain and woe
He treads the chilly earth,
And onward as his footsteps go
He finds no smiles and mirth.

But curses low and curses deep
That make him shiver too,
And while his poor eyes sadly weep
His heart may be as true
As those who go in holy guise
Along their upward way,
And care not if his streaming eyes
Are full of pain to-day.

He only meets with frowning scorn
As on and on he goes
In darkest night or chilling morn
Accursed by human woes.
But yonder in the heavenly light,
Where all is sweet and good,
The "Tramp" may find in mansions bright
A Common Brotherhood.

The Local Societies Again.

BY E. W. GOULD.

I have been trying for a long time to ascertain why our local societies find it so difficult to sustain themselves, why so many of them are obliged to suspend, and some even to disband altogether.

All thinking Spiritualists know and ought to realize that it is to the local society we must look for the means and the influence to carry forward successfully the great Cause in which we have embarked. It is only through the local societies, scattered throughout the whole country, that the people can be reached, and if they are to be reached, it is through the local societies we must appeal for influence, for converts and for the means to advance the Cause. In fact, the local society is the back bone of Spiritualism; and if we cannot devise means to increase these organizations and maintain them in a flourishing, vigorous condition, we have a very narrow margin for the progress and support of our Cause.

These facts must be recognized and a remedy provided, if possible. Let us counsel together, and see if we cannot discover the reason why there are so many Spiritualists who are not interesting themselves in local societies, why there are not more members in each, and so few attend the business and other meetings of the society and contribute to its support. These are important and vital questions. The answer will probably be found in this: The meetings are not interesting, and yet no one doubts their importance. The question again recurs, why are they not made interesting? In this the President and Board of Directors are directly involved.

Now comes the vital question, and the one I want to discuss with Spiritualists and the friends of the cause. A moment's reflection will convince all reasonable people that the management of any organization is the key-note to its success, and upon the President of that organization the chief responsibility rests. It is not necessary for me at this time to detail the duties or the responsibilities of a President of a local spiritual society. As a rule, in order that it shall be a successful society, the entire time and thought of the President, whether man or woman, should be devoted to the cause of Spiritualism. The suggestion arises at once that there are but few men or women in our ranks competent to fill that position satisfactorily; and those who are fitted are not as a rule able to devote their entire time to the work, if indeed they can afford to devote any time without compensation. Right here let me say that every local society should pay a stated salary to its President, and if the society is small the President should act as Secretary also. The argument that the society is not able to pay an annual salary will find its answer in the selection of a competent President, who will soon increase the membership, and consequently enable the society to pay the salary and all contingent expenses much more readily than ever before.

In order to secure a sufficient number of presidents to fill all the positions satisfactorily, it will be necessary to appeal to the women in our ranks to come to the front, and those who are not sufficiently qualified by practice to act as presidents officers and managers should have no time in qualifying themselves for those positions if they have a desire to engage in this great work of reform. The many training schools now in various parts of the country intended to qualify women for positions of honor and trust, as well as presiding officers, render it possible for all who desire to fit themselves for those positions to do so. We have many good mediums and teachers among our women who would make admirable presidents and managers of local societies whenever the rule prevails that such officers shall be salaried. Until such time we need not expect the best service nor the rapid increase in our local societies we have so long hoped for.

We have a prejudice to overcome in the minds of some of our leading men, and perhaps women too. While all favor equal suffrage, some are opposed to placing women at the front or in high positions; hence they have not aspired to become leaders or qualified themselves for presiding officers and managers. For this reason it is difficult to secure competent officers to act as presidents and managers of local societies. But when we realize what has been accomplished by women in the last half-century in organizing and managing large associations, like the Women's Temperance Union, the Congress of Mothers, the Equal Suffrage Movement, the Daughters of the Revolution, the Red Cross Benevolent Association, and hundreds of others of less note, we have no right to doubt that if the competent women in our ranks can be induced to come to the front and assume the responsibility of the management of our local societies, we shall have found the panacea for all our trials and disappointments in this particular. It is certainly worth the experiment.

In fact, at the present time women are the principal workers in all local societies, when anything of importance is to be accomplished. Even in the Lyceum, or at a picnic, it would not be thought possible to make these a success without the presence and cooperation of women. Nearly, or quite all societies, have a "Ladies Aid Society," connected therewith from which their principal resources are derived, or benefits received. The wonderful progress that has been developed in what is known as "Christian Science," is largely attributable to the influence and management of a woman. If Mrs. Eddy, whom I understand to be a woman of no remarkable ability, certainly no Joan of Arc, has, through her influence and advice in the last twenty-five years, succeeded in organizing societies in all the principal cities and towns in this country, and built respectable churches and chapels in most of them, we are certainly encouraged to believe that we have among the thousands of bright, active women in our ranks, a sufficient number who can be induced to devote themselves to home missionary work, by building up and maintaining local societies, from which we may very soon hope to see new life and enterprise developed that will result in building many new churches, and adding large numbers of converts to our Cause.

I would not by any means oppress the election of good and competent men, to act as presidents or executive officers, where such can be found. But what I do object to, is selecting second class men to fill these positions, when we have women with executive ability far superior, if they can be induced to accept the positions, and devote their time and thought to the work. If it shall be decided by the great body of Spiritualists that a change shall be made in the policy and management of local societies, and that the payment of reasonable salaries be recommended, as a means of increasing the value and usefulness of such societies, we shall not have long to wait to see the result of the change, and to learn the value of local societies.

Pasadena, Cal., March, 1899.

The Hidden Liar.

BY E. J. LEAVITT.

The Rochester rappings, trivial as they may appear to the careless, superficial mind, were the means of conferring a mighty blessing on the human race. In an age of rank materialism and gloomy scepticism, they accomplished something which all the philosophers and savants, all the Bibles and churches, and all the priests and preachers since the beginning of time, have been unable to do. They demonstrated clearly and positively, the real presence and actual existence of an invisible, intelligent human force.

In our ignorance, we differ, sometimes honestly and sometimes dishonestly, as to its nature and source, and have buried it almost from recognition under an avalanche of names: It is soul, or spirit or mind; it is Divine or it is diabolical; it is the subjective mind, sub-conscious mind or subliminal self; it is unconscious cerebration, psychic or odic force or an animal magnetism, according to the individual point of view; but to the true Spiritualist it is the real man, simply that and nothing more or less.

As to the existence of this force, however, call it what you will, there is no longer room for serious dispute. Those who do deny it, have never rightly investigated it and are, therefore, not competent to pass judgment. They are in the intellectual condition of the Hottentot, who denied the possibility of converting water into ice, or of the Plute Indian who denied the telephone and the X ray.

On the other hand, all men who are at once intelligent and honest, who have fairly, fearlessly and scientifically investigated this subtle force, know that it is a living fact, as capable of demonstration and redemption, as is the reality and existence of electricity or magnetism.

It is true that some learned and scientific men deny this fact in nature, but in every instance it will be found that their learning runs on other lines. In reality they are as ignorant of the phenomena that proceeds from this force as babes in arms.

They are of the type of savants who at one time stoutly denied the possibility of curving a base ball in its flight or of throwing a curved piece of wood to a distance and compelling it to return to the thrower; yet base balls curve and the boomerang returns in utter defiance of these gentry.

The truth is, these people decide such matters *a priori* after the short and easy method of the learned Dogberry; for instance, they find that certain facts asserted are contrary to their own experience, therefore they must be false; being false, it logically follows that investigation is a waste of time, and that those who do investigate are either idiots, lunatics or liars.

It was ever thus; the Dogberrys of all ages and all lands have endeavored, with a "Podaplan" wave of the hand, to sweep into the limbo of things that are not, every truth of Nature and of Nature's God that conflicts with their preconceived theories.

There was a time when such men were powerful and dangerous; they could not only throttle truth, but the men who proclaimed it; but that day, thank God! is fast passing away. There was a time when they were feared and respected; now they are tolerated one day and laughed at the next, thus serving a useful purpose by contributing to the gaiety of nations, and surely he who causes a smile to blossom where none bloomed before was not born in vain.

Between such people and a trained psychologist there can be no controversy worthy the name; as well pit a babe against a gladiator. It is incumbent upon the Dogberrys of both science and theology to "make a record" before entering the polemical arena. They must seek and find, investigate and learn, before they are worthy to make a lance with a man who knows what he is talking about.

It is not only useless, but it is cowardly to debate with gentry who pass judgment before the evidence is in court; it is like braining a cripple with his own crutch.

In this critical age dogmatic opinions cannot long masquerade as demonstrated truths, and the fact that ignorance, under the owl

mask of wisdom, denies that which knowledge knows, can in no way affect a fact.

But while it is now well known and amply demonstrated that an invisible, intelligent human force really exists, it is so subtle, mysterious and elusive that it is still a debatable question as to what it really is, and from whence it really proceeds. It is generally admitted to be a human force; but whether it is an attribute of or proceeds from the soul of the living, or from the souls of the dead, or sometimes from one or sometimes the other, or sometimes from both, is still not positively known.

The true Spiritualist contends, as I understand it, that this invisible, intelligent force is an attribute or manifestation of the human soul or spirit, and that under right conditions it can, and at times does, manifest itself both before and after the death of the body.

Another class of people, who style themselves Psychologists, admit the genuineness of the phenomena, and declare it to be a manifestation of soul power in the living, but vigorously deny the possibility of such manifestations by souls disembodied, claiming they are forces from the sub-conscious mind, thus leaving us right where both the theologians and the Ingersolls have always left us, without any direct and positive evidence of immortality whatever.

They admit the existence of the soul, that it possesses all the attributes of immortality, and that soul can communicate with soul independently of the bodily senses; yet deny that a soul can communicate with the living after the death of the body, or can testify to the fact of its own continuous existence, in any manner or under any known conditions whatsoever.

Thus, with one hand they open the shining portals of Eternal Life to the longing gaze of men, and with the other slam them shut again, leaving us still in darkness and in doubt.

They tell us, in effect, that we must reject the evidence of our own senses and the supposed facts of our own experience. Because— they aver—the Infinite Spirit of all truth has seen fit to endow each and all of us with a hidden spirit of self-deception. They tell us all the countless messages of love and cheer purporting to be from the beloved dead, that have dried the bitter tears of despair and grief and soothed the wounded souls of countless thousands, are but lustrous lies emanating from a lying spirit within us—a spirit of whose existence we are unconscious, and who itself is unconscious of its own mendacity.

According to this theory, a God of infinite mercy, truth and love, has planted in every human breast a living liar, to mislead, deceive and betray. This claim against the Deity may be true. I am finite and do not know, but I insist that I am entitled to a positive demonstration of the truth of the alleged fact before I am under any obligation to accept it.

But notwithstanding the peculiar arguments and unearthly logic of these people, they are really the best friends Spiritualism ever had. They investigate the right way, taking nothing for granted until scientifically demonstrated, and they acknowledge the genuineness of the phenomena, and, in fact, all that Spiritualists claim except the possibility of communion between the living and the so-called dead. This latter belief is, of course, the very life and soul of pure Spiritualism; but it is well to remember that he who acknowledges the phenomena, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, will sooner or later accept the natural and obvious inference of spirit communion.

If Science will acknowledge the reality of the phenomena, Spiritualism will conquer the world. Once acknowledge the facts and the splendid truth of spirit-communion will take care of itself.

These gentlemen are doing splendid work. They are proving the claims of Spiritualism to be true, though they know it not. All the world asks is the facts. It will draw its own conclusions thereupon regardless of the arguments of the investigators. If these gentlemen cannot perceive that, without the great fact of spirit communion, their hypothesis is like a rainbow without color, a wheel without a tire, or an arch without a keystone, the world will.

Of this latter school T. Jay Hudson, LL. D., is as honest and able as any, he is, I understand, a professional Psychologist, being an expert hypnotist and healer of many years experience. He insists that in the supposed laws governing hypnotic manifestations, he has discovered the true law of all spiritual or psychic phenomena. He asserts that he has formulated a working hypothesis that makes the science of the soul an exact science. He bases his hypothesis upon the reality of two alleged facts in nature, and upon the truth or falsity of these "facts" his hypothesis must stand or fall.

He alleges first that every human being has two minds, the normal or objective mind, of whose existence we are conscious, and the subjective mind, of whose existence we are unconscious. This subjective mind, he assures us, is the true soul of man.

This hidden soul which we possess, without any suspicion of the marvelous fact, is a most wonderful force possessing extraordinary faculty, its memory is absolutely perfect, it is perpetually learning, and never forgets, it never sleeps, never rests.

Under right conditions it possesses the power of communicating with other souls without the aid of the normal organs of sense or expression, it can control and move material objects without physical contact such as rappings or tipping tables, or causing furniture to move, and it can project phantasms of human beings, tangible enough to be photographed, but the most marvelous trait of this mysterious entity is its slavish subservience to suggestions it may receive from other subjective or objective minds, it is, he assures us, absolutely credulous, it will accept without question any suggestion, no matter how absurd or ridiculous, or assume with perfect sincerity any personality suggested, and proceed to the best of its ability to live up to the character assumed; it is, in short a sincere liar, and a most consummate actor, that is, when liberated from the control of the normal mind, that is to say when the latter is in the hypnotic or natural sleep; a condition which he assumes is necessary in order to receive so-called spiritual messages; a false assumption, by the way, as thousands of experienced Spiritualists can testify.

In this credulous imbecility of the soul he finds the true key to all spiritual or psychic phenomena—all mind you; not a part, but all. Now let us see how this theory works in actual practice. You sit down, for instance, in the privacy of your own home, with your dearest and most trusted friend—your wife, perhaps, or your brother or sister or child; the normal minds of both sisters are alert and active; you are sitting like Rosa Dartle, simply for information; you have no fixed belief in regard to spirit-communion; you are ready to receive and analyze impartially whatever comes, desiring simply the truth—no more, no less; it may be that you have recently lost some loved one, and you naturally think, if communion between the living and the dead be possible, our loved one will come to us. Now he is a first-class and powerful suggestion, and if the Hudsonian theory is true, the obliging liar concealed about your person without your knowledge would immediately assume the role suggested, and the influence you desired and expected would be the first one to communicate.

But presently you receive from some influence that seems external and independent from yourselves a lucid and intelligent communication, which to your mutual surprise and disappointment purports to be from some one who died perhaps before you were born—a person not bound to you by any ties of blood, friendship or association; it gives name, dates and other information of which you supposed you had no previous knowledge, but which, upon investigation, prove to be true; naturally in your innocence you conclude the message proceeds from the person it assumes to be, and, according to the Hudsonian theory, the right where your intellectual control leaves the wire; as a matter of fact, your innocent soul, being as gullible as Simple Simon, who tried to catch a whale in his mother's pail, in obedience to the unconscious suggestion of your conscious or every-day mind, assumed in perfect good faith the role of a stranger and told you all it ever knew about him. True, you do not remember any thought about it; but at some remote period you really learned these facts and—promptly forgot them.

Again, if we have a sub-conscious mind so sensitive to suggestion, why is it that it will, oftentimes, quickly assume any character or personality except its own? Why is it, that at no time will it for a moment admit that it is the subjective mind of the operator, no matter how powerful the suggestion to that effect? Why does it draw the line of obedience at its own personality? These are hard nuts to crack, but they must be cracked before the theory of the subjective mind, and the law of suggestion as applied to spirit-communion, so-called, can stand alone. According to his own contention, his hypothesis must cover all the facts and account fully for all the phenomena or fail.

On the contrary, it is only necessary to prove the falsity of but one claim to utterly demolish every argument he brings against the possibility of communion between the souls of the living and the souls of the dead.

got them; but your soul did not, and that is where it has the laugh on you. It is also true that you thought you desired to communicate with some one else, but you were really thinking of the stranger, although you did not know it; but your sub-conscious mind caught on and fooled you to the top of your bent.

This law of suggestion is indeed a weird and wonderful thing, but it is as simple as falling off from a log—when you understand it.

It is supposed to operate best when the normal mind is dormant, as in the hypnotic sleep. You are therefore in a partial or complete state of hypnosis when you receive so-called spirit communications, and the astonishing thing is that you are not aware of it yourself, nor is it perceptible to any one else.

As the normal or objective mind is admittedly less credulous than the subjective mind, most folks would like to know a little more about this peculiar theory before accepting it unreservedly.

I would like to have Mr. Hudson or some one else holding like views, to explain a few objections that occur to me, and for which I find no adequate explanation in the two volumes he has devoted to the subject. I do not deny that suggestion is a powerful factor in hypnosis, but how is it, if suggestion is so potent that when two or more persons are receiving spirit-messages, so-called, it often happens one particular influence will take possession and positively refuse to either assume any other personality or make room for any other influence? All this in spite of their own earnest desire to communicate with others, and a determined effort to get rid of the dominating influence. Why is it that it refuses to yield to your will and earnest persuasion? Why does it often flatly refuse to yield to the most powerful suggestions the human mind is capable of, not only for hours but even for years?

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If a single concise and exact statement of facts and occurrences of a strictly private and special nature be received, which could not be known either objectively or subjectively by any person present at the time, it would be very conclusive evidence that it proceeded from an intelligence independent of the mediums or recipients.

If, let us say, it was received from a total and obscure stranger, who lived and died in a foreign land, before any person present at the séance was born, then clairvoyance or telepathy, or any previous knowledge of the facts, either objectively or subjectively, by the recipients, could not be urged as an explanation.

Clairvoyance and telepathy can take cognizance only of things that are, not of things that were, while even the sub-conscious mind, that never forgets, must know things before it can remember or repeat them.

It is not claimed, even by the sanguine Hudson, that the subjective mind can remember and repeat things it never knew, and which happened before it ever existed. Here, then, is a crucial test of spirit communion, if perfectly authenticated cases of this kind exist, then spirit communion is established by the most powerful evidence possible; if not then while spirit communion is by no means disproved, the preponderance of evidence in its favor still being as a thousand to one, still there is room for a shade of a shadow of doubt, and until that shadow is removed we cannot say that the possibility of communication between the souls of the living and of the dead is a positively and completely demonstrated fact.

This is a matter that intelligent, earnest investigators should remember, and if messages such as I have indicated are received they should be carefully noted, authenticated, and made public.

To firmly establish the fact of continuity of life after bodily death, and the genuine spirit communion, we must have authentic messages that cannot be explained by any of the known powers of the mind, such as telepathy, clairvoyance, or by information previously, but unconsciously, absorbed.

If there is any such evidence in existence, I for one would like very much to know it.

Direct Legislation.

BY H. W. RICHARDSON,

Press Correspondent East Aurora Direct Legislation League.

We went to far off Australia for a ballot law, and now let us look to Switzerland for a rational system of law making. In the Australian ballot we have moved a step forward. But direct legislation as applied in Switzerland will accomplish infinitely more in the direction of good government.

While we have paused in our mad rush for wealth to adopt a system of secret voting, that youngest of republics has learned to apply the initiative and referendum, and to day stands out in bold relief among the empires and monarchies of the old world as the purest democracy, and the best governed country in the world. We speak of Switzerland as the youngest republic, for be it remembered that the Switzerland of to-day is not the republic which has stood for six hundred years. Its chief governmental features are the work of a generation.

Half a century ago Switzerland was not a nation but a loosely federated group of states wrenched by bitter civil war, rent by violent religious prejudices, torn by class feelings and race antipathies. To-day it is a nation bound together by "self government" in the truest sense which that term implies. Then that country was as boss ridden and as corrupt in every way as is ours at the present time. Their system of law making was indirect, or representative, precisely as is our own. Bribery and class legislation predominated there as it does here. There as here, futile efforts were made to purify politics until at length some radical change of system seemed to be necessary to permanently establish good government, and direct legislation was devised, and, after a bitter contest with the corruptionists, was put in operation and firmly established. To those objectors who urge that direct legislation is impractical we point to this model republic and the results which have there attained under this system as a practical and positive answer.

In Switzerland the people have destroyed the power of the legislator to make laws for personal ends. They have made it easy at any time to alter or change their federal constitution. They hold their public officers responsible direct to their constituents as servants, and do not permit them to be tools of corruptionists, who maintain an expensive lobby to buy men's souls and enslave the people through vicious laws. They have defeated monopolies, improved the methods of taxation, and avoided national scandals growing out of extravagance. They have disarmed the politicians and enthroned the people. "By the vote of the people, they have assumed authority over the railroads, express companies, telegraphs and telephones, reducing freight rates, express charges and tolls from their seventy-eight per cent, below the cost for like service under private control."

Direct legislation involves no new and untried principle in our government. The New England town meeting, which is older than our national government, in one of the most direct forms of direct legislation. The voters of a town meet, elect a presiding officer and clerk and proceed to enact measures and resolutions pertaining to town affairs. One voter

moves a resolution and another seconds it, which brings the measure fairly before the body. The mover and seconder are initiators, their action we call the initiative. The chairman submits the resolution to a vote, and the whole body abides by the decision of the majority. The voting on the proposed measure we call the referendum. Thus the people of New England are the law makers in local affairs, and we propose that the voters of a city, a state or the nation, who are to obey any law, shall have precisely the same rights and privileges to vote thereon as is exercised by the voter at a town meeting. Now England has the best and purest local government. It has best roads and schools, more public libraries and waterworks than any other section of the United States, and a smaller debt, either per capita or per acre. In that field direct legislation is an emphatic success.

Constitutional amendments go direct to the people for a vote in every State in the Union, with possibly one exception. At the last annual election the people of New York State voted on four proposed amendments to the State constitution. In this we have seen the working of the referendum.

In nearly if not quite all of the labor organizations in this country the initiative and referendum constitute a part of the organic law of their government. So it is not a new and untried principle for which we are pleading. We simply ask for an extension of an old and tried principle so that it will reach the vital points in our government. We ask that the people be given the privilege to use this weapon in self-defense where their interests clash with the selfish interests of trusts and monopolies and seekers after special privileges. Switzerland has led the way, and the results are as we have shown. Why should we hesitate to follow?

An Unnecessary Ado.

The ado in the papers about what Dr. Hillis said on Sunday, March 25, concerning the old Calvinistic confession of faith is natural, because by its interest and excitement can be reflected and aroused. But it is unnecessary, because there was no more need for Dr. Hillis to deliver his attack than there was for him to take a belligerent position toward the prices commanded at the sale of the Daily collection. Dr. Hillis could have preached on the wideness of love, the benignity of deity, the trend and aspiration of the race, and of events toward everlasting happiness, and the like. And in so doing he could have as explicitly effected his purpose as he over-effected it when he made the confession a target, his pulpit a battery, his words grape shot, or what not, and his purpose powder.

He is too much of a man to seek a sensation for the sake of sensation, and that could not have been his object. He should be too wise or too skillful a preacher to arouse antagonisms unnecessarily, by a way of saying things when far better ways are open to him, where he is free to choose. There will be controversy without serious or salutary consequences because of his method of stating on Sunday what by other methods could have been stated with unqualified approval. He does not want a fight and should not want one, and one could have been easily avoided by a wiser line of treatment. That which he peremptorily opposes everybody opposes, and there is no credit to be gained, and no good to be accomplished, by erroneously supposing that a lot of people are banded in favor of constructions that disappeared in the sea of God's mercy long, long years ago.

Nor will Dr. Hillis be tried for anything that he said on the 25th. The Presbytery of Chicago sent him to the Congregational Association here, and we think he has sat in its meetings. But that Presbytery now has no actual jurisdiction over him, and the association will not have complete fellowship with or custody, so to speak, of him, until he shall have been made pastor of Plymouth Church, which he is not yet, and which he will not be, until he shall have been formally installed, and received by the association. He is, by virtue of some lapsed circumstances, and because of some yet uncompleted circumstances, a former Presbyterian clergyman, under engagement as a preacher in a Congregational pulpit in a church over which he has not yet been officially made the pastor. So he is free to speak, though he should feel obliged to be wise, and he cannot be put on trial, for his old relation has ceased, and his new one is still incommensurate.

There was too much heat in his manner and there was too much stage-like defiance in tone and attitude on his part on Sunday. These are the faults of fluency and of youth. Youth without those faults would often be intolerable, but with them youth is not always sagacious, prudent, tactful, temperate, or wise. The Doctor and others need to learn that the Westminster Confession signifies to each man what he believes it signified to him, and that many will rally for it, as a venerable formulation, when it is attacked, albeit it may signify to them, individually, just what it signifies to the attacking force. Between attachment to venerable forms, which have caused or coincided with the making of stalwart character, and the mellowing influence of time, civilization, fellowship and love upon the construction of those forms, any contemporary preacher should be able to discriminate, and in the discrimination he should be able to find room for all helpful utterance, which he should put forth in a way to give to none cause for cavil or offense.

The quarrel labels of theology, like the fighting words of politics, should be put on the retired list. Dr. Hillis did not put all of them there on Sunday morning, and he should be sorry that he took some of them down, polished them up and set them in lurid array, in the always sham battle between the heart and the head in religion. That is a battle in which the heart is always the winner, and in which the head generally suffers a needless amount of angering and easily avoidable bruises.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Photography as a Source of History.

A scheme is afoot in Paris to establish a museum of kinematic photographs of people and events, which shall be kept properly classified, and which must in time become a reliable and important collection of facts for the future student of history. It is hoped that institutions of learning will also contribute to help the Government make such a museum a good financial investment. Text books of all kinds could be supplemented to great advantage by kinematic views of deliberative bodies, of the ambassadors of nations preparing to sign treaties and alliances, of troops leaving for the seat of war, of the daily life of cities under study, etc. It is still under discussion whether these historical plates shall be preserved in the Museum of Versailles, or in some university specially devoted to history. A set of the negatives which are accepted will be sealed in cases, ticketed and catalogued as books are. These will not be touched, but will remain as archives of history for future ages. These plates can be duplicated and sold to other museums on certain conditions. The moving spirit in this scheme is Boleslas Matfuszwski, who has published a pamphlet explaining all the advantages of the idea, and calling for suggestions and criticisms from theoretical and practical experts. He can be addressed at 45 Rue Boissy d'Anglais, Paris.—*Publisher's Weekly.*

A man's greatness lies not in wealth and station, as the vulgar believe, nor yet in his intellectual capacity—which is often associated with the meanest moral character, the most abject servility to those in high places, and arrogance to the poor and lowly; but a man's true greatness lies in the consciousness of an honest purpose in life, founded on a just estimate of himself and everything else, on frequent self-examination, and a steady obedience to the rule which he knows to be right, without troubling himself about what others may think or say, or whether they do or do not to that which he thinks and says and does.—*George Long.*

Children's Spiritualism.

Song Story for the Little Ones.

AUNTIE.—So the little ones want me to tell them a story?

Well, what shall it be about?—“Old Mother Morry?”

Or the poor little kitten that drowned in the well?
Or “Puss in Boots,” and what befell
The “King of Carabass,” and his brother?
Or “Little Jack,” whose indulgent mother
Gave him a bean of such wonderful powers,
That it grew to the sky in a couple of hours,
And when it had grown to a wonderful tree,
He climbed to its top to see what he could see,
And there in its branches, as snug as a mouse,
A savage old giant had built him a house;
How he killed the old giant and got all his money?

MARY.—No, we want to hear something that's jolly and funny.

JAMIE.—Oh, pshaw! can't you tell us a story that's new?

I know every one of those old stories through;
I'd like to hear one that is every bit true,
As long as my arm, and longer too.
Or you can make up one, I guess, that will do.

AUNTIE.—Well! let me see; will Johnnie be good, and sit in his chair as a little man should!

KATIE.—I guess he had better be put in his bed, for he'll go to sleep and nod off his head,
Then what shall we do for a Johnnie to tend?

JAMIE.—Put his dress on a pillow, a cap on the end;
It won't make half the muss,
And keep so much stiller,
Nor get up such a fuss,
Our pet, Johnnie's “piller.”

KATIE.—Oh, go away, Jamie; don't pester him so; You plague him so much he don't get time to grow.
There, Katie will take him right onto her lap,
And then he'll like her, they will be such a pest,
Wouldn't the little boy first be undressed?

There go his shoes, down onto the floor,
Peep, little feet, I shall catch his toes,
Out and in as they come and go,
Under the folds of his robe of snow.

See, just in this way, before he knows,
There, hush! Never mind, we won't tease any more;
There, cuddle his curly pate down on my breast,
Lulla-by-by,

Then shut up his eyes,
And see how nice little Johnnie will rest.

AUNTIE.—Well, now for the story. Well, children, get quiet,

And then if you'll listen well, auntie will try it,
Well, let me see; I must tell it in rhyme,
And begin the old way: “Once on a time,
There lived a man”——

JAMIE.—That's just the way the story began
About that terribly wicked man,
Who strilled about in his beard of blue,
Who killed all his wives, and hung them, too.

KATIE.—Are you telling the tale? You had better say less,
And listen while others are talking, I guess.

AUNTIE.—Well, once on a time, a man and his wife
Who had never done any harm in their life,
Lived in a nice cottage just under the hill;
And the brook that rushed by turned the wheel of the mill.

Where the man worked on from day to day,
Watching the grain from hopper to sieve,
And for a lifetime spent in that way
It was flowery enough for any to live.

For the cows and the pigs, and the colts and the sheep,
That would feed on the hillside or lazily sleep
Under the boughs of the spreading trees,
And that row of hives with their humming bees.

And the corn that grew in the further lot,
And the sunflowers tall that lined the walk
To the spring that welled from the old gray rock,
And the children that clambered upon his knee,

Boisterous with mirth and innocent glee,
Were his, all told; could he ask for more
To add its weight to his bountiful store?
Well, the miller worked on from day to day,
As free from care as his babes at play;

And the brook still flowed in its usual way;
And the miller still worked in his usual way;
Made cheery echoes the whole day long.
And everything seemed to be taking part
In the roundelay of his merry heart,
Just as everything wears a smile, you know,
When we are happy and see them so.

Amid the din of the dusty town,
Lived in princely splendor a millionaire,
With his wife, a lady of this renown,
For queenly beauty was none so fair.

But gold and glitter and queenly bride
Were as empty bubbles that float on air,
For princes will starve if fed on pride,
And so will the heart of a millionaire.

So, tired of the din of the crowded town,
And loving the quiet of nature's ways,
And sick of the chill of his lady's frown,
Viewed under the mask where beauty plays,

He wandered off where the cooling shade
Flung a darker green o'er vale and hill,
And often paused where the brook was stayed
To turn the wheel of the gray old mill.

“Can you tell me why,” said the millionaire,
“Your life is ever so blithe and gay?
For your happy heart and rustic fare
I would give my untold wealth to-day.”

“Heydey!” said the man, with right good-will,
As he doffed his cap to the millionaire,
“My thanks are first to my busy mill,
For it feeds the sources of all my care.

“It gives me labor, and that is wealth:
These sneaky arms are mines of gold;
My cot is aglow with ruddy health,
And virtue and love are never old.

“So all of the world was made for me,
And I am akin to all that lives,
And whether I whistle to bird or tree,
It always echoes what my heart gives.”

The miller paused, but the millionaire
A lesson had learned of priceless worth,
That the hidden springs of happiness are
In the heart's pure fountain that gives them birth.

And now remember, my little pets,
That life isn't always what it seems;
And never murmur with vain regrets,
Though you fail to attain your golden dreams.

For happiness lies in the reach of all,
And to give of goodness will make it ours;
And if the shadows and tempests fall,
They but bring us the odor of broken flowers.

Mankato, Minn., April, 1886.

Letter and Enigma.

Dear Children: I thought I would like to accept the Editor's invitation and write to you. I live in spirit life altogether now, but many moons ago (as we Indians count time), I lived on earth. I was a little Indian girl, although my father was a white man. I always lived with my mamma and her people. I never saw my father in earth-life, as he went away to his own people before I was born and never came back to my mamma, who was very sad about it. She was always very kind to me, and grieved so much when I was sick and passed away into spirit life that I was permitted to return to her and comfort her, and it was a great pleasure to me to know that she was conscious of my presence—could see me, and could comprehend my thoughts. From cheering her I soon learned

to cheer and comfort many others, and thus I gradually grew into my life work.

I became attached to this medium's band of guides twenty-five years ago, but this is the first time in many years that I have had an opportunity to manifest in writing, and I enjoy it very much, for I learned to write in spirit life. I have composed an Enigma for you, and hope you will all try to answer it.

I am composed of twenty-one letters.
My 10, 7, 8, 5 is a direct to go.
My 13, 10, 9, 15 is a crust which forms on metal.
My 2, 12, 4, 18 is an elevated mass of land.
My 21, 3, 20, 9, 14, 10, 9, 3, 11, 11, 19 is a large river.
My 1, 7, 6 is a railway carriage.
My whole is what we all love and should work for.

If you answer this enigma, and wish me to, I will write to you again and compose another. Yours with much love, LILY BELL, through her medium, Elsie Hornbeck.

Reviews and Clippings.

Political Economy of Natural Law.

BY HENRY WOOD.

This book has received a profusion of commendatory notices from the press in all sections of the country. It is simple, yet profound, and makes a “dry subject” positively entertaining. The burning topics of the day, including trusts, centralization, labor questions, socialism, and coinage are treated most instructively. It is now issued in paper covers to bring it within reach of all, and to accommodate the great demand for information upon these vital subjects, incidental to the coming presidential campaign. It is independent of prejudice, section or party, and will be welcomed by searchers after truth. (Fine cloth, \$1.25. In paper covers, 50 cents.) Lee & Shepard. Order of the Banner of Light Pub. Co.

A NEW STORY OF EDISON.—In the March Success a hitherto unpublished incident is given of the way Thomas A. Edison introduced himself to a telegraph manager in New York:

A tall young countryman, looking as green as a suit of “butternut” clothes and a slouch that could make him, applied for work in the Broad St. New York office of Maury Smith, in 1871. Mr. Smith was manager of the consolidated telegraph lines then in opposition to the Western Union. Like all other managers, he could make room for an expert operator, and told the young rustic that an engagement depended altogether upon his skill.

“Try me; I can keep up with the best of ‘em,” said the stranger.

Mr. Smith noticed that the applicant appeared to be quite deaf; but, out of curiosity, and possibly with the idea of having some fun with him, he gave him a table and told him to “receive” a message then due from Washington.

“You will have to work pretty fast,” he warned him, “for our Washington man is in the habit of rushing things.”

As a matter of fact, there was no message expected from Washington, nor did the wire lead there. Mr. Smith connected the receiver with a “sender” in another part of the same operating room, and put his fastest operator, “Dick” Hutchinson, at work sending a two-hundred word message. Edison, for it was he, grasped a pen, and, as soon as the instrument began to click, dashed off the copy in a large, round, legible hand. While deaf to all other sounds, he could catch the faintest metallic click.

On came the message, faster and faster, twenty, thirty, forty words a minute. A crowd of operators gathered around, curiosity and then amazement depicted on their faces. Page after page was reeled off, with never a break, and with the last click of the instrument the forty-minute message had been received perfectly, and lay in a heap of manuscript on the table. The young man's triumph was complete. Hutchinson rushed up and shook hands with him, and Mr. Smith gave him a job on the spot.

DREAMS.—Speaking upon the philosophy of dreams, Mrs. Bell said that the process of thought created furrows in the brain over which the blood rushed during sleep, thus awakening memories of the past, although generally more or less confused.

Dreams, we were told, open up a realm unseen by physical eyes. Sleep is the day time of the soul, and we not only see things unseen by physical eyes, but hear sounds unheard by physical ears.

PECULIAR PHENOMENA.

A special dispatch to a St. Paul daily, dated Houghton, Mich., Feb. 8, says: Harriet Clark, a thirteen-year-old girl, appears to be the subject of some very strange phenomena. She retired in good health, and was soon awakened by a strange noise and rattlings in her room. She was very much frightened, and every one touching her received slight electric shocks. The curious rattlings continued in all parts of her room. A prominent and reputable physician was summoned, and was unable to give relief to the girl, or stop the violent rattlings which constantly continued from all parts of the room. The girl continues in the same condition, and the rattling, which is now intermittent, can be heard by neighbors for fully one hundred feet. The case has been investigated by other physicians, and many curious people, but no explanation secured. The girl is much alarmed, and the superstitious among the neighbors believe her possessed by devils.—*The Psychological Science Review and Harbinger of Dawn.*

ANTS ORNAMENTS THEIR HOMES.

In many parts of the great West—in Wyoming, Montana and the Dakotas, etc., there are colonies of ants which collect from a considerable district many little stones of about a uniform size, and put these on the outside of their ant-hills. Some of these little pebble-stones they get from the inside of their houses as they burrow, but most of them they collect from the surface of the land near by. Teeth, also, of field mice and gophers, or other small animals, they bring to the outside of these ant-hills, and if Indians camp near them, the ants pick up for the same purpose all the little beads dropped by the squaws. After the Indian camp has broken up and moved away, many Indian beads can usually be found on the outside of the ant-hills. Wide-awake naturalists never fail carefully to examine these hills for various specimens that the ants have found and used to decorate their homes.—*The April St. Nicholas.*

PECULIARLY GIFTED CHILD PSYCHIC.

CHIC.—Under the title of “Der Spuk in Nienadowka,” Herr von Plohn contributes to the August-September number of *Die Ueber-sinnliche Welt*, of Berlin, the first instalment of a highly interesting narrative of the extraordinary phenomenon witnessed in Nienadowka, a town situated in Austria Galicia, through the mediumship of Anna Chorzempa, a little girl of 14, of whom and her mother a photographic portrait is given. The child belongs to a class of peasant farmers; can read and write, but has not been otherwise educated; but, when in a trance Greek and Latin are spoken through her, and she seems to possess, in addition, great psychometric gifts. It may be remarked that at the present time, there is a very marked outbreak, as it were, of juvenile mediums, whose occult powers are a great source of perplexity to materialists and to skeptics generally. “Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings” are issuing truths which age and learning are incapable of gainsaying.—*Harbinger of Light.*

NATICK SCHOOL GIRL TO BE PROUD OF.

OF.—One day recently a group of school girls were coming home from school when they heard harsh words and hard blows. As they looked up they saw a coal team heavily loaded

with a wheel in the gutter, and the horse unable to move it. The driver, with a quick stroke, was belaboring the poor beast, and using language that was not horrid nor classical. It made the girls afraid. One of them, however, called out:

“What is he whipping that poor horse for?”

“I’ll see to it.”

The angry driver sneeringly replied, “You’ll see to it.”

The young girl was in no way daunted, and replied:

“Yes, I’ll see to it,” and going round the curb to find out the number of it, as well as the name of the firm, continued, “And if you do not stop I’ll report you also.” This quieted the cowardly fellow, and he calmed down, put his shoulder to the wheel, coaxed the horse, and got out of the gutter. And the girl stayed there, and saw the affair through, and thought no more about it. *She is a credit to the town.—Our Dumb Animals.*

THE PATH OF SACRIFICE.

When I see so many persons unselfishly sacrificing their opportunities, and, one might almost say, their lives for others, and in so many instances apparently unselfishly, I always feel impelled to set forth the “other side” of the question, which is said always to exist.

It seems to me when these sacrifices are at the expense of every law of harmony and fitness, that we are going beyond our depths, and entering domains which do not yet belong to us.

I do not believe there is a person who is not obliged to admit that the highest and purest sacrifices are, in the majority of cases, all for naught, so far as their object is concerned; and that more frequently than otherwise, the person benefited is not only lacking in the appreciation and understanding of that sacrifice, but continually exacts and requires more; and moreover is unaware and perhaps incapable of realizing the noble and beautiful motive prompting the act; not alone that, but what is of far greater consequence, he is also rendered selfish and morally weaker, as the only result. It therefore appears reasonable to conclude that in this matter, as in everything else, “there is a time and season for all things”; and that we should be possessed of knowledge and rare discrimination as well, before we throw away our gifts upon others, who are often not prepared to receive them.

We have a reckoning to furnish of our own lives, and sometimes in our zeal for the lives of others, we neglect our nearest duty, which is—ourselves.

We are not taking into consideration reward, nor gratitude; we are simply studying, and judging this matter from the standpoint of results—effects. When these results fall so far below the standard of benefit, in the face of so many apparent failures, is it not natural and right to question, and to attempt to discover, if possible, the cause?

How can we be certain, with such plentiful evidence before us, that we are not infringing (though all unknowingly) upon some natural law? Otherwise would not the results be more in accordance with nature's laws, which are perfect harmony and perfect fitness?

It seems to me there is reason to believe that sacrifice is a law belonging to the divine mysteries, and we should be perfected spiritually, ay, even as a Christ, or a Buddha, before attempting so supreme a step.

While it is our duty, our sacred duty, to live unselfishly, and unselfishness is the stepping-stone to that very portal labeled sacrifice, yet, before we perform that sacrifice—an act so important in its consequences—we must possess much wisdom and much experience. There are sometimes other forces, outside of ourselves, to consider in the matter. There is not a life but that is interblended, more or less, with other lives—lives we may not even be conscious of until our spiritual vision is opened out to a truer and less limited horizon.

One life is made to depend upon another for its times and seasons; how sometimes when we seem to be standing still, we are only making a little wider circuit, that we may catch the influence of some grander attraction, or avoid some clash of spheres fraught with unseen peril.” We should then have knowledge, so as to be able to judge wisely what each act of sacrifice may mean, in its fullest sense, before so sacred an undertaking is attempted. After all, is it not better to let each life shape itself out naturally and in accordance with nature's laws, which, as we know, work slowly but surely?

After we have lived out each condition of life, step by step, reverently and earnestly, and it may be, not until years and years of patient unselfishness have been lived—then we are ready to take the “Path of Sacrifice”—then there can be no mistake, no failure of purpose possible, for the knowledge would be of the Master's.

Each act of our lives has its times and seasons; and at certain stages of our existence, sacrifices are as ill timed and out of place, as planting the daintiest and tenderest flower in the midst of frost and snow. It only crushes out a delicate life for nothing; whereas, if we wait until the proper season, the dainty little flower we have planted will grow and flourish, and perfume the air all about it.

And so it is with Sacrifice.—Constance M. Allen, in *The New Cycle.*

LIGHT TO HEAL THE LUNGS.

What appears to be something in the nature of a revival of the old “blue glass cure,” which attracted a great deal of attention all over the world some years ago, is the new method of treating diseases which is being exploited by Dr. J. M. Bleyer, of New York. The following description is taken from a paper recently read by him in that city:

“Pure air, sunlight and concentrated electric light will improve any case of tuberculosis. I should say the best thing a man dying of tuberculosis can do is to buy an old green house, put some blue glass in the roof and walk around naked in the sunlight. But even this treatment can be improved upon.

“I was led to my electric light cure by my experiments on animals. Then I took men and women who had tuberculosis, and placed them in houses especially constructed with blue-glass roofs; in fact, I built a solarium at Liberty, N. Y.—a great glass building, which looks like a horticultural conservatory. My patients were drooping plants, which I attempted to nurture. They walked around in the rays of blue sunlight, and improved wonderfully. Most of them got well.

“Then, I argued, if blue light was so beneficial to consumptives, why not provide it for them artificially, and in concentrated form? I procured a powerful arc light concentrating lantern. Its candle power must have been ten thousand. I used it on my consumptive animals, sending its rays through blue glass. The effect was remarkable. The beasts were made well much more quickly than in blue sunlight. It was equally beneficial to human patients.

“Next I dispensed with the blue glass. Instead I caused the light to pass through large jars filled with chemical fluids, which absorbed all the light rays in the lower end of the spectrum, for I found that only the blue, the indigo and violet rays exert an influence on the movement of the spores.

“If a vessel containing a deep colored solution of ammoniated copper oxide, which transmits only blue or violet rays, be placed between the source of light and cultivated spores, the spores are seen to react, just as they will when placed in contact with ordinary white light. On the other hand, they do not react at all to light which has passed through bichromate of potassium solution, through the yellow vapor of a sodium flame or through ruby or red glass. I am able, therefore, to control the reaction of spores under light rays merely by interposing various solutions in the path of the light.

“Now, there is no difficulty in passing the rays through the human trunk for the lungs. We know that the cathode rays travel their way through opaque bodies that ordinarily arrest the transit of sunlight. Roentgen has told us that, unlike sunlight, these cathode rays do not undulate in waves, but pass, as it were, backward and forward. To this probably is due their penetrating power. So we have the means of projecting the rays, with all

their therapeutic properties, right into the lungs of the consumptive; in other words, it is possible to operate on his lungs without opening his body.”

Light is inimical to the development of the harmful organisms. The action of light entirely destroys the bacteria or reduces them to a condition of torpidity which they require months to overcome. A 22,000-candle-power light has been built for the doctor with which to treat persons suffering from tuberculosis.—*The Patent Record.*

STAR DISTANCES.—Probably you know that the stars are suns, and that they look like mere shining points of light because they are so far away. The nearest is so far that a cannon shot fired in Adam's time from the Garden of Eden, and flying continually with undiminished speed, would even now hardly have started on its journey. It would be as if a train bound for another town had just pulled well out of the station.

On a summer evening you may see Arcturus high up in the south or southwest in June or July, and farther down in the west in August or September. You will know it by its red color. That star has been flying straight ahead ever since astronomers began to observe it, at such a speed that it would run from New York to Chicago in a small fraction of a minute. You would have to be spry to rise from your chair, put on your hat and overcoat and gloves and go out on the street while it was crossing the Atlantic Ocean from New York to Liverpool. And yet if you should watch that star all your life, and live as long as Methuselah, you would not be able to see that it moved at all. The journey it would make in a thousand years would be as nothing alongside its distance.

Many, perhaps most, of the stars are really much larger and brighter than the sun. Canopus, as it appears to us, is the second brightest star in the heavens. It never rises in our northern latitudes; to see it well you would have to go at least as far south as the Gulf States. Although it shines to us only as a very bright star, it is really thousands of times as bright as the sun. If our earth should fly as near to it as it is to the sun, the whole sky would seem to be ablaze, and everything combustible on the earth's surface—forests, houses and fences—would be burned by the fervent heat as if thrown into a hot fire. But the distance of Canopus is immeasurably great, so that astronomers have not been able to learn anything certain about it. The most interesting conclusion from this is that Canopus, although it is only a star in the sky, is really thousands of times brighter than the sun.

Canopus is not the only star of which this is true. Rigel, in the constellation Orion, is a star of the first magnitude; yet its distance is beyond all that the most powerful instruments of astronomy can fathom. There may be yet other stars ten thousand times as bright as the sun, and yet so far away that we do not see them as very bright stars.

There are now about sixty stars of whose distance astronomers have been able to get some idea. The distances of a few of the nearest of these have been measured with some approach to exactness, but the farther a star is the harder it becomes to secure exactness in such measurements. But astronomers are always trying to improve their instruments, and every year they are finding out more and more about the arrangement of the stars.

Perhaps before the twentieth century shall be half gone they will know how far off the Milky Way is—something they have as yet no certain way of learning.—*Prof. Simon Newcomb, in The Youth's Companion.*

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vigor of twenty-five years ago, there was so much he desired to say: "I am proud of the young workers in the field." He spoke of Mr. Bilka as a Lyceum boy. "I am pleased to hear him giving forth such thoughts to the friends of truth." Mrs. F. L. Caird gave some very fine messages. Mr. J. S. Scarlett was the last speaker; he said: "I have a thought or two I would like to present. First, there is no guess-work in Spiritualism; it is a demonstrated fact; it is the message that triumphs over death; it is a message of eternal love. Spiritualism tells the story of eternal progression for every form of creation; it teaches that the Christ-principle is in every soul; it proclaims the law of cause and effect; it is the law of nature; it teaches that woman is man's equal. It places the angel of love at the head of every grave."

This closed one of the most successful meetings ever held by this society, and we most cordially extend our thanks to the daily papers to the BANNER OF LIGHT, to all who participated in the exercises, to the ladies who took charge of the dining hall, and to Mr. Hayward, and Mrs. A. F. Butterfield for floral decorations.

CARRIE L. HATCH, Sec'y.

The Massachusetts State Association

celebrated the Fifty-Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism Thursday, March 29, at Berkeley Hall. The hall was tastefully decorated with American flags and beautiful flowers. The weather was all that could be desired, and notwithstanding the many who went to the State House in the interest of the medical question, a goodly audience was present at the morning meeting, which was called to order by the President, George A. Fuller, at 10:45. He spoke of the work of the State Association; said we try to help local societies by going to their places and creating an interest, or renewing interest. We stand for organization, and we work in the interest of medical freedom. The society has willingly given of its means to help defray the expenses. The Association does not state what method should be used in this direction, but thinks each individual has a right to employ whomever he chooses to doctor him. He urged all to come forward and unite with the Association.

Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, 2d Vice-President, said: "We have convened to day in the interests of organization; all nature is organized. We have begun to realize that our religion calls for a purer platform than we have some times had in the past; the people are demanding teachers of good character, to fill our platform. We are learning to cooperate with the spirits, and have reached a higher round in the spiritual ladder."

Mr. J. B. Hatch, Jr., spoke briefly of the Medical Bill, and of the interests of the State Association. Mrs. Jennie C. Henderson said, "I am thankful for the privilege of being here to-day. I was glad to hear of the work the State Association has been doing in the past six years. I am deeply interested in organization, and I often wonder how Spiritualism has lived so long without it. I am surprised to find so many of our Spiritualists opposed. What would be the condition of religion to-day if the church was not so thoroughly organized—organization creates power."

Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, Vice-President of the New York State Association, said: "I have listened attentively to the remarks of my co-workers, and it seems to me that the Spiritualists themselves are much to blame for the crosses they have to bear—they have not been consistent, but like the pendulum of the clock have swung from one extreme to the other. Instead of coming together, and thoroughly organizing, we have gone to the other extreme, and refused to organize at all. But we are beginning to realize the necessity of organization. Spiritualism is the religion of the heart and the intellect. We have not been consistent in regard to our children; the mother who attends a church teacher's child of the 'dear heavenly father'; Spiritualists let their children only time in the church, instead of telling them of the spirit world, and teaching them that life is immortal. It is not a light thing to be a Spiritualist, because we know—the seed we sow that shall we also reap."

Mrs. J. P. A. Whitlock spoke briefly: "The cause of Spiritualism is dear to me; organization is an important question at this time, and all the friends should come forward to support an organization which is trying to work to liberate the whole world. The right settlement of this medical question is not only to benefit the Spiritualist, but all mankind." She spoke of the potency of thought, and to what an extent we are affected by it. This closed the morning session.

In the afternoon the meeting opened with congregational singing, after which Mr. Hatch, Jr., First Vice-President, introduced Harrison D. Barrett, who said: "This is my third address to-day, and I have one more to deliver to-night, so I will have to make my remarks brief. You have listened to the words of my co-workers, but the subject of Spiritualism is so broad there is always something more to say. As has been said to me recently, 'eternal vigilance through organization is the price of liberty here in Massachusetts.' Referring to the contest for medical liberty, he said, 'Many of our Spiritualists claim the angel-world, which gave them their Spiritualism, will take care of them and will not allow the legislature to pass any bills that will encroach upon their rights; but, friends, we must help ourselves if we expect help from the spirits. Every time I join an organization I have more liberty because the brothers and sisters help me, and we work together and are benefited. I give you greeting to-day, and I ask you as friends of freedom to join this State Association and help to carry on the work.'

Mrs. C. P. Pratt spoke earnestly on the questions of the hour. "I always associate the day with happy remembrances, when we used to come to Boston to commemorate the day."

Miss Etta Willis read a poem which was well received.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, one of the pioneer workers, said: "It affords me pleasure to be counted as one of the representatives to-day. It is forty-five years the 15th day of April since I was first entranced, and I feel I am the oldest representative upon the spiritual platform. Although I have not enrolled my name upon your books, still I am a member of the great common family. Spiritualism to me is a religion, a democratic religion broad and deep. It is the most sacred thing I love upon this plane of life. I have been in Philadelphia the past week, and I have been requested to convey the greetings of the society (Mr. Locke's) to you friends in convention to-day, and I am glad to do it. I know my friends exist beyond this mortal sphere. If every Spiritualist should renounce his faith, I should be willing to stand alone; I have learned that the approbation of the spirits is more to me than that of the mortal. Spiritualism is the religion of life and not of death. This is our Easter day; we ob-

serve the resurrection of the hope of the life immortal, but these Anniversary days bring both joy and sorrow—sadness when we think of the co-workers who have crossed the border, though I try to rise above the sadness in the hope that I shall meet them in the not distant future. Since last year that good old saint, Dr. Richardson has passed over, and we miss his mortal presence here. I pay a tribute to those who are living, and you who are dying because we, not the spirits just across the border, are the ones who are dead. If you have any praise to give, give while the friend is on this side of the vale. Oh, ye angel friends, guide our footsteps, and increase the efforts of this Association."

Mr. F. A. Wiggin was then introduced. He remarked: "Some one said, 'I come not to bring peace, but a sword.' There is a mission in the sword. Its object is to clear the way that peace may follow; and so this Association stands for the rights and liberties of the people; it stands for a power of good as a defender of the rights of the people. The cause of truth is the cause of Spiritualism."

Miss Lizzie Harlow, one of our youngest workers, was the next speaker. She said: "What tribute can I lay upon the altar this afternoon? I hardly know, for we meet at the gateway of the past and the present. I would pay a tribute to the noble workers who have made it possible for me to tread the pathway of Spiritualism." She spoke lovingly of Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn and Dr. G. A. Fuller. She thought that the work laid out for the future would be along the line of legal procedure, and that we would have to fight for our rights, and work to repeal laws that were a detriment to the human family. We must be wise and vigilant to accomplish the great work before us.

Mr. A. P. Blinn, another of our young workers, who has a bright future, said: "We know the friends in spirit can cooperate with us and bring us up to the higher realms. Spiritualism teaches me that I am not alone; that a host of invisible witnesses compass me about, and they urge me to do right. Spiritualism teaches us the truth. It is making us new men and women. It teaches us that cooperation is the watchword of Nature."

Mrs. Jahnke then gave a fine recitation from one of Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn's poems.

Mrs. N. J. Willis said: "It is fifty-two years since the tiny rap ushered in this mighty truth to a thinking people. What has the harvest been? Have we done all the good we could? Spiritualism comes to teach us practical truths. We must prepare to live our Spiritualism; then there will be no contention; we will be lifted up into the realms of spirituality. The evening meeting opened with a selec-

tion by the Clenton Orchestra. Mrs. Jahnke gave a fine recitation. Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn was the first speaker: "I am glad to meet you here, for this is a red-letter day—kind of a mutual-admiration day. When I look over the years I have been before the public and see the changes, I am pleased—Spiritualism must embrace all good. We must stand in the front ranks of reform; we must teach reform instead of revenge." Mr. E. W. Hatch then sang a sweet song, Dr. Dean Clark read a short essay, and Geo. E. Schaller played a fine piano solo.

Mrs. E. L. Webster gave demonstrations of spirit-return very successfully. Mr. J. S. Scarlett spoke eloquently and briefly: "Spiritualism is a factor in the progress of thought; it has brought the grandest system of scientific thought the world has ever known." He spoke of the Bible, which he declared to be an inspired book; that is the bible of nature. Mrs. S. C. Cunningham gave messages, which were well received. Mrs. Hattie C. Mason said: "This is a good time to join the organization—the time to put our best efforts into humanity." Mrs. Minnie M. Soule gave some fine messages, which were very well received. Mrs. Alice Watson spoke a few words, but said the hour was late and she had learned many years ago that silence was golden, and she would not take up the time. Mrs. Caird gave messages with which all were well pleased. Mr. Wiggin said: "The Christ principle is true Spiritualism."

The Association extends thanks to all who took part in our exercises, to the daily press and to the BANNER OF LIGHT for extended reports. (Dr. Fuller's and other addresses will appear in our next issue.—Ed.)

CARRIE L. HATCH.

A Card.

I desire to state that the story of my being arrested and fined the sum of \$50 is a falsehood, and is being circulated by those who would do me wrong. The truth is that I engaged a medium to give a séance at my hall, on the same plan of those that were held twice last winter—one year ago—for the Ladies' Lyceum Union. Some one sent a letter to the police station that I was going to have a show without a license. Officers were sent to the hall to investigate. Nothing was heard of it since, and this card is for those who are friends to know the truth of the case.

M. ADELIN WILKINSON.

R-I-P-A-N-S. Ten for five cents at drugists. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. No matter what the matter one will do you good! 25c Mar 18

Anniversary Celebration by the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, and the Ladies' Lyceum Union.

The exercises, held at 514 Tremont St., Boston, began at 11 A. M. The platform was elaborately decorated with flowers. The exercises were led by the Conductor, Mrs. M. A. Brown. After the opening exercises the Lyceum spent twenty minutes studying the lesson; subject, "The Foundation of Modern Spiritualism." The lesson was afterward read responsively, followed by the banner march; there were about one hundred children in line. After the march songs and recitations were rendered by Eldon Bowman, Wilhelmina Hope, Little two and a half-year-old Stella Bird, Irma Carleton, Madeline Field from the Lynn Lyceum, Mr. Harold Leslie, Harry Green, Floyd Sibley, Iona Sillings. Remarks were made by President Wm. A. Hale. A recitation was rendered by Miss Fern Foster. Mr. Thos. Beals of Portland, Me., was introduced, the Conductor of a Lyceum in that city before the civil war. He showed the great advantages that the Lyceum gave in developing and drawing out the possibilities of the child, in comparison to that given in the regular Sunday school. He then told the children why they should not be ashamed to be called Spiritualists. May Burdett sang "Grandma's Last Amen"; recitations, Carrie Engel and Louise Bierman. The session closed at 1 P. M. with the counter-march.

Afternoon Session.—President W. A. Hale, at 2:30, opened the exercises with an address of welcome. A selection, Ladies' Schubert Quartet. Mrs. A. A. Cate, of Haverhill, spoke. "The little rap at Hydeville echoed around the world and brought light and hope to all." She hoped that this anniversary would be a gem of inspiration that would lead many to a new light and a brighter life. The next speaker, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, of Braintree, dwelt on "The Possibilities of the Child." After ten years of experience in working for children she had just begun to realize the possibilities they possessed. "Those who have the care of children should first understand the nature of each individual. The little efforts made by children should receive every encouragement or their abilities may be crushed in the bud. It is the duty of the Lyceum to draw out and develop them. No efforts should be spared in studying each mind." She illustrated the power of imitation, showing how much care is necessary to develop the good in a child. "Let us take notice of the good only, thereby preventing the developing of evil."

Mr. Harold Leslie sang "The Holy City." The chairman then introduced Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes as one of the champion workers. She stated that her conception of Spiritualism is educational; to live in the present and less in the future. "By studying Spiritualism we should be able to see clearer here as well as hereafter. It matters not whether Science recognizes Spiritualism or not, its influence is being felt the world over. Our religion should be so broad that we feel all are equal. We should surround ourselves with pure thought to receive inspiration from a higher source." In conclusion she hoped we would reach out in soul to the Divine Love and thus be in harmony with it.

The Ladies' Schubert Quartet rendered a selection. Regrets for absence were received from Mr. H. D. Barrett and Mrs. Nettie H. Harding. The next speaker, Miss Anita Truman of New York, very beautifully wove her inspirations into verse, illustrating life. The thoughts voiced by her were beyond the expression of my pen and were thoroughly appreciated by all.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn stated that she was in sympathy with the Lyceum work, and spoke very interestingly on the development of the spiritual part of the child, also said that we are much to blame for the evil in the world because of our neglect to instruct the child in small things. We should learn to be more independent and not to expect too much from the spirits. We should receive blessings for

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Statement of a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians.

Dear Doctor: I consider it my sacred duty to extend to you my heartfelt thanks for the perfect cure your advice and medicines have effected, and may say that I was very skeptical of the issue when I began to use your medicines, but doubt has entirely subsided, and I have now a confirmed belief in their almost miraculous efficacy. Three months ago I bore about my body the piteous spectacle of my terrible disease. Now I am mentally and bodily a healthy man.

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Apr. 7.

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

There Limitations to Our Possibilities?" "What are the Causes of Mental Impressions?" "What is Involution?" A selection by the Schubert Quartet closed the day.

CHAS. B. YEATON, Sec'y.

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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.

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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.

our good deeds as a natural result without any spirit help. Dr. F. H. Roscoe stated that this had been the most interesting service that he had attended this week, that it seemed to be the mission of Mrs. Butler to lighten the burden of others. He spoke at some length upon charity and the future prospects of Spiritualism. Dr. E. A. Smith of Brandon, Vt., made an interesting address, dwelling largely upon the possible development of children. Mr. F. W. Smith of Rockland, Me., said he had been a Spiritualist since 1848, and it had often been the means of helping him over hard places in life. He also dwelt upon the subject of equality of men and women. Mr. Arthur Wallis of the Castle Square Theatre Co., gave a reading. A selection was rendered by the Schubert Quartet. Mr. Albert P. Blinn said in part that "we should not be saved by the efforts of Christ, but by our own efforts; that we are spirits as much to day as we ever will be. The work we do here will not have to be done in the next world, but the work we leave undone here will have to be done there; also the wrong done here will have to be undone there before we can progress. It is our duty to teach the children how to lead a true life." Mrs. W. S. Butler made a few brief remarks. Mrs. Sadie L. Hand of Lowell spoke upon the "Divinity of Childhood," and commended our society upon the absence of applause, as it tended to create more harmony. Mrs. Mayo of the San Francisco Lyceum was present. The session closed at 5:30 P. M., by the audience singing one verse of "America."

The evening service took the form of a concert. Miss May Burdett sang a song, "When Our Loved Ones Pass Away." Mrs. Hattie Mason delivered a fifteen minute address; a selection by the Schubert Quartet; Miss Iona Sibley gave a recitation entitled, "Lily's Rose"; a song by Floyd Sibley was finely executed; recitation, Master Willie Sheldon; song, Miss Louisa McCall; a poem written by Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn was read by Miss Floyd Sibley; song, Mr. John Organ; Mrs. W. S. Butler informed the audience of the good work that was being done by the Lyceum and the Ladies' Lyceum Union; Mrs. Willis Milligan sang; Miss Margarette, reading; selection, Schubert Quartet; recitation, Miss Carrie Engel; song, Mr. Harold Leslie; reading, Mr. Arthur Wallis; Miss Anita Truman gave very clear and intelligent answers to the following questions: "What is heaven?" "What is the Difference Between Soul and Spirit?" "Is Mental Absent Treatment Possible?" "Are

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

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

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

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Mar. 7.

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Apr. 7.

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SPIRIT

Message Department.

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

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

These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

MESSAGES.

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

Report of Séance held March 15, 1900, S. E. 52.

George Watson.

This man comes from New York. His name is George Watson. The first thing he says is:

"Hi-diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon."

"A funny way to introduce myself, but I used always to be saying that when things went wrong, and I did not know what to do next; and those who knew me will remember that it was a familiar expression with me. I was a man of the world, but I did not believe in crossing the world with my own thought. I generally tried to fall in line with others instead of combatting them. I want to get to Charles Watson. He is my brother. He is a business man too, and while some responsibility fell on him through my going out, I think he is well able to stand it. I have not very many interests that hold me to earth, but there was a strong desire on my part to test the truthfulness of this spirit return. My mother is with me. She was a saint, as good a woman as ever lived, and I used to think if anything would ever make me a Christian, it would be her life. When I found myself with her, and she put her arms around me, and said she was so glad that I had come, that she had been praying for me, and had watched over me, I felt that it was she who had saved me; but after a while I put on my common sense glasses, and I knew that while her love had been a protection, and many times a safeguard, yet it had been through my own effort in striving to follow her direction that had led me to the place where she was. We are happy together, and are waiting patiently for the rest of the family to come to us. Don't say too much in my favor; there was not very much to be said. I do feel like saying, though, that it is a great deal easier to be a good man when you have a good mother, and you know that her thought is constantly going out to you wherever she is, whether in earth life or spirit, than it is if you feel that nobody cares for you at all."

Alice M. Orse.

Alice M. Orse of Fryburg, Maine. This lady is a teacher. She comes with books all around her, and says: "Yes, yes, I was a teacher when I lived here, and I was interested in everything that was put before my pupils. I had not the opportunity to carry out my plans as I would like, and so I find much pleasure in coming back, and if possible telling some other poor teacher who is struggling to do whatever she can for those in her care, that not always the things we are able to carry out count so much, but the spirit in which we do what is ours to do. I was surprised when I came over here to find that many of those upon whom I thought I had made an impression for good had really been made better through the spiritual influence of my desire to make them better. I did not know anything about mental science, but I can see that if I had been where such a thing was I should have studied into it, and I see it even more from my side of life, because I can see the effect of thought on the people. My mother is alive; her name is Susan Orse. She still lives in Fryburg. It was a great cross to her when I went away. Often she sits before the window and looks out into the street when the scholars are going home and thinks of how I used to come in to her at about that time. She was so good to me; I can never be as good to her from my side of life as she was to me, but we are all in all to each other just the same, and my life in spirit will never be quite complete without her. I shall watch for her as she watched for me many many times."

"Old Bill" Garland.

Here is a man who says he is Bill Garland. He says: "I was christened William, but for the last fifteen or twenty years of my life I never had any title but 'Old Bill.' I hated work. I could not see any sense in working unless I had to, and so long as anybody would take care of me, I did not think I had to. I knew enough to work, knew enough to take care of myself and help take care of somebody else; but to tell the truth, I think I was born lazy. None of my people were like me. They could not understand it. When I was a young man I wanted a profession. There was not money enough to give it to me, and I lost my courage and settled down to be a commonplace, ordinary sort of man who had nothing in the world to do but to sit around, tell stories and have a good time. I came from Springfield, Ill. I have a brother living there now. His name is George Garland, and if you write to him I think you will get some answer. He is not a very strict church member and is not very bigoted about any new thought. He is kind of easy-going, and if you will tell him, please, that mother comes with me, that she has forgiven me for all the trouble I caused her and takes me as her boy, he will be surprised and I guess glad. I do not think anybody cared very much when I went over. In a way they seemed to feel badly, but it was not as though I had done my part and left a good record behind me."

He has a head of bushy hair—brown, with grey streaks all through it. At the top there

is a little bald place. His eyes are sharp and dark, and he has whiskers all around his face and kind of a good-natured way of holding his head in his hands, sitting down and talking as fast as he can. He is not fixed up much, doesn't seem to be very proud about his clothes, but he looks good-natured.

Lucy Wentworth.

A lovely lady walks up to me, touches me, and says: "My name is Lucy Wentworth. I came from Grand Rapids, Mich. She is slight and pretty, has blue eyes, and fair hair which is parted and combed back in rather a pretty fashion, some curls in the front. She is dressed prettily, but in an ordinary fashion. She is about twenty five or twenty eight years old, and has a pretty little baby in her arms. They seem to come together. Yes, it is her baby. She says: "I want to get to Charlie. He will be so glad to know that I am able to come to him. He has said if it were possible for spirits to come he should think I might come to him. We were very happy though we were not married long, and it was a great grief to him when I was taken so soon. But I was so happy to find that there was no separation, even though he did not realize it, that it seemed to take away the great sorrow that I expected would be mine. Most of my people are alive. I found only a few over here, but I found a great many friends who received me kindly, and helped me. I want to say to Charlie that, although it seemed to him when I passed away there would never be any sunshine for him again, that he has begun to feel better, and I am pleased to think it is through my influence, for I have been working constantly. He has a picture of me; it is a small one, in the room where he sleeps. He looks at it over and over again, and says: 'Lucy, I wish you were here'; and then, 'Lu, Lu, how can I get along without you?' And I just try to answer him, and say: 'You don't have to, dear, because I am right near you, only you do not know it.'"

Elijah Crosby.

Here is a funny old man. He is quite tall and thin, black hair pushed up in a big lock. He does that for a purpose; when he pushes his hand through, I see it covers up a bald spot. It grew thicker in front. He seems very jolly and self-satisfied. He says: "Hm! I ought not to be self-satisfied, because I preached many a thing when I was in earth-life that I had no right to, but I had not the least idea that I was doing wrong. My name is Elijah Crosby. I was an itinerant minister. They were received with about the same enthusiasm that tin carts were—everybody turned out to see them when they arrived and turned out to say goodbye. I traveled around through Vermont; that was my district. (He calls it *destrict*.) I doctored, I preached, I even held the plow—anything to make myself a useful man. When I see the ministers of to-day doing nothing but sit in a richly-stuffed study and filling themselves with everything they can find, every new idea, every new thought, and then giving it to the people as though it was so much they had eaten and could not retain, I feel as though perhaps my life was the best after all. I was just as useful, and what I did get I seemed to get from the people and from the air and sunshine. I believed in Almighty God, and if I felt I was in need of anything, I dropped on my knees in the dirt and asked for it. Of course I would be laughed at now by those who have a better idea of omnipotence than I had. If I could come back again, I would simply train people as I trained vines, be a support for them and let them climb toward the sun and get what they could from God himself. I come back with love and good will toward all. I am glad to say that I have proved the truth that I can come back. Sarah and Abigail are both with me, and they send greetings to our daughter; her name is Sadie." That daughter seemed to belong to both of them.

Aunt Abby Cushing.

Here is a woman who says she is Aunt Abby Cushing, from—it sounds like Nanticoke. She is dressed plainly and wears a white apron. I do not think anybody ever saw her without that apron. She always looked fresh and clean. When any one went to her house, she would smooth down her hair, wipe off her face with the corner of the apron, and then go to the door and say pleasantly: "How do you do?" She was very proud and particular. She says: "Sometimes when I have wanted to come back, I have spent so much time in looking just so, that I have lost my opportunity, and to-day I thought I would hurry as fast as I could, so here I am. I want to get to George."

Felix Hamilton.

A big, strong, square-shouldered man, with a full beard all around his face, gray eyes, dark brows and lashes and small nose, comes and says: "I am Felix Hamilton. I came from Worcester, Mass. I was a paper-hanger there. My strong arms and shoulders were developed by my work. Tell Annie, if you can, that I have been with her and have seen the change she has made; and while I was sorry it had to be done, I am glad she was able to do it so successfully. Tell her also that I am always near and desirous of helping her, but it is not always as possible as I would like."

Cora Benson.

A girl about seventeen or eighteen, with dark hair and brown eyes, though not very dark skin, comes now. She passed away just after she finished school. She is dressed in white, as she was when in school. She says: "My name is Cora Benson. I came from Oberlin, O. I was so afraid I would not get a word in to day, but please say that I am very glad to come. My father's name is William Benson. Tell my father and my mother that I am so glad to come."

Henry Fields.

A Roxbury man, Henry Fields, is here. He is stylish and dignified looking. He has gray whiskers and gray hair. He looks like one who is a perfect gentleman under all circumstances. He is a little above the medium height, not very stout. He brushes his clothes carefully, as though he wanted everything about him to be all right. He says: "I tried to hurry, because I was asked to, but it is almost impossible to do it. I want to get to Louise. She will be so glad to know that it is all right with me, and that, although I passed suddenly into spirit life, the awakening was quite real, and I am glad for all the father has done for her." He wears a tall hat.

Augusta Brooks.

Here is a plump fair woman, with blue eyes and brown hair, about thirty years old. She

walks in with a pretty, graceful air, as though she were going to make a short afternoon call. She says: "My name is Augusta Brooks. I come from Wentworth, N. H. Uncle John Brooks is with me. He was a doctor." He says things have changed since he went away, that if he were to come back now, he would not know how to give a pill. He is a funny old man, and I think he was funny when on earth. He was always meeting people who called out familiarly: "Well, Brooks, how are you?" She says: "We want to get to Martha. She will know because she has heard raps, and other noises that she could not account for. She is a little nervous and yet hopes to see something some time. Of course we could not see ourselves to her while she is in this nervous state, but tell her some day when she goes out to the barn, she will probably see somebody standing there, and she will know it is one of us."

Verification of Spirit Message.

Dear Mrs. Soule: The message in the BANNER OF LIGHT of March 10, for A. A. B., is recognized. I believe it to be a genuine communication from my sister's children and my grandmother. No names were given, but A. A. B. fully understood. I thank you and your control for the comfort it gave me.

MRS. ANNIE A. BEAN.

13 Norwood street, Everett, Mass.

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It always looks strange to me that any one can find use for a calendar. I never need one myself, for it seems to me that I could not help knowing the day of the month, were I suddenly laid on the highest of the Himalaya mountains, or slipped off from a stray balloon onto the Peak of Teneriffe. No doubt it is because I write so many letters, and always know the date of the coming BANNER, as well as that of several previous ones. Even when blind-folded at the hospital, I had an underlying consciousness of the date of my arrival, and the probable time of my departure.

So when a correspondent asked me if I would like a flower calendar made by herself, saying she was in doubt, owing to my already having the one described in number one hundred and one, I wrote that I would like it much, for the reason that she lives in Salem, Mass., and I felt sure that the flowers were descended from some that my angel mother must have seen blooming in that region nearly one hundred years ago.

Well, the calendar arrived a few days since, and I wish my readers who love what is dainty and beautiful could examine it. It came in a large flat box, of a lighter blue than the skies of earth on some of these fine spring days, but just the tint of the sky in celestial regions, as seen by decarnate vision. The calendar part is at the corner of the mottled white paste-board, and the flowers are arranged in a graceful mass above and at the side. The base is thick with green moss, and every one of the flowers is wild. Among them, and setting off their beauty, are sprays of small ferns, the maiden hair being in preponderance. And oh! how daintily they sweep over the paper! At the top are nodding columbines, making me think of the lines by one of nature's worshippers:

"And columbines, in purple dressed
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest."

(Tread softly, boy. Disturb not the little home of thy feathered brother and sister.)

By the columbines are the soft little pussy-tails in their delicate crab coats, and then come buttercups in bloom and bud. In the centre of the mass are wild rose buds. Their little heads are furled. They will never open on earth. But their little dower souls bloomed to gladness some liberated mortal in spirit realms. There are other flowers that are quite familiar to me, and I used to pick them when a girl in Bradford, but I do not now remember their names. But there is one little blue hare-bell that I can know and name.

I had the pleasure of entertaining that good man and noble speaker in our Cause, H. H. Warner, when the calendar came. He was most enraptured with the green moss, for it brought back to him the halcyon times when with his beloved wife and little girl he used to spend a day of rest wandering in the woods. Heaven speed the hour when that family, separated for awhile by the pressure of hard times, which does not spare our noblest and our best, will be reunited on the earth-plane, no more to part.

The flowers that touched me the most were those connected with my arisen brother El-nathan, the wild-rose and the buttercup. One of the last of our happy days together was in the summer of 1863, when we spent it in the woods of old Plymouth. Neither of us had ever seen Emerson's Rhodora in bloom; but the moment we saw its "leafless bloom" in a mass of purple beauty over a dark pool, we recognized it, and delightedly recalled the lines closing thus:

"Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose,
I never sought to ask, I never knew;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there,
brought you."

That day we gathered the buds of the wild-rose, as those in bloom had dropped their petals. The next morning the bunch of buds was covered with widely-opened blooms that filled the kitchen with their fragrance. When I could, I used to carry him these buds at the hospital and ask him to put them in water so that they would open for him the next morning; and when he lay ill in my home during that last sad but yet happy year, he always welcomed the flowers that we brought to him.

Once when I visited him at the hospital, I carried him some buttercups that I had gathered in the world he was forbidden to enter. He sat some time examining them; then, coming to me, he held one under my chin and said, "Do you love butter?" It touched me inexpressibly, for he had been shut up more than thirty years. He remembered everything, and chewed the cud of many bitter memories during those long, terrible years. But his freed spirit now blooms in untrammelled beauty in the gardens of Paradise.

Shakespeare, who knew everything, and appreciated everything, expressed some charming sentiments through the lips of one of his characters in "The Winter's Tale." Perdita, "the prettiest low-born lass that ever ran on the green sward," does not care for cultivated, double flowers, which she calls "Nature's bastards." She prefers nature to art. The disguised king argues the point with her, and tries to show that the gardener's art does not alter nature, but is nature itself. She does not understand his argument, and so she assents; but

when he tells her to make her garden rich with those cultivated flowers, she says, "I'll not put the dibble in earth to set one slip of them."

In this pretty calendar there is not a single garden flower. They are all wild, so I think our Salem friend must be a sister spirit of Perdita, one of the most enchanting creations of the great bard.

A beautiful child is sometimes so disguised by filth and uncouth surroundings that we fail to see its beauty, or so tortured and distorted in form by the vagaries of fashion that all we can see is the outrageous clothing and the absurd head-dress and hair. But nothing can destroy the beauty of a real flower. If still living, it holds its pretty head just as Mother Nature meant to have it held. If dying, it fades away, graceful and beautiful to the last. Flowers never manifest the untoward passions which a human face, otherwise beautiful, sometimes expresses. Their life is lovely, their death is natural, and while they do live, they are the most beautiful of all the expressions of life on the mortal plane of existence.

Most of us are already beginning to think of the coming of spring, and of the lavish gifts of the summer. Yesterday we reached the point when the days and nights are equal, and to-day the sun is above the horizon more minutes than it is below. The chilled soil will absorb more and more of the life-giving heat. The seeds below the surface begin to feel the quickening warmth, and in a little while their green leaves will appear. The grass is already becoming green here in New Jersey, though patches of snow from the last blizzard are still to be seen. My tenderness toward the garden beds in the back yard is growing apace. New stakes are driven around the circles devoted to flowers, and the wire fences are fastened to them securely enough to damp the ardor of the most eager canine marauder. The seeds lie in the soil and will soon begin to sprout.

Last summer the beautiful "Lyceum" morning glories from Cleveland rose on strings tied to a pole only six feet high. This summer they will have a better chance. They now have a pole in the center of the bed more than twelve feet above the level of the ground, set so firmly that it cannot swerve from the perpendicular, and the strings go from the top of this high pole to the stakes below. What a fine time these morning glories will have! But it is none too high for them. With all the agility of trained acrobats, they will eagerly climb to the very top of the pole, and then they will throw out long, appealing arms, calling on all heaven and earth to give them some higher support. But they will have to be content with twelve feet, and then the long shoots will hang gracefully down, and deck themselves with the beautiful blue, white rimmed, pink-centered flowers. How he got such a long pole so firmly set in the ground, I do not know. It is all a mystery. I was otherwise engaged, and when I came out of the house, there the tall pole stood. A little while, and strings were rigged from the top of the pole and fastened to the ground. How did he drive that pole into the ground? Did he stand on the chair and then hammer it down from an altitude of thirteen feet? How did he get the strings up there, and fasten them? It is all an unsolved mystery. But there it stands, and will awaken during the summer not only my delight in beauty, but it may also give rise to the unholy feeling of pride, when all my neighbors, both near and far, will wonder at those beautiful morning glories in Miss Judson's yard.

So, when Mr. H. H. Warner becomes weary of giving grand, eloquent lectures like the one he gave in Newark on the evening of March 25, weary of publishing short, deep, inspired lectures as those you have printed on "An Analysis of Life," in the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, weary of writing in his wonderful "History of the Horondians," of drawing the maps of that paleozoic, sunken continent, and of limning the pictures illustrating every phase of the life of its inhabitants as well as the features of its kings, then he can come back to Arlington and rest that weary brain by helping me train my flowers. Meanwhile, may success attend him, and may he do much good for our beloved Cause in the Middle West, the scene of his present labors! And may that loving little family of father, mother and child be at home together again!

When I read, in your issue of Nov. 21, the first number of "An Analysis of Life," I found for the first time one whose views were in absolute harmony with my own. It was the same with Number Two on the same subject. I could not account for it, and carefully preserved the articles. Later, when Mr. Warner came from Brooklyn and called on me, I mentioned to him this similarity of views, and wondered how it came about, as I have supposed all along that my father is my main teacher. But when Horondos Mukeiros and the fax more ancient one, the lion maned, who originated that race of kings, came, it was all explained. It now appears that my father in spirit-life has accepted the truth of the great Horondian teachings, and is a medium between them, who have been so long in spirit-life, and mortals still on the earth-plane. My father teaches me what he has learned from them, and Mr. Warner receives the same from his own teachers and guides.

While writing the above, I smiled to think how this statement of facts would be received by "The Baptist Missionary Union." But it is no less a real fact, and I am grateful indeed that my father has in spirit-life come in contact with these truths, and has accepted them, and that I am so fortunate as to have been for the past twelve years his mouth piece in giving them out in my lectures and writings.

I first came in contact with these views in 1889, through Osameazo, the control of Dr. Harry Abbott. Osameazo was a king of Atlantis. The Atlanteans inherited their teachings from the far more ancient Horondians, so that while writing "The Bridge Between Two Worlds," my father was inspiring me to write the soul-beliefs of the spiritual masters of these two ancient races. I have seen Osameazo twice, and twice have I seen the ancient one, the lion-maned. These manifestations were made when I was in solitude, so far as mortals are concerned. My inner being responds to their teachings, and I thus know that they are true.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
ABBY A. JUDSON.
Arlington, N. J., March 22, 1900.

Iceland published in 1893 one hundred and thirty-nine books and periodicals. The statistics for 1897 are not yet available. Considering that the population of Iceland is estimated at about seventy thousand, the book production of Iceland compared with the other Scandinavian countries is not an unimportant one.—*Publishers' Weekly*.

Questions and Answers.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
W. J. COLVILLE.

QUEST.—[By Mrs. Maitravers Mjoro, Colombo, Ceylon.] What do you consider to be the rational view of the subjective mind and its influence on our ordinary consciousness?

ANS.—The phrase "subjective mind" is often used to cover our entire inner or spiritual nature—all, indeed, that survives material dissolution. If this expansive meaning be attached to the term, we should say that the subjective or inner mind is the reservoir whence knowledge flows intuitively into the external or objective mind, which is a receptacle for information obtained both from within and from without.

Memory is in the subjective mind, but recollection and remembrance are words which properly designate an intellectual act of calling to the surface of consciousness a certain portion of secreted information. The subjective mind is a storehouse of all the knowledge we have ever gained, and when people talk of poor or defective memories they are merely alluding to deficient recollection. The mere surface events of existence which scarcely attract any attention, may add nothing substantial to subjective consciousness, but all that really appeals to us makes its impression upon interior tablets.

It is absurd to suppose that every trivial, transient external incident will remain imperishably inscribed in the spirit's book of remembrance, but we can never forget anything which has played a part in our real education. We never know the extent of our own knowledge, it is, therefore, a profitable exercise when we are in doubt or perplexity to sit quite still, and await the opening out of our interior knowledge chambers. The subjective mind is so much greater than the objective that nothing is lost by peeling off that outer rim of consciousness, and coming face to face with the source of its power. Most people make grave mistakes in philosophy because they look upon the outward side of things as their greatest side, and the penalty paid for this error is "treacherous memory," and brain exhaustion.

As the subjective mind is better understood and its functioning more clearly traced a higher and directer mode of communion with the spirit world will naturally follow. On the subjective plane those on earth and those who have passed over meet on equal terms. They are no longer in two distinct states of existence, finding it difficult to hold intercourse with each other. The most positive evidence of spirit-communion is gained when some one still living on earth enjoys such extensive perception of spirit life as to meet and converse with the "departed" without any need for medial instrumentality. All external evidences which appeal to the subjective mind are precarious because, as it has been abundantly shown during the past fifty-two years, conditions are very frequently non-permanent. The true spiritual scientist and philosopher seeks to know at first hand the reality of the spiritual state, and as his own interior perceptions become freer and less clouded, he finds himself in easy conscious communion with friends in both states of existence. Telepathy is a faculty of the subjective mind, and is only possible among those who are less hampered than ordinarily with objective limitations.

Any one may become convinced of the reality of telepathy by reading expert testimony and weighing procurable evidence, but the actual practice is not possible except when the objective mind is at rest and the subjective is permitted to function undisturbed. Visionary meditative people who are in good health and free from morbid fancies are the best telepathists, and it is from this class that the finest artists, poets, musicians and philosophers are invariably recruited. It is largely a matter of choice how far we acquaint ourselves with our own interiors.

Q. 2.—How do you interpret words to the effect that those who keep Divine sayings will never see or taste death?

A. 2.—There are two possible explanations, one of which is that if we live entirely in accordance with Divine Law we shall overcome the fact of death by so transmuting the organism that there will be a change in the organic structure from material to ethereal, but the act of death will be overcome. The other explanation is that all spiritual blindness is due to sin, using that word simply as "transgression of law." As we live in the consciousness of life immortal, we shall never see death or taste its sting because death has no existence except on the plane of mortal sense.

If the real individual goes on living, and we know this, and rejoiced in the proved assurance thereof, there is no death of any one to our consciousness. Though it is quite true that even a faint knowledge of spirit life, and occasional glimpses of the Great Beyond supply crumbs of comfort in times of bereavement, it always follows that just so long as affection is centered in that which dies, viz, the fleshly side of existence, sorrow must continue, even though in modified degree. If we set our affections upon spiritual realities, which are imperishable, per se we conquer death in the practical necessary sense of conquest. The idolatry of flesh is the cause of sorrow.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dear Sir: Just a word from Colombo, the port of Ceylon, at which Ormuz stopped Feb. 26, to let my many friends who see THE BANNER know that everything has gone well with this good ship and all on board up to date. Sunday, Feb. 11, was very agreeably spent in Naples. Thursday, Feb. 15, we were eight hours at Fort Said, and had a delightfully entertaining morning visiting all the curiosities of that motley Arabian and Egyptian seaport where every nation is represented. The sail through Suez Canal was extremely pleasant, and as it is brilliantly lighted with electricity it is perfectly safe for large ships at night.

The weather has been delightful, on the whole. Two very hot days in the southern part of the Red Sea, otherwise balmy throughout. We have entertainments on board and collect large amounts for charitable purposes. Twenty pounds (\$100) was the amount collected at one concert on Friday, Feb. 23. Ceylon looks beautiful. A great many passengers get off there for India. I will endeavor to send a letter as soon as we reach Australia. This is only a line to let you know I do not forget my good friends who will be many thousands miles away before this is in print. I am as usual in excellent health, and anticipate a successful season of active work at the Antipodes.

Yours sincerely,
W. J. COLVILLE.
Feb. 26.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 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.

Western Spiritual Temple meets in Berkeley Hall, 100 Washington Street, every Sunday at 10 and 12 P.M. E. L. Allen, President; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Secretary, 18 Sidney St., Dorchester, Mass. Take elevator to 12th floor.

The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Minnie M. Soule, Pastor, Assembly Hall, 200 Huntington Avenue, Sunday evenings at 7 P.M. Discourse and evidences through the mediumship of the pastor.

Wedge Hall, 610 Washington Street. First Spiritualist Church, M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Services at 11, 12, 13 and 14; also Thursdays at 2. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

Home Rostrum, 101 Berkeley Street, Charlestown. Spiritualist meetings Sunday, A.M. and P.M. Tuesday and Friday, 1 P.M. Thursday, 7 P.M. Mrs. Gilliland, President, 101 Berkeley Street, Charlestown.

Bible Spiritualist Meetings, Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont Street. Mrs. Gutterer, President. Services Sunday at 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14; also Thursdays at 2. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

America Hall, 724 Washington Street, two flights—mediums and public invited. Circle, 11 A.M.; Proofs, 2 P.M. and 7 P.M. M. Graham, Chairman.

Temple of Honor Hall, 391 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport. Meeting at 10 and 12 P.M. Sunday. Mrs. Annie J. Banks, Conductor; residence 141 High Street, Charlestown.

Spiritual Fraternity, at First Spiritualist Temple, corner of North and Newbury Streets. Meetings Sunday morning at 10, 11, 12 and 13 P.M. Children's school, 12 A.M. Library Room, also Wednesday evening general conference, Lower Audubon Hall. A. H. Sherman, Secretary.

Phonomena Spiritual Society, Sunday evening in Dwight Hall, first floor, 814 Tremont Street. Mrs. A. L. Allen, Conductor; residence 141 High Street, Charlestown.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday afternoon and evening. Supper served at 6 P.M.—at 141 High Street, near Elliot Street. Elevator now in use. Mrs. Mattie L. Allen, President; Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, 71 Sidney Street, Dorchester, Mass.

Children's Progressive Lyceum—Spiritualist Sunday School—meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 114 Tremont Street, at 10 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 P.M. and 7 P.M., and Thursday at 3 P.M.

The Helping Hand Society meets every first and third Wednesday at 8 and 10 P.M. in the Place. Business meetings at 10 o'clock; supper at 6 o'clock. Entertainment at 7 P.M. A. E. Aldridge, Secretary.

Boston Spiritualist Lyceum meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10 o'clock. J. B. Hatch, Conductor; A. Charles Armstrong, Clerk, 17 A. Allen, President; Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, 71 Sidney Street, Dorchester, Mass.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society meets at Dwight Hall, 814 Tremont Street every Thursday afternoon and evening; supper at 6 P.M. Mrs. C. H. Appleton, President.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union meets every Wednesday afternoon and evening in Dwight Hall, 814 Tremont Street. Supper served at 6 P.M. Entertainment in the evening. All invited. Mrs. Maggie L. Butler, President.

Ministry of the Divine Science of Health, and **Boston Institute of Occult Science**.—Meeting every Sunday at 10, 11 and 12 P.M. in the Place. Questions answered at 10 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, Sunday, at 7:30 P.M. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

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

Echo Hall—John Avenue, Charlestown, Dut.—Meetings Wednesday and Sunday evenings. Circles Tuesday evenings.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists meets at 11 and 12 P.M. in the Place. Questions answered at 10 P.M. Hotel Reno, 12 and 14 Windsor Street, Boston. Dr. F. J. Miller, "Psychic Healer and Teacher."

Malden Progressive Spiritualists' Society, Masonic Building, 70 State Street, Malden, Mass. Meetings every Sunday at 11 P.M. Wednesday, 8 P.M. Wm. M. Barber, President; Mrs. Rebecca Morton, Sec'y. A cordial welcome is extended to co-workers in the cause of progressive Spiritualism.

NEW YORK CITY.

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

The First Association of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday at 8 and 10 o'clock at the Tuxedo, 67 Madison Ave., cor. 89th St., New York City.

BROOKLYN.

The Advance Spiritual Conference meets every Sunday evening in Single Tax Hall, 1101 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Seats free. All welcome. Mr. G. Deleere, President; Miss Winnie Brown, Secretary.

The Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn holds meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 8 o'clock, and social meetings every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, at Avenue and Quincy Street. ELIZABETH F. KURTH, 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.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Philadelphia Spiritualist Society meets at Handel and Haydn Hall, 8th and Spring Garden Streets, every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 and 7:30 in the evening.

NEWARK, N. J.

The First Church of Spiritual Progression holds its meetings in hall, corner of West Park and Broad Streets Sunday evenings at 7:45, 8 A. Dorn, President. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

CHICAGO, ILL.

The S. and M. H. Society, 3310 Rhodes Ave., meets every Sunday, 11 A.M. Conference and tests. Tuesday, 3 P.M., Oriental Reception. Open doors, and everybody welcome.

Spiritualist Temple, Fort Worth, Texas, Taylor St., between 7th and Jackson. Services for children, 2 P.M.; for adults, 8 and 10 P.M. Mary Arnold Wison, Assistant Pastor, leads singing. Jennie 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 other cities and towns in other States, can be found above. Societies marked with a * have the BANNER OF LIGHT on sale.

Local Briefs.

BOSTON.

Sunday, April 1, a large anniversary audience gathered in Berkeley Hall to listen to that popular speaker, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, who received an enthusiastic welcome.

Services were opened with piano solo, Mr. Schaller; congregational singing; poem, Mrs. Allen; vocal selection, Mrs. Pearl.

The subjects of Mrs. Allyn's lecture and poem were given by the audience, at her request. Poem subjects were, "Sail On," "Discourage," "Old and New." Lecture subjects, "Knowledge of Wisdom Most Needed by Man," "Practical Work," "The Usefulness of Sin."

Synopsis of lecture: Who and what is God? All think they can answer the question, when there are only a few who can. The person who knows everything can tell you what God is.

It matters not whether it is the savage, the philosopher, the child or the calm individual. To each and every one God is individualized according to development.

You are seeking for something that is good. It makes no difference as long as you are made better whether you use the word god or not. We use the word Infinite Intellect because we do not make it personal. If it is true that sin was born into the world, we do not find the wisdom of sin, but we try to grow out of sin. Wisdom is most needed by man, because it is the only way to get rid of sin. We are growing wiser through knowledge and wisdom. What is wrong is always wrong. No law can make it right. Murder is murder, whether by individual or by law.

Just as fast as a man finds his own nature, he finds the world. The practical work of a mother who seeks to instruct tends to the uplifting of our boys and girls. Practical work is better than prayer. What of Edison, Lincoln and Stephenson if they had prayed and not worked? Truth is the hardest thing to face. You can face a lie; but the truth that faces you day by day, that God of Judgment is the hardest thing to face. Let us see that our children are brought up in the truth of Spiritualism and they will be a credit to our country. Let us learn to get along without sin. We have

talked about the pardon of sin. If we did not sin we would not want pardon. Don't hate a man because his creed is different from yours. Learn to take a smaller man. Let our practical work begin at home and teach us where and what is God.

Mrs. Allyn closed by giving an inspirational poem. In the evening Mrs. Allyn had another large audience. Among the subjects given by the audience were the "Signs of the Times," upon which she based her lecture, closing as in the morning with a poem. It seemed good to see so many old Spiritualists at these meetings, proving to Mrs. Allyn that she had many friends, and they were glad to be present and listen to one of her practical lectures. Mrs. Allyn will be the speaker for this vicinity during the entire month. She will take her subjects from the audience for her lectures and poems.

The BANNER OF LIGHT is always for sale at this Hall. The next issue will contain all the Anniversary reports. Don't fail to get it. J. B. HATCH, JR., Sec'y.

The Boston Spiritualist Lyceum, Sunday afternoon, April 1st, joined with the Gospel of Spirit Return Society to celebrate the Fifty-Second Anniversary. Every seat in Berkeley Hall was filled when the conductor, J. B. Hatch, Jr., called the Lyceum to order and announced the usual order of exercises. "Is Man Naturally Inclined to Evil?" was the question and brought out a lively debate. After the grand march the following took part: Miss Nellie Wilder, reading; Harry Gilmore Green, recitation; Miss Alice Ireland, piano solo; Frank Hatch, Annie Haynes and Alfred O'Malley, recitations; Charles L. C. Hatch, violin solo; Thomas Beals of Portland, Maine, and C. Fannie Allyn of Stoneham, made remarks; Alice Hatch and Miss Martha Mackenzie, recitation; E. Warren Hatch, song; Willie Sheldon, recitation. Mrs. Minnie M. Soule gave several delineations to the children. Questions for next Sunday, "What of Man's Inventions Have Proved of the Most Benefit to Man kind?" A. C. Armstrong, Clerk.

Home Spiritual Meetings, 32 Lincoln Street, Charlestown.—I desire to inform the public that I have given up Echo Hall, 1 Johnson Avenue, and now hold my meetings in my own home as above. Sunday, April 1, being the first, was opened at 8 P.M. with a song service, led by Mr. Peak; invocation, remarks and messages by Mrs. E. J. Peak, conductress. Charlestown. Admission is the same as usual. Leave cars at Sullivan Street.

Commercial Hall, Mrs. Nutter, President. April 1, Sunday morning meeting opened with service of song and invocation by Miss Brehm. Those assisting during the day: Mesdames Nutter, Smith, Millan, Weston, Ruested, Alexander, Julia Davis, Messrs. Krasinski, Thomas Fisher, Brown, Turner, Jackson. We hold an Indian Council April 12.

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont Street, Mrs. Gutterer, President.—Sunday, April 1, Mr. Akerman opened the circle with Scripture reading and prayer. Those assisting through the day: Messrs. Hall, Brown, Cohen, Johnson, Stiles, Wood; Mesdames Akerman, Johnson, Thomas, Stiles, Smith, Gutterer. Next Sunday, extra talent.

First Spiritualist Church, 616 Washington St., M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor. Conference at 11 A.M. Song service led by Mrs. Kneeland; prayer, Mr. de Bos. Subject of address, "What Has Modern Spiritualism Done for the World?" Those assisting were Miss Sears, Mesdames McGrath, Grover, Stroug, Kemp Johnson, Woods; Mollie Kemp, the child medium; Messrs. Bagger, McManing (Philadelphia), King, Hicks, Ibyl, Dr. Miller, Dr. Blackden. Evening services: Address, Mr. de Bos; messages, Mesdames Stroug, Perkins, Woods. Subject next Sunday morning, "Vengeance of God," Mr. Hill.

The Home Rostrum Spiritualist Circle at 11 A.M. Sunday was full of spiritual presence and power. Messages through the following mediums: Messrs. Waite, Howe, Nutter, Hamilton, McKay, Stone, Gilliland, Mrs. Erickson; healing, Mr. Lothridge. Evening service of song at 7:30; Mr. Wilkinson, of Roxbury, opened the meeting with remarks on the "Anniversary of Spirit Manifestations"; messages, Mr. Howe, Miss Hayes, Mesdames Mayhew (Mansfield), Erickson and Gilliland.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society held its regular meeting and celebrated the Fifty-Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in Red Men's Hall, Thursday, March 29. The afternoon meeting was opened at 2:30 by Mrs. C. H. Appleton, President. Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock made the opening address, the following talent assisting: Speakers, Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Sanger, Mrs. S. E. Hall, Mrs. Lock, Mrs. D. Thomas, Mrs. Abbie Burnham and Mrs. Jennie Conant-Henderson; piano solo, by Miss Ella Robbins; vocal music, Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock, Miss Robbins and Mrs. Boyd; recitation, Miss Bertha Packard. Supper was served from 5 to 7 P.M. in Dwight Hall to about two hundred people. The evening meeting was opened at 7:30. Speakers, Mrs. Whitlock, Mr. J. S. Searett, F. A. Wiggins, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Dr. E. A. Smith, Mrs. Sanger, Mrs. Soper and Mr. Albert Blinn; piano solos, Miss Robbins and Mr. Milliken; vocal music, Miss McArthur and Miss Robbins; recitations, A. G. Wallace, Miss Bertha Packard and Miss Appleby. It being the seventy-second birthday of Dr. Lowe, he was called to the platform and presented with a beautiful bouquet of roses by the society. March 5 we will have Mr. Nutter with us, also other talent.

April 19 being Patriots' Day, the society is preparing a good program for that day. Emma L. Hubbard, Rec. Sec'y.

241 Tremont Street. The Ladies' Aid will hold its regular meeting Friday, April 6. Business meeting at 4 P.M. Entertainment at 7:45. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

Massachusetts. The First Spiritualists' Society, Lowell, celebrated the Fifty-second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, April 1, in old Odd Fellows' Hall. We had the good fortune to have with us Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, of Providence, R. I., as speaker. Afternoon subject, "The Day We Celebrate." Preceding the lecture, congregational singing, a solo and duet by Mrs. W. H. Hervey and Mr. John S. Jackson; Mrs. Marcella H. Fletcher, one of our oldest members, gave a very enthusiastic experience as a Spiritualist. In the evening the same musicians rendered several selections. Mrs. Whitlock spoke on "What Has Spiritualism Done for the People in Fifty-two Years?" After each service Mrs. Whitlock gave fine communications, which were readily recognized. And so ended a glorious day, with many good seeds scattered. Mrs. Whitlock will be with the society every Sunday in April. BANNERS and Thinkers for sale. John S. Jackson, Pres.

The Progressive Spiritualists' Association of Lynn, held services in Providence Hall, Lynn, Sunday, April 1, at 2:30. W. L. Chaise made a prayer; Della E. Matson gave many valuable thoughts on "Spiritual Religion." W. L. Chaise held a test stand; 4 to 5 healing, Dr. Quade; 7:30, Dr. Blackden, trance clairvoyant, gave descriptions and messages; Della E. Matson answered five questions; Mary E. Pierce, lecture, "Possibilities in Harmony with the Law of Love"; music, E. F. Whittier. Subscriptions for BANNER OF LIGHT. Della E. Matson, Sec'y.

Cadet Hall, Lynn Spiritualist Association. The hall was taxed to its very utmost capacity on Sunday, April 1, to greet Mrs. May S. Pepper, who was at her very best, giving most excellent lectures, and a large number of most striking tests and messages. Music was furnished by Thomas' full orchestra, Mrs. Bertha Merrill, pianist. Supper was served in the banquet hall. Next Sunday Miss Blanche Brainerd of Lowell, medium.

Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society, Masonic Building.—Sunday, April 1, sacred song service, the Jennings Trio, cornet, violin and piano. Fifty-second anniversary service, scripture reading and words of welcome, President Barber; invocation; "Our Veterans," Mr. Quint and Mr. Redding; "Holy City," Miss Jennings, most charmingly rendered; address, Mrs. Abby Burnham, who very beautifully unfurled the banner of truth and progres-

Questions for Women

If you were offered sure aid in time of trouble would you put it aside and accept something of doubtful efficiency?

If you saw before you a strong and safe bridge leading to your goal, would you ignore it to try some insecure and tottering structure?

The answer to these questions is plain. You would, of course, choose without hesitation what all evidence showed to be the safe thing, and you would risk nothing in useless experiments.

Why, then, do some women risk one of their most precious possessions—their health—in trying medicines of unknown value, which may even prove harmful to them?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has stood the test of years. It has the largest sale of any remedy for female ills in the world, and nothing could have given it this sale except its own merit.

Do not try any experiments, but buy what is known to be reliable. Mrs. Pinkham's Compound can do all that is claimed for it, and all statements in regard to it can be easily verified. Write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for a little book she has just published containing letters from the mayor of Lynn, the postmaster and others.

Mrs. Pinkham's advice is offered free of charge to all women who write to her for aid. This invitation is constantly renewed. A million women have been cured of serious female ills by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine.

Three Letters from One Woman, Showing How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Falling of the Womb:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I see your advertisement in the papers in regard to treating woman's diseases, and would be grateful to you for your advice in my case. I am suffering from falling of womb, have pains in my sides and legs, in fact I ache all over. I am getting so weak I cannot stand on my feet much. I have the headache sometimes, and a choking tight feeling in my breast and throat. Have a baby seven months old. I hope to hear from you soon, as I am in so much distress."—Mrs. J. R. COMPTON, Egghornville, Va., May 16, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I followed your advice and I am now on the second bottle of your Vegetable Compound and I think it is going to cure me. If it does I will ever praise it, for I am, and have been, a great sufferer; but now I live in hopes of getting well."—Mrs. J. R. COMPTON, Egghornville, Va., July 12, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Again I write to you. When I first wrote to you for advice in regard to my troubles I thought I could never get well again. After receiving your letter I followed your advice exactly, and thanks to you, I am cured of that dreadful disease. I cannot find words to express the good your medicine will do. It is really more than was recommended to me."—Mrs. J. R. COMPTON, Egghornville, Va., April 12, 1899.

Two Women Cured of Irregularity, Falling of the Uterus and Ovarian Trouble.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have female weakness. Menstruation irregular, and I suffer bearing-down pains in left side and hip. My doctor said I had womb trouble and enlargement of the ovaries. I have doctored two months, but see no improvement."—MISS MARY E. REED, Swan Creek, Ill.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Your good advice has been worth more than all I ever received from a doctor. Words cannot express my gratitude to you for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After twelve years' suffering I am stout and healthy."—MISS MARY E. REED, Swan Creek, Ill., April 28, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I suffer female troubles. My doctor wishes my ovaries taken out, but I shall never consent. Menstruation is irregular and my head has a tired feeling. Hospital treatment does me no good. I have five children and am forty-four years old. Please advise what medicine to take."—Mrs. E. H. SONDERS, 437 N. 40th St., Philadelphia, Pa., September 27, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I followed the advice you gave me and your medicine has cured me. I felt better when I had taken the Vegetable Compound but a week."—Mrs. E. H. SONDERS, Philadelphia, Pa., February 6, 1899.

Another Case of Nervous Prostration and Inflammation of the Bladder Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have used your Vegetable Compound for female weakness and it has done wonders for me. I also had nervous prostration—was not able to look after my household. After taking one bottle I began to improve, and am now better in every way and feel like a different person."—Mrs. DELLA KEISER, Marionville, Pa., February 22, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I cannot praise your Vegetable Compound enough for the good it has done me. I suffered from inflammation of the bladder. I tried doctors, but obtained no relief. At last I decided to write to you, and now, thanks to your remedies, I am entirely cured."—Mrs. K. E. GRADY, 131 Union St., High Bridge, New York City, April 11, 1899.

tion, sacred song, Miss Jennings' instrumental solo, Mr. Palmer; address and message, Mrs. Sadie L. Hand of Boston; her little guide, Gertrude, was very happy at this annual variety time. She had words of love and encouragement for all, and gave a number of personal messages. We extend our good-will and greeting to THE BANNER staff and all the co-workers. Mrs. R. Morton, Sec'y.

The First Spiritualist Society of Fitchburg, Dr. C. L. Fox, President, met on Sunday, April 1. The speaker, Mrs. L. A. Prentiss, of Lynn, gave two fine addresses, also a large number of convincing spirit messages. The piano selections by Miss Howe and the cornet solos by Glenn C. DeCosta were skillfully rendered. Mr. J. S. Searett, of Cambridgeport, test medium, speaks for this society next Sunday.

Springfield.—Louise E. Sackett writes: Mrs. Maggie Waite is now with us, and at every meeting is greeted by large audiences. Her work has so far been very satisfactory.

First Spiritualist Church, Fall River, Sunday, Apr. 1, celebrated the fifty-second anniversary. The hall was tastefully decorated with banners, potted plants and out flowers. The morning session opened with a public circle at 11 A.M. At 12:30 exercises by the Lyceum reflected great credit on the musical director, Mrs. Hattie Wood. The dedication of two children to the Cause of Spiritualism was a very interesting item, and the address by Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn will be long remembered by the children. In the afternoon the speakers were Lizzie D. Butler and Madam Bruce. The attention of the audience was held by both mediums in a very gratifying manner. In the evening the same speakers and Mr. J. Lucas were again greeted with a fine and intelligent audience. Mrs. Hattie Wood sang two solos; the Columbia Orchestra contributed fine selections.

Greenwich.—Sunday, Mar. 25, was devoted to anniversary exercises in the Independent Liberal Church. The platform and desk were handsomely adorned with potted plants. Dr. Geo. A. Fuller and the regular speaker were present, and each delivered an appropriate address. Especial music was pleasingly rendered by the choir, under the direction of Mrs. Georgia D. Fuller, who also presided at the organ. Mr. H. W. Smith as a soloist, in an original composition, was at his best. The Lyceum exercises were appropriate to the occasion. The song and march were beautifully executed; a solo was introduced by Mr. Smith during a pause, with lowered flags. Many fine recitations and readings were given, followed by remarks from Dr. Fuller, Mr. F. W. Smith, Mr. Beale and Mrs. Yeaw. The Anniversary Lesson, the "Lyceum Thought Game" was conducted by Mrs. Ada Vaughn. Lyceum closed with enthusiastic singing of "Our Lyceum," "This is Thee," Juliette Yeaw.

Greenfield, Mass.—Anniversary services were held April 1st, afternoon and evening, which were well attended, delegates being present from Lake Pleasant and surrounding towns. Addresses were delivered by the President of the Society, Dr. Chapman and Dr. Charles Harding, Francis Bailey Woodbury, Mrs. M. V. Lincoln, Mrs. R. C. Churchill, inspirational music, Dr. Charles Harding, spirit evocations, Dr. Charles Harding. The platform was decorated with out flowers and pictures of arisen workers, notable among whom were Dr. Joseph Beals, Mrs. Clara Banks, Mr. Woodbury made an earnest plea for medical liberty, and paid a just tribute to Messrs. Parsons and Daventry, who as representatives of the people of this section at the State House have always worked and voted for liberty and justice.

Chas. E. Dane of Lowell writes: The first series of meetings was held Friday evening, March 23, at the Progressive Spiritualists, Hall, Lawrence, under the auspices of the Lowell and Lawrence Chapter, branch of the College of Psychical Sciences. There was a large attendance present. Mr. J. C. E. Grumbine of Syracuse, N. Y., founder of the College of Psychical Sciences and Unfoldment, and President of the Order of the White Rose, delivered a fine address on "Universal Religion." Mr. Grumbine is a forcible and eloquent lecturer, and held the attention of his audience to the end. The advocates of Universal Religion do not seek to reform or convert Spiritualists or the members of any sect or denomination, but they do seek to spread that knowledge whereby each one may be able to unfold the divine within. To be good, to do good, and to realize divinity are some of the aims and objects of the Order. We hope to have Bro. Grumbine with us again in the future.

Brooklyn People's Progressive Spiritual Association held services in commemoration of the Fifty-Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism March 27, 1900, in G. A. R. Hall, East Elm Street. The exercises afternoon and evening were opened with invocation by Rev. S. L. Beal of Brooklyn. Other talent on this occasion were H. D. Barrett of Boston, Mass., J. S. Searett of Cambridgeport, Mass., Mrs. E. I. Webster, Mrs. E. D. Butler of Lynn, Mass., Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. S. E. Humes, Mrs. D. Smith, of Providence, R. I., Miss Lizzie Harlow of Haydensville, Mass., Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn of Stoneham, Mass. Several poems were read during the exercises, also selections rendered by the Concordia Quartet. Supper was served between the sessions in the banquet room. A good audience was in attendance at both sessions. Sunday, March 25, Dr. W. A. Hale of Boston, Mass., occupied the platform. Sunday, April 1, Mrs. S. E. Humes of Providence, R. I., was again with us. Sunday, April 8, Edgar W. Emerson of Manchester, N. H., will serve us. Mrs. Geo. E. Morse, Cor. Sec'y.

New York.

Mrs. N. B. Reeves, Cor. Sec., writes: The Woman's Progressive Union was favored for the first time with the ministrations of W. M. Lockwood, and was by no means disappointed. His lectures in the afternoon, "The Progress of Spiritualism in Fifty-Two Years," and in the evening, "Spiritualism as a Science, a Philosophy and a Religion," were instructive, calling forth the attention of every one present. Mrs. Henderson followed with readings and messages, all recognized and approved.

First Association of Spiritualists.—Sunday, April 1st, our Anniversary exercises were held in the afternoon. In the evening Miss Cause conducted the meeting and was as usual an unrivaled instrument for the spirit world. Will make a full report for next week's issue. I take pleasure in acknowledging an offer of assistance and a kind letter from Mrs. J. Conant-Henderson, regarding Mrs. L. S. Cadwell, who is so very ill that every reader of THE BANNER should at least send out to her sympathetic thoughts. M. J. Fitz-Maurice, 7 W. 92d Street.

Brooklyn Borough, N. Y., March 31.—The Advance Conference celebrated the Fifty-Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism by uniting with the Woman's Progressive Union and the Church of Soul Communion at Woman's Progressive Hall. A well selected and finely rendered program was presented: Welcome, President Geo. A. Deleere; music; audience; invocation, Ira M. Courlis; music; address, Jerome H. Fort, Mr. Fitchborne, W. M. Lockwood; music. Remarks and psychic demonstrations, Ira Moore Courlis and Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant-Henderson, guest of Progressive Union. Prof. Lockwood brought greetings to our Society, and congratulations upon our Fifty-Second Anniversary from Bro. Locke of Philadelphia, Pa. Music; benediction, Pres. Deleere. Annie I. Palmer, Cor. Sec'y.

308 Tompkins Avenue, Brooklyn, Miss Chapin medium. Sunday, April 1, memorial services. An appropriate poem was read by Miss Wightman, followed by an inspirational solo. A very able address was given by Miss Chapin, reviewing the work done by the Fox Sisters, emphasizing the importance of all Spiritualists, particularly mediums, living lives that would be a credit to the Cause. The communications which followed were all recognized. Mrs. E. Burns.

Other States.

Mrs. J. W. Storrs writes from Hartford, Ct.: We would like to have our friends know through your valuable paper that we are not idlers in the great vineyard. In addition to our regular Sunday meeting, Jan. 4 we had a social and supper, with Lizzie Harlow to lec-

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Mar. 10. 21000W

ture in the evening: Feb. 15 we had A. P. Blinn of Boston, services in commemoration of Clara Banks passing to spirit life; March 25 we celebrated the fifty-second anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, the following talent taking part: Words of welcome, Mrs. Storrs; addresses, Dr. Bullard and Mr. Merriam; songs, Mr. Thompson, Miss Gertrude Laidlaw and Mr. Manurie, a promising young medium; recitations and reading of poems, Mrs. Pattison, Mrs. Startevant and Mr. Storrs; spirit communications by Mrs. Storrs and Mrs. Cook of Bridgeport; spirit manifestations by table-tipping, Mrs. Bunting, Mrs. Jones, Miss Baker and Mr. Storrs, with hands on the table; Madam Haven paid a glowing tribute to Amy Foot. Some fifty partook of a bountiful supper, under the ministrations of Mr. and Mrs. Dowd and Mrs. King. Meeting closed at 10 o'clock. All happy.

Bangor, Me.—Moody's Hall was again overcrowded, on Sunday, Apr. 1, Mrs. Ella P. Hewes of Carmel lectured and gave convincing messages. An interesting social meeting was held in the evening. The society needs larger quarters on account of the steady growth of the audience. Fred Hall, Sec'y.

Toledo (Ohio) Independent Spiritualists' Association.—A correspondent writes: "On Sunday afternoon and evening, March 25, our society had the pleasure of listening to two able lectures by Mr. Henry H. Warner, followed by a large number of spirit messages. The guides handled the subject in a clear and convincing manner, and held the attention of the audience throughout. Mr. Warner remains with us for the first two Sundays in April, and we expect a large attendance."

Philadelphia Spiritualists' Society.

A correspondent writes: Plants from the tropics and flowers of our own climate, intermingled with the festooning of flags and bunting, were among the decorations of our hall Sunday, March 25, at the Anniversary exercises.

The morning was devoted to a conference in which many of the pioneers participated, relating many trials of persecution and of self-abnegation, and impressing upon the minds of their successors what it meant to be a Spiritualist and to support a cause opposed to current conservatism.

The afternoon was given to high carnival. This was the children's hour. Their exercises comprised recitations, solos, gymnastics and drills. The gracefulness of each attitude and the accuracy of each movement were indications of careful training. We look forward trust