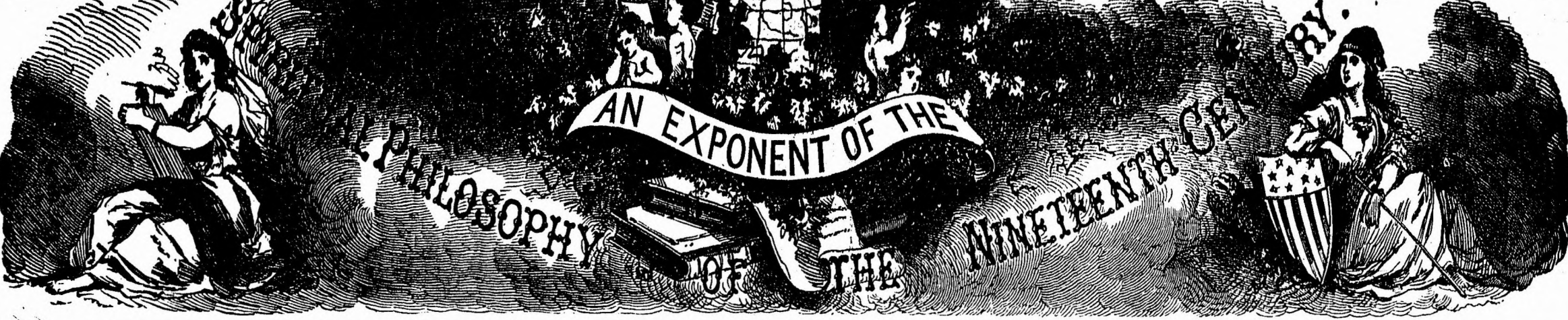


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light. LIFE'S BEAUTIFUL SONG.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Oh, might not this life be a beautiful song
If our souls could be sure right were never judged
wrong?

If the thoughts which lie white in the depths of the
heart,
Could be read as they are, by the same magic art,
We should all be more loving, and tender and true,
And life were a beautiful song—it we knew.

If we surely could know it were not counted vice,
When the warmth of the eye does not shimmer
through ice,
When pure thoughts fly, singing sweet words, through
our lips,
And love's life flows ungloved, off from warm finger
tips.

Then we all were more angel-like, tender and true,
And life were a beautiful song, if we knew.

I wonder, sometimes, if the angels of light
In God's dwellings, are puzzled with wrong and with
right;

And if fear hushes a'spontaneously low
In white breasts, folded over by robings of snow;
Or, is there such dearth there of passion and wrong
That life may break out in love's beautiful song?

I know not, but when somewhat splendid or dear,
Passes near, and I gaze with a prayer and a tear,
And hush down my heart with a shiver of pain,
Which silently offers its praises full faint,
I wish not a mortal had ever done wrong,
That life might be true as a beautiful song.

Brave hearts growing faint, like to heroes half slain,
Would but holly bless, who would balm off this pain;
Yet we tremble, and wait, and our feet will not go,
While our hearts only sigh under covers of snow;
But we look up to God with this prayer in our eyes,
"Will not life be a beautiful song in the skies?"
Berlin Heights, Ohio.

The Stone That Was Rejected by the Builders.

A Lecture Delivered by the Guides of Mrs. Jen-
nie Hagan-Jackson at the Temple in Fort
Worth, Tex., Feb. 25, 1900.

Art has wrought much in the world's history
and romance. It sometimes seems to super-
cede reality in its fullness and beauty. Some
years ago before that magnificent collection of
paintings was scattered at Rochester, N. Y.,
when Powell's Art gallery was complete, as
many of you may remember, in one of its beau-
tiful apartments where the picture of the po-
tato gatherers caused every artist-loving in-
dividual to gaze upon that choice and handsome
work of art, there were three pictures that
caught the eye and held the mind of every per-
son interested in the history of masonry. The
artist had cunningly blended the suggestion of
scriptural history with the building of King
Solomon's temple. He had placed the rough
stones from the quarry, and the workmen
standing by them, their eager faces depicting
how much they desired to secure the best, their
implements lying ready for use; and there as
they stood, every one eager for his part, a young
and beautiful man seemed almost ignored by
the others. When they had selected, or taken
their choice of materials, he was left with the
stone that was rejected; there was a little pile
of rocks which the others had picked over. The
second picture shows him nearly alone; the
other men are busy. He stands with his brow
clouded, his hand up raised, with his chisel lay-
ing on the stone, studying whether it is best
after all, to take that which the others have
rejected. The third picture is the triumph of
his labor. He has polished and wrought upon
the marble that they had thought unworthy,
and they have all come back to stand and look
upon his work, to see it made beautiful, and
far superior to theirs. There the pictures end;
the series was never completed because there
came a silence into the artist's life, and he could
no longer portray upon the material canvas
what he had started to give as a series of pic-
tures. The young German who made these
beautiful and wonderful suggestive pictures
ceased from his artistic career all too soon; he
went home to Germany after a few brief years
in our land, and laid down upon his native soil
the burden of his physical life.

I would like to take up the story of the re-
jected stone to-night, as he left it, and I would
like to suggest that in the face of that young
man, who stood questioning whether he should
do this work or not, were not the features
we see in the pictures of the Christ, but was
all the suggestion that the Christ in his bodily
sense, in his highest glory depicts. Man has
ever given the world in artistic work only a
suggestion, only the rejected stone, only the
hands that took it up with a question of what
he could do in the accomplishment of the de-
sign. The picture should go on with the con-
struction of the building, and that stone that
had been rejected should have its place, should
have a position in the most important part of
the work; there should be the something upon
which all the rest should have its strength and
power and force. What should it be? Let us
leave this question for the present and journey
out in other directions than this line of art,
and let us for a little while look over the world
in which we live and where constantly the
rejection of the stone is before our eyes.

Long years ago in the same land from
whence came this young man who painted the
three pictures (and I might as well give you his
name now—it is that noted young German,
Marsel Gauguin); in the same land that he
came from, and only a few miles from his
home, lived a man who designed something in
a different direction; he took the stone, he
tried to place it before the world, and all of
the workmen rejected it. They not only re-
jected his work, but they rejected him; he was
threatened with all kinds of direful and cruel

things, and at last was obliged to go from his
native land and stay long years in exile. Why?
Because this man, who was as the rejected
stone of the temple, had decided that little
children, while their minds were sweet and
pure and plastic, could be taught in matters of
simplicity until they would be well prepared,
when old enough to enter the schools, to re-
ceive the knowledge there imparted. He said
there is something to do with these first years
of childhood other than to leave them idle
and careless; because he had mentioned what
to-day is considered a blessed thing and a ben-
efit to your little children, the kindergarten, he
was rejected by his fellow-man; and Froebel
was scorned, berated by his friends, starved in
his poverty, and shed the bitter tears of agony
because the builders rejected the stone at the
temple building of learning.

Another picture comes before us in the great
world of literature. Not only a novelist, but a
historian whose wonderful power illuminated
the pages of a history of a most interesting and
wonderful country, France. This man, fear-
less in his opinions, doing what he considered
right, standing for justice wherever he could
picture out the truth, even though he had to
pile the pictures of iniquity in it, wrought
bravely, courageously and nobly. He gave us
some of the grandest utterances that have ever
been placed before the reading world, and he,
too, was a rejected stone in the building of lit-
erature, for a time. I refer to that master of
romance, that long-suffering, patient, work-
weary man, Victor Hugo! What did he give
the world? He gave it what no one else has
given it; in one brief paragraph he said enough
to immortalize his name, when he said, "Life
is not a blind alley," and he handed down to
the world what he had to give it, and at the
time of his struggle the story was repeated.
In the days that were passing so briefly
with us, how many incidents have crowded in
of the same description. We had almost
thought that we had reached the stage where
we could accept truth no matter through what
channel it came; by what peoples or what
countries it was brought to us, we would not
reject it, but would take it with all its worth
or worthlessness and profit by the good. But
we have seen within the last few years the
shadow still resting upon that same sunny land
of France. You are all familiar with the story
of a Dreyfus; how the machinations of the
army leagued with the political marplots
sought the destruction of this man and rejected
the principles of civil liberty. But on the other
hand we have heard the voice of the people de-
claring against this and saying, as true work-
men, we will nurture liberty, it shall not be
destroyed.

But let us again look back over the long an-
nals of the past, and what do we find? We
find that when our great musicians declared
new suggestions in the lines and possibilities
of musical art, the world did not wish to listen
to them; when our composers tried to put new
thoughts and expressions in the line of music,
the world turned a deaf ear and would not
listen, until some one caught the melody and
said the stone should not be rejected. On and
on through all time this strange story of the
world's great hearts of passion, the love and
the tenderness that men have shown human-
ity, has had the same slight, the same insult,
the same cruelty heaped upon it. If we go
into China, we find its benefactors in the long
periods of the past being branded as criminals,
put into the cell, tortured and even giving up
their lives for what they had given the best
energies of their natures to accomplish. Long
years after, the slow-moving blood of that peo-
ple brought forth and made use of what they
had at first discarded. When that plan and
arrangement was made of old, by which time
should be registered so well and so accurately
in China, do any of you know the fate of the
man who made the careful and mathematical
plan, the division of the day and the marking
of the time? They declared against him, and
a prison-cell for a long, long period of years
was all he had in return, and he could measure
the time that he had planned, and the slow
count of the weary hours, before the white
angel of death released him. They rejected
another stone in the building of the temple of
the world's triumphs. And so we can go from
one land to another, whether it is under civil-
ized Christianity, or whether it is among Pa-
gans, it is always the same story. When a
Buddha gave all that he had to give, he was
rejected. All wise souls—the great and ten-
der-hearted, who have come to different na-
tions, bringing their tidings of great joy, tell-
ing them of peace on earth and good will to
men; when they have offered the shaft of their
lives with the emblems of divine beauty upon
it, they have each time been rejected by the
builders. What does it mean? It means that
when we come to the time that Jesus of Na-
zareth walked in humble garments with unpre-
tending grace, with his feet only sandaled as
were others of his time, when he gave forth
his declaration of love, when he suggests new
principles to a narrow and cruel world, that
world rejected him; they were the builders,
and he brought to them the stone with the
emblems upon it which they could not inter-
pret.

The world has always been cruel, not by in-
tention, but through ignorance. Superstition
has made the wall that has kept men from their
best selfhood; superstition has made the world
full of fear, and he who is full of fear is always
cruel to others. I never knew any part of the
world that was timorous, fearing, dreading, but
what had a malice about it. There is a certain
something that goes with courage, and that
something is kindness. The two seem to have
been married long ago, and never will be di-

voiced. When you take people whose hearts
are full of that greater courage, that kind of
courage which stands with its convictions
though everything else turns against it, you
will invariably find a people whose hearts are
gentle and tender as a little child's. There is a
sort of natural timidity that I do not refer to
in this suggestion of fear; I mean that fear
which borders close upon superstition, dread
and the weakness of many that never investi-
gate, and never really know truths. There is
a power and force in courage which stands for
a great principle, that hews, and cuts, and pol-
ishes, that is always kind, no matter how it
seems to us. When Jesus of Nazareth came
into the world he brought new truths for that
time, truths that of course are as old as God,
truths that had been handed down through all
the expressors of divine strength and power
even before his day. But he gave them with a
new force. He came among those who were in
trouble; he helped them; he became the bene-
factor of the world; he feared no man, he loved
all men; he came to the little children with
such gentleness that their hearts opened to
him; he talked to the erring and unfortunate
in a manner that won them toward goodness.
He lived and he died misunderstood by the
large herd of humanity, comprehended by the
few. The stone that he placed in the great
principles of the eternal temple many rejected,
and few acknowledged. However, in our later
days we have claimed to receive this pillar; we
have said here it is, and we will lean against
it. But we have made a sad mistake, for we
have formed, close beside the plain shaft of
love for humanity and an acknowledged kin-
ship among all, a love for pomp, for cere-
mony, that was never suggested by the life of
the man of Nazareth. We have made our
churches as elegant as money can build. We
have fashioned our pulpits with all the mag-
nificence and splendor that we could possibly
place there. We have raised our structures,
and put upon their tops steeples, and bells and
minarets, until the cost of worldly things makes
us forget the humble, simple character whom
we have thought to find. I ask you if there is
not another word whose significance is equal to
the word rejected; the word used in the Bible
when the workmen refused the stone.

It sometimes seems to me that the great
church, with its shining, wonderful domes, with
its cost and splendor, with its rich and elegant
garments, with all that there is of pomp, and
with all of its forgetfulness of poverty and of
want, has disallowed the very stone that should
be the chief corner-stone of all its work. It
seems to me that in our cities where there is a
narrow little place set apart for the very poor,
or where a chapel is devoted to them in which
they worship at a certain hour, and the rich in
the great body of the church at another hour,
that the stone which the builders disallowed is
outside even of the chapel. It is a strange thing
to think that so much is offered in Christ's
name, and so very, very little received by the
class that he constantly helped. Only a little
time ago I read in one of the New York papers
of a great many thousands of dollars being
raised for the purpose of making some kind of
repairs in one of the churches there that I have
passed by hundreds of times in my walks down
town, and I really know that so near that
church that you can hear the music when the
choir is singing, are tenement houses where
ten and fifteen, and as high as twenty, human
beings, men, women and children, with hearts
like yours and mine, are huddled together,
breathing foul air, uttering sadly profane
words, and starving and dying; and yet in the
expense used on just the repairing of certain
parts of that old gray structure they are using
money enough to have given comfort and help,
and started many of those people along toward
a little prosperity in life. I sometimes wonder
what we are doing. I wonder if we are not for-
getting the real meaning of the temple build-
ing, and if we are not putting aside the most
important stone after all.

This subject goes back farther than the Bible
quotation with which we began. As far back
from that as the Bible goes behind the picture
that we gave you as briefly and as plainly as
we could, in the series in the Powell art gallery.
Long before the time of Jesus of Nazareth,
when India was constructing her worship and
her temples, there was a story told of the build-
ing of a beautiful temple where everything
about it should be pure and spotless, where
every stone should be of such worth that it
should have value in all senses of the word.
Among those that were brought from the great
quarries by the patient Indian oxen was a stone
small and peculiar of shape; the workmen ex-
amined it; they said it was worthless and they
took it up and they cast it out into the river.
The stone had been, according to their story
of it, something of great importance, and when
it was gone the wind sighed and moaned and
the skies grew clouded and great drops of rain
like human tears fell on the earth, and every-
thing seemed depressed and sorrowful, and the
temple builders found that they had lost some-
thing that they needed much. They went
down to the river-bank and they reached out
and tried to find the stone they had thrown
into the waters; they did not find it. They
went out in boats and they sailed for it, but
they could not find it. At last the chief work-
man, heavy of heart, went home and fell
asleep. And while he slept he dreamed an
angel came and said, "Go out in the morning
and find the man who has no evil thought;
send him in the boat, and the stone will arise
from the waters a beautiful lotus flower, and
he will gather it and bring it back to you." They
went to the workmen and asked each
one, telling the dream, if he could go and find
the flower, and each one said, I cannot, for my

thoughts are not what they should be. The
workmen asked each other and they found not
one.

At last they heard of Mal's son, and, going
to him, they asked what were his thoughts.
He answered: "My thoughts are all of love
and of God." "And have you no feeling of
hatred toward your fellowman?" "Not I,
for all men are as myself, and I as all men."
"And have you no ambition to rise above
others?" "No, because as others rise, I rise,
and as they fall, I fall." And after they had
asked him many questions, and found his heart
guiltless of selfishness or guile, they trembling-
ly asked him if he would take the boat and go
out on the river for the stone that they had
thrown away. He answered, "Yes." And,
going out, the waters grew calm; great green
leaves uprose, and from the bottom of the limy
waters beautiful white petals of that myste-
rious and long-worshiped flower unfolded, the
lotus of the ancient peoples. They bore it
back reverently, and on their temples each
pillar was capped with the lotus flower, and
over the graves of their great kings, when
they made their monuments, the flower was
always there, emblematic of this son of Mal,
who had a pure heart. The story of the Christ
is the same. The story of the world's re-
deemers is the same, no matter whether in the
beautiful language of a father of India, or ex-
pressed in the learned expressions of our more
modern day. No matter whether it comes
from that strong and wonderful effort put
forth in our country to make all men free, or
whether it is in some far-off land across oceans
and beyond mountains, where the struggle is
still going on. The redeemers are not all gone.
There is something of infinite love still born
in the hearts of humanity, and, as fast as we
overcome ignorance and selfishness, we reach
out to place in each temple that we are build-
ing the stone that has been rejected. I told
you of the three paintings by Gauguin, but I
did not tell you of the emblem upon the
stone in the last one. The emblem that he
had made out of the stone that all the rest had
put aside was a human heart. He had made it
so perfectly and placed it in such beauty that
it expressed all of the great Sermon on the
Mount and all that the world's desire asks for
and pleads for. He had placed beneath this
heart a hand reaching downward, open, to
help uplift, to strengthen you and me. The
world has rejected the living truth, the great
love, too long. It has forgotten the real in its
false fashion, its ignorance, its poverty of
knowledge. But still in the temple of the
living God is placed the corner stone of love,
the great heart that throbs and beats for hu-
manity, and that catches the answering pulsa-
tion of the heart of humanity beating upward
toward it.

I tell you that to-night we are a better people
than we were hundreds of years ago. Though
we make our mistakes, have our sorrows and
our errors, we are far in advance of the past.
We are more humane, more tender, more lov-
ing, and we are growing into a nobler, better
manhood and womanhood. We are gaining
that knowledge that makes us know we are
something to each other. We are coming to the
point where we say as did Mal's son, whatever
is for the benefit of others benefits me. We
are reaching the place where envy and hatred
and malice are passing out of our lives, where
the dark simoons of hate will cease to rush
across our paths, and where we can sit down
under the broad tents of peace and know if we
hear the rustle of a sound on the outside it is
not the robber who comes to despoil us, but the
whispering wind that brings us its fragrance
and its life. We can say under the blue skies
that the world is better. We can lie down in
our beds to-night feeling that humanity is un-
folding, and that many a soul is looking eagerly
at the symbol of universal love carved by the
hand of toiling humanity on the stone that the
builders rejected. The old temples are crum-
bling into decay, new ones are being made.

The wisdom of the generations in which
we live and which shall follow us will make out
of that which others have put aside the rarest
and best of their work. It will be in the new
temple of coming time as it was in that beau-
tiful story which is given us of that wondrous
church at Lincoln, where the great artists were
to make the windows. They wrought upon
them many years with cunning and with skill.
There were pieces of glass thrown away and an
apprentice begged for them. Half in jest and
half in earnest they gave the boy the bits of
shining glass and the lead from the other win-
dows that they could not use. He toiled and
toiled until at last his window was completed,
and then he asked if he might place it among
the others in the temple. Only the work of an
apprentice out of the rejected material, but if
you should go and stand in the old cathedral at
Lincoln they will tell you the story and point
out the window, for it is the most beautiful of
all. Its loveliness is so great that the artist
who had made the others, turning sick at heart
and filled with that mean feeling of jealousy,
destroyed his mortal life. The young appren-
tice stood and gazed upon his work unconscious
that he had rivaled others, and only loving
what he had done because of the art within
him. The new temple shall be made by the
world's young apprentices. They shall fill the
niches and the corners with what the past has
rejected. They shall bring down to us the
floods of light from the windows of the world
above. No longer shall the hand of super-
stition shut them out, and no longer shall the
voice of the past say man shall not understand
the mystery of godliness. Rather the new song
from the new singer shall give a meaning to
"Peace on earth, good will to men." Rather
shall the wisdom of the past be brought about

us as an illumination and the clear light from
the realms above where those we love are await-
ing us now fall in its refulgent glory upon hu-
manity.

Friends, you are each one masons. You hold
the trowels in your hands. The mortar is
ready, made out of deeds of human kindness.
The stones are shapen by your practical knowl-
edge, your everyday education. Your hearts,
your minds, your hands, your immortal souls
and your spirits are each one to take part in
the dedication of the temple that is slowly but
surely being erected. It has no creed, it has
no denomination, it has not the name of isms,
but there is not a stone, not the carving of a
human hand that shall be disallowed by the
Master. That temple is the temple of human-
ity. Its corner-stone is love, and by and by,
when our heads are low in the slumber of this
world's death, and all our souls stand unadorned
in the world of eternal growth, we shall
look back and see the temple of the living God
reared through the love of humanity, domed
by the divine teachings of truth standing forth
before the world, in the years to come when
hate has ceased to be and love has triumphed
over all.

A Glorious Possibility.

Life offers a splendid opportunity to those in
humble circumstances who have the foresight
to discern it, the energy to lay hold of it, and
the patience required. There are many rich
virgin fields awaiting cultivation by those who
see the need, recognize latent power, and pos-
sess the sympathetic skill to convince others of
brighter possibilities, and instill aspiration and
ambition.

It demands tact and wisdom to impress one,
without injury, with a realization of his unde-
veloped talent, and to indicate, without offense,
the native hindrances to self-mastery; to paint
a future that will attract, not discourage, dis-
appoint, or deceive. Yet to neglect to do this
may mean the failure of a life, while the con-
sciousness of succeeding is one of the thrilling
experiences which make our own life worth
living.

In rousing an unconscious soul we may reach
out further than our own feeble powers could
go. If we can, or cannot, follow the gleam
along the mountain top, we may point it out
to some eager watcher. Without being able
to leave the fireside, one may bless mankind by
sending some ardent spirit on its mission of
light. Has one word of encouragement, of
warning, of revelation, been the means of
starting, guiding or encouraging another in a
career for which the world is happier or bet-
ter? Perhaps by calling attention to the beau-
ties of literature, one may rouse, through the
monarch of the pen, a dormant life to noble
action and faithful service.

There are many disappointments; our ac-
complishments are far below our dreams; the
weeks pass quickly, and in ourselves we have
little to show, so it is a comfort if we can think
we have a share in the good done by others.
The burdens we long to lift are so heavy that
it is an untold relief to feel that there is
"another self" at the other end. Happy are
we if the names that we hear with acclama-
tions in the distance are echoes of our early
pledging.—E. A., in *The Housekeeper*.

The Mind's Activity During Sleep.

In connection with the present activity in
psychical research, the following extract from
the recently published "Life of Agassiz" is of
interest:

"He (Agassiz) had been for two weeks striv-
ing to decipher the somewhat obscure impres-
sions of a fossil fish on a stone slab in which it
was preserved. Weary and perplexed he put
his work aside at last, and tried to dismiss it
from his mind. Shortly after, he waked one
night persuaded that while sleep he had seen
his fish with all the missing features perfectly
restored. But when he tried to hold and make
fast the image, it escaped him. Nevertheless,
he went early to the *Jardin des Plantes*, think-
ing that on looking anew at the impression he
should see something which would put him on
the track of his vision. In vain—the blurred
record was as blank as ever. The next night
he saw the fish again, but with no more satis-
factory result. When he awoke it disappeared
from his memory as before.

"Hoping that the same experience might he
repeated on the third night, he placed a pencil
and paper beside his bed before going to sleep.
Accordingly, toward morning, the fish re-
appeared in his dream, confusedly at first, but at
last, with such distinctness that he had no
longer any doubt as to its zoological characters.
Still half dreaming, in perfect darkness, he
traced these characters on the sheet of paper
at the bedside. In the morning he was sur-
prised to see in his nocturnal sketch features
which he thought it impossible the fossil itself
should reveal. He hastened to the *Jardin des
Plantes*, and, with his drawing for a guide, suc-
ceeded in chiseling away the surface of the
stone under which portions of the fish proved
to be hidden. When wholly exposed, it cor-
responded with his dream and his drawing, and
he succeeded in classifying it with ease. He
often spoke of this as a good illustration of the
well known fact, that when the body is at rest
the tired brain will do the work. It refused be-
fore."—Ez.—

For what is death? A cessation of the
impressions through the senses, and of the
pulling of the strings which move the appet-
ites, and of the discursive movements of the
thoughts, and of the service to the flesh.—Mar-
cus Aurelius.

Magazine for January, 1900, in the report of Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., in which he tells of a visit in January, 1899, to Greeley's Old Camp at Fort Conger, established at the site of General Greeley's Polar Expedition in 1881-83, eighteen years ago. Lieutenant Peary is speaking of certain supplies found in the old deserted camp says: "After eighteen years the case of Gail Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk was as good as ever." This speaks eloquently, and of course impartially, regarding the merits of this widely celebrated brand of condensed milk.

Children's Spiritualism.

REUNITED.
BY LUCY L. EVANS.
A sweet, sunny nature was dear little Fred
A few years' old darling, with bright curly head,
Was loving and loved by all whom he knew,
But his dearest of all was poor baby Sue.

His own baby sister, his pet and his pride;
He was never so happy as when by her side.
But alas! A malignant, dread illness appeared,
And fastened on Freddy and baby, as feared.

When kind friends and nurses would ask the dear boy
If they could do aught his distressing to ally,
He would answer, "No, thank you, I'm not very ill,
But please see that baby is getting all well."

The death angel came and took baby one day,
And the little body was taken away;
But Freddy so ill, did not know of this grief,
His pain was distressing, with little relief.

Looking up in his agony, sweetly he said,
"Please Auntie, do take up your poor little Fred."
And gently she soled him—pausing for breath,
And held him so fondly, aware it was death.

When sudden it seemed, a light from above
Had banished all pain, and illumined with love
The enraptured features! No more was he sick,
"See Auntie, how pretty! Oh! pretty! See quick!"

"What is it, dear Freddy? Auntie do not see."
"Why the baby, as pretty as pretty can be!"
"Don't see her?" and then as he reached out his hand
His spirit passed on to the Beautiful Land

Whither baby had gone, and who will dare say
They were not reunited at once, free from clay?
Such love cannot die. Its home is in heaven,
And to dear little Freddy this foresight was given.

*This incident occurred in a town in Knox County,
Maine, and the lovely children were neighbors of the
writer. L. L. B.

Too late for last week's issue, Mrs. R.
Holmes of Dorchester, sent the correct answer
to the enigmas given by "Lily Bell." Mrs.
Holmes writes: "I think it good mental ex-
ercise for both old and young, and shall try
again if one appears in your columns." We
hope "Lily Bell" and others will contribute
more mental gymnastics, and that many will
profit by them.

The Old Maple Tree.

Dear Young Readers: It was only an old
maple tree that stood out back of the barn,
twisted all out of shape, and was not beauti-
ful to look upon, but every spring the children
would bore holes all around the trunk and nail
tree cans to catch the sap, and although the
tree was quite old, every year it would be true
and loyal to its nature and give of its sweetness
to the children that would gather around it.

So each one of you, my dear young readers,
is a young maple tree, only you do not need to
wait until spring-time to give forth of the
sweetness that is in each one of you. As you
grow older you can make yourself beautiful to
look upon. You need not wait until you get
to this world, for the more beautiful you are
in the earth-life, the more beautiful you will
be in this life. The old maple tree only has a
few days to give forth of its sweetness, but
you, dear children, have an opportunity every
day to give to the world around you some of the
joy that is in your hearts. The tree gives forth
its life, drop by drop, and so each one of you
can give to those around you by word and deed,
something each day to make some one else
happy.

Your mamma and papa do all they can to
make you happy, and help you to grow into
noble men and women. The tree is always
ready to give forth its life for the good of all
humanity. Are you as willing to help your lit-
tle playmates who are less fortunate than you?
There are many little children all around you
who are thirsty for a few rays of the sunshine
that is shining in your lives. Can you not
spare one ray for the poor little boy or girl in
the dark and lonely homes? In the spring-time
you can go out in the country and see all the
different kinds of trees in bloom, and you can
breathe the nice, fresh air.

Now Rose Bud does not wish to make you un-
happy, but I have been taught in the spirit-
life that, in order to grow to be a true and noble
spirit, I must help some one else to live a true
and unselfish life. So you, too, dear children,
must learn to be generous, and when your
papa and mamma see what loving, generous
little hearts you have, they will want to be just
like you, and when they send some money to
Mr. Barrett, you can add your little mite, and
then he can send some poor little boy or girl
into the country for a few days, and you will
be a great deal happier for having made
some one else happy.

From your loving little friend, ROSE BUD.
CHAS. E. DANE, 35 Marsh st., Lowell, Mass.

My Dear Little Friend Rupert Davis: Your
letter was glad through THE BANNER post-
office. I am glad you had such a good time at
your party, and received so many presents. I
am sure that there were many spirit children
at your party (even though they were not able
to make themselves known) bringing their spir-
itual gifts with them. Although you are not
able to receive them all at present, as you go
through life I am sure you will get the benefit
of them in one way or another. I will go to
your home some time, but it is impossible for
me to tell now when I can go. I will try and
bring some one with me. I am very busy both
on the earth and in spirit.

My medium's brother James passed away
suddenly in December, and I have been help-
ing him in the spirit, trying to make him feel
at home. I have been skipping back and forth
from spirit to earth helping to comfort those
he left. James knew about me, but did not
take much stock in spirit return, but Pansy
and I used to talk to him just the same. He
was a good young man, and everybody liked
him. When he left earth, and came to spirit,
he was very much surprised to see everybody
look so much alive; he expected to see all the
people with long white robes and wings, flying
through space. When I told him who I was, it
for him some time to get it through his head,
for he thought it a dream. Since then we
have become great chums, and we take many
rambles together. We have been to Harold
Piper's home, with his mother and Sunbeam.
Mrs. Piper and I were friends before she came
to spirit, and I am doing what I can to help her
in my small way. I think Harold has been a
good brave boy, and I am sure he has been helped
by his spirit friends. Sunbeam is very much
interested in him, and often sees him. I have
no special work to do, but do whatever comes
in my surroundings.

From your friend Dick, through his medium,
MRS. MAY BINGHAM.

P. S.—With kind regards to Mr. Barrett and
THE BANNER.

How Daisies Came Into the World.

You know, when we think bright, happy,
wholesome thoughts—think them over and
often until they grow to be alive and real in
our hearts—though afterward we may forget
them entirely, they do not die, but go on liv-
ing like beautiful blossoms, blowing about on
the wind called wishes, or drifting here and
there on the stream of desire. And those
whose soul eyes are open to see, catch their
beauty as they pass, or perhaps their fragrance
as they float, and are glad as they never would
have been but for those sweet, true thoughts
of ours. And, do you know, sometimes I think
perhaps all the flowers we see in the world
about us were born by the thinking or doing
of some beautiful thing here in our world—
Mind.

Reviews and Clippings.

TWENTIETH CENTURY MOVEMENT.

At the last meeting of the National Edu-
cational Association a committee was appointed
to consider the practicability of establishing
a national university at Washington. This
committee met some months ago, and prac-
tically decided that the establishment of a great
university on the plan of those already estab-
lished in this country is not desirable; but it
was thought that some scheme might be de-
vised by which the vast resources of the gov-
ernment at Washington might be utilized in
the interest of higher education. The matter
was placed in the hands of a sub-committee,
which reported to the general committee at
its recent meeting in Chicago.

One plan is that, as Congress is on record
favoring the use of the government scientific
facilities and libraries by students and in-
vestigators, Congress authorize the regents of
the Smithsonian Institution to undertake the de-
velopment of a plan by which these valuable
resources of the government should be placed
within the reach of postgraduate students.
Congress will be asked to provide an As-
sistant Secretary for the Smithsonian In-
stitution, who shall have charge of this depart-
ment, make known the facilities for study and
investigation that exist in Washington, and
arrange rules and regulations relating to the
use of the collections and other means of re-
search. It is doubtful, however, whether Con-
gress has authority to appropriate money for
this purpose; and therefore it is suggested
that the regents of the Smithsonian In-
stitution appeal to the general public for gifts of
money to be used in providing buildings, labo-
ratories, equipment and endowments for pur-
poses of instruction.

What seems to be a more reasonable and
practicable plan is the transformation of the
present bureau of education into an independ-
ent department similar to the Department of
Labor, and charging this Department of Edu-
cation with the formulation of a plan by which
suitably qualified persons may undertake re-
search in the various departments and collec-
tions at Washington.—From "Highways and
Byways," The Chautauquan for April.

ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON SAYS MICE

ARE FINE SINGERS.—There was one
more lesson, a great surprise in store for me.
It is well known to scientists that the common
house mouse has a song not unlike that of
some birds. Occasionally gifted individuals
are found that fill our closet or cellar with
midnight music that a censer might be proud
of. Yet further investigations have shown
that the common deer mouse of the Eastern
woods also is a gifted vocalist.

Now, any cowboy on the upland plains will
tell you that at night when sleeping out, he
has often heard the most curious strains of
birdy music in his half-awakening hours—a
soft, sweet twittering song, with trills and
deeper notes, and if he thought about it at all
he set it down to some small bird singing in its
dream, or accepted his comrade's unexplana-
tory explanation that it was one of those
"prairie nightingales." But what that was
he didn't trouble himself to know.

I have often heard the strange night song,
but not being able to trace it home, I set it
down to some little bird that was too happy to
express it all in daylight hours.

Several times at night I overheard from my
captive long-drawn note, before it dawned on
me that this was the same voice as that that
often sings to the rising moon. I did not hear
him really sing, I am sorry to say. I have no
final proof. My captive was not seeking to
amuse me. Indeed, his attitude toward me
from first to last was one of unending scorn.
I can only say I think (and hope) that it was
the same voice. But my allegiance is due to scant
science. Oh! why didn't I take the other trail?
for then I should have been able to announce
here, as now I do not dare to, that the sweet
night singer of the plains, and the plush-clad
fairy that nightly danced about my door are the
same.—From "The Kangaroo Rat," in the April
Scribner's.

GENTEEL TRAMPS IN CHURCH.—A

rich congregation does not need to go to
the poorer part of a city to do mischief, for it
can create, if it so please, a nursery of genteel
tramps within its own borders. When a min-
ister and his people have the reputation of a
soft heart, and by that is often meant a soft
head, the news spreads far and wide, and
there is an immediate accession to the number
of worshippers. Tradespeople of the lower
class who wish to push their business and do
not feel sufficiently confident about the goods
they sell; young men who have lost their sit-
uations because they would not do their work;
families of women who would consider it be-
neath them to do anything for their own living
and are adepts in what may be called genteel
raiding; incapable men of business whom no
bank would trust with fifty dollars, but who
hope to get a thousand by quoting the Sermon
on the Mount—all these gather and sit down
within the sheltering walls of this Christian
assembly.—"Jan MacLaren," in the April Ladies'
Home Journal.

PROPER PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR

SCHOOL CHILDREN.—"In the training
of the child he is not to be regarded as a little
man, but as an epitome of the race. His men-
tal attributes are, life expressed in conscious-
ness, affection, will and intellect; and as these
attributes have developed in the order of their
evolution through the dim ages of the child-
hood of the race, so they develop in the child.
There is first life, shown in activity; then the
instincts or emotion are developed; then the
power of choice, of decision; and finally the
reasoning powers. The history of the arts shows
the same order of evolution. The first period
was that of life, the whole; the next step was
attraction, the striving after effect through the
parts of the whole; then the will exercised the
power of selection, and showed the use of the
parts to the whole; and, finally, the intellect
perceived the relation of the parts to one an-
other, and the suggestive period was reached.

"Physical culture must be based upon these
natural laws of evolution. Hence the exer-
cises of each lesson (in the article in question)
are divided into four parts, which express the
four attributes of the mind, and correspond to
the four periods of development in art. The first
part, which corresponds to the colossal period
in art, is exercise of the whole body; it includes
position and posing. The second, which cor-
responds to the effective period, is exercise of
the parts; it includes movements for the feet
and legs, hands and arms, trunk and neck.
The third, which corresponds to the realistic
or useful period, is exercise of the parts with
special reference to their effect upon the whole;
it includes reaching, respiratory, and arm-
swinging movements. The fourth, which cor-
responds to the suggestive period, is the exer-
cise of the parts with reference to their effect
upon one another; it includes floating
movements.

This arrangement follows also the well-
known law that all exercise must proceed from
gentle to strong, and from strong back to less
vigorous movement.—From "Gentle Physical
Exercises," by Bertha Louise Colburn, in
Werner's Magazine for April.

HERODOTUS asserts that the doctrine of

metempsychosis originated in Egypt.
"The Egyptians are the first who propounded
the theory that the human soul is imperish-
able, and that when the body of any one dies
it enters into some other creature that may be
ready to receive it, and that when it has gone
the round of all created forms of life, in
water and in air, then it once more enters a
human body born for it; and that this cycle of
existence for the soul takes place in three
thousand years." He continues: "Some of
the Greeks adopted this opinion, some earlier,
others later, as if it were their own."

The Egyptians held that the human race
began after the pure gods and spirits had left
earth, when the demons who were sinfully in-

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clined had revolted and introduced guilt. The
gods then created human bodies for these
demons to inhabit, as a means of expiating their
sin, and these fallen spirits are the present
men and women, whose earthly life is a course
of purification. All the Egyptian precepts and
religious codes are to this end. The judgment
after death decides whether the soul has at-
tained purity or not. If not, the soul must
return to earth in renewal of its expiation
either in the body of a man, or animal or
plant. As the spirit was believed to maintain
its connection with the material form as long
as this remained, the practice of embalming
was designed to arrest the passage of the soul
into other forms.

The custom of embalming is also connected
with their opinion that after three thousand
years away from the body the soul would re-
turn to its former body provided it be preserved
from destruction. If it is not preserved, the
soul would enter the most convenient habita-
tion, which might be a wretched creature.
They maintained, too, that the gods frequently
inhabited the bodies of animals, and therefore
they worshiped animals as incarnations of
special divinities. The sacred bodies of these
gods visited were also embalmed as a mark
of respect to their particular class of deities.
For they placed certain gods in certain ani-
mals, the Egyptian Apollo choosing the hawk,
Mercury the ibis, Mars the fish, Diana the cat,
Bacchus the goat, Hercules the colt, Vulcan the
ox, etc. This conceit was but a specialization
of their general tenet of pantheism, insisting
that all life is divine, that every living thing
must be venerated, and that the highest crea-
tures should be most devoutly worshiped.

The Egyptian conception of reincarnation as
shaped by the priesthood is displayed in their
classic "Ritual of the Dead," which is one of
their chief sacred books, and describes the
course of the soul after death. A copy of it was
deposited in each mummy case. It opens with
a sublime dialogue between the soul and the
God of Hades, Osiris, to whose realm he asks
admission. Finally Osiris says: "Fear nothing,
but cross the threshold." As the soul en-
ters he is dazzled with the glory of light. He
sings a hymn to the Sun, and goes on taking
the food of knowledge. After frightful dangers
are passed, rest and refreshment come. Con-
tinuing his journey he reaches at last heaven's
gate, where he is instructed in profound mys-
teries. Within the gate he is transformed into
different animals and plants. After this the
soul is reunited to the body, for a chief care
of embalming was so important. A critical ex-
amination tests his right to cross the subterranean
river to Elysium. He is conducted by Anubis
through a labyrinth to the judgment hall of
Osiris, where forty-two judges question him
upon his whole past life. If the decisive judg-
ment approves him he enters heaven. If not,
he is sentenced to pass through lower forms of
existence according to his sins, or, if a repro-
bate, is given over to the powers of darkness
for purgation. After three thousand years of
this he is again consigned to a human proba-
tion.—Star of the Magi.

STORIES OF OFFICIAL WASHINGTON.

There has been a great deal of specula-
tion as to the New Congressmen's Wife who
has written a series of articles for the Sat-
urday Evening Post, giving the inside gossip of
official life in Washington. In this week's
issue she repeats a number of stories which
have been going the rounds at the dinner
parties. Among them are the following:

"And I heard something else," said I; "you
know, Robert, what a magnificent talent I
have for hearing things. Well, I heard some-
thing about our political outlook which I
thought was very witty. Senator P— said
that he went to a dinner the other night, given
exclusively to men, and Corporal Tanner was
among the guests. Of course the talk was al-
most wholly of politics and of the big measures
which are before Congress. Some one asked
Corporal Tanner what he thought of the effect
of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty and the Puerto
Rican Bill would be, if they became laws, on
the November elections, and what chances we
had of a Republican House.

"Oh! well," said he gravely, 'in view of our
treaty with the Sultan of Sulu I think that we
ought to carry Utah at the November elections
without doubt.'"

"What about Mr. Quay?" I asked.

"I shall emphatically vote to seat him upon
constitutional grounds. Not to seat him will
make a dangerous precedent. Besides, we shall
need Quay before the campaign is over. He
can do things that no one else can or will do,
and there will be plenty of work for him. Quay
used to have the lunest way of attaining an
end in the Senate. Whenever he used to get a
hint that any of Pennsylvania's industries were
in danger of losing protection during a former
tariff struggle he would produce book after
book from under his desk, and solemnly read
hundreds of pages for hours at a time, all about
steel and glass, until half the Senate would flee
and the others would purchase his silence by
granting him whatever concession he wanted.
I believe that he kept those books as a sort of
bogie to threaten the Senate, for they were al-
ways under his desk."

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THE CHALDEANS OF HOME NOT IMPOSTORS.
"Now it is well known that Caesar, with the

assistance of a celebrated Chaldean astro-
nomer from Egypt, called Sosigenes, ascertained
the winter solstice to take place on the 25th of
December at thirty minutes past one in the
morning. And it is a striking circumstance
that he appears from the expression of Colum-
ella to have availed himself of the reckoning of
the Chaldeans, whom my reader will recollect
I have shown to have come with Abraham or
the Brahmin from India and whom our histo-
rians affect to treat with contempt as having
become in the time of Caesar, mere charlatans:
but who were, as appears from the facts above
named, in reality the only persons who had a
sufficient knowledge of astronomy to correct
the calendar, which had fallen into the utmost
confusion. . . . It is worthy of note that the per-
sons employed by Caesar were the Chaldeans,
and that these mere fortune tellers or con-
jurers, as our priests call them, were so
well informed that they could fix the time of
the solstice to half an hour—to half past one
in the morning. It is evident that these Chal-
deans, or Chaldees, or Mathematist, or Freema-
sons were then the best calculators and astro-
nomers in the world. . . . Like Columella I have
calculated roughly and by round numbers, but
this was not the way the Chaldean magicians
reckoned. They formed their calculations to a
minute—to thirty minutes past one in the
morning—consequently they must have known
that it must be necessary to interpolate one day
and a part of a day every six hundred years;
and this I have no doubt they did, wherever
they had the regulation of the festivals in their
Judaea, secret, masonic zodiacal festivals.—
Godfrey Higgins, in the Sphinx.

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But to return to the subject of Spiritualism. Not many years ago the pulpit universally declared that there were no genuine modern Spiritualist phenomena whatever—that they were all without a single exception, fraudulent. When the church finally discovered that there were really, real phenomena, it attributed them to the influence of the devil. But it did not take it very long to conclude that this explanation would not do—that it did not explain nor satisfy the thinking portion of the laity, and so it cast about for something more satisfactory to reason, and the result is that it has entertained a variety of explanations, such as unconscious cerebration, magnetism, electrical hypothesis, natural law, mesmerism, mind-reading, subliminal consciousness, and lastly, Hudson's theory of the duality of mind. A

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Mar. 24.

WTCW

unconscious of the fact that in beating Modern Spiritualism it is beating itself and the Bible upon which it professes to be founded.

Dr. Talmage has figured the ratio of fraudulent phenomena to the genuine to be nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand. What disposition he makes of the thousandth or genuine phenomenon the deponent sayeth not. He most emphatically declares his hatred for the genuine as well as the fraudulent phenomena of Spiritualism. He certainly cannot hate the fraudulent under the cover of Modern Spiritualism with a more perfect hatred than is manifested by Spiritualists themselves who also hate the fraudulent under the cover of Christianity.

Like the poor, it seems that for the present at least, we must always have the fraudulent with us in every society—in every department of life. But we can assure Dr. Talmage and the public that the National Association of Spiritualists and all its subordinate societies are sparing no effort to render fraudulent mediumship so odious that it will be a stench in the nostrils not only of all decent people, but of the impostors themselves. Education in the ethics, philosophy, science and religion of Spiritualism will finally accomplish this grand result. Next in importance to the sublime fact of spirit-return, is the humiliating question of how best to eliminate the fraudulent from Modern Spiritualism.

We are no prouder of the disgusting humbuggery practised within our ranks, than are three-fourths of the ministers in Dr. Talmage's church of the Westminster creed. While we are making an effort all along the line to purge our ranks of fraud and humbug, Dr. Talmage's church has taken no official action toward eliminating from its creed the fossilized doctrines of predestination and hell fire eternal damnation.

Dr. Talmage's recent attack upon Modern Spiritualism is really unworthy of reply. It abounds with "old chestnut" arguments (?) which have been unanswerably answered times without number. When he finishes cleaning his own stable it will be time enough to pay attention to ours. It is humiliating in the extreme to spend any time upon necrosed logic. It will be a sufficient answer to his whole sermon to produce from it without comment the following extract:

"Modern Spiritualism proposes to open the door between this world and the next, and put us into communication with the dead. It has never yet offered one reasonable credential. 'When I find Saul in my text consulting a familiar spirit, I learn that Spiritualism is a very old religion.' Any ten year-old boy of our public schools will not fail to see the inconsistent, contradictory, ridiculous, insane character of this quotation.

Those of us who are absolutely convinced of the truth of Spiritualism have been convinced by personal experience which admitted no possible explanation upon the theory of fraud, by evidence that is incontrovertible and capable of no other interpretation than that of communication with the so-called dead.

So far as the ethics, morals or religion of Spiritualism are concerned, I think they are well stated in the following poem from the pen of the lamented Ingersoll, the last stanza of which I have slightly modified:

We have no falsehoods to defend;
We want the facts.
Our force, our thoughts, we do not spend
In vain attacks;
And we will never mealy try
To save some fair and pleasant lie.

The simple truth is what we ask—
Not the ideal.
We have set ourselves the noble task
To find the real.

If all there is is naught but dross,
We wish to know and bear our loss.

We will not willingly be fooled
And by fables nursed;
Our hearts by earnest thoughts are schooled
To bear the worst.
And we can stand erect and dare
All things, all facts that really are.

We have no God to fear,
No hell to shun;
No devil with malicious leer,
When life is done.
In brighter realms we'll open eyes
To better states—no dreams or signs.

We have no master on the land,
No king in air;
Without a mandate we stand,
Nor need we pray;
Without a fear of coming night,
We seek the truth, we love the right.

We do not bow before a guess
Of age unknown;
A senseless force we do not bless
In solemn tone.
When evil comes we do not curse,
Or thank because it is no worse.

Our life is joyous, jocund, free;
Not one a slave;
Who bends in fear the trembling knee
And seeks to save
A coward soul from evil's pain;
Not one will wringe or crawl for gain.

The jeweled cup of love we drain,
And friendship's wine
Now softly flows in every vein
With warmth divine.
And so we love, know and dream
That in death's sky there is a gleam.

We walk according to our light,
Pursue the path
That leads to honor's stainless height,
Careless of wrath
Or curse of God, or priestly spite,
Knowing, and knowing do the right.

We love our fellow-men, our kind,
Wife, child and friend;
To dogmas we are deaf and blind,
But we extend
The helping hand to the distressed,
And by loving others are blest.

Love's sacred flame within the heart,
And friendship's glow,
While all the miracles of art
From wealth bestow
Upon the thrilled and joyous brain
A present paradise and banish pain.

We love our angels of the skies,

And living flesh
With passion's soft and soulful eyes,
Lips warm and fresh,
And cheeks with health's red flag unfurled,
The breathing spirits of this world,
The hands that help are better far
Than lips that pray;
Love is ever the gleaming star
That leads the way,
That shines not on vague realms of bliss
But on the paradise in this.

We do not howl, or weep, or wail;
We have no dread,
No fear to pass beyond the veil
That hides the dead;
And yet we doubt, we dream, we guess,
But, a little knowledge we do possess.

We know the heavens above us present to our enraptured vision the phenomena of the sun, moon and stars, and that is about all the majority of us do know about them. Because we do not know all about them is no evidence that they are not there or that we do not see them.

We know that there are genuine phenomena which we denominate spiritualistic, and which we cannot do otherwise than accept as proving the continuity of life beyond the grave, and that is about all that the majority of us do know about them. Because we do not know all about them is no evidence that there are no such phenomena or that we have not witnessed them. And so I have taken the liberty of changing the last line of the last verse of the immortal Ingersoll's poem, as just read, and I feel that I have his sanction for so doing. With this slight change, his grand verses fairly represent the religion of Modern Spiritualism, which is humanitarian in character, "pure and undefiled." It does not look upon man as a body having a soul, but as a soul having a body which is entitled to and should receive the kindest humanitarian consideration.

And now, in closing, let me try to catch a little of the inspiration of a part of that most exquisite gem presented by our own Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and her guides to the late Congress of Religions:

The manifestations of Modern Spiritualism extend into every department of human thought; its presence in the world has changed the entire attitude of thoughtful minds con-

Longfellow and Bryant, and thousands of others with its living presence. Its uplifting influence is felt in every life that accepts its truths, and in the whole world by making the aims of life here consistent with a continued existence beyond the grave, and by making the basis of life here spiritual instead of material.

To a materialistic and unbelieving age it has demonstrated the existence of the human spirit beyond the change called death. To those who had "hope" and "faith" through any form of religious belief in a future life, it has added "knowledge," and to both has opened the gateway that had not been left even "ajar" between the spiritual and material realms.

It has removed the fear of death, and of what might come to the spirit after dissolution of the body by a knowledge of the states and conditions of those who have passed beyond that change as declared by the testimony of disembodied spirits, who must be in the very nature of the case the only authentic source of information upon subjects pertaining to that future existence. It has bridged the chasm, spanned the gulf between the two states of existence by the archway of love.

Immortal messengers have brought the knowledge of their state of existence, and have announced in unmistakable ways the nearness of that so-called "undiscovered country." Invisible hands have rekindled the fires upon the altars of inspiration that had long been desolate. Angels and ministering spirits have anew attuned the voices of mortals to immortal songs, and have "rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulcher" of thousands of human hearts who thought their dead lived not.

Its authority is truth wherever found. Its sacred books, the inspiration of every age. Its oracles and priests, those whom truth anoints and inspiration calls. Its creed, the unwritten law of knowledge, wisdom, truth and love. Its ceremonials, the service of all noble life. Its communion, is with kindred spirits and its fellowship with all. Its altars, the human spirits, and its temples, living souls. It is the open door, the present light, the demonstration, philosophy and religion of the immortal soul.

Calm-browed and unafraid, this mild-eyed, open-visaged presence views the heretofore and the hereafter, the present and the future, with equal interest and courage born of perfect truth. The "well-springs of eternal life" are here, and she bids mortals drink fearlessly at their loving fountains. The "bread of life" is here, and she bids all spirits partake freely from the all bounteous store. From the vintage of the spirit the wine of her everlasting kingdom is distilled in streams of loving inspiration. Poets quaff as the golden goblet is pressed to their lips and sing the songs of the spheres. Sages gather from its open treasure-house the wisdom of the skies. Seers and prophets, inspired anew reveal again the for ever old, forever new, immortal theme.

The mourner forgets her grief and dries her tears while listening to the messages of love. The weary find rest in its all-reposeful and eternal ways. The weak find strength in its unshaken helpfulness. Crime, sin, and all human imperfections and shadows fade gradually, yet surely, before its all potent light.

The whole world touched, awakened, thrilled, aroused from the lethargy of material propositions and dogmatic assertions, from charnel houses of the senses, the tombs of death and

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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.

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cerning the problems of death and life hereafter, and their relations to human states, at the same time opening up for investigation a vast inter-realm including the latent possibilities of the human spirit, while in the earthly environment.

Spiritualism has reached the man of science in his laboratory or study, and within its rare Alembic has re-wrought the demonstration of immortality. It has walked into the churches of all denominations, religions and tongues; it has stood beside the clergyman or priest or ministrant, and has whispered the message of immortal life, saying: "Are they not all ministering spirits?" It has proved itself a solvent of all religions and philosophies by correcting erroneous ideas born of imperfect, human interpretations, concerning a future life and substituting knowledge. It has restored spiritual gifts spoken of by Paul, and made them a portion of the recognized opinions of the human race.

It has made thousands and hundreds of thousands to acknowledge by name within and without the churches; within and without established schools of philosophy; within and without the walks of science, by knowledge alone; and thousands of others to accept its evidence in the form of belief based upon the testimony of others. Its sources of information are the invisible hosts. Its teachers and messengers are the great, the wise and the loved ones who have passed on. It has opened a royal or inner way to knowledge for many who are its chosen instruments, by touching child minds with facts and data, with scientific and philosophical knowledge, with wisdom far beyond their years, and with eloquence unknown to mortal art.

It not only has created a literature of its own, in hundreds of volumes of experience and philosophy, and scores of periodicals publishing its demonstrations and advocating its propositions, but it has pervaded the best literature of the age, touching and illuminating the minds of such writers as Dickens, Thackeray

despair, from sepulchres wherein their hope and faith and highest love were well nigh buried, turns toward this new day dawn saying: "Is not this the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world?"

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Notice.

The Massachusetts State Association will hold a Mass Meeting in Lawrence April 19, at 21 Broadway, Methuen, Norwell's Block. Some of the talent expected are Dr. G. A. Fuller, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Mr. A. P. Blinn, Mrs. Dr. Caird, Mrs. E. I. Webster, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mrs. Ella M. Kimball. We hope the friends in surrounding towns will endeavor to be present upon this occasion.

The train from Boston leaves the North Union Station (Causeway street) at 9:25 A. M. All desiring to go with the party will please be on hand early.

We trust all interested will respond to the call, and turn out in goodly numbers. This is a holiday, and you will have a pleasant and profitable day.

Notice.

The third Annual Convention of the New York State Association of Spiritualists will be held at Empire Hall, in the city of Syracuse, May 11, 12 and 13.

No expense is being spared to make this one of the most successful meetings that has ever been held in the State, and a large attendance is anticipated. The Convention is called at 10 o'clock on the morning of May 11. The program will be announced later. For further information address

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What is your condition and its cause? **It is within your power to know**. Write to day for **FREE DIAGNOSIS and Special Advice in your Case**. No two cases of disease are exactly alike. **Dr. Peebles has a kind, sympathetic nature**, or true temperament of the **Great Physician**. He is always pleased to have sick people write to him about their diseases, and cheerfully gives advice and cheering words without cost of even a postage stamp. **His Great Reputation as a Great Psychic Healer is Based entirely upon His Great Success during the past Fifty Years**. Moreover, his great liberality and kindness in giving **Advice and Valuable Literature Absolutely Free to All**—the poor and rich alike—has made him loved by thousands in all parts of the world. If you are sick and discouraged don't delay one moment in writing this great and good man, as it costs nothing for his **special advice about your case and the valuable literature** which the Doctor will also send you **free**. 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Apr. 21.

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Golden Wedding.

April 9, 1900 was a happy day for Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus F. Hill, of Lowell, Mass., for they had reached the fiftieth milestone in their married life. A large number of friends called at their pleasant home, 917 Middlesex street, to offer congratulations to the happy couple. They were also remembered with a generous purse of gold. There were many friends present from out-of-town.

Mr. Hill served the First Spiritualist Society as its true and faithful President for almost three years.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Mrs. J. S. Kenyon spoke in Haverhill, April 7 and 15. Would like engagements for May 6 and 13. Address 73 Pacific St., Fitchburg, Mass.

E. J. Boutwell spoke at Providence, R. I., April 15. At Otisville, R. I., 23. Would like engagements for May and June. Also for camp meetings and season of 1900-1. Address 29 Home Ave., Providence, R. I.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

J. J. Morse, 28 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.

AN HOUR WITH THE ANGELS;

Or, a Dream of the Spirit-Life.

BY ALDEN BRIGHAM.

This charming brochure, as its title indicates, narrates a vision of scenes in the spirit land, witnessed by the author in a dream, and is well worth every one's perusal.

Pamphlet. Price, 15 cents.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Bay Side Cottage, Onset,

FOR SALE—On the Boulevard. Ten rooms; half acre of land. HENRY W. SAYLOR, 1 Pemberton Sq., Boston. Apr. 21. 3w

SPRIT Message Department.

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

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

These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Séance held March 29, 1900, S. E. 52. MESSAGES.

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

Capt. Edward Miller.

I see a very large, tall man. He has a full beard around his face, dark eyes and dark hair with some gray in it. He wears quite a large hat. He says: "Well, I am glad to be able to come this afternoon. My name is Capt. Edward Miller. I come from Nashville, Tenn. I feel as though I had been on the march, and that I am covered with the dust and dirt as I come in here and lay before you my word, my passport that shall give me entrance to my own people. I want to get to Carrie Miller. She is my wife, and she, while she believes it is possible for me to know of what is going on, does not believe it possible for her to know about me. But I am glad God was not so one-sided that he left all the joys to the one who goes over into the other life, because I was not as good as Carrie and she deserves to hear from me as much as I deserve to know what she is doing; and it is a pleasure to be able to know about the friends you love. I want to tell her that she must not sob so and feel so badly over conditions as they are, but rather she must think I do understand her and do feel sorry for the things that have come to her, and long to help her all I can. She is a good little woman and needs my thought. I have not been gone very long, not long enough yet to get hardened to the thought of separation."

Frank Gould.

Now I see the spirit of a real old man with a short gray beard all around his face. He has very gray hair, thin on the top of his head; he wears glasses. He is not a very tall man. He stands here with a sort of fatherly way, and says: "My name is Frank Gould. I come from Hyannis, Mass. I was interested in everything and everybody that was for the making of better conditions, and I feel that same interest to-day. Hyannis is just as dear to me in the spirit as when I was in the body. I see the old townspeople and I often go back there. I meet some of them over here, and we talk matters over exactly as we would if we were in the earth life, and see what plans we can make that will help things to move along more busquely. I owned some property there. I was a man of moderate means; but always, I am sure, I wanted everybody else to have everything that belonged to them and that I could help them to have. I want to get to Myra and give her my love. Sometimes I have thought the spirits who came back here were obliged to spend so much effort in making a test of the coming that they did not get a chance to say how much they loved their people; so I do not want to say anything about what I have seen or whom I have met, but to tell Myra that I am just as fond of her to-day as the day I left her."

Arthur Blumer.

Here comes a man perhaps fifty years old. He went out very suddenly. It seems as though the first thing he knew he waked up and found himself in the spirit. He is tall, has dark brown eyes, dark brown hair, and full beard. He looks rather stylish and well kept. He seems to be studious. He says: "That is a pretty good description of me. I do not know that I would have said I looked studious, but I know it was in my thought, a desire to be studious, and I suppose you got it in that way. I often think if I had mingled with my fellowmen more than I did I would have known more. Somehow people seem to think they must know books, and that is education; but I have found it is a liberal education in the spirit just to mingle with other spirits, and get their thoughts and ideas. My name I suppose you want. It is Arthur Blumer. I come from Sacramento, Cal. I am making a study of this for myself, to see what it is possible to do, and I hope that some of my friends who read your paper will see this, and will be glad to know that I have come."

Alice Garland.

This woman's name is Alice Garland. She is a woman about thirty-five years old. She has dark eyes, dark hair and a dark skin. She is not very stout and looks like a woman who worked very hard. She came from Skowhegan; they have mills there, and she was familiar with them. She says: "I did not have much of an education and was not among the upper ones, but my heart was good just the same, and when I had to go and leave my little ones, you can just believe that I wanted to get back as much as any millionaire's wife I ever saw. I do not think it makes much difference how fat your pocket-book is, how much you care for your children. If I could get to mine and help take care of them, it would be heaven for me, and I would not take any money in exchange for it either. I did not have much use for the church; I was rather bitter. It seemed to me everybody was against the poor people, and I thought if I could only get enough to give my children an education, so that they could fight for themselves better than I had, it was all I would ask. Then I had to die. They divided up the family. They gave some of my children away. If I had stayed, they would have been together in spite of poverty or their father's bad actions. When

I came over here and saw them crying for me, and I was so helpless, I thought I could take the gates of heaven right off the hinges and get to them. But all at once I looked up and there was my own mother, and she said: 'Allie, it is not harder for you to stand and see your children want you than it was for me to watch you in the same condition.' I said: 'What is the use of talking nonsense? It does not make it any easier because you had it.' And then she told me that there was a place where I could come and send word, and perhaps they would get hold of it; and so I have come. I want to send word to my children. I am in hopes they will get it some way; but they are still children, so you could not get the paper to them."

Edith Hall.

This spirit is about twenty-eight years old. Her name is Edith Hall. She comes from Melrose. She has a baby in her arms, and she and the child come together. She says: "Although I did not have my baby here long, I was so glad to receive it after I had gone. I just want to report. It seems to me as though I had gone away on a little journey, and that I must send some word back to my own people. I want to get to George Hall. He will know, and will be so glad to have me come and to know that I am all right and that I did not suffer much. I just awoke to the consciousness of my new life with peace and happiness. I am so often with him when he writes and when he walks and when he sits down and thinks of me. Please tell him that his life is not entirely broken up through my going out—that he must think we are together in a way just as much or more than we were before."

Nellie Brown.

Here is a spirit that comes from Bristol, Vt., Nellie Brown. She is eighteen years old. She is plump and round and brown and pretty. Her cheeks are full with dimples in them. Her hair is pushed back plain, but she looks as pretty as though she had spent hours trying to curl it. She does not care a bit how she looks, but with an open free air starts off to do whatever is hers to do. She says: "Why should I care? It was not just for show that I lived, but rather for use. I want to get to my mother. She lives in Bristol and her name is Charlotte. I want to tell her that father and I come to her to give her strength to bear her sickness. She has been sick a long time, and does not know whether she is going to get better or worse but I say she is going to get better, better. I found my Aunt Nellie for whom I was named. She says to tell Lottie, (that is my mother) that she often comes to her and tries to make her see her, but that Lottie is so blind spiritually that she could not see a king if he stood there." And then she laughs as though she was full of fun, jolly and good.

Joe Murphy.

A young man about sixteen or seventeen years old comes now. He says: "Don't talk too much about me; don't describe me too much, but say Joe Murphy is here, and he comes from Dallas, Tex. I was killed one day as though shot out of a gun, and that was the last of me." It was some sort of an explosion. He says: "You can imagine how I felt to be shot out into the spirit in such an unceremonious fashion as that. My sakes! I wish nobody else ever had to go the way I did. It is a good deal better to know you are going, and kind of get ready for it. Anyway, that is what I think. My people were not with me. I had gone there from the East, and when I got there I went to work, and hard work it was too. I wished I had stayed at home. My father lived in Brighton, Mass. He says since he came over (he came since I did), 'Let's you and I go back, and send some word to the friends in earth life, and so we have come together to-day. It is not much we can say at the most, because the most of us get back on a sympathetic vibration of love, and it is a good deal harder to come when we have not our friends with their loving thought to help us, than it is when they are sitting down in their own homes waiting for us. Right here let me say to some of these people who are asking their friends to come, that it is much easier for the friends to come in their homes than it is to come to this place, and if they understand anything about it, and can help them to come at home, for goodness' sake do not ask them to come here; because it takes so much of strength and effort. Better send your thought that whatever spirit does come here can come so strong and so well that the recognition will be complete, and then you will have done some good. But do not try to just satisfy your curiosity as to whether your friends can come or not."

Etta Wilson.

There comes now a girl, with a big mouth that seems twisted. She had some kind of an accident that pulled her mouth to one side. She looks at me and says: "Yes, I want you to tell that about me, because it will be a mark of identification; but I also want you to say that I do not have to have that mouth now, because it was an accident and I have taken a more perfect body through my spiritual thought." Her name is Etta Wilson. She comes from Lisbon Falls, Me. She says: "I was a working girl and had to take care of myself. I thought it was very nice when I came to the spirit to find my mother, who died when I was a little girl, waiting to receive me. She said: 'Etta, Etta, I have been so anxious many times to save you from suffering, and yet I was unable to do it; and now I am so glad to have you with me.' She has been with me ever since, and I am glad it is over. I suffered so much before I went away, and there was no one to care about it only my friends, and everybody said they were glad when poor Etta Wilson had gone to the spirit—only they did not say 'the spirit'; they said 'dead.' I often think of the friends I had. One was a Mrs. Mason. She often thinks of me, and sometimes goes where my body was buried and puts something there to let people see that, although I did not have any relatives to speak of, I had a friend. I want to thank her for it."

Christine Hobbs.

This is the spirit of a woman about forty-five or fifty years old. Her name is Christine Hobbs. She says: "They called me 'Tina,' because they did not think Christine was quite the name for me." They used to call her Agt Tina. She says: "I am so anxious to get to Charles Hobbs. He lives in Memphis, Tenn. There is so much disturbance there it seems to me it would be good for me to say some word about it. Tell Charlie he is not to care what is said or done, but to go forward doing what he thinks is right. Any change that he is content-

plating he knows I will be interested in. He will know what I mean. Sometimes he thinks he will be talked out of it, because perhaps I would not like it, but I do not care a snap. I would just as soon he would go ahead."

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

W. R. Hearst, of the *New York Evening Journal*, often electrifies his readers by the depth and the brilliance of his editorials. Last month he gave a remarkable reply to the question of a reader, "What are the greatest movements in the world at present?" Mr. Hearst cites the four following:

First, the steady striving of Russia toward the dominion of the world, originated by Peter the Great, and always kept in mind by Russian statesmen.

Second, the counter-movement in England, begun by Clive in India; the British Empire, now embracing India, Australia, Canada and many other regions, and at present adding to her vast dominions in Africa. These rival interests of two great nations may bring on a Russo-British war, more terrible than any recorded in history.

Third, the maintenance of the German army of four million men, which will postpone for many years, and perhaps forever, a Russian overflow upon Western Europe.

Fourth, the Roman Catholic Church, as well organized as the German army, and designing world-wide control in the mental and spiritual realm, a movement that has steadily persisted while nations have risen and fallen.

Mr. Hearst then points out a fifth movement, which he declares to be far more important than all these four combined, namely, the present movement toward industrial combination, generally spoken of as the formation of trusts.

He then points out three results that must come about from this extraordinary step in human social evolution. These are, first, the abolition of competition, which has hitherto been deemed essential to human progress; second, the abolition of individual prowess as a factor in the progress of man; and, third, the compulsory control by government of all industries whatsoever. This means the inauguration of national socialism, to be followed ultimately by international socialism. In this, the affairs of men will be managed by the social organism for the benefit of the social organism, and no longer by individuals for individuals, as at the present time.

The above is a synopsis of real socialism, and is well worthy the attention of every thoughtful philanthropist in the world.

Socialism has been declared by its enemies and by the ignorant to be synonymous with anarchism. So widespread has this misapprehension become, that the same obloquy attaches to it as to Spiritualism; but as the two become better understood, they will rise preëminent, like two noble sisters, the one having to do with the temporal affairs of mankind, and the other with its spiritual interests. In fact, as the greater often includes the less, Spiritualism embraces within its folds, not Socialism alone, but also every reform by which the human race ascends toward its ultimate goal.

Frederic Schirshaw, whose life work and self-sacrificing "taking off" have been lately chronicled in these columns, has told me that he had never found in any class of people such ready sympathy with, and such clear comprehension of the principles of socialism as he had found among Spiritualists.

This is by no means surprising. The same is found to be true regarding all the other reforms that tend to the spiritualization of the race. Humane societies find their best allies, and indeed some of their noblest leaders, in our ranks. The anti-vivisectionists meet their readiest sympathizers and their most active workers among our number. It is the same with the movement against enforced vaccination and against medical monopoly. Priestly domination finds its fiercest foes among Spiritualists: in fact, Roman Catholicism and Spiritualism are antipodal. Among us are found the strongest opposers of human slavery, of the wholesale murders perpetrated by war, of the crime of capital punishment, of the burial of persons supposed to be dead, who are really entranced, of the beating of children and of brutes, and of the eating of the flesh of animals, an act which has been forcibly described as the turning of the human stomach into a cemetery.

All these woes, and crimes, and horrors are diametrically opposed to the principles of Spiritualism. With regard to the folly of using alcohol, we oppose it of course, though many of us think it better to exterminate this foul curse upon humanity by educating and spiritualizing, than to stamp it out by compulsory abstinence.

I am one who thinks that the use of spirituous liquors, and of the poison of tobacco, should be prohibited by the law of a paternal government (when we get it). It is difficult to obtain certain poisonous drugs and anesthetics at an apothecary's, because human life can be taken by them. And when they are purchased in limited quantities, the druggist is forced to label them conspicuously as "Poison." This is quite right. And cases of champagne, and kegs of whiskey, and boxes of cigarettes should also be labeled as "Poison," and sold in very limited quantities, and under certain restrictions.

We think the use of spirituous liquors and of tobacco should be forbidden by law, though we know many Spiritualists would not agree with us, on the ground that such a law might be the violation of individual freedom. On this point our view is somewhat like certain views declared by John C. Calhoun. He regards absolute liberty as something to be granted only to an absolutely developed individual or community—that it is, like heaven, to be enjoyed when one has earned the right to enjoy it. One should have been educated by his elders, and should have educated himself to the point where he can wisely govern himself.

Opposers of this doctrine might give even a little child the largest liberty in every respect, lest the freedom of his individual action be hampered. In order that he might learn to govern himself, they might give sharp scissors and pen-knives, and let poisons remain within the grasp of a little two-year-old. According to their principle, when he had cut off his finger, or put out the eye of his playmate, or was writing in the agonies of some irritant poison, he would be learning by experience to avoid them in future.

Some would reply that a growing youth and a man are very different from such a little child; and, though it might be well to hinder little ones from having poison or sharp-edged

tools, it would be curtailing the privileges of adults to forbid them the use of liquor, opium, tobacco, or bowie knives.

To our minds the difference between individuals lies not only in age, but in practical wisdom. If a grown man is so ignorant or so perverse as to think that the alcoholic habit is good for the lining of his stomach, or for the nerve power of his brain; or so self-indulgent as to continue its use in spite of the harm it may do to him, he is then in this respect on a par with a little child. And just as it would be right to put the scissors, knives and poison beyond the reach of little hands, so would it be right to put alcohol in all its forms out of the reach of grown men and women. It should be the same with tobacco, except in rare cases where it and alcohol are prescribed by experienced physicians who are themselves absolutely temperate.

The age will come when all human beings will realize the God-given attributes that ally them to the higher realms of the invisible world. Then all will understand that it would be a crime against their higher nature to take anything into their system that would inflame the digestive organs, or blunder the working power of the brain, which are the direct results of using alcohol. Then, they will not use tobacco, for the fact that its use causes a tendency to insanity will be known to all, instead of to but a few, as now. Then, the use of meat as food will be unknown, for all will understand that it acts as a stimulant, and not as a strengthener; and that tuberculous and scrofulous microbes thrive on the putridity which its use engenders in the human system.

Then, inhumanity to animals will have altogether ceased, because they are the "lower brothers and sisters" of the human race, and will be protected by their care, instead of being abused by their power. This inhumanity, climaxed by the atrocity which perpetrates their vivisection, and their subjection to fiendish and continued tortures, paralleled only in the annals of the Inquisition, will have come to an end. It will have ended for two reasons. One of these is that mankind would have become so loving and humane that it would be impossible to find any one who could do such deeds. The other reason is that the material and the spiritual worlds will be in such constant relation to each other that all will know that a long period of darkness and terror on the spirit side of life would be the direct result of maltreating, or torturing, or maiming, or vivisectioning one of our helpless "brothers and sisters."

Vaccination, enforced or non-enforced, would have long ago ceased, as it has already begun to do in some quarters of Christendom, as well as the medical monopoly, to the tyranny of which many eyes have already begun to open.

Priestly domination, human slavery, and the cumulated murders of war will have come to an end, under the clear light shed on the human intellect from the realms above. Capital punishment will have wholly ceased. It arose in the early stage of man's history, when his materialism led him to believe that a man who had been killed was really dead. This opinion is expressed in the old adage, "Dead men tell no tales." It will cease because all will see the folly of thinking that dead men are out of the way, and the unwisdom of launching them into spirit life, filled with indignation and revenge, and eager to take possession of mortals through whom they can work even worse crimes than those for which they paid their mortal life.

The principles of Spiritualism are founded on the natural facts of a natural universe, and they will prevail. It must be so, for man is not retrograding. He is destined, by his original constitution, to ascend. Once, man was only a little higher than the brute, and, in his progression, he will become an angel, and journey forever onward in his ascent to the Infinite Soul, or Life, out of which he came into individual, conscious being. May it be ours to aid every soul with whom we come in contact, to come into that peace which is born from its conscious union with the Infinite!

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,

ABBY A. JUDSON.

Arlington, N. J., April 6, 1900.

Verification of Spirit Message.

Dear Mrs. Soule and Sunbeam: I wish to thank you for the message I received from my daughter Mattie in the BANNER OF LIGHT of March 31. I have sat nearly every Thursday afternoon, hoping I should hear from my dear one. The uncle she spoke of is recognized. You are a dear little Sunbeam, and your "meddle" is very dear to me. You both have helped me in my trouble more than I can tell.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

South Boston, April 11, 1900.

The Measure of Success.

Americans have been described by foreigners, and by sincere home-bred critics as well, with great show of justice and frankness, as worriers of the money god. On the surface of our life, both domestic and national, we do expose a great area devoted to sordid aspiration. And, after all, there may be less evil in this fact than a hasty judgment would comprehend. To a degree, financial success is a just measure of superior intelligence and character. It is indisputable that the periods of highest civilization have always been strongly marked by aggregations of wealth.

We are too apt, in our despair at the thought that we can never be rich, to make the sweeping charge of unrighteousness, and even brutality, against those whom the god of gain has highly favored. Do you wish you were rich? If you do, what right have you to arraign the man who has wished the same thing and had it come true? Speaking of American humor, what would be more delightful in that line than the recent financial success of the man who a few years ago headed a so-called army of tramps and marched into Washington? A shrewd negro expressed a sound philosophy when, just after the revival of prosperity in the South, he said: "De po' white man done grab what de rich white man use ter hol' fas'. I tell yo', w'en de bottom rail git on de top o' de fence dey's somethin' a gwine ter happen!"

Money is not happiness, nor is financial success the whole of life. A very little observation shows that our existence here gathers such enjoyment as it is capable of realizing from sources not controllable by the purchasing power of money. The laws of health, for example, are more important than the secrets of trade in the race for a true goal of human success. Of what avail would millions of money have been to Keats when he began to die at twenty? The flawless health of Gladstone at eighty made his voice a nation's trumpet blast. Bismarck's sound nerve-centres were more to Germany than the gold of all the banks. A sound body, with a sound character imbuing it,

will command success when a nation's overflowing treasury may be wasted in vain against the tide of calamity. In a word, success comes of health. Not mere physical equilibrium, but that higher health which insures contentment based upon justice, charity and righteous regard for life, is the *sine qua non*. A healthy soul in a pure physique will find its way to such success as may well be envied.

Again turning to Gladstone for lofty example, we see how the currents of his moral aspiration and his political ambition ran together through a long, beautiful and powerful career. Weakness of character makes even religion a reflection from insipidity; force of character advances every object that it touches. Indirectly, it plunges its bearer, and mayhap a nation with him, into the whirlpool of evil; well-directed, it brings the true success, which may be but a happy life on a remote farm, or a long series of public triumphs for the lasting good of mankind. And as physical health has a strong influence upon character, it should be assiduously guarded in our homes and schools equally with moral health, which also gives efficiency to the whole human organism. The measure of success is but the measure of a well-lived life.—Maurice Thompson, in *Exchange*.

Dr. Ira Chandler.

One of the very first and possibly the most successful clairvoyant healer and bone setter in Plymouth County has vacated his tenement of flesh, his material expression, and is now lost to mortal vision. His labors here, after a long and weary waste of many months, closed on Friday, March 23.

Dr. Ira Chandler became clairvoyant forty-four years ago, and, under the guidance of an Indian chief, was able to do some remarkable work in the way of healing, and in the restoring to health many who had become hopeless under other treatment. In the way of resetting broken and dislocated bones he was a wonder. The ease and facility with which he accomplished those things were a puzzle to the regular physician as well as to the patient.

He never found it necessary—never had any inclination—to advertise his gifts or to hold himself out as a physician. His name and reputation went out before him, until all through Plymouth County, through the State, and into other States, his name was a familiar word in many homes. His loss, as a doctor, will be deeply felt in hundreds of families.

As a whole, his clairvoyant sight, his mental "X-ray," was most extraordinary, consequently his diagnosis of the human and other animals was simply marvelous. The medicine prescribed generally accomplished its purpose. Hundreds claim that had it not been for his help, they would have long since been gathered in.

This humble man's personal experience and the works accomplished through him by the Old Indian, and later in life by the added assistance of a regular physician who had passed into the spirit realm, should have been collated and put into an enduring form while the doctor was himself in the flesh to direct and give the details. A life of service to his fellowmen, such as his was, ought never to become lost and forgotten. Who will take his place? Who can fill his measure?

Most truly can it be said, he lived to serve his fellow-men. His memory will remain as a sweet aroma in many grateful hearts, in many thankful homes. He was known to the writer for forty years, and it would be an act of ingratitude did I not offer this tribute to his memory.

E. WILDER.

Copies of Banner for Circulation.

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

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Orange, Mass., March 27, CAPT. LUCIEN STONE, aged 81 years.

Capt. Stone was formerly a resident of Greenfield, where for many years he successfully practiced psychic healing. He was one of our country's bravest and truest, and was Captain of Company F, Fifty-second Regiment of Massachusetts. Faithful in all things, he lived his Spiritualism in his daily life. He leaves a devoted wife, three sons, his faith and knowledge will bring comfort. Three sons also survive him. The funeral was conducted, according to his wishes, by Mrs. HULLEN TEMPLE BRIGHTMAN.

From Greenfield, Mass., March 19, MRS. JULIA A. CLARK, aged 77 years 8 months.

The funeral, on March 21, was conducted by Dr. Charles Harding. Mrs. M. V. Lincoln made a brief address. The writer read the Victorian Spiritualist's service. Mrs. Clark has been a faithful Spiritualist since she was converted of the ministry of angels at the first lecture delivered in the old Melrose Hall, Boston, Mass., by Joel Tiffany. Nearly three years ago Mrs. Clark met with an accident which resulted in the amputation of her right arm. A great sufferer, she was brave and enduring unto the end. In life and death triumphant, her casket covered with flowers, the gift of the Greenfield Helping Hand Society, Mrs. Clark, Wheeler, and ladies resident in Columbus Hotel, Greenfield, her worn-out body was taken to rest in the family lot at Shawheens Cemetery, Bedford, Mass. The smile upon her face testified that, after a life given to the service of humanity, it is well with her soul.

FRANCIS BAILEY WOODHURY.

From Troy, N. Y., April 2, 1900, GEORGINA E. H. REYNOLDS, daughter of Charles and the late Eliza Reynolds. Miss Georgina Reynolds died at the residence of Brooks B. Martin, 2 Vanderheyden street. She was well-known as a Spiritualist medium, and made a successful professional trip through England two years ago. She owned no money, but was very free-hearted, constantly assisting the poor and suffering. The funeral was held at the house on Thursday afternoon, Dr. Harding, of Lake Pleasant, officiating.

From Onset, Mass., Friday morning, April 6, at 10 o'clock, after a severe illness of nine weeks' duration, DR. CHARLES T. CRANDALL, aged 78 years.

The funeral took place on Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock from the residence of Mrs. Cynthia Smith, where he had resided since coming from California two years ago. Dr. Crandall was born in South Royalton, Vt. Funeral services were conducted by Dr. E. A. Tallow. Singing by Mrs. and Mrs. Tallow, assisted by Miss Daisy Robinson. Beautiful floral emblems were brought by relatives of the deceased. Mrs. M. E. Thompson gave the address, dwelling upon the life-work, experiences and last days of the departed one. The remains were deposited in East Vermont cemetery. Dr. Crandall was a philosopher and a reasoner; a man who thought not of material gain, but who lived his life seeking ever spiritual advancement and excellence; one whose experiences at times of fasting and living and communing with the spirit were most wonderful. He lived happily in his own peculiar way, which was not the way of the worldly; rich in experiences and at peace with all men; looking forward to his release from the body as the time for the fruition of those things in which he so fondly hoped and trusted and earnestly believed. Requiescat in pace!

AUGUSTA FRANCES THOMP.

From his home, 817 Main street, Green Bay, Wis., on March 29, 1900, MR. J. B. EVERTS.

He was born in Grez-Dolcean, Belgium, July 28, 1832. For a number of years in his native country he served in the army (known as regiment des lanciers). In 1854 he came to America and settled in Robinsonville, Brown county. Later he came to Green Bay, where for many years he was engaged as a successful business man. He gave up his lucrative business, after he had investigated the truth of Spiritualism, to devote his entire soul and body to the cause he loved so well. He became one of the most noted spiritual and magnetic healers in the world. His noble and loving words made a permanent and deep impression in the minds of his friends. The large attendance at the last memorable ceremony testified to the great esteem they had for this loyal and elevated character. On his funeral day he had assured his loving and cherished wife and friends he would return and speak with them again. The last and very appropriate funeral services were conducted by Mrs. F. Swars, assisted by the pastor of Little Burgon Spiritual Church.

JOS. F. FRANCOIS, Sec'y.

(Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. When exceeding that number, twenty cents for each additional line will be charged. Send no money for an average made a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.)

Protection for Physical Mediums.

BY BARON W. BAUME.

Editorial in BANNER of July 22nd, "A New Trust," and "Don't Take the Spiritualist Papers," deserve more than a passing notice. In these articles the writer goes right to the bottom of certain mediumistic oustings, and shows the real motives of a class of physical mediums who endeavor to cover up their fraudulent practices by clamoring for protection.

Our position on the question of physical mediumship has been vigorously and repeatedly stated in the columns of the Spiritualist papers. For every genuine manifestation of spirit phenomena, either mental or physical, we are profoundly grateful. All genuine, honest and moral mediums we highly esteem; on the other hand, we have an unalterable contempt for mediums who will under any circumstances whatever, practice fraud in whole or in part. A few years in the penitentiary would be a good schooling for such, and we sometimes feel that that is their proper place. Mediums who feel the need of protection can best secure it by reforming their lives, thinking pure thoughts, and by practicing honesty in their seances, thereby drawing to themselves forces that can lead up and not down. It is a fearful thing for an immoral person to develop sensitiveness and turn the spirit world loose on themselves. Let the work of renovation go on until every simulator of the phenomena leaves our ranks. We stand firm for every honest medium and all genuine phenomena. A scientific presentation of the phenomena of Spiritualism by upright, honest, moral men and women of character, in connection with phenomena in the home, will revolutionize the religious, scientific thought of the world.

The spirit world has repeatedly developed physical mediums through whom they could produce phenomena under scientific conditions. Through the neglect of Spiritualists to care for and sustain these "scientific mediums" they have been forced into commercial mediumship, and after contending with adverse conditions for a time, they either entered the ranks of the frauds, gave up their mediumship, or died. A case which came under my observation here in Indianapolis will illustrate: Several years ago a young lady of good family developed remarkable powers as a phenomenal medium. Coming to the city a stranger, we accidentally, apparently, met the young medium, and shortly had a seance with her. Our seance was in the light (sun shown right into the room) no stand, curtains or paraphernalia whatever were used or in the room. The medium handed me a trumpet, which I placed near my ear. The other end rested lightly on the medium's hand, nearly at arms length from her body, while looking directly into the medium's face, and occasionally engaging her in conversation. I received communications from over twelve friends in spirit life, all recognized. The communications were personal, and overwhelmingly convincing. No one but the medium and myself were present.

Had scientists experimented with the medium as Dr. Hodgson and Prof. Hyslop did with Mrs. Piper, the results would have been such as to place this phase of the phenomena on a scientific basis also. The indifference of Spiritualists, lack of appreciation, and scandals started by rival mediums who could not obtain phenomena under the same conditions, eventually caused this splendid instrument to abandon her mediumship. When will Spiritualists rally to the support of their organizations, and demand that all of the phenomena be placed on a scientific basis, and that scientific mediums be cared for? Echo.

For some time we have been investigating independent slate-writing, but as yet have not received such writing under conditions that would be of any value whatever from a scientific standpoint.

Mr. M. E. Robinson states the case exactly when he says there is always some condition imposed that makes it easy to practice fraud, and we have found it so. We do not say that there is no genuine slate writing, but claim that the manner of presenting this phenomena is wholly unscientific and worthless as regards exact evidence. However, we think we know that independent spirit slate writing is a fact, and believe that the spirit world will produce a scientific medium for each phase of the phenomena just as soon as the National Spiritualists' Association is ready to care for them and place their phase of mediumship on a sure scientific basis. We stand for a scientific presentation of the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.

An Open Letter to the Rev. Blank.

Respected Sir: The writing of this letter is a duty from which I would fain be excused were it not for the knowledge that a duty well performed brings its sure reward, peace.

Some one has lately said that this is an age of untruth; that we have a press which dare not print the truth, educators who dare not teach the truth, and a muzzled clergy who dare not preach the truth. However true this may be as a whole, we wish to make known our conviction that you at least must not be included in so sweeping an assertion. We firmly believe that you stand with us on the bold platform of J. Russell Lowell:

"I honor the man who is willing to slink half his reputation for the right to think. And when he has thought, he can stand strong or weak. Will sink the other half for the right to speak."

Also permit us to declare our own utmost sincerity in this matter, as well as the spirit of kindness and brotherly good-will in which we shall write. If either element be lacking, may this pen refuse to move upon the paper.

Dear brother, I fear from some recent pulpit utterances that your education along the lines of psychic research and Spiritualism has been sadly neglected. You ridiculed the Spiritualists of New York because John Sherman's spirit appeared at a seance, when in fact the old gentleman was still alive physically. Let us reason a little. The absurdity or seeming impossibility of a certain event to-day gives way to-morrow, as greater light dawns, to the conviction of a great and glorious truth. It all depends on the attitude of mind from which we view the subject.

For example, the King of Siam, born and raised in a tropical country, indignantly rejected the idea of water becoming a solid under any circumstances. Now the apparition, or other manifestation, at a distant place of some one still in the physical is as well established as that of the so-called dead. If the Savior, while far away physically, could be present in spirit and see Nathaniel praying under that fig tree, might not John Sherman manifest in New York? If Elijah was able to continually keep track of the movements of the Syrians, while leagues away, and thus save Israel not once or twice, is there not some hope for John Sherman?

While physical science goes marching on in this glorious century, with its wireless telegraph, its X-rays, its gold cure for drunkenness, and on almost ad infinitum must we despair of progress in lines of spiritual and psychic sciences? No; with telephony so well established as to have found its way into our unabridged dictionaries, with the well known facts of hypnotism admitted by all, with clairvoyance and psychometry taught by leading men everywhere, with multitudes of our best people flocking to magnetic institutes for bodily healing on the New Testament plan, we have no more fear of the final acceptance of the truths of Spiritualism than Fulton had of his steamboat when he set out in sight of crowds of doubters on the banks of the Hudson.

When a dearly loved friend, who ten years ago smiled at the writer because of his interest in these matters, last week loaned him a costly new text book by the renowned Dr. Kraft Ebing, of Germany, in which hypnotism is advocated as the one great curative agent in certain nervous and sexual diseases, let us hope on; for if that much progress is possible in a medical friend who has passed his three score

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and ten, may we not safely expect progress in the next ten years on the part of an unmuzzled clergyman?

In conclusion, dear brother, my prayer for you shall be as was Elijah's for the young man who was so fearful. Elijah said, "Fear not, for they that be for us are more than they that be against us." But the young man's heart faltered within him. "Thou the prophet prayed, 'Lord, open his eyes that he may see.' And behold the mountain was filled with spirit horses and horsemen and chariots of fire.

Sincerely your friend,

CHARLES CROSSLAND.

Haven, Illinois.

Justice.

The Fox Sisters—Our Duty to their Memories.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I notice with pleasure friend Merritt's item concerning the Fox Sisters, and their earthly remains. Granting that there is little of consequence concerning the last of this poor mortality, surely a decent respect and a debt of honor and gratitude demand that all Spiritualists should at least see that these Fox Sisters should be properly cared for, and not removed for expenses from the vault, and buried in the common lot. This is the least of our duty of love and respect for the Fox Sisters, for we owe them a debt of gratitude. It was through their raps that the first glad tidings came of the spirit's existence, and the possibility of its return.

Now, with Bro. Merritt, I believe all true Spiritualists should contribute to this purpose, and erect a proper tablet or memorial to their memory. Does not our Cause and religion, and all the sacred memories of the past demand this, for these—really the first martyrs to our cause? By united effort, and very small contributions, this good work could be accomplished.

I was well acquainted with Lesh and Katie Fox, and also with the Underhill family, and saw Katie Fox in the last days at the residence of that truly noble and good woman, Emily Ruggles, in State street, Brooklyn, where her spirit left the form. The funeral services were held in the hall on Fulton street, and the ferry. I would willingly myself, and in the name of our society, receive and receipt for any funds for this good and worthy work, and will not all good Spiritualists willingly respond?

Very respectfully yours,

SYLVANUS LYON,
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Without venturing to pass judgment upon the actual merits of the text in this case, and upon the present collection of essays, I do feel justified in saying that, having read the MS. and corrected the proofs, I have risen again and again from a perusal of these truly inspiring pages, imbued with a deep sense of gratitude to the gifted, painstaking author, coupled with a firm conviction that this excellent volume will not only pass through many editions, but will for its own name and fame in every civilized country of the world."

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1900.

Spiritualist Societies.

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

BOSTON AND VICINITY.

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

The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Minnie M. Scott, Pastor, Assembly Hall, 200 Huntington Avenue, Sunday evenings at 7:45. Discourse and Evidence through the mediumship of the pastor.

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Home Rostrum, 21 Soley street, Charlestown. Spiritualist meetings Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Tuesday, 7:30 p.m. Mrs. Gilliland, President, 21 Soley street, Charlestown.

Bible Spiritualist Meetings, Odd Ladies' Hall, 644 Tremont Street. Mrs. Gutierrez, President. Services Sunday at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Wednesday at 2. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

America Hall, 724 Washington Street, two flights, 2nd and 3rd floors, public invited. Circle, 11 a.m.; 8 p.m., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2. M. Graham, Chairman.

Temple of Honor Hall, 591 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport. First Spiritualist Church, M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Services at 11:15 and 7:30; also Wednesday at 2. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

Spiritual Fraternity, at First Spiritual Temple, corner of Newbury street. Meetings Sunday morning at 10:30 and 7:30 p.m. Wednesday at 2. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

Phenomena Spiritual Society, Sunday evening in Dwight Hall, first floor, 514 Tremont street. Mrs. L. A. Butler, President. Services at 7:30 p.m. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday afternoon and evening. Supper served at 6 p.m. at 21 Tremont street. Mrs. L. A. Butler, President. Services at 7:30 p.m. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

Children's Progressive Lyceum—Spiritual Sunday School—meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 614 Tremont street, 9 a.m. to 12 m. All are welcome. Mrs. M. A. Brown, Superintendent.

Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street. Mrs. Nutter, President. Services Sunday at 11 a.m., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 p.m. and Thursday at 3 p.m.

The Helping Hand Society meets every first and third Wednesday in G. Hall, 3 Boylston Place. Business meeting at 8 o'clock; supper at 6 o'clock. Entertainment at 7 1/2. A. A. Eldridge, Secretary.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Wednesday at 2. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society meets at Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street every Thursday afternoon and evening; supper at 6 1/2. Mrs. C. H. Appleton, President.

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

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W. Scott Steadman holds meetings at Red Men's Hall Sundays, at 7:30 p.m. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

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

Echo Hall—Johnston Avenue, Charlestown.—Meeting every Wednesday and Sunday evenings. Circles Tuesday evenings.

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

Malden Progressive Spiritualists' Society, Malden Building, 76 Pleasant street. Meetings every Sunday at 7 p.m. Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. Mrs. B. Barber, President. Mrs. Rebecca Morton, Sec'y. A cordial welcome is extended to co-workers in the cause of progressive Spiritualism.

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The Advance Spiritual Conference meets every Sunday evening in Single Tax Hall, 101 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers in medium, music and dancing. Sec'y, Geo. A. Delere, 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 Hall 423 Class Avenue, between Lexington Avenue and Quincy street. ELIZABETH F. KURTZ, Pres.

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

CHICAGO, ILL.

The Spiritualist Mission, 421 West Twenty-seventh street, one door from East West Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Services every Sunday, afternoon and evening, at 3 p.m., Sunday school and conference; at 8 p.m., discourses, messages and mediumship by the Sunflower Choir. G. Thomas H. Benton, Minister.

Spiritualist Temple, Fort Worth, Texas, Taylor street, between 14th and Jackson. Services for children, 2 p.m.; for adults, 3 and 7 1/2 p.m. Mary Ann Wilson, Sec'y. Assistant Pastor, Lewis S. Hight. 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 cities and towns in other States, can be found above. Societies marked with a * have the BANNER OF LIGHT on sale.

Local Briefs.

BOSTON.

Berkeley Hall, Sunday, April 15. Mrs. C. Fannie Allen spoke before large audiences both morning and evening. The platform was decorated with Easter and Calla lilies donated by Mr. Hayward and Mrs. Rowe. Mr. Schaller opened the meeting with a piano solo. The congregation sang one of Mrs. Allen's poems. Mrs. Pearl sang a beautiful song especially adapted to the occasion. Mr. C. L. C. Hatch playing a violin obligato. Mrs. Allen read an inspirational poem, the subject, "Life Beyond"—given by the audience. The text of her discourse was "The Past, Present and Future Easter." The lecture was an intellectual and spiritual feast which will stimulate her hearers for many days. The columns of THE BANNER are at the present time so crowded with Anniversary reports and addresses that we are forced to omit the excerpt of Mrs. Allen's address, a fact we deeply regret because her words are a continual inspiration and hope. She will be the speaker next Sunday at 10:45 a.m. and at 7:30 p.m. Don't fail to hear her. Remember and order a BANNER OF LIGHT on entering the Hall. You will find that it contains the best reading that you can get of a spiritual nature. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Sec'y.

At a special meeting of the Boston Spiritual Temple it was voted that the thanks of this society be extended to Dr. W. W. Hicks, Albert P. Blinn, Mr. Fred Watson, J. S. Man, Dr. Dean Clarke for assisting to make our Anniversary celebration a success; also to Mrs. C. P. Pratt and Mr. Hayward for beautiful flowers on that occasion. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Sec'y.

First Spiritualist Church, 616 Washington street, M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Morning conference opened by song service, led by Mrs. Kneeland. Prayer, James Newhall. Subject "The Power of Prayer." The following able speakers taking part: Fred DeBor, Mr. Hill, Mrs. Kneeland, Capt. Bailey, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Morse, Miss Sears, Mr. Newhall; message,

Mrs. Woods. Afternoon meeting opened by Mr. Hicks; spirit messages, Mr. Baker, Mr. Chase of Waltham, Mesdames Frederick, Pierce, Lewis, Messrs. Jackson, How, Hardy, solo, Nellie Kneeland. Evening, Mr. DeBor, Dr. Blackden, Mrs. Perkins; recitation, Mr. Bird; messages, Mrs. Woods, Mr. McGrath; solo, Mrs. Armstrong. Indian Council April 21 at 7:30. Dr. Immanuel Pfeiffer will speak next Sunday on "The Law of True Living." Meeting Wednesday at three.

America Hall, 724 Washington street, M. A. Graham, President. Morning circle, afternoon and evening services well attended. The following mediums assisted: Mesdames Ackerman, Cutter, Reed, Dade, Cobb, Messrs. Brooks, Blackden, Baker, White. At afternoon service Mr. Graham took for his text "Consider the Lilies How They Grow," giving a fine discourse. Out of town mediums invited.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum, A. C. Armstrong, clerk. Sunday afternoon, April 15, the question considered was, "Should Spiritualists Celebrate the Christian Easter Sunday?" Some fine answers were given. Taking part: Recitation, Maud Armstrong; reading, Willie Sheldon; violin solo, C. L. C. Hatch; topic of the day, E. B. Packard; recitation, A. P. Blinn; remarks, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen. Next Sunday, Dumb of Mercy work—the lesson will be on "Our Dumb Animals."

Commercial Hall, Mrs. Nutter, President. Sunday, April 15, Easter services and invocation led by Miss Brehm. Morning circle was very well attended. The hall was prettily decorated with potted plants and flowers. Those who took part throughout the day: Mesdames Nutter, Weston, Peabody-McKenna, Knowles, Gilliland, Maggie Butler, Annie Hanson, Kibble, Fox, Carbee, Messrs. Baker, Krauski, Turner, Brown. Song by Frank Hesolus.

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont st., Sunday, April 15.—Those assisting in Easter services: Messrs. Hall, Whittemore, Johnson, Smith, Wood, Coher, Gilman, Brown; Mesdames Thomas, Ackerman, Fisher, Cobb, Brown, Chapman of Brighton, Page of Lynn, Johnson, Gutierrez and many others. Good full house all day. Come and join us next Sunday. Mrs. Gutierrez, President.

Home Rostrum Spiritualist Society.—Sunday, April 15, circle as usual, 11 a.m. Messages were given through the following mediums: Mesdames Fernald, Mackay, Stone, Gilliland, Erickson; Messrs. Howe, Nutter, Perkins and others; healing, Mr. Lothbridge. Evening service of song, 7:30. Mrs. Robertson of Boston made remarks and gave messages. Dr. E. M. Saunders spoke and gave very accurate descriptions of spirit-presence, as did also Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Gilliland. Solos were rendered during the evening by Miss Stone and Mr. Howe. The rostrum was beautifully decorated with potted plants. Reception to the President, Mrs. Gilliland, on April 25, 8 p.m., the seventh anniversary of her public work. She desires to see all her friends at that time. Test meeting as usual, Thursday, 7:45.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, C. B. Yeaton Sec'y, April 15, held a harmonious service. Each of the children brought flowers, which were afterward presented to the Children's Hospital. The lesson subject for the day was "The Summerland." The following members took part in the concert: Laura Sterns, Emma Pileu, Esther Cole, Irma, Charlie, Clara, Clara, Carrie Engel, Mr. Harold Leslie, Iona Stillings, Floyd Sibley, Mr. Arthur Wallis, little Valbert P. Coffee, the baby violinist, five years of age, rendered "The Holy City," "Palm Branches," and "Star-Spangled Banner." Pres. Hale, in behalf of the Lyceum, presented a beautiful watch to Miss Floyd Sibley, as a token of the friendship and love of her Lyceum friends. Mr. Arthur and Mrs. W. S. Butler made appropriate remarks.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met as usual in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street, Wednesday afternoon, April 11th, President, Mrs. M. J. Butler in the chair. The regular routine business was gone through and some new members were voted in. Supper was served at 6:30; the attendance was one of the largest of the season. The evening meeting was called to order at 8 o'clock, and the following took part: Prof. Milligan, piano solo; remarks and messages, Mrs. Fannie Fisher and Mrs. Waterhouse; recitation, Mr. Arthur Wallis; songs, Floyd Sibley and Mabel Burdett; recitation, Iona Stillings; song, Mr. Nutter. Mrs. Butler gave spirit communications, all of which were at once recognized. Interest at present is centered in the twelfth annual May festival which will be held in Mechanic's Hall. Those who have attended these festivals in seasons past will no doubt avail themselves of the opportunity and secure tickets at once. The price of tickets will be \$5, \$7.50 and \$10 and are for sale by all the members of the Lyceum and Lyceum Union, at the Adams House and at the residence of Mrs. Butler, 104 Huntington Ave. Secure your tickets at once if you want a good seat.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society.—Mrs. C. H. Appleton, President—held its regular meeting Thursday afternoon and evening in Dwight Hall. Owing to the disagreeable weather, the attendance was small, but the evening was pleasantly passed by holding a circle. April 19 it is expected we will have good mediums and extra talent. Mr. Russell, the blind musician, will be there also. April 26 will be the regular dance night, and all are cordially invited. Emma L. Hubbard, Rec. Sec'y.

221 Tremont street.—Friday, April 13, the regular meeting of the First Spiritualists' Ladies' Aid Society was held as usual with the President, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Albee, in the chair. In the evening the following talent took part: Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Mrs. Shirley, Mr. A. P. Blinn, Mr. Packard, Mr. Arthur Wallis, Mrs. Shackley, Mr. Graham, vocal selections. Next Friday public circle will be held at 4 p.m.; evening, "Mediums' Night." All welcome.

A unique entertainment will be held Saturday evening, April 21, under the management of E. W. and C. L. C. Hatch. If you want to spend an enjoyable evening, be sure to attend. The management insures a good time and plenty of music. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec.

Massachusetts.

Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society.—Sunday, April 15, Easter song service; Scripture reading, remarks, President Barber; song, Mrs. Wiley; instrumental music by a visiting friend; address, Mrs. Hattie C. Webber, followed by Easter greetings from spirit friends. Mrs. Sadie L. Hand and Mr. and Mrs. Willard Lathrop will be with us in the immediate future. Mrs. R. Morton, Sec.

Progressive Spiritualists' Association, Lynn, Delia E. Matson, Sec'y. Sunday, April 15, Easter services were made interesting by the following: Mesdames Matson, Hand, Prentiss, Pierce, Messrs. Moody, Whittier, Louche, Quaid, Franklin, Fallengreen, Blackdeft Snow, Forbush, Baker. The hall was prettily decorated and all were happy. Next Sunday Mr. Chase of Boston. Subscriptions taken for BANNER OF LIGHT.

The Arthur Hodges Spiritual Society, Lynn, T. H. B. James, Sec'y, held services at Temple Hall April 15. The subject was "The Power of Prayer." At 2:30 p.m. N. S. Noyes gave a fine lecture on "Easter," also many readings and spirit messages. At 7:30 C. H. Webber of Boston lectured on "Fate and Fortune of Mankind Governed by the Planets." He then gave quite a number of astrological readings. Next Sunday at 2:30, conference; at 7:30, concert.

Cadet Hall, Lynn Spiritualists' Association.—Sunday, April 15, in the absence of Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding, who was expected, remarks and messages were given by President L. D. Milliken, Dr. T. R. Nichols, Mrs. Maud Litch and Mrs. Dr. Caird; music by Mrs. Bertha Merrill and W. H. Thomas. Next Sunday, Edgar W. Emerson of Manchester will be with us. Secretary.

First Spiritualist Society, Lowell.—In accordance with the day, we celebrated Easter Sunday. Mrs. Whitlock answered written questions in the afternoon, and in the evening she gave an Easter sermon. Mrs. W. H. L. Hervey sang two solos. Next Sunday Mrs.

Facts for Women

Any article, whatever its merit, must be made known to the public by means of advertising. Advertising, however, though it can do much for a thing, cannot do everything. It may create a sale for a time, but in order to insure a lasting demand the thing advertised must have solid worth.

This is the case with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has solid worth.

Women everywhere have learned this fact, and the result is that there is a lasting and absolutely unequalled demand for it. It has the largest sale of any remedy for female ills in the world, and this has been the case for years.

The reason for this is that Mrs. Pinkham claims nothing that she is not entitled to claim. She can do all that she says she can do, and her twenty years of experience make her advice invaluable. Her experience has been not only long but world-wide, and she has helped more women back to health than any one else in the world. These facts should, and do, have immense weight with all sensible women. Remember these are not wild statements but solid facts.

Facts About the Good Being Done by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in Cases of Change of Life, Bearing-Down Pains, Etc.

"I had falling, inflammation and ulceration of the womb; backache, bearing-down pains; was so weak and nervous that I could not do my own work; had sick headache, no appetite, numb spells, hands and feet cold all the time. I had good doctors, but none of them did me any good. Through the advice of a lady friend I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after taking one bottle I felt greatly relieved, and by the time I had used several bottles was completely cured, so that I could do my work again. I am now passing through the change of life and using your Compound. It helps me wonderfully. I want every suffering woman to know what your medicine has done for me."—Mrs. W. M. BULL, New Palestine, Mo.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life and gave back a loving mother to eleven children, which was more than any doctor could have done or any other medicine in the world. My trouble was child-bed fever. The third day after my babe was born I took a chill, which was followed by a high fever. I would perspire until my clothes were as wet as though dipped in a tub of water. The chills and fever kept up for three days. My daughter got me a bottle of your Compound. The fourth dose stopped the chills, and the fever also disappeared. My life was saved. My age at this critical time was forty-nine."—LYDIA E. BOUGHER, Etta, Pa.

Facts About Two Cases of Falling of the Uterus Recovered by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I suffered for fifteen years without finding any relief. I tried doctors, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I had falling of the womb, leucorrhoea, pain in the back and head, and those bearing-down pains. One bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me so much good that I sent for four more, also two boxes of Liver Pills and one package of Sanative Wash. After using these I felt like a new woman."—Mrs. G. A. WINTER, Glidden, Ia., Box 220.

"I was suffering with falling of the womb, painful menstruation, headache, backache, pain in groins, extending into the limbs; also a terrible pain at left of womb. The pain in my back was dreadful during menstruation, and my head would ache until I would be nearly crazy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given me great relief. I suffer no pain now, and I give your medicine all the praise."—Mrs. J. P. McSPADEN, Rosenberg, Tex.

A Grateful Woman Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Every Wife and Mother.

"I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with most gratifying results. I had been married four years and had two children. I was all run down, had falling of womb with all its distressing symptoms. I had doctored with a good physician, but I derived very little good from his treatment. After taking a few bottles of your medicine, I was able to do my work and nurse my seven-months-old babe. I recommend your medicine to every wife and mother. Had I time, I could write much more in its praise. I bid you Godspeed in your good work."—Mrs. L. A. MORRIS, Weika, Putnam Co., Fla.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—When I commenced the use of your remedies I was very badly off. Every two weeks I was troubled with flowing spells which made me very weak. I had two of the best doctors, but they did not seem to help me. They said my trouble was caused from weakness and was nothing to worry about. I felt tired all the time; had no ambition. I was growing worse all the time until I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am now able to help about the house, and am much improved in health."—Mrs. A. WALKER, Calicoon Depot, N. Y.



Whitlock will again answer questions. BANNERS and Thinkers always sold. John S. Jackson, Pres.

First Spiritualist Society of Salem held services Sunday, April 15, at Central Hall, having as speaker and medium, Miss Lizzie Harlow, who gave fine discourses on subjects given by the audience. J. S. Hammond, Sec.

Fitchburg.—April 15, the First Spiritualist Society, Dr. C. L. Fox, President, held services appropriate to Easter Sunday. George G. Lamont of Leominster, Mass., spoke to full houses. The subjects—at 2 p.m., "Mediumship Ancient and Modern," at 7 p.m., "Spiritualism and its Easter"—were ably presented, followed by spirit messages; piano selections by Miss Howe; cornet duets by Talley Manoh and Glemma C. Costa. Mrs. S. E. Cunningham of Cambridgeport, test medium, next Sunday.

First Spiritualist Church, Fall River. Our speaker on Sunday, the 15th, was Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn, when she was greeted with fine audiences both afternoon and evening. Mrs. Butler was not in the best of health, nevertheless she gave two very fine readings of about one hour each, and her messages were accepted as being correct. Next Sunday Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant-Henderson will be our speaker. Thomas Cartman, Sec'y.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists, Mrs. C. M. Hartwell, President, held its regular meeting April 12. Mr. Edgar Emerson entertained a large audience. The next meeting will be April 28, when there will be a sale of fancy goods, musical and literary entertainment, and dancing for one hour. Music furnished by Miss Came, piano, Mr. Swift, cornet, and Mr. Lehman, violin. Tickets for free distribution to friends can be had of the members. Cor. Sec'y.

New York.

First Association of Spiritualists.—Sunday, April 15, Miss Gaule at both services gave many conclusive messages. The program was varied by the presence of Dr. Louis Schlesinger, lately from California, who followed Miss Gaule at each session with evidences of his singular mediumship. It was my sad privilege to attend on Monday last the funeral services held for Mrs. Etta D. Harrington, who passed to spirit life on April 10 after a long period of suffering. Mrs. Harrington was a well-known trance medium, and to her sorrowing family we extend our heartfelt sympathy. Miss Gaule will occupy the platform next Sunday at 3 and 8 o'clock. M. J. Fitz-Maurice, Sec.

Mrs. N. B. Reeves writes: At the Woman's Progressive Union, Brooklyn, Sunday afternoon, April 15, Prof. Lockwood answered questions; in the evening delivered a fine lecture, followed by many convincing messages from our recently arisen loved ones through Homer Altemus of Washington.

A grand service was held under the auspices of the Fraternity of Soul Communion, Aurora Grata Cathedral, Bedford Avenue and Madison street, Sunday evening, April 15, at 7:45. It being Easter Sunday the pulpit and platform were literally covered with lilies, potted plants and cut flowers. The service opened with a pipe organ voluntary, followed by the program: Verdi Quartet, "Christ the Lord Has Risen To-day"; solo, "Immortality," Miss Stillman; prayer, response; anthem, "Cantate Domino"; duet, "Love Divine", remarks, five minutes; anthem, "He is Risen", after which Mr. Courlis gave a ballot release. It was indeed a glorious Easter service.

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 15, Cerus Hall, Fulton and Troy Aves.—Services opened with singing. Mr. Robertson made remarks. Walter Hayward of Brooklyn addressed us on "Our Angel Guardians," followed with a séance. Mrs. Sawtelle gave readings. A large audience in attendance. Next Sunday Mr. Geo. Delere will address the society.

Brooklyn, 308 Tompkins Ave., April 15.—The house was handsomely decorated with flowers. A good sized audience listened attentively to Miss Chapin's lecture, "Does Easter Mean Anything to the Spiritualist?" The spirit-friends brought Easter greetings in the form of cheerful, happy messages. Wm. C. BARNES.

Other States.

Bangor Spiritual Society—Fred Hall, Sec'y. Mrs. M. J. Wentworth lectured Sunday, April 8 and 15. Subjects of discourses, "The Anniversary of Spiritualism," "The Spiritual Significance of Easter." Mrs. Wentworth will speak again next Sunday.

The First Spiritual Society, Portland, Me.—April 1, Mrs. Nellie F. Burbeck occupied our platform. Large audiences greeted her at each service, and were much pleased with the exercises. Her descriptions of spirits present were very correct. Tuesday evening, April 3, she gave a release for the benefit of the Society at the residence of Mrs. Richard McGrath. The double parlors were filled to overflowing, and the occasion was enjoyed by all. Mrs. Burbeck's controls giving us an excellent test (sane). April 8 Mrs. Burbeck closed her present engagement with the Society, holding two sittings, and having good audiences at each service. She will be with us again next season. April 15, Mrs. Effie Webster was the speaker and medium for the day and gave very satisfactory releases, and we hope to have her with us again next season. H. C. Berry.

The First Spiritual Church of Baltimore successfully celebrated the Fifty-Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in its hall on North Howard street, Sunday evening, April 15. The floral decorations of cut flowers, potted plants and evergreens were very pretty and appropriate. A life-sized photograph of our departed President, a picture of the home at Hydeville, with just enough of "Old Glory" above it to show our sentiment of love of liberty and loyalty, added much; and the united effort of our Pastor, Mrs. Rachel Walcott; our President, Mr. Charles R. Schirm, and Bro. Altemus of Washington, with his fine messages and sweet singing of beautiful songs, made this festive occasion very interesting and instructive. M. I. Child, Sec'y.

A mass meeting was held in Rockland, Me., Tuesday, April 10, under the auspices of the Maine State Spiritual Association. Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock being the speaker and medium. Mrs. Whitlock was at her best. The messages were recognized. We shall be glad to welcome Mrs. Whitlock again. F. W. Smith.

Anniversary at Springfield, Mo.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: The Fifty-Second Anniversary of the birth of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated with much enthusiasm at Springfield, Mo., on Sunday, April 1st. The attendance was large, the program varied and interesting, and all present entered into the spirit of the occasion without a ripple to mar the harmony of feeling.

The principal address of the afternoon session was given by Mrs. M. Theresa Allen, who never "speaks without saying something" of interest and value. As a clear reasoner and profound thinker she is excelled by few in our ranks, and her poetic impersonations and personal readings are also excellent. At five o'clock the table was spread the entire length of the large hall, and a sumptuous basket lunch served. The evening program was diversified by recitations, special musical selections, including songs and violin solos by Prof. Allen, four charming flashlight tableaux, representing "The Spirit Sister," "Writing Mediumship," "Angel Guardian," "Beckoning Hands," etc. The leading address by J. Madison Allen, on "The Origin, Progress and Mission of Modern Spiritualism," was, like all of his productions, characterized by deep earnestness, lofty eloquence and clear cut and faultless language. His manner is dignified and impressive, and a profound sympathy for universal humanity pervades his every thought and utterance. All in all, we may congratulate ourselves upon the complete success of our Anniversary effort of 1900, and hope the coming years will show continued interest and growth. J. A. H. COLBY, J.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union

celebrated the Fifty-Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism Saturday, March 31, in Horticultural Hall, morning, afternoon and evening. It was a grand, harmonious meeting. President C. C. Shaw presided. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Mrs. Alice Waterhouse, Mrs. F. A. Wiggin, Miss Lizzie Harlow, Mr. J. S. Scarlett, Mrs. M. L. Sanzer, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, Mrs. Nellie F. Burbeck, Mrs. Sadie L. Hand, Mrs. Bush-Hall, Mr. A. P. Blinn, and Dr. E. A. Smith spoke glowing words of the past, present and future of Spiritualism. They all alluded to the need of more usefulness, and the necessity of caring for our poor and needy—making appeals for the Waverley Home in particular—urging our people to help that the doors might be thrown open to the many waiting the happy day. The Ladies' Schubert Quartet, as usual, dispensed most appropriate music. Mr. Harold Leslie sang "The Holy City."

A letter was read from Prof. Jay J. Watson, expressing regret that illness prevented him from being present, as he and Miss Annie Watson had rehearsed special music for the occasion. Mr. George Chapman Merchant sang, and Miss Kate Bell Walton contributed a recitation. Mr. Willis Milligan, accompanist, was an important part of the day with his excellent piano music. Mrs. McDonald ably accompanied Mrs. Merchant's singing.

The evening, after a few speakers took part, including tests from Mrs. May S. Pepper (who was given a royal welcome as she stepped upon the platform, and was also presented with a beautiful bouquet of flowers from the V. S. U.) was under the auspices of Mrs. M. J. Butler. The entertainment was up to the usual high standard given by Mrs. Butler, and the performances of the little misses would do credit to children of more experience and older growth. All who helped to make the day a success have the thanks of the V. S. U.

The door receipts, memberships and collections of the day amounted to \$312.25 and a deed of a lot of land at Lake Pleasant, worth \$30, given by Dr. E. A. Smith. The expenses of the day were \$135.26, leaving in cash \$177, to which has been added a donation of \$10 from Andrew G. Berry, \$5 from Mrs. J. W. Wheeler, \$50 from John Q. A. Whittemore, making the result of the anniversary in cash \$242 and lot of land worth \$30. Every bill up to date is paid from the above, excepting just the mortgages—over to bills incurred three years ago. I give the foregoing that our friends may see that we are progressing. The past year has been a hard one, but we are in clear sailing now, and never have been on a more solid basis. We need your cooperation and help to pay off the mortgages, that the Home may be opened. Join the V. S. U. and renew your membership. The annual meeting is near. Come and join in this noble work for humanity.

A grand bazaar is being planned, to be held the first week in June at the Home in Waverley, for the benefit of the Home. The cooperation of every society is earnestly solicited. If you cannot send money or goods, come and patronize the tables—and see the Home. I would be pleased to hear from anyone who will join in this good work. Committees have already been appointed from local societies. Let us have a grand union festival. The object must appeal to all true Spiritualists.

MRS. J. S. SOPER, Clerk V. S. U.
67 Upland Road, N. Cambridge, Mass.