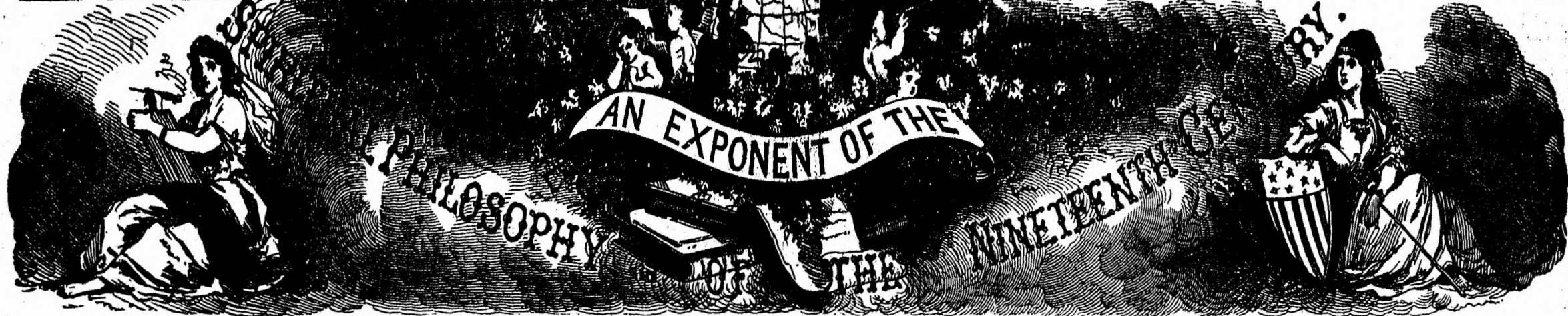


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.  
MUSIC.

A Grateful Tribute to Prof. J. J. Watson, the Incomparable Violinist.

BY KATE R. STILES.

Fairest of all fair arts—the most divine  
Such music is, evoked by skill like thine,  
O master player. In thy magic hand  
Thine instrument is like to wizard's wand,  
In vibrant touch with spheres of Paradise.  
Aneath thou bring'st the music of the skies,  
Or by thy subtle strains dost draw us near,  
The while we listen to heaven's harmonious sphere.

O mystic tones from mystic soul within  
The throbbing bosom of thy violin!  
Not having heard, what mortal ear had guessed  
The wondrous sweetness locked within its breast?  
What soul had dreamed the pathos of its sigh,  
Had it not caught the tender, soft reply,  
Responsive given, unto the plaint how?  
Its strains exultant, who could ever know,  
Had not these been by skillful hand distilled,  
And sense been stirred, and inmost being thrilled?

Play on, O Master! In such potent strains  
Dost lurk the balm for all life's woes and pains.  
Who knows the power of Harmony doth know  
That from its lack all mortal ills do flow.  
Who knows its power, the secret, too, hath guessed  
Of those transcendent states among the blest,  
Where all concordant cadences abound;  
Where neither instrument, nor voice, nor sound,  
Conveys Heaven's rhythmic measure to the ear,  
But where, from the all-vibrant atmosphere,  
Each living soul with every breath draws  
Music's quintessence through harmonic laws.

Ply then, musician, ply thy flexible bow,  
And thou, O instrument, thy tones out-throw  
In sweet response unto the master-hand,  
That all who list may feel and understand  
The inmost meaning of that rhythmic force  
Which bath in harmony its unborn source.  
Boston.

## Lessons of the Unseen World and Life.

BY W. A. CHAM.  
LESSON.

In the presence of God there is no emptiness. Above, below, between and round about the stars, in the darkness and in the light dwelleth the true and very universe, the fountain and reality of all that is. All spaces between all heavens were filled with happiest light, for the darkness had become light. The deserts and wastes of the creation were filled with a sea of light, wherein the material suns floated like ash-gray blossoms, and the planets with our earth like black grains of sand. Then my heart comprehended that immortality dwelled in the spaces between the visible worlds, and death only amongst these worlds.

And in the sight of this immeasurability of life no sadness could endure, but only joy that knew no limit, and happy prayers, and love and heavenward striving. How beautiful is death, seeing that we die into a world of life, and of creation without end. And I bless God for my life upon earth, but much more for the life in those infinite unseen depths of the universe where more of the supreme reality, of knowledge, of loveliness, of holiness abides.—Richter.

A subtle chain of countless rings,  
The next unto the farthest brings;  
And striving to be a man, the worm  
Climbs through all the spires of form;

Spirit that lurks each form within,  
Beckons to spirit of its kin;  
Soul-kindled every atom glows,  
And hints the future which it owes.—Emerson.

O joy! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive;  
But for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing,  
Uphold us, cherish and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence; truths that wake  
To perish never,  
Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,  
Nor man, nor boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy.  
Hence in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither;  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.  
—Wordsworth.

"Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God; believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am ye may be also."

"And it came to pass about eight days after these sayings, he took Peter, and James, and John, and went up into a mountain to pray."

"And as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was changed, and his raiment was white and glistening."

"And behold there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias, who appeared in glory and spake of his decease, which he should accomplish at Jerusalem."

"But Peter, and they that were with him were heavy with sleep, and when they were awake they saw his glory and the two men that stood with him."

"And it came to pass as they departed from him, Peter said unto Jesus, 'Master, it is good for us to be here. Let us make three tabernacles—one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias,' not knowing what he said."

"While he thus spake there came a cloud and overshadowed them, and they feared as they entered into the cloud. And there came a voice out of the cloud saying, 'This is my beloved son; hear him.'"

"And when the voice was past Jesus was found alone, and they told no man in those days any of these things they had seen."—Bible.

SERMON.

What is this world or life of ours? Is it a beginning of something more to be, or is it an end of something that has been? What do living and dying mean? We look up into the immensity of the heavens above. What is all this vast, silent invisible room of the universe over and about our little earth? Is it a home of the living, or only an infinite realm of nothingness? Will the outcome of our lives here be worth the trouble of living?

How often we ask these questions, and as yet how little we seem to have learned compared with our wants! This I want to present to you as plainly as I can.

Some of the rising thoughts, the new revelations of the highest philosophy, science and religion of our times, are trying to answer in part just these questions. I do not speak as special advocate of any sect, creed or church, any school of philosophy or science. What are Unitarianism, Spiritualism or Evangelicalism? What are all the differing philosophies, what is all our science? Are they anything more than little cups, each holding a few drops dipped from the infinite fountain of all truth and reality? The biggest and fullest of these cups hold only infinitesimal part of all light, all truth, we shall sometime grow into, I think. The truest and best that I can find in all these cups, that which I am trying to attain to, that which gives me most hope, strength and peace to live, I want to give you. Many of you have more than I already, but I can offer you only the best I have.

What do we mean by the world outside—the unseen? Let us suppose ourselves to always have lived in this little church room, never having seen, heard or known anything of the great world of skies, mountains and fields, trees, singing birds and happy homes, outside; all shut off by these walls, closed doors and blinded windows. How blind and ignorant we should be of the wonderfully richer, more beautiful, more naturally-living world outside!

There comes a day when we push the doors open a little, pull back the curtains, begin to listen and look forth. What a glorious vision of the outside world dawns upon us—more real, more natural than this little one we have so long been living in! We listen and hear sweet, kind voices calling "Come forth; come up higher into more light, truer life!" As this great rich world of skies, fields, flowers, trees, singing birds and pleasant homes outside, in this little church room, so there is a measureless higher world, life, or more real, more natural, all over and about this earth and life we see and know.

Thinking, searching men and women are pushing open the doors, pulling away the curtains, peering through the walls of matter that have shut us from the higher unseen; and lo! a wondrous vision or revelation is breaking upon us; the dawn of a new and glorious day rising over us, in which we shall consciously live, seeing dimly, knowing in part the infinite realm of higher skies and fields, and homes and hosts of risen souls all over and about our little earth. A realm of being not of illusive dreaming or spiritual fancies, but a world of skies, fields, singing birds and homes as we see and know to-day, only more natural and real, because higher, more perfect in kind. As a dust atom floating in the space of this room so is our earth but an atomic world floating and swinging in the measureless space of ether that, invisible, infolds us.

Astronomers tell us that our earth does not occupy a million-millionth part of the ethereal field of space of our solar system in which it floats and turns. People have generally thought and believed, as they looked up into the sky, the infinite spaces of ether wherein suns, moons and stars appear as luminous dust atoms in a great room; that all this limitless space in which they could see nothing hear nothing, must be empty, void of life, somehow a great dead room for the little dust atomic worlds we see and know to float in.

To-day the greatest discoverers, the highest, truest thinkers in science and philosophy tell us how this vast realm of atmosphere and ether over us is really a room, a field of the universe, millions of millions times greater than all the world we can see and know; that it must be richer, more perfected in many ways of life than we have ever dreamed of. It borders and touches, interblends with this seen-world or life of ours, just as the visible earth-world outside surrounds and interblends with this little room and the life in it.

Let us hold this wonderful thought, this sublime vision as clearly as we can in mind: how the realm of the unseen over us is of lands and homes, of perfecting forms and increasing life, just as real and natural as the skies, woods and fields, the myriad insects and birds we see and know about us to-day. By a kind of inward, clearer vision we behold the universe as a great house of many rooms, one over the other; our earth plane is one of the lower rooms. Here we live. Just above us, touching down upon us, the next higher room; above that another, and so upward.

Each room is the home of countless beings, hoping, loving and striving upward, even as we. The higher the room, the more light, the more perfected life of knowledge, of love and labor. The room just above us is all animate with hosts of beings in nobler, fairer forms and

busy, happy life we cannot yet see, because our souls' eyes are so blinded with this world's matter. So, over and about us, the voices and music of the multitudes who have risen to the higher room before us. We hear them not, because our ears are so dulled by our rooms' discords and noises.

This is no mere dream or fantasy of mine. It is just the new higher truth and revelation that are dawning for us through the doors and windows that science, philosophy and religion going before us are opening for us wider and wider. Is it not the Christ gospel, the spirit and power of the Christ life awakening, growing to be our common daily knowledge and light? For in this light and knowledge of the heavenly unseen Jesus taught and lived as never any other who has trod our earth-way.

What does this upper life mean for us? Have we any connection with it as we go about our common daily life here? The higher science and philosophy are discovering more and more how the whole universe is as an endless chain of beings and life; that there is found no break anywhere; the lowest creature of this earth is thus bound by innumerable ascending links of creature life with the highest angel in the heavens.

"A subtle chain of countless rings  
The next unto the farthest brings;  
And striving to be a man the worm  
Climbs through all the spires of form."

—Emerson.

If we look carefully at this endless caravan of souls in creature forms, living and dying, we find them all climbing up for more and better life. Each soul has one hand of life clasping the next lower to feed and uplift; the other hand reaching up to grasp the soul above, whereby it is fed and upheld. So the plant reaches down, laying hold of the earth-cold and rock, draws it up to its higher life of leaf and flower; at the same time the plant is striving upward for life with insect and beast.

In answer to the prayers of the grasses and flowers, the animal world reaches down and clasps their uplifted hands and draws them up to new life; meanwhile bird and beast, with hands uplifted, pray and strive for life as man. There is no break in this chain, this law found in all the universe. Now on the lower side we are bound with the worm, the beast and plant; we cannot let go and live.

But what about an upper side for us? Must we reach up into empty space and nothingness? Have we come to the end—nothing more over us? It cannot be that we shall alone of all earth's children reach upward and find nothing. Over you and me forever God and the infinite unseen higher life abide and minister to us. We could not live a moment unless this life from the unseen flowed down to feed us. All the finer, mightier elements and energies by which we live come from just this invisible realm of being over us.

We are related to and dependent upon this real unseen world, this risen world of souls over us, just as the worm is to the fuller, complete life of insects and birds over him. He is mainly blind and deaf to the higher animal world above that is drawing him up; so we are mainly blind and deaf to the life of the ascended hosts in the spiritual world above us, yet we are not separated from them. We could not live a moment if their world and life were shut from us.

All our higher hopes, all our loves and strivings for goodness, beauty and wealth of true life have a soul of prayer in them that ascends straight into the spiritual world. Never in vain such reachings of our best lives upward; ever abundant answer comes down. No soul that has passed into the unseen and spiritual world from this earth of ours but ministers truer, more abundant life to us than it ever could while here. This vital fact of our lives here being so related to the upper world was and is the very heart of the immortal Christ Gospel.

In the light of this growing thought and revelation is not this old world or life of ours transformed, irradiated as with a heavenly light, a divine meaning? If in this oft times dull and weary world, our little tired, disappointed suffering selves hold such an infinite promise of blessedness over them, and at the heart of them, does it not give us a glad, strong hope and heroism to live on and up?

Our world is an ever dying world. No sooner do you mark anything, or creature, and say this is alive, then you turn a little after, and say it is dying, dying so soon. What is this we call death for you and me, for all about us, our homes, all our works?

If God and nature be true to us as to the tree or worm; if Jesus spoke and lived heaven's high truth; if this revealing of the unseen be not nature's lie to humanity, death is simply a passing into a final sleep as to this earth; a letting go the things we have a few years lived with and for in one of the lower rooms of the universe, and then an awakening, a rising into a higher room of light, of homes, of love and work. We see 'tis our death here, but 'tis birth up there.

The old blindness and ignorance perhaps keep hemming us in, and pulling us down with doubts and fears, and we keep repeating. How can there be a great, real, natural world of fields, and homes and works all over and about us, and we hear and see naught? If we would but pause and question our blindness and ignorance a little, how foolish our questionings, how groundless our fears.

Science and philosophy assure us that in all the known universe no one can discover annihilation or loss of anything, only change. What appears to us as birth, growth, decay and death is everywhere transformation, a renewing of life. The rock crumbles, dies, we see it no more as rock. Where is it? It has simply in

its elements and energies transformed, risen into the invisible atmosphere, or in part taken up life in grasses and flowers. So these flowers, all the great plant world outside is decaying and dying. They, too, are passing from our sight into the invisible room of atmosphere above, or taken home in part to live in insects and birds, not a particle, not a life throbs lost or really dead. This is nature's law and way of being in all things and creatures about us.

Decay and death are everywhere a transformation, a passing from one home of being into another, to live more. We too are a part of the universe of life, part of the endless chain of being, with rock, tree and beast. If this endless caravan of souls mounts upward, not an atomic body, not an atomic life forgotten or lost, shall we be? If God and nature are so lovingly careful, so infinitely strong to save and uplift grass and worm, will they loose or cast us off in death? Have they no higher room for us?

Can we suppose that God and nature have perfected their work in our poor, ignorant, humanity? Has the soul of the universe reached the infinite heights of all truth, all beauty and holiness in our little earth, our little selves? Have all the highest hopes, loves and aspirations of our minds and hearts reached fulfillment? As well might the moles question this as we; for when we think how can it be possible that over and about us is a higher spiritual world, as real and natural as this, toward which we are climbing and growing alike in living and dying. It is as if the moles should say we must be the final work of creation; how is it possible that there can be a real world and life above our daily grubblings and earthly burrows?

Poor little moles, so unconscious of this wonderful world and life we see and know! Shall we be as the moles, in our faith, our knowledge and our vision of what is above us? Let us read this pictured lesson of death still wider and higher: Imagine the caterpillar, crawling upon the tree-bough, saying to himself, "This life of mine is a wonderful thing; I know and love these boughs and leaves. This drop of water—how real and good it is; but some say we must die and lose all this. What a black shadow, what a destroying King of Terrors is this they call death. I can see nothing beyond, hear no voices. How can there be a real world so good as this if death ends my life here?"

We look down upon the caterpillar, knowing what surprise is just before him, reached through his caterpillar death—and, smiling, say: He soon will know what death means. A day soon comes when he is old, as caterpillar; he folds himself in his chrysalis shroud, and enters into a death sleep. 'Tis not the end. Rather a beginning. For a little while this overshadowing death-sleep; then the soul within rends the chrysalis shroud, and where before was a crawling caterpillar, rises the glorified butterfly, entering into sunshine midst sweet flowers and love's delights. The caterpillar had not dreamed of such a meaning of death.

We are little more than caterpillars in our seeing and knowing, compared with beings of the upper life in the *imago* state. I imagine those risen into the great higher unseen, at times looking down upon us, may be now asking, "How little they know of us and our home." Well, they will soon know; 'tis good for them to hope, to love and strive on a little longer; then, through death's way, come up to this higher room in God's house—into our homes, where is more light, truer loves, larger knowledge, nobler work.

What will this thought, this consciousness of the upper world and life so near to us, so closely related, do for us? What will it be to us when it becomes a natural part of our common daily life? Will not this earth-journey, the common things about us, all our cares and labors, become transfigured by a growing light from above—a divine meaning and reality in all?

We shall learn to look up and about us, and see and reverence the soul of the infinite in everything; realizing how the stones of the field and the very earth-clods are all animate with the same divine spirit as you and I. We shall recognize how these lowliest things and creatures about us are the little humble children of the universe of being, lower down than we, but climbing up, ever up, through countless steps of living and dying, to the higher rooms of life rising forever over them. In glad wonder we shall behold this constant miracle of nature—how the soul of the rocks rises to grasses and trees, and then on to insects and singing birds.

We shall bow in reverence before all that seem so much below us, for we shall grow to understand how there is an immortal soul in worm and beast that is peer of kings and angels. Though creeping and striving low down at the foot of God's altar-stairs, yet shall they climb and rise ever toward eternal goodness and beauty, for God is in them and over them. They, too, if in faint and far-off voices and music of love and blessing, hear heaven's tones, calling come up higher, little ones, ever more light and better for you.

When most our minds and hearts are filled with faith and consciousness, a high calm hope and strength and peace comes to us. It is a growing, abiding joy and restfulness just to breathe and look in this thought of the world about us and over us. Come pains and weariness, will not this thought strong within us give light and strength to still trust and strive on? Come disappointments and losses, we look up and take cheer and counsel of the sweet high voices of the unseen whispering down to us: All weariness, all pains, ills and earth de-

feats are for higher success; have no fear, little ones. Comes death, the darkness and grief will be over us, but the light, the opening vision of the upper rooms and homes will triumph over even death.

In the quiet of days, in the silence of nights, let us look up into the over-arching heavens, vibrant with the myriad voices and music and busy life of the higher ascended, yet silent to our dull ears, where our eyes and farthest telescopic vision reach only a little of the borderland nearest our earth.

Let us realize in thought and vision all we can how this measureless realm of the unseen is of countless spheres of being—all animate with ascending life. Over our little earth these unnumbered homes and rooms rise one above another. Let us realize that souls above us ascend from room to room through the eternal ages, growing and climbing up there, even as we here for more life and better. Then let us pause and remember in truest thought and vision how our little earth is one of these life-rooms of the universe—only low down, keeping clear in mind through all the vision that all these higher rooms are our God-given heritage, and one by one will open to receive us in coming time of the soul's eternal years.

Let us remember that our lives are only as a brief day of childhood, wherein we learn a few simple lessons of love and striving, then a brief death-sleep for a new awakening of morning in the next room above. Let us keep in mind that these earth toils, yea, pains and ills, all seeming defeats, all griefs of loss, are our souls hard, rough way and steps, refining, strengthening and ennobling us for the new morning life above this world's death. Let us remember that every true thought, every kind deed, every high aspiration open to us a little more the wealth of the land."

In heaven's sight does it matter whether a man is plowing his field or reigning in royal state, digging a ditch, riding as millionaire, sweeping the halls or reigning in the ball-room? Who is truest, most heroic to serve, kindest to help, to such is heaven most opened. Who most looks upward, to such will the unseen, the immortal, be most revealed.

Who can measure the cheer and helpfulness of this thought and trust that there is no impassable gulf between us and the unseen? That those who have entered into the upper home still have angels' part with us, in ways of loving kindness and help, we can never fully know till we have ascended with them.

No man ever taught and lived this more clearly and bountifully than Jesus. The halo of blessedness about his whole life was just this light and life of the unseen flowing through him. What if you and I could learn to live seeing and knowing the upper world as he did? We shall little by little, more and more, for the morning dawn of his life so long ago is widening and rising to glorious fullness and blessedness of light and life for us and the millions to be. And then?

Why, then, the spirit and power of his life—the spirit and power of the higher unseen—will be so realized in our minds and hearts that our homes, all our common cares and labors, all things of this earth way, will have an immortal meaning that shall bring to us such hope and strength, such peace and gladness of living, as our truest and best moments long for.

Why?

BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

Why have not the responses to the proposition of Mr. Mayer to raise ten thousand dollars to provide adequate quarters for the permanent use of the National Association of Spiritualists, and at the same time, independent of the building, have in the treasury a magnificent fund to carry on its operations, been more prompt and generous? Why? Among the hundreds of thousands of Spiritualists the ten thousand dollars should have been raised in thirty days after the proposition had been circulated over the country. I cannot see why there should have been such delay, for there was "no nigger in the woodpile." Mr. Mayer was not to put any money in his pocket, nor receive a scintilla of benefit above what would accrue to Spiritualists generally by possessing a working capital to push the Cause ahead. This dilatoriness is disgraceful in the extreme, inexcusable, a back-handed blow at Spiritualism, a confession of hypocrisy, because it is a negation of professions openly and often made. It would not have been an onerous burden for ten thousand persons to have each taxed themselves one dollar and settled the whole matter. Fifty thousand persons might have been open handed enough to have taxed themselves a dollar, and had a working capital of \$50,000. It might have been twice that. See how the churches gather in the shekels, the splendid edifices they build, and the liberal stipends they pay the trumpeters on the walls of Zion. Yet Spiritualism is cribbed and confined by stinginess, pure and simple. How I abominate a stingy-souled man, the penny-hungry creature in his shell of shriveled selfishness, knowing neither comfort nor joy. I am tempted to quote the closing lines of a short poem by Thomas Moore, as follows:

"And, when from earth his spirit flies  
Just prophet, let the damned one dwell  
Full in the sight of Paradise,  
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell."

Warwick, R. I.

Many men think that they are seeking happiness when they are only seeking the gratification of some particular passion, the strongest that they have.—George Long.



## LIFE'S ART.

BY H. F. SLATER.

It seems but little we may know at best,  
If that is from within or from without,  
The learned psychologist is oft in doubt;  
We merely know we are, and guess the rest.

When we would trace unto its primal parts  
The simplest form of matter one can find,  
It soon eludes the sense, escapes the mind,  
And out on unseen wings its journey starts.

The scientists talk big of molecules,  
And loud and long of what an atom is,  
But when you pin them down and closely quiz,  
They throw away their books and close their schools.

From nothing human reason may not move;  
It must, as motive, have some premises,  
And, if you freely furnish it with these,  
It slides like piston in a well-oiled groove.

Agnostics fain hug matter to their heart,  
And find all possibilities in it;  
The higher laws of evolution quit,  
And when we talk of life, in horror start!

Now, matter is the shadow-cast of life,  
And in its final, last analysis,  
Its stern realities resolve to this,  
The twin becoming one—as man and wife.

Though separate, they may together draw,  
Embraced in the same existent space—  
Divergent poles upon the magnet's face—  
The two great complements of nature's law;

The greatest cosmic corollary known,  
Though the enigma of the human mind,  
Some master the solution yet may find  
And make the esoteric truth our own.

Anthropomorphic gods may then depart,  
Nor trouble man to find their origin;  
With Eden's snake and the primeval sin  
They will retire, and life become the art.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 335.

## Has Spiritualism A Limitation?

BY CHARLES M. WELLINGTON.

In order to make my thought as clear as possible on the subject here treated, I wish to make a distinction between Spiritualism as commonly understood by the world at large—as presented by the majority of public mediums and speakers, and as organized under that name—and what I consider the larger Spiritualism, or movement set in motion and being carried forward by wise and loving intelligences in the unseen realm of life, which in its fulness and completeness enters into all departments of life, and stands as the answer to the spiritual needs of all earnest seekers after light on the problem of life, both here and hereafter.

That which is termed Modern Spiritualism has been in the world fifty-two years—a little longer than that if we should date its advent from the phenomenal writings of Andrew Jackson Davis, which preceded the rappings through the Fox sisters by a few years. It flashed on the world as a beacon-light in a black night, or as a rope hung to a drowning man; for between the severe and gloomy theology of that day and the reaction from that theology setting in a steady current toward agnosticism and materialism, the bewildered seeker after light was well-nigh in hopeless despair. It was an opportune time for its advent.

I shall not attempt here to give an account of the spread and development of the phenomena of Spiritualism since its inception. Doubtless that is more or less familiar to all present. The story of its rapid growth during its early years has been often told in gatherings of this kind. But in trying to sum up some of the effects on the world of Spiritualism during these fifty years, one stands amazed at the greatness of the work it has accomplished; in this we must bear in mind the quiet, silent, unrecognized work that has been done, as well as the more open, public work. It has crept into our literature and revolutionized our theology, until the sermons of to-day in all the prominent pulpits in the land are as mild, or more so, than the Unitarianism or Universalism of fifty years ago. It has stemmed the tide of materialism that was sweeping over the world. It has lifted the curtain that separates this world from the next, and has shown us a realm where life is carried forward in conscious activity toward fruition.

More than this Spiritualism has accomplished. It has been the great comforter of the grief-stricken ones when death has entered the home. Beside the empty cradle or the vacant chair, where a heart was breaking with sorrow for the loss of one dearer than life, it has come and told that mourner the loved one was not dead, but more alive than when on earth. It has whispered words of love and hope, and given the despairing one faith and courage to take up the burden of life again. Can we over-estimate the value of this? Surely we cannot pay too high a tribute to the work that Spiritualism has accomplished in the world in this half century of time, and it is only by trying to estimate how far behind its present state the world would be, had it not been for Spiritualism, that we are aware of the debt we owe to it, and the great and crowning value of the work it has performed. We should hail it as the emancipator, the comforter, the uplifter of all who have come under its influence. All honor and appreciation to the honest, earnest workers in its ranks who are striving to keep clear its banner, to raise a standard, and to broaden its lines of work. Many such workers are to be found in the ranks of Spiritualism, and they should have the support, the appreciation and the gratitude of all true Spiritualists.

Notwithstanding all this, (do not think me disloyal or undervaluing this great fact of intercommunion) I claim Spiritualism, as organized and borne forward in the world to-day under that name, is neither a science, a philosophy nor a religion. Why? It is not a science because the word science from the verb *scire* (to know) includes knowledge of the operation of the laws governing the phenomena it is dealing with, or at least a knowledge of the causes which will produce certain effects, and there is not an investigator of the phenomena of Spiritualism living who knows how a rap or any other form of manifestation is produced or the causes which will without fail produce them. It is not a philosophy, because simply the knowledge of a continued existence of the spirit after leaving the body, and statements as to the condition of spirits in this continued existence are too fragmentary and incomplete to be classed as a philosophy of life or being. It is not a religion for the reason that religion has to do with the nature of the soul, or the immortal ego, its relations to the Infinite, and recognition of such supreme teachers or Christ-lives as have most perfectly demonstrated such nature and relation. Where, let me ask in all charity and sincerity, is there a society under the name of Spiritualism recognizing any such basic principles or teaching along such lines?

I believe that Spiritualism, as it exists in the world to-day under that name, is not large enough nor complete enough to answer the world's needs. It does not draw to its ranks the scholar seeking for a philosophy of life and a solvent for its problems. It does not draw to it the student of ethics and social reforms, looking for a high code of morals by which to govern and shape his life, and most of all, it does not bring to its membership the spiritual seeker after light—the soul that thirsteth for the waters of life. More than this—notwithstanding Spiritualism has been in the world for fifty years—it societies and members do not increase rapidly. It has built few temples or places of worship, while the Christian Scientists point with pride to their beautiful and commodious churches already built and in process of erection. It has no recognition or standing either in the religious world or world of letters. It has not made the progress nor gained the professed followers that Christian-

ity did in its first fifty years. It has not made the converts nor taken the place in the world that Methodism did in the first half century of its existence, and it is far behind, both in professed adherents and organized societies, to the modern movement called Christian Science.

Far be it from me to estimate the value or final success of a movement, either by its numbers or material possessions; but when we see, as we often do, people who have been professed Spiritualists, leaving its ranks, either for the church, Theosophy, or some of the various cults that have branched off from Christian Science, it would seem that, making allowance for all other reasons, there is something lacking in Spiritualism as it is presented to the world. When we see people who have been convinced that the phenomena is true—people who are Spiritualists at heart—not willing to ally themselves with any organization of Spiritualists because this intercommunion of the two worlds is all that is taught in such bodies, and they desire something more than this, does it not show a limitation and lack of progress in the movement? It is because this limitation and lack of scope in organized Spiritualism are so apparent to me that I give utterance to these thoughts. Spiritualism was intended by those who inaugurated the movement from the other side of life to be a progressive movement; not stopping with the phenomena that demonstrates a continued existence after the life on earth ceases, but carrying forward the movement until it should include a complete and all comprehensive philosophy of life.

The mistake has been, it seems to me, that the majority of Spiritualists have stopped with the phenomena, and attempted to carry Spiritualism along with a fragment of truth, instead of the whole, and in thinking that to demonstrate the continued existence of the spirit after leaving the body, and intercommunion between the two worlds or states, was sufficient to form an adequate system of truth. There is, however, in the world this larger Spiritualism (possibly not called by that name) which does stand for the highest ethics; which does give to the seeker after truth a philosophy of life, and a solvent to its many problems, and to the one searching for light on the questions of God and his own being, a clear and satisfactory answer. This larger Spiritualism includes in its teachings all that has proven enduring and best in religions and philosophies of past time. The religions of India and the far East, which have borne fruit in wise and goodly lives, scholars whose writings are being eagerly sought and read by many in the western world, have for their basis statements concerning the Infinite from whom all things proceed, and the doctrine of the soul's various incarnations in matter till perfection is reached.

The larger Spiritualism deals with these subjects and to my mind gives much clearer and less involved statement concerning them. The larger Spiritualism stands for the vital truth in Christianity which is not the monstrous and distorted theology that has been given to the world under that name, but the message of surpassing love and truth proclaimed by its founder, the Christ of Nazareth, which was of such vitalizing power that Christianity has survived despite all the misrepresentations attached to it. The larger Spiritualism recognizes such Messianic or Christ-lives, and the world's need of them, explains the nature and mission of such lives, and their appearance in distinct cycles of the earth's history. And, lastly, the larger Spiritualism includes in its wonderful scope all social reforms for the freedom and betterment of mankind, and has an answer to all life's perplexing problems. It is an aid and loving guidance in all states of man's mortal and spiritual existence.

The world to-day presents a strange spectacle: on the one hand is the dark shadow of war, of famine, of selfishness and human greed; on the other, a large and increasing number of men and women, who, with awakened consciences, active sympathies and spiritual aspirations, are earnestly working and waiting for the dawn of a new day for humanity. And it is coming!

All the nations' perturbations  
Are the throes of mercy's birth,  
The doom of wrong, to wake the song  
Of jubilee throughout the earth.

Its prophets are already here. Its angels—the angels of a new dispensation of God's love and truth—are searching out the hearts of men, making them aware of the near advent of a brighter day. A new religion, a new humanity, is knocking at our doors. A new light is dawning, a new voice is calling from out the skies. O Spiritualists, will you awake to its call? Will you listen to its message? Will you become aware of its import, till it shall enlarge your sphere of work so that it shall stand for this higher, larger Spiritualism—this solvent of science, this philosophy of life, this church of the future? If so, then yours shall be the joy, yours shall be the victory, and yours shall be the added perception of the life and love immortal.

Chicago, Ill.

## The Final Word.

The Concluding Remarks at the Fifty Second Anniversary Meeting, Held in the Free Church of Sturgis, Mich.

BY THOMAS HARDING.

I do not intend to preach a sermon this morning; nevertheless, I, with your permission, will choose a text; and where could I find a better than the sentence above my head, on the wall of this house, "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

The ancient Jewish law was the law referred to in this sentence, but I incline to the belief that pure, unselfish love—that divine quality which we hope and believe exists in the depths of every human heart—fulfills not only the old Jewish law, but every law. Pure spiritual love supersedes and triumphs over all. Divine love lies at the centre of all things, and toward it all things tend. I accept this passage for my text because it conveys a great truth to the mind, and not because it is in the Bible. I regard love as the completion of all effort, the fulfillment of every promise. But it must be free from niggardliness; like the love of the Infinite, it must reach out to embrace the universe. It was this love which prompted the great and high spirits to reach down to purblind man and lift him up into the light of spiritual knowledge. Not seeking their own, but other's good, they on the 31st of March, 1848, commenced that beneficent movement called Modern Spiritualism. Then it was that the immortal agents of the highest began to roll away the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre, that those who were bound hand and foot with the grave-clothes of ignorance and superstition might come forth into the light and knowledge of life eternal. "Love is the fulfilling of the law," but the pure gold of love must not be alloyed, for when self creeps in, it can no longer fulfill the law.

The text is universal in its application. Love in the Mohammedan will fulfill the law as well as love in a Christian; love in a savage, as well as love in a civilized person. Ah! there is a spirit of love abroad through this universe, which or who works through agents in innumerable ways, ever laboring to raise up those who fall, enticing the spiritually destitute away from their destitution to the sweetness of love and the companionship of angels. Was there ever a time in the history of this planet when the spirits did not strive with man? No, I do not suppose there ever was such a time; but the hour of man's elevation had not yet come—before the year 1848. The world was not ripe for the new, but the beginning of things, and I do not concern myself much about the end; but from what I have seen and felt of the inextinguishable love of those who are usually invisible to my outward eyes, I am inclined to think that the time had never been when the spirits of love and mercy did not manifest their presence in some way (outwardly or inwardly) to the denizens of this sphere, when conditions permitted. What was that which prompted the savage to prostrate himself before the rising sun and worship? Was it not that indwelling but embryonic love, quickened into activity by some operation of the spirit-world, causing that animal-man to feel the divine sentiment of gratitude? Does

any one suppose that a dweller in a dark cavern, who, uninitiated upon the rocks which he dug out of the earth with his nails, could aspire toward that which was invisible unless one of the agents of spiritual love whispered the thought to his deeply-buried soul? Cast your eyes backward, read the histories of nations and peoples, observe the embalming of the ancient Egyptians, who thus typified the preparation for eternity. Notice the oracles of Greece and Rome, without consulting which no ruler, king or general undertook an enterprise. In far-off India, which is called the cradle of religion, the works of the soul-world were well known. Step by step the civilization of this world has been brought about by the spirits, whose love fulfills all law—who love us, who are assembled here to-day, and whom we love. Their benign presence is a dam which keeps back the floods of evil from overwhelming this dependent world, and it is a sun which sends down light and warmth, drawing all things upward, in due time ripening the fruits of goodness and qualifying man for the enjoyment of home. That blissful home immortal!

I judge of the spirit-world by what I have seen of it. I praise the bridge as I go over it. If I did not give the spirits credit for goodness, I should be recreant to truth and duty. I have seen them at the midnight hour watching by the bedside of the dying. I have noted the outward manifestations of their presence when they came to soothe the sorrowing and heal the sick. I have been saved by them from a horrible death on the railroad, and I have listened to and profited by their gentle whisperings in the depths of my soul. Ah, let the "King of Terrors" come! I fear him not, let him come! It matters little; soon the conflicts with earth will be over, and the victory will be mine. Similar is the language of every Spiritualist. Take away our property, take away our friends, take away our good name and send us abroad as wanderers upon the earth, but leave us our spirit-communicants and the evidence of love within, and we shall be happy still. Read the heart of one true Spiritualist, and you will understand them; let them ponder the questions they are asked. Let us render ourselves deserving of advancement by elevating deeds. Let us prove ourselves entitled to the love of angels by angelic works and by dealing justly; let us attract justice to ourselves. Even so, oh Spiritualist, for "as a man shall sow, so shall he also reap."

Ancient Spiritualism is traceable all through human history. The spirits have left their footprints on every country; sometimes they are dim and easily overlooked, but at other times palpable—frequently misrepresented and often branded with the dishonoring name of "Superstition." The Roman Church accepted the fact, but held it under the surveillance of the clergy; what they approved was angelic, but what they didn't like was diabolical. Protestant Christians did not know well what to do with it; they could not deny its truth, but they pronounced it a vulgar, popish superstition. Two hundred years ago the educated world began to devote its attention to material science. They declared that there was nothing outside matter; many cultured men asserted that there was no future condition, that man had no soul and that there was no God. Many of the leading errors were of this class. Outwardly the church seemed unchanged, but within it was chaotic. Had this state of things been permitted to proceed unchecked, unbelief would soon have filtered down to the masses, and the poetry of life and the hope of immortality might have been lost to the world for ever. But just in the nick of time a small appearing circumstance occurred which startled the scientist and philosopher. On the 31st of March, just fifty-two years ago, a little rap was heard by a little girl in the little village of Hydesville. Figuratively speaking the world had been enveloped by dark clouds and the wayfarer did not know his way home, but suddenly a pin-hole appeared through the dense envelope, and a little ray of light streamed down. Somewhere in the Bible we have read about a stone that was out of the mountain without hands, and it grew and grew and never ceased growing until it filled the whole earth. Figures of speech are necessary in the illustration of spiritual points, and myths convey facts to the mind.

The Fox girls called it a rap, the Bible called it a stone; may I not call it a pin-hole through the clouds? That little rap and what followed it set people to arguing on the street corners.

"Why can't I see and hear such things as well as you?" says one.

"I don't know," says another, "but I do know that I see and hear them, and they have brought peace to my life and taken away the fear of death."

We older people can remember the emity which the innocent little rap aroused at the time (and which has continued ever since); even men who professed to "love their enemies, and do good to those that hated them," sought to kill the young child "Spiritualism," even as their father Herod sought to kill a certain other "young child" nineteen hundred years ago; but, thank heaven, it "was not born to die," that angelic love which fulfills the law and triumphs over the machinations of evil men, had called it into being, and it will grow and grow, and never cease growing until it fills the whole earth, and this world becomes the primary heaven of mankind. Now let me invite your attention to one great fact before I close. The laws of physical nature had been in operation in and upon this world from its formation up to fifty-two years ago, and yet it made very little progress toward spiritual enlightenment and knowledge. So you can perceive that material laws, operating perhaps for millions of years, were unable to accomplish that which the love spoken of in my text actually brought about in half a century. My dear friends, that angelic love has in the short space of fifty-two years, changed the whole face of theoretical religion. Ah, is not the statement blazoned forth on the wall of the old spiritual church of Sturgis a veritable fact, and ought we not to govern ourselves accordingly? "Love is the fulfilling of the law!"

In conclusion: When we want to know the degree of intelligence possessed by a people, or the height of civilization at which a nation has arrived, we need not averses of approach to that knowledge. One by means of the daily and weekly newspaper, and the other by the Sunday pulpit. We who can look back upon the newspapers and pulpits of half a century ago, and compare them with those of to-day, are astonished at the advance that has been made in both fields. The newspapers of our fathers seemed to know no middle ground between weak pusillanimity and unreasoning violence. To-day, for the most part, the newspapers are classical in language, refined and methodical. Hence we conclude that the people of this and other countries have advanced in civilization and good taste far beyond their fathers of fifty years ago. The sermons we used to listen to half a century ago would shock the sensibilities of the people of to-day. They were an insult to man, and blasphemous to God. But the prayers of his audience, who pleaded with them in the name of love, his threatening frown has changed to a winning smile. He ceased to command, he entreated. Therefore we feel convinced that the people of this generation are a better people, and much farther advanced morally, intellectually and spiritually than those of fifty years ago. Nay, since this old world commenced her journey amongst the stars, she has never advanced so far in the same space of time as she has during the past fifty-two years.

Let me ask what has brought about this glorious change over much of the civilized world? Is it my firm conviction that this great change for the better has been brought about by Modern Spiritualism? The spiritual world (figuratively speaking) has come nearer to the earth than it has ever been before. The goodness of the angels has been rendered more operative. The love of great souls has "fulfilled the law" and triumphed over the enemies of Spiritualism. If the Spiritualists are the happy people they are said to be, they have good reason for being so. I call to mind a circumstance which occurred at one of the June meetings in this house in the early sixties. A lady from a distant State who was stopping at the hotel on Chicago street attended the Sunday meetings, through curiosity. When the convention had been dismissed and she was passing out, she said: "I know nothing about

Spiritualism beyond what I have learned today (I never was at one of its meetings before) and I have heard many hard things said against them, but I cannot believe that people as happy as they are can be bad people." Thus you perceive that civilization has been advanced and its votaries made happy by that Spiritualism which we have met to honor this day.

Now, farewell! my task is done, my tribute is paid. It only remains for me to say goodbye, for we shall never all meet again. But a couple of short months ago one of our members passed on. He was the worthy and respected Secretary of our society. His well-remembered form sleeps in the cemetery that "sleep which knows no waking." Who will be next? We know not; perhaps the summons may come for me, perhaps for you, brother, or you, sister. Ah! thank heaven for that knowledge which takes away the fear of death. But let us deport ourselves here so that by and by we shall be enabled to meet our loved ones without a blush. As one appointed to make the final address at this anniversary meeting, I, in the name of the President and officers of the Harmonical Society of Sturgis, bid you all farewell.

Sturgis, Mich.

## How Can we Eliminate the Fakir and the Charlatan?

BY WILL C. HODGE.

In order that I may not be misunderstood, and to forestall the cry of the fakir and the charlatan that the writer is opposed to mediumship, I desire at the outset to say, that first, last and always, I stand for mediumship, believing that Spiritualism as a distinctive movement rests upon its phenomena, and that without the phenomena it would be as unsatisfactory as the play of Hamlet with that character left out. The writer has in every published article, and every public statement for the past twenty-five years, contended that the phenomena and the philosophy must go hand in hand; furthermore, that we had no philosophy until the phenomena called our attention to it.

We have to-day many beautiful phases of mediumship, which it would seem ought to claim the attention of every thoughtful person—manifestations that are genuine beyond all question, and that will satisfy the most exacting conditions which may be imposed even by the Psychological Research Society. But while this is true, the fakir and the charlatan are abroad in the land, and to such an extent have they carried their nefarious operations that the question heading this article becomes a very important one, and the time has arrived that it be met fairly and discussed without fear or favor. It is a well known fact that by reason of the class referred to, Spiritualists themselves have largely become distrustful of their own phenomena, and are regarding a large percentage of the manifestations as vulgar, popish superstition. Many sincere workers, while this conviction has been forced that much of it is downright fraud. That some of these swindlers possess psychic power is true, more is the pity, for if they were fakirs pure and simple they could easily be disposed of. That they many times use their genuine powers to enlist the sympathy and cooperation of the unwary, and then turn and despoil their victims is a fact known to all who are familiar with their methods, and the question how to eliminate this element in the furtherance of a clean, healthful and honest Spiritualism becomes a very important one.

It has become humiliating to a class of earnest workers who have patiently and unselfishly labored in the erection of the temple of truth to be continually met with objections from the opposition that Spiritualism contains so much fraud that they do not consider the subject worthy their notice. Many sincere workers, while labored faithfully to incite an interest in Spiritualism in various localities, only to be followed by some fakir or charlatan who, by their nefarious practices and swindling operations, have utterly destroyed all the good accomplished, and the worst feature of the case lies in the fact that, in many instances, they have been aided and abetted by Spiritualists. When one of this class enters a town and puts forth a flaming advertisement as being the greatest clairvoyant the world has ever known, the most wonderful materializing medium on earth, and capable of developing any spiritual gift desired, it is too often he finds his greatest patronage among Spiritualists, who, like "suckers," greedily swallow the tempting bait, giving up their watches, gems and jewelry to be magnetized and depicting their pocket-books for divination. They are awakened to their folly when the swindler has skipped the town in search of still others who are ready to swallow the alluring bait.

It is the shame of Spiritualism that generally when one of these swindlers has been detected and exposed, the work has been done by outside parties instead of Spiritualists, and until we as a people can find some method of correcting these evils, we deserve all the contempt and obloquy that has been heaped upon us in the past or that may be ours to endure in the future. And here I wish to again state my conviction that the dark circle or séance is responsible for much of the evil complained of, as it furnishes unusual opportunity for fraudulent practices, and it will be a happy day for Spiritualism when Spiritualists cease looking for light in darkness. We should no longer accept of a medium against whose ability we become persons possess psychic power. No matter what power they may possess, when caught red-handed in running confederates into their cabinets and séance-rooms, and are guilty of using them to personate spirit-forms, they should be relegated to the rear, and all honest, decent Spiritualists refuse any further association with them.

Test mediums who ascertain facts, and then give them from the platform as tests, and mediums who send facts and names to other localities to be given out as tests should be treated in like manner, and the Spiritualist press should be honest and independent enough to publish the names of these vipers to the whole world and not withhold the facts for fear of injury to the Cause. The Cause suffers infinitely more by concealment than by a thorough exposure of the reprehensible methods of the fakir, the charlatan, and the dishonest medium. It is a work that Spiritualists must perform if they desire the cooperation of scores and hundreds of who are now holding themselves aloof from our organizations and from Spiritualism. Let it become thoroughly understood by the Jules Wallaces, the Gilmans, the Cliftons, and by such men as Prof. Cravens, (whose last name was Dr. James), the Howlands, the Ben Fosters and the Mabel Aber Jackmans, and all others who engage in dishonest and disreputable practices that they will not be tolerated by any organization under the banner of Spiritualism.

It is time the whole world understood that, as Spiritualists, we are determined to eliminate them from our organizations and leave them on the outside to be dealt with as other criminals are dealt with, and to pay the penalty provided by law for their swindling operations. The stench from the Augean stables of fraud has become unbearable and smells to heaven, and it is high time methods were adopted for its suppression. Can it be done? Yes, in one way and in one way only. It can be done by a solid and permanent organization; an organization that will furnish credentials to worthy, honest workers, and then stand by such workers; an organization that will revoke such credentials when persons are found to be unworthy; an organization that will demand character in all our workers, whether in the séance room or on the platform. The suicidal policy of ordaining ignoramuses and persons of dissolute habits should cease, and when credentials are given they should be a guarantee to any society or community that persons holding them are honest in their methods and above reproach in character.

Let all who oppose organization remain on the outside if they desire to, while those who see the necessity for organization stand shoulder to shoulder for better methods in the promulgation of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism; and if, in order to do this, it necessitates a division in the ranks, then let it come.

We must perfect a solid, permanent and working organization, or Spiritualism as a distinctive philosophy or religion will pass into the hands of others who will not fail to use the common-sense methods adopted by other

organizations. We must organize if we would be a power and a factor in our present civilization. We will have the respect of the outside world when we show to them that we stand for something beside the simple fact of spirit-communication, and that we are doing something for the betterment of humanity here and now. We shall be respected by others only when we thoroughly respect ourselves, and the fakir and the charlatan will die a natural death when Spiritualists refuse to patronize them.

612 East Main street, Alliance, Ohio.

## Some Experiences and Ideas of an Old Spiritualist.

I came into conscious communion with the spirit world in 1860. I made a thorough investigation of the claims of Spiritualism during the spring and summer of that year, and became absolutely convinced that those who had passed out of the body were not only always with us, but, under favorable conditions, could communicate with us. I was blest in the medium through and by whom I carried on my investigations. She was a genuine trance medium. My spirit friends and others came through her most perfectly, making it a veritable face-to-face talk, and I have never had a doubt of the glorious truth of spirit communion since. I always made it a point not to ask for any particular spirit, nor questioned the spirit who came beyond what the nature of the communication justified. I found that by so doing I got better tests, and that the subject matter of the communication was better adapted to my condition and needs.

At times a high class of spirits came, and portrayed, as far forth as I was capable of comprehending, the perfect manhood, within the possibilities of all, and how best to attain unto that manhood. They told me it was a long and hard road to travel; but so charmed was I with the portrayed picture that I felt willing to pass through anything to gain it, and commenced praying that I might be so pure and unselfish as to whatever cost of suffering. Prayer to me is the soul's sincere desire. I have suffered and suffered, but the results have been a hundred-fold more than paid for all the suffering, and during all the years which have intervened I have grown more in sympathy and rapport with the spirit and powers of the heavens—which is my way of speaking of the united forces of that spirit world who are working for the regeneration and unfoldment of the dwellers upon the earth.

Only a few years did I make it a point to go to mediums for communications, as there came a time when the presence of spirits became so real to me that I could depend upon them directly for wisdom and guidance from hour to hour; and for the last thirty years I have so depended upon them. Not that I have not from time to time received unsought, but blessed communications from God, who speaks through mediums—and here let me say that I care not how humble the spirit is, or the medium through whom it comes—my whole heart thanks God for their ministry, for the ministry of those in the body as well. I believe we compose one family, and are so indissolubly linked together as the children of one common Father, God, that our interests are one and inseparable. I speak of God, and our being the children of God, not that I feel any one ever saw God, can comprehend or define the power we call God, but inasmuch as the power in which we live, move and have our being has for ages been called God, I think it well to continue it.

I am satisfied that this world—I mean its inhabitants—is guided and controlled by the spirits of those who have passed on from it; that all manifestations, communications or commands, from all time, through all ages, reporting to come from God, were given as best the conditions would allow by spirits. The Bible is full of spirit manifestations, from Genesis to Revelation. Prophets, seers, and what were termed holy men, spoke as the spirits moved upon them. The class of spirits controlling such men were ever condemning sin, transgression of law—spiritual and natural—in high and low places, in consequence of which these same prophets and seers were put out of the way by the ruling authorities, after which, for a time, the people went on transgressing laws, both spiritual and natural, with impunity. Then another influx from the heavens would come. Some one had come into the world prepared, as it were, to be used by this influx, and another crusade against sin and wrong would commence and continue until the authorities became exasperated in consequence, when the instruments of the heavenly messengers would be stamped out.

Thus it went on until Jesus, termed the Christ, foretold by prophets of old, came into the world, and his public ministry was heralded by John the Baptist, whom Luke writes in his gospel was filled with the holy spirit from his birth; that the spirit and power of Elias was upon him, and that he went forth in the spirit and power of Elias. Jesus gathered about him some twelve disciples from the humblest walks of life and commenced his ministry, which lasted only three short years, when he was put to death by the ruling authorities; but providentially he left eleven good and true men, upon whom the power which had controlled him had fallen, and they went on preaching the gospel of love and goodwill to men taught them by Jesus until they too were put to death. But, in the meantime, this glorious spirit had taken up its abode in so many hearts that it could not be stamped out.

After eighteen hundred years of conflict and persecution, not only from the world at large, but in many instances from within the ranks of those who professed to be the followers of the Nazarene, this gospel of love has in the main gained, although at times it seemed as though it had been utterly crushed out; but now can we not confidently say that it has come to stay? During this time the angels have in every way possible manifested themselves, but inasmuch as those through and by whom they could manifest themselves were persecuted and at times put to death, they were obliged to content themselves with speaking truth through those who were susceptible to their influence.

Fifty years ago, in 1848, the fullness of time had come in this land of the free, when the spirits could make another move to manifest without their instruments, our mediums being put to death or crushed out by persecution. A humble home in Hydesville, N. Y., was the scene of this move, and young girls were the instruments; but words are powerless to portray the glorious results which have accrued from that humble beginning. The grand truth of spirit-communication has found lodgment in the hearts of thousands belonging to every country in the civilized world, and the gospel of love and goodwill to men is finding converts without number.

But enough for this time. Later on, if the dear old BANNER, as I call it, will allow me space in its columns, I will treat of the nature of the responsibility devolving on us who believe in spirit-communication.

Thou wilt give thyself relief if thou wilt do every act of thy life as if it were the last, laying aside all carelessness and passionate aversion from the commands of reason, and all hypocrisy, and self-love, and discontent with the portion which has been given to thee.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

This thou must always bear in mind, what is the nature of the whole, and what is my nature, and how is this related to that, and what kind of a part is it of what kind of a whole, and that there is no one who hinders thee from always doing and saying the things which are according to the nature of which thou art a part.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Through our lives mysterious changes,  
Through the sorrow-haunted years,  
Runs a law of compensation.  
For our suffering and our tears,  
And the soul that reasons rightly,  
All its sad complaining stills,  
Till it reaches that calm condition,  
Where it wishes not nor wills.  
—*Lizzie Doten.*

For Over Fifty Years  
Mrs. WILSON'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



## Children's Spiritualism.

## NEDDY'S NEIGHBOR.

I have a queer little neighbor,  
The funniest little lad,  
That does whatever he sees me do,  
If it is good or bad.  
Whenever I'm helping mamma,  
With such a business look,  
And running errands upstairs and down,  
And scampering here and there,  
Then I see him hurry and scurry  
As fast as he ever can go,  
And all in and out his curly head  
Goes bobbing and his tripping feet  
But I am getting my lesson,  
And don't want to study at all,  
And wish I was spinning my top instead,  
Or playing a game of ball.  
Ah! then I can catch him yawning  
And drowsing over his book,  
And twisting his buttons and kicking his heels,  
With just the least look,  
And if I am bright and smiling,  
You never would ask to see  
A pleasanter-looking little face  
Than that little boy's can be.  
And if I am cross and naughty,  
A little pucker shows  
All over his forehead, so nice and smooth,  
Goes wrinkling up and down,  
So mamma says I must be careful,  
And set for him every day  
A good example in all I do,  
In study and work and play.  
And then he will smile so cheery  
Whenever he sees me pass.  
This little silent neighbor of mine,  
That lives in the look-alike class,  
—E. H. Thomas, in *Youth's Companion*.

## "The World is What We Make It."

Out in Southern California, where flowers and oranges and figs and all sorts of delicious and beautiful things grow the year round, a little boy and his papa went maying the fourteenth of January; for, as the little boy said, "You can't go Januarying, because there is n't any such word."

The little boy's papa wrote out all about it, and it was printed in a magazine with lots of pictures of the flowers they gathered; and how they went home, their arms laden with such lovely wild flowers, daisies, poppies, wild hyacinths, wild pansies, cream-cups, butter-cups, sun cups, and ever so many sorts of flowers.

Another little boy, who had been out of doors coasting lay on a rug in front of a blazing wood fire while his mother read to him about the midwinter maying. After she had finished reading a scroll appeared on the little boy's white forehead, and his red lips puckered up into lines that were n't pretty at all.

"That boy says that, if every one knew how nice California is, everybody would go there to live. And that's true, too. Why don't we go?"

"Why, little boy! Where will we get the money?"

"Oh! I can make that easily enough one of these days! But I want to go now—right off. Just think! You walk along the street, and orange trees drop oranges right on the sidewalk, and you pick 'em up and eat 'em, and they don't cost anything. You don't have to stop to put on a coat when you go out-of-doors in winter, and heliotrope and calla lilies and all sorts of beautiful things are as common as daisies with us. Oh! dear. I want to live in California. I want to get away from this ugly, cold New England."

His mother smiled, and said: "You can't go coasting out there, you know."

"No."

"And you can't pour hot maple syrup on snow, and let it harden into 'maple wax' You say that that is better than any sweet at the confectionery."

"It's great!" said the little boy, the scowl and puckers all gone from his face.

"And I don't believe there are any 'shooting stars' in California half so wonderful as the snowflake stars that come floating down to us; nor any flower nor any vine half so dazzling and dainty as the ones Jack Frost left on your window this morning."

"Why, that's so!" said the little boy.

"And, about the last of April, a certain small boy will be scurrying to the woods, where for months the tree branches have been bare, and there hasn't been so much as a green grass-blade to be seen. He will kneel down on the ground and gently brush away the dead brown leaves there, and—do you suppose it's possible for a child in California, who can go out any time in the year and bring home a bushel of gorgeous flowers, to feel any such thrill of delight as that little boy poking away the dead leaves feels when from beneath them the tiny pink and white blossoms of the trailing arbutus look up at him and breathe their fragrant, spring greeting to him?"

"Why, no!" said the little boy. "New England is a pretty good place, after all, isn't it? I just don't think right—that's all."—F. P. P. in *Mind*.

## The Church Mouse.

(Composition of a Schoolgirl.)

"Well," sighed a little mouse, "here I am in the last stage of consumption. I have made this church my home for many years. I have roamed it o'er and o'er, eaten my scanty meals (oh, how scanty they were!) I fully realize what people mean when they say, as poor as a church mouse, and now I suppose this church will soon be my grave."

"The first bell has rung, and there comes the little lady with a brown bonnet and her troop of neat-looking children. She's always the first one here, and they say she lives six miles out in the country."

"Mrs. Shaw has taken her seat and is swaying her fan, which is always her companion, whether it is in the middle of July or the coldest day in winter."

"The deacon comes slowly down the aisle. The coat he wears has been a deacon just as long as he has. Its smooth back shines as does his smiling countenance."

"The choir and organist are coming. My! that organist is so silly. One Sunday during services I bit through her shoe, just to see what it was made of, and I got my mouth all black and greasy. Instead of pitying me as she should, she gave a little scream and shook out her dress. The minister stopped, cleared out his throat, blew his nose and smoothed out his paper, waiting for her to settle down. I watched her at a safe distance, saw that her face was very red, and that she looked down around her chair rather anxiously now and then. She need n't be afraid of my troubling her again."

"When the organ begins to play a boy will come to pump. I like him because he brings something to eat every Sunday, and I always get some. I guess he does n't like to listen to the minister, because he sits and mimics the congregation all the time. One minute he is sitting up straight with his head on one side, regarding the minister attentively. That is the way the young ladies do. The next, he is blinking and nodding like a great many. Now he is trotting an imaginary baby up and down whispering to it words of endearment."

"The services must be pretty nearly over. I see some boys in the back part of the room glancing uneasily toward the door. I am very tired, but I guess I will go and amuse them so they won't leave."

Ethel, who had recently been reading a book on the subject, told her little sister Lillie, whose birthday came in December, that people born in that month invariably had a very bad disposition. The little one, after a moment's thought, said, gravely, "Jesus was born in December."

A little girl of four years, having written a letter consisting simply of waving lines, asked her father to mail it. "What did you say?" asked papa. "I don't know," said Rosemond.

"Why, you wrote it," exclaimed papa. "Yes, but I did not read it," was the innocent answer.

## My Dove and Mila.

BY MRS. H. WALKER BARKER.

There are many things in life that will recall tender memories of days long since forgotten—a song, a flower, a sunset. To night, as I enjoy my week, having just returned from a business trip over the country, in the quiet of my bachelor home I seek rest. It brings to mind an old friend of twenty years ago. One evening I was weary and downhearted, made more dismal still by listening to the sweet singing of an old love song that floated out from some neighboring window, for it was one I had heard many times from lips that were then lost to me forever.

I was startled from my reverie by a soft tapping at my window. I pushed aside the hangings and saw a white dove fluttering feebly and struggling to gain admittance. I took the little creature in my hand and found it badly wounded. I paid much attention to it, and as the days faded it grew stronger and well again and I learned soon to love it. I petted it and played with it, like a big schoolboy, and soon considered it a part of my home. In a room bright with sunshine and flowers I gave my pet freedom, and while I played host to that happy visitor who met me each day on my return and perched upon my finger or shoulder while I read and smoked, it would coo lovingly and nestle in my bosom, as though to say, "I am so happy."

Truly we were lovers! When summer wandered off and the chilling blasts of winter came quickly upon us, Dovey and I rested contented within. Ours was a quiet home life. I was only then at manhood's years, but I had seen much of life. I had shifted for a long time for myself, being an orphan, but successful in all my undertakings; yet there was a void in my heart. I longed for something. I had never known my mother. She died when I was an infant. During my boyhood days I knew only stern voices and hours of hard work—chores too hard for a lad of tender years. I was hungry for love. I clambered up the steep stairs to my cold dark room, night after night, and oh! so many times longed for a mother's arms around me, or that I could lay my head in a woman's lap and tell my little sorrows and heartaches—all that I wanted—like other boys.

There was an epoch in my life that came up like a flower in a desert. I had been in love—I would forget it if I could. My dear chum, Ned, called him, and I were fast friends, and people laughed when they saw him on one side and me on the other, helping her over the rough places to and from school—a bright and sunny spirit, always jolly and mischievous. With time, as the years went sailing by, our feelings deepened into love, and when I began to realize I was nearing manhood, I wondered which would win the prize. Heigh-ho! for years they have been man and wife—dear old Ned and Sidde—leading a quiet, loving, peaceful life, while I have wandered up and down the earth. When I learned her choice, I stole away in the night like a thief, away from childhood scenes—from all that I ever held dear, my only sin loving too well. I drifted out upon the great sea of life, and became lost with the jettison.

When the wounded dove came to my window, I believed it a good omen. The world seemed to grow brighter, and reconciled to my fate, with the assurance of many warm friends, I said within my heart, "what is, is best." The saddest time of all to me was when the year was near its close—dying, passing away forever. And it was then that my little companion grew ill, and weak, and quiet. Like a weary child, it clung to me, looking into my eyes with unspoken words of love and gratitude. The night before New Year's I, with the little creature so helpless on my knee, held watch-meeting in my smoking-room, and on the stroke of midnight sent the Supreme Being knew the prayers I sent heavenward, the good resolutions formed and bad habits forever abandoned.

Next day was bright and cheerful, and, on my hurried return from business, my little wail was not there to receive me. I seated myself and called. After a time she came from the hanging at the window; she perched upon my finger and came closer, tightening her hold; and, while sitting there, smoking a mild cigar, I fell into a doze. When I awoke, Dovey was dead upon my knee. It may be foolish to admit my grief, but hot tears fell from my eyes, and I was a child once more. I raised the pure white creature to my face and kissed it tenderly—I, Kipp Owen, a man of the world. Ah! sweet, tender memories. There is a flower upon my table to-night, that Sidde used to love; the music of an old song on the piano that she used to sing; and I am living the past again....

A year ago a kind, motherly person came to take charge of my home, bringing with her a young relative whom she was caring for—a fair, delicate, petite miss, who carried sunshine wherever she went. She is ever before me in her refined and modest beauty, as ethereal as a summer cloud. She was not like other girls; she did not laugh or sing or romp at play. I loved to watch her in her pensive mood. She was just sixteen, while I was a settled-down bachelor more than double her age. I laughed aloud when she came to me playfully one day and said she had been in my home before.

"Each room is familiar to me," she said, "especially the small one so full of sunshine and flowers." She glanced out her, as though trying to catch at something half-gotten, and innocently came to me and sat upon my knee.

I argued, and tried to explain the impossibility of her whim, for she had never before wandered far from the fireside of her home, which was many miles away. But Mila Meredith was not easily convinced, and I humored her declaration by giving her every indulgence I could. And so she came to me often, and placing her thin hand in mine would lean her head upon my shoulder, and once more I gave refuge to a wounded dove.

"I am so happy!" she would whisper.

"How can you enjoy life so much, my child?" I would ask. "You never go out to enjoy the beauties of nature, you call no girl chum, you never run or dance or sing, but you always have sunshine in your path." And I glanced at the flowers upon my table her hands had placed there.

"I never go out?" she repeated with a smile.

"Yes! I climb over rocks to gather those flowers for you before you are out of your room in the morning," and she laughed merrily.

My home grew very happy with that child's presence, and her face was a picture of happiness and love. She grew brighter and livelier, and a flush came to her cheek and all her former languor seemed passing away. I knew something had come into my life to blot out dark memories and teach me resignation.

I felt I was already a better man. I could not get into my rooms soon enough or remain long enough. But what was this child to me? I asked the question many times within myself. One August day when twilight deepened Mila came through my window, and drawing the paper I was perusing from my hand, knelt beside me. Her hair, disturbed by the breeze, floated in becoming waves.

"Mr. Owen," she said, raising her beautiful eyes tenderly to mine, "I know I never entered your room that way before, and yet—I hesitated and looked back. 'I know I did once, but when?' She arose, her mind filled with vague recollections, and walked away from me, muttering, 'It is all so strange!'"

I followed her, and drew her back; there was a look of anguish on every feature. She nestled close beside me, saying, with sobs: "I cannot help it! I cannot understand! I shall die here."

I felt the cold chills creep over me at her strange words, and beads of perspiration gathered upon my face. The very thought of losing her struck forcibly on my sympathetic nature. I tried to be calm, and talked lightly on other subjects than death. I found my easy chair. I lighted a cigar. I drew her upon my knee, and assumed a cheerful air. I talked of my travels, of people I had met, of school days, and my early years of orphanage. She interrupted me by saying:

"There is a bond of sympathy between us never to be broken! I too am an orphan!"

I could not speak. There was a lump in my

throat, and my eyes were very moist, but the fact I hid from her; she had come into my home, my life. I was charmed with her surroundings, and she there made life as it had never been before; but her school books were only just laid aside, and I was old enough to be her father. To my little one my lips must be dumb, my eyes sightless. From Mrs. Dale, the housekeeper, I had learned of the child's old fancies, and her love of solitude, and then I would wonder what my home would be when she had gone out of it, when her soft footfall came no more, and the sunshine of her presence was known to us never again. It dawned suddenly upon me with a pang that some day she would disappear from me as she came, that her soft voice would be gone, and another man—night—hid her in his arms. Then I drew her closer to me, asking again the question, "What is this child, with her sunny hair and larkspur eyes to me?"

One night I ventured to ask Mila to sing to me. I sat with closed eyes, resting after a wearisome day. I expected a refusal, for as much as she liked it, she seldom indulged in music; but she promptly arose, pinned a favorite flower upon her dress, and took in her hand the old song that Sidde used to sing. In a soft, trembling voice she sang it through. The words thrilled me more than ever before. I built beautiful air castles, which I knew would fall. I listened in breathless silence. I knew she was beside me when the singing ceased, but I did not open my eyes.

"Mr. Owen," she whispered, "open your eyes and look at me! am I talking to you? Do my lips move? Do you hear my voice? I feel as though I were dumb, gazing into your face, full of love and adoration, what does it mean?"

I took the girl's hands into mine. They made me think of Dovey's claws, they were so thin, so frail. I gently caressed them, and laughed at her strange words. "You are a mysterious little creature," I answered, "and I think you have been reading fairy tales. You must go out more. You remain in doors too much. I shall insist upon your going out an hour or so each day for your health, if not for love of the street."

But Mila heeded not my advice; she only looked out of the window, apparently seeing nothing, still talking softly, as to herself. "I feel like one who is saying nothing, and thinking much. I have an irresistible desire to go out of that window. Hold me tight," she cried, springing into my lap, "or I shall slip away from you. I feel that I must go; oh! will you go with me? I do not want to go alone. I was always hungry for love. When life came to me a mother's soul went out to heaven. I never felt her kiss upon my lips. I never felt her warm breath upon my cheek. Oh! Mr. Owen, I do not understand all this; but I have known you before. I have been here many times. I have felt your heart throbs against my own. I feel that I have wings, and that they are powerful enough to bear us both far away above the spires, beyond the clouds. Will you go, Mr. Owen, with me when I am called?"

Her appeal impressed me. Like a parent's touch my arms held that frail form. My eyes were filled with tears as they gazed into her innocent face. I could not frame my words to utter them, so I was silent. I was only a man, and I had once more awakened to all that makes life perfect. A heart had been slumbering for years in my bosom, but something had crept in and brought the embers back to life. At night my dreams were troubled. I knew that a dove was struggling to escape from my windows, and in my tireless efforts to hinder its departure I awoke dissatisfied and unfreshed. And when evening came, after many a weary day, my footsteps hastened homeward, where a wee delicate child awaited my coming, and then she would sing to me the songs I loved so well in her childish, sweet voice, inling me into quiet rest, which warmed me after the noise and bustle of outside life. I often built air-castles that I knew would fall, yet I kept on building them day after day. While idly dreaming one night I knew the soft footfall, the warm breath, the touch of a small hand on my face.

"The flowers on my table are not deeper in color to-night than your cheeks, and your hands are burning hot! Mila, are you ill?" And I sprang up in alarm, tending my arms about her. I could almost hear my own heart beats, for a sudden fear came to me. She tottered and for an instant seemed helpless.

"No! no!" she gasped; "not ill, but—I feel very queer," and she brushed her hair with both hands from her face, looking mournfully about her. "Take me into the room with the birds and the flowers once more. The sunshine is not there, and I shall never see it again. Let me say good bye to every leaf I have plucked at and kiss every bird in its cage as I have kissed and loved them before. I know I did, I know it; days and days, and flying about that room I used to long for you to come."

I could not speak. I was dumb with fear. Was she losing her reason? I lifted her up. I called for help, I carried her toward the door of her room. "No! No!" she cried persistently, "take me to the window I love; but fold me in your arms or I will escape." I obeyed her wishes. She was pleased, and I laid my face close to hers to catch the faint words she uttered. "What beautiful music," she whispered. "I know they are coming for me. Do not loosen your hold dear Mr. Owen, hold me!"

She ceased speaking as she rested on my knee, and with her head upon my shoulder she slept the sleep of a child tired from play. I watched her pure face, and hot tears fell from my eyes upon it. I was not ashamed, for I realized once more that another heavenly vision was drifting away from me, and again I said, "What is, is best." Suddenly her strength returned. She sprang up, threw her arms around my neck, pressed her lips to my cheek, then left her burning kisses all over my face.

"They are waiting," she cried, looking toward the window, "and I must go. Come with me, dear, dear Mr. Owen. I love you so much. Kiss me quick; do not let me go alone. Hold me as long as you can. Yes, I am coming!" she cried, waving her hand to her imaginary friends up in the corner by the window, "but dear, darling Mr. Owen can't come."

And then while I listened to her voice I was silent, and she sank back weak and trembling into my arms again. The clock chimed almost midnight, and I dared not move. I fell into a doze, but a white dove haunted me; it fluttered uneasily back and forth from the window, as though determined to pass out into the night. At last it succeeded, and my sorrow at losing it caused me to awake with a start. As I did so the form in my arms became limp and heavy. I gently shook her and called her by name. For the first time she heeded not my voice. I was in despair. In my agony I touched my lips to her face, forgetting all save her and her words; but all was still as death, save the ticking of the clock. My sunshine had fled.

Weeks and months lengthen into years. I am alone in the world. The pleasures of life are dead and can never lure me into their midst again. I am going down life's hill, nearing sunset, and my mind wanders off to the little churchyard where a slab marked MILA rests above all that was beautiful to me, and, when opportunity offers, I love to steal away from care and worry and stand among the daisies, and whisper through my tears, "Give me patience, dear Lord." Upon the wall a cage holding a beautiful dove; but it does not coo at my coming, nor come at my call. It is only the shell.

There! my cigar is out. The smoke is curling toward the window, taking the shape of doves, and my dream of the past is ended. All that remains is Mila's grave.

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It has 650 large-sized pages, printed on heavy paper, in large clear type, is elegantly bound in fine English cloth, with beveled boards and gilt top.

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✂ In THE BANNER of April 7 we published an exquisite poem in the column known as Children's Spiritualism, for which neither its gifted author nor her work from which it was copied, received credit. The poem was taken from a splendid work by Mrs. Addie Ballou, entitled "Driftwood," and its great merit is our sole excuse for the trespass committed. We deeply regret that Mrs. Ballou was not credited with the poem, and take pleasure in making this correction. Mrs. Ballou is one of our most talented workers in the vineyard of Spiritualism, and her book should be in every spiritualistic home.



## Rev. J. O. M. Hewett

has recently taken his stand with the Spiritualists, and is desirous of securing platform engagements at reasonable rates. He is a man of great mental attainments, and is richly endowed with psychic power. His address at the Chicago Convention was replete with information, eloquent in expression, and effectively delivered. He is qualified to teach the masses, and should be heard. His address is 498 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

## Good Music

is always appreciated by those who know what the "art divine" really means. Such ones will be interested in the grand testimonial concert to be given Friday evening of this week to Miss Annie A. Watson, daughter of Prof. J. Jay Watson, at 200 Huntington Ave., Legion of Honor Hall, Boston. The many friends of this talented lady and her gifted father should take special pains to be present at this splendid musical entertainment.

## Born,

in Needham, Mass., April 20, to Mrs. Marguerite C. Barrett, a daughter. Weight nine pounds. Name Xilia. Mother and child doing nicely.

Francis Truth, the "divine" healer Count Nazarian, the so-called medium, and Parker, the lucky-box man, have all recently been much wanted by the police. The two former were found, but Parker seems to have made good his escape. Truth was doing a business of thirty thousand dollars per week, when he was apprehended, while the Count's income, although modest in comparison with Truth's, was yet ample. Parker made seventy thousand dollars in seven weeks, and vanished, leaving his victims to regret their trust in him. Comment is unnecessary.

Prof. A. J. Maxham, the well-known vocalist, is open for engagements with local and State Spiritualist societies, at reasonable rates. Mr. Maxham is a favorite with all classes of people, especially with Spiritualists, and should not be without employment for even one Sunday. He is a consistent Spiritualist, and is not afraid to avow his principles. He is now at his home in Ludlow, Vt., where he may be addressed by those desiring his services.

Is it right to preach one thing by word of mouth, and to practice or think another when alone by ourselves? If so, then some Spiritualists are to be commended for professing to believe in Spiritualism while they support the Christian Church?

Query: Why should a true medium, conscious of his or her own honesty and integrity, ever feel grieved over the exposure of a fraud?

That city in Kansas which last year elected a full board of women for its officers has this year elected men in their stead. The women had to go, yet every one admitted that they governed the city wisely and well.

## The Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The season of 1899-1900 is rapidly drawing to a close, and in trying to keep pace with the previous years of spiritual growth, we would like to present a *resumé* of our last year's work.

In attempting to collect and place within our minds all the beautiful flowers to be found in the garden of Spiritualism, we were obliged, from among all that have scented the air with refreshing and fragrant odors, to select one, that has neither fragrance nor beauty, but lives forever—the flower by the name of immortality. This flower we have been obliged to gather many a time during the past season, twine it into a wreath and place it on the altar of many of our best members, so-called pillars of the society.

Many were the names enrolled on the scroll of silent workers at our last memorial service. To-day we stand grateful for all that has been done by our loved ones while they were with us, yet with anxious hearts inquiring who are to take their places in the future. Still the work is to continue. Loved ones unite in assuring us of their aid, their help, in every avenue of work. And so we say, dear ones, you shall judge and direct; *your will*, not ours, be done.

The work of our society for the past six years has been too well known to need comment. We have placed upon our platform the best speakers and mediums the spiritual ranks afford. We have endeavored to receive all of our co-workers with the earnest assurance that we were a united band of brothers and sisters, and have always tried to make them feel at home with us. We have had our trials, as all local societies do, but we tried at all times to be master of the situation, and feel that we have been successful.

Many of our speakers and mediums have brought out good audiences, but one among the best of speakers and teachers, we mention with a great deal of pride is Prof. W. M. Lockwood. His teachings, illustrations, and demonstrations are something new to our society. He takes from the word of Spiritualism the sting that has always been connected with it. Certain dogmas and creeds he opposes in such a way that no one can feel offended, either by his language or manner. He is indeed a teacher of great resources, and his definition of Spiritualism as a religion, a science, and a philosophy, should be listened to by every earnest investigator of the truth, and student of nature. This is the Professor's first engagement with our society, but we may well say he has already conquered the hearts and minds of the people, and we predict for him a successful future in this our city of churches.

The officers of our society have been untiring in their work and efforts to keep the Union up to its usual standard. To them belongs a great deal of credit, but we have been aided also by friends of the society—people who are not in the least interested in our Cause, but maintain the idea, where a band of women work so faithfully and interestingly, without money and without price, they should receive all possible encouragement.

Two fine concerts are to be given before the season closes, of which all the proceeds over expenses are donated to the society. These encouragements bring with them warm rays of sunshine, when clouds do gather and darkness reigns supreme.

Our report would be incomplete did we not say a word, most emphatically, regarding our Lyceum. Heretofore a Lyceum was inaugurated every new season. The beginning, with every one, was very promising; but after a little while numerous complaints were heard; the distance for the children to come was too great; the weather was too stormy, the hall too cold; and before the season was fairly over, the Lyceum disbanded. But this year the Lyceum has outgrown its first birthday, and the infant, heretofore only able to crawl, has learned to stand on its feet, thanks to the good sponsors at its side.

At our recent anniversary, the children of the Lyceum took a very prominent part, and during the winter gave two children's entertainments which were among the very best of the season. And last, but not least, a word about our hall: here also come words of encouragement and good cheer, for we are assured that during the next season we are to have steam heat, partly carpeted floors and

more comfortable seats. Although we are pleased with our hall as it is now, there is still room for improvement in many ways.

Now that the season is drawing to a close, we wish to assure our friends that we are by no means discouraged. Our work must go on. There is no standstill possible as long as we have the assurance that our loved ones over there are guiding, leading and protecting us. *"Perseverantia omnia vincit."*

ELIZABETH F. KURTZ

## Twelfth Annual May Festival.

Mrs. William S. Butler will hold her Twelfth Annual May Festival in Mechanic's Hall, on the afternoon and evening of May 5. For the past month nearly four hundred children and young people have been busy rehearsing the various dances in which they will take part and which have been arranged especially for this occasion by Mrs. Lilla Viles Wyman, who is personally attending to all the details. The costumes are being made entirely new, and designed for the wearers and the parts they will assume.

The dances will all be new and original, among which might be mentioned the "Circus Dance," which will include all the laughable and humorous incidents of the circus as it is seen under the tent. There will be clowns, trained dogs, monkeys, bears, elephants, and the Little German Band, and many features which will be sure to please the old as well as the young. The decoration of the hall will be elaborate. Calcium effects, with the many colors of the costumes, will make a scene of beauty long to be remembered. All the favorites will appear and give many new solo dances.

There will be two performances, one at two o'clock in the afternoon and at eight in the evening. Tickets are now on sale and should be secured at once to insure a good seat. They can be found at the residence of Mrs. Butler, 104 Huntington Avenue, and at the Adams House.

Many children and grown persons look forward to these festivals with much delight, and there is no doubt their anticipations will be fully realized in this Twelfth Annual Celebration.

## Grand Testimonial Concert to Miss Annie A. Watson.

by her pupils and friends at American Legion of Honor Hall, 200 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass., Friday evening, April 27, 1900, at 8 o'clock.

The following mentioned artists and pupils of Watson's Music School will take part: Prof. J. Jay Watson, the distinguished violinist, Mrs. Amelia R. Douglas, soprano; Miss Marguerite A. Curtis, reader; Miss Blanche Farley, violin; Miss Minnie H. Pierce, mandolin; Miss Florence Willard, piano; Master Ralph Mason, piano; Mr. John Provan, violin; Master Lewis F. Willard, violin; Master Harold A. Piper, violin; Master Allen Slatery, violin; Master Maurice Soback, violin; Miss Almira A. E. Peterson, mandolin; Miss Edith Mae Wiggin, piano; Master Edwin P. Babb, piano; George S. Barton, piano; Edmund F. Knight, violin; Hector A. Santera, violin; Master Sherman R. Ramsdell, violin; Master George H. Tessier, violin; Master Arvid Nelson, violin. Tickets, fifty cents. Can be obtained of the pupils of Watson's Music School, 180 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass., and at the door on the evening of the entertainment.

## A Card of Thanks.

We wish to extend many thanks to the friends who contributed flowers for the funeral of Mrs. M. M. Holt.

MR. E. L. HOLT.

MR. FRANK HOLT.

MRS. NETTIE H. HARDING.

## This Will Interest You!

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Lake Pleasant, Mass.

As the summer approaches, the management of this popular camp once more finds its arrangements for a successful season nearing completion. The Twenty-Seventh Annual Convocation will open Sunday, July 29, 1900, with Hon. A. H. Dailey of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Miss Lizzie Harlow of Haverhill, Mass., as the speakers of the day. Since last year three new names have been added to our Board of Management, those of Byron Loomis of Haverhill, and Leander F. Crafts of Whately, as Directors in place of Whiteside Hill, deceased, and J. B. Hatch Jr., and F. B. Woodbury have been elected Second Vice-President.

Mrs. Mary E. Lease has been engaged to give four lectures during the last week of camp, and among our other speakers already engaged are Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving, Albert P. Blinn, J. Clegg Wright, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen and Mrs. May S. Pepper. The Ladies' Quartet of Boston has been engaged for its third season at the Lake, and will render vocal selections at all the lectures and assist at concerts.

The Children's Lyceum will meet every Saturday afternoon in the Temple, under the direction of Mr. R. F. Churchill. Through the efforts of Mr. Churchill and his able assistants, Mrs. Belcher and the Misses Sloan, the membership of the Lyceum last season approximated one hundred pupils, and this year we expect a still larger attendance. The circulars are now in the hands of the printers, and will be ready for distribution this week. All friends desiring them who have not sent me their addresses, can have them upon application. In writing for circulars, information or cottages, please enclose a stamp for return postage.

ALBERT P. BLINN, Clerk.

603 Tremont St., Boston.

## A Just Sentence.

Fred Poole was sentenced April 17 in the Superior Court, Suffolk Co., to six months in the House of Correction for keeping a disorderly house, and nine months in the same institution for giving an immoral show.—Aiken, J.

R-I-P-A-N-S. Ten for five cents at druggists. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. No matter what's the matter one will do you good! 57w Mar 18

## Island Lake, Mich., Camp-Meeting.

J. H. White, President, writes: I do not see any notice of arrangements for Island Lake Camp-Meeting in your paper. On the 14th of March, the directors met in Detroit and arranged for a six-weeks' camp-meeting, beginning July 15, 1900. The Secretary is preparing program, which will be issued soon. There seems to be a change for the better for Island Lake Camp. Prospects are encouraging for a good season. There will be lectures twice on Sundays and three times during the week, with conferences, circles and exhibitions. Mr. Hudson, musical director, is arranging for music for the camp. Our Secretary, Mrs. E. B. Brown, is a very good one, but her time is well taken up with home duties; possibly this is the reason she has not advised your paper.

## Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Mrs. Sadie L. Hand has April 29 and May 27 open, also Sundays in June. Is engaged at Queen City Park Camp half of August. Would be pleased to hear from other camps, also from societies, in regard to season of 1900-1. Address 499 Shawmut avenue, Boston, Mass.

## Life Beyond Death.

BEING A REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S BELIEFS ON THE SUBJECT, A CONSIDERATION OF PRESENT CONDITIONS OF THOUGHT AND FEELING, LEADING TO THE QUESTION AS TO WHETHER IT CAN BE DEMONSTRATED AS A FACT; TO WHICH IS ADDED

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Gleams of Celestial Light on the Genesis and Development of the Body, Soul and Spirit, and Consequent Moralization of the Human Family. The contents of this volume consist of a series of communications received by the compiler from several spirits through the mediumship of Mrs. Christina Cawein, the chief dictator being Ben Hannan, formerly a general in the Persian army, of whom a portrait is given from a picture by spirit artist Wella Anderson; a portrait of Mrs. Cawein also being given. The book is highly instructive on the themes above indicated, dealing chiefly with the importance of a harmonious and well-regulated maternity; and in that particular is eminently deserving of the studious reading and thoughtful consideration of all who desire the well-being of not only the present but all future generations. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 200. Price 50 cents.

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By PROF. HENRY KIDDER. This pamphlet is a neatly gotten up brochure of thirty pages or more. It is eminently fitted for use as a missionary among new converts, or those just inquiring concerning the New Dispensation, and contains much that will influence the attention of old spiritualists alike. Price 10 cents; 3 copies, 25 cents; 7 copies, 50 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

## Hymeneal.

Bound in the sacred links of matrimony, Mr. Denis D. Glass and Miss Sarah V. Hughes Graham, by G. V. Cordingley, pastor of the Progressive Spiritual Church, at his residence, 3300 Wabash Avenue, Thursday evening, April 16. The ceremony was most spiritually performed, after which messages from the spirit-friends were read by Master Glass.

## TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

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

## A Letter from Mrs. H. T. Brigham.

On Sunday, April 15, I had the pleasure of loveller Easter day dawn with its promise and fulfillment, and friends from that place and many others, including Hartford, East Hartford, New Britain and Suffield, met with the old spirit and enthusiasm, and we all felt as though the old Pentecostal spirit of inspiration was with us. Mrs. Maria Thrall, loved and honored and busy as ever, was with us, and one whose master-hand makes the glowing canvas speak, Mr. Willis Adams of Suffield was also present. Yesterday I was in my usual place in New York. Our Society was greatly pleased and grateful to Mr. Meredith B. Little of Glens Falls, N. Y., who spoke for them during my absence. I heard many expressions of praise and appreciation for him yesterday. If all who could would so willingly and unselfishly work for Spiritualism, our Cause would soon be victorious over all opposition. H. T. BRIGHAM.

## 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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He penetrates the hidden past, discovering the real causes for the present conditions. **Dr. Peebles is the greatest Psychic Physician Living**. His diagnoses are equally as astonishing as his cures. His treatment is both psychic and medicinal, the psychic for the mental conditions and the medicinal for the diseased and weakened tissues. Science at last triumphs over disease! Dr. Peebles is a man of the most **Extraordinary and Tremendous Vital Force**, although he has been a remarkably busy man for **FIFTY YEARS** as a **PHYSICIAN, PSYCHIC HEALER, AUTHOR AND LECTURER**. He understands thoroughly the cause of disease, its effect and its permanent cure. There is probably no physician living who is curing more cases of Chronic Disease than is Dr. Peebles. His fame is world wide and due to his marvelous cures. No disease is really incurable if perfectly understood. Every effect has its cause, and if the cause is removed the effects will cease. 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Sept. 9.

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## FLORIDA!

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

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

These Circles are not public.

### To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Séance held April 5, 1900, S. E. 53.  
Invocation.

Once again, O Spirit of Life and Truth, we look out beyond the portals of this life, and would grasp something of the life beyond; something that shall make this life sweeter and better and more worth the living. Whatever has been in our past of misunderstanding, of ignorance or darkness, may we at this moment receive a new light, a new insight into life and its purposes; and not alone for ourselves do we ask this blessing of wisdom, love and the consciousness of truth, but for all mankind wherever striving with upward aspiration for betterment of conditions, for all people in all worlds, that there shall be more harmony, more love, more freedom. We know that in this hour of sweet communion much can be given us of growth and understanding if our ears are not opened to listen, if our eyes are not open that we may see, if there be in our hearts the desire, sincerely and honestly to live in the light of truth. Help all those who are still groping in darkness. May some light as it is given to us be passed on to other dreary lives until they are happier and sweeter. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

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

#### William Anderson.

The first one who comes is quite an old gentleman. He wears glasses and seems to have a hard time finding his way here to me. He has a full gray beard, dark blue eyes, and dark lashes. His hair is quite gray, and hangs down long on the sides. He seems quite weak, too, as though before he passed away he suffered a great deal. He says: "But it lead me to a place where I can see how I shall be able to get back. My name is William Anderson and I come from Claremont, N. H. I have been striving so long to get back, and it seemed as though I never should be able to. My people do not know anything about this. My wife's name is Sarah Anderson, and if she knew I could come, would be perfectly happy to receive me. She is very lonely, and it seems sometimes as though the light would never shine into her life again. I long to say to her: 'Sarah, I am waiting for you and shall be glad when you come over to me. The days seem long and dreary for you and I wish so many times that you were here to help me in my new life and new experiences.'"

#### Charles Bradbury.

Now, he moves along and there comes another gentleman, about thirty-eight years old. He is quite tall, has blue eyes and black hair. He has a dark mustache and rather a long nose and a bright way. He stands up as though he were going to speak as clearly for himself as can be, and says: "I am a Roxbury man. I knew something about this, although I had never made it much of a study in the way you people do. I had heard and knew that there were some things spirits could do. I quite believed it but did not make it much of a religion. My name is Charles Bradbury. I want to get to Emma. She is one of those people who, if she undertook to look into anything, would go to the bottom of it, and spare no pains. Whatever she does she does thoroughly, and I used to tell her that she spent too much time on things, that she did not have time to do all she wanted to, because so much was put on to one thing. She is not very well and I think perhaps if her mother, who is in the spirit, could get to her, it would help her, because she is suffering through the influence being brought into the surroundings in a way that is not understood."

#### Arthur Sears.

Now there comes a man just below the medium height, light brown hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion, with light mustache. He looks at me in a smiling way, and seems to be one of those don't-care people. If things go right, all right; if they go wrong, he cannot help it, and so he makes the best of everything. He says: "I used to be accused of being one of those people who did not take much interest in anything unless it directly concerned me. That was not true, but I saw so much trouble through people carrying others' burdens, and not half doing it, that I concluded it was better to let everybody do the best he could, and not fret one's self. That is the spirit I lived in, and the spirit I died in. I did not want to go. It seemed to me there was a good deal for me to stay here. I left a mother in the earth-life, and she often speaks of me, and wishes that in some way she could get a message from me. Her name is Frances Sears; my name is Arthur Sears. I have a little sister with me. She passed out when a little girl, and I did not know her when I came over. Her name was like my mother's, only we called her Fannie, and when she came to me, and said she was Fannie, I could not believe it; but when I saw how familiar she was with all the home conditions, I felt like receiving her, and we have been very happy together, and helpful to each other. I left my business affairs in rather a disturbed state, but I could not help it. It is no use for me to fret about it now, any more than it would if I were still there."

#### Louisa Harris.

Now there comes a very pretty woman. She is tall and thin and has dark blue eyes and dark hair. She says the first thing: "Will you please say my name is Louisa Harris?" She is a married lady, because she has that home condition about her. It seems as though she knows just what to do in a home for everybody. She says: "Yes, and my husband is with me; we were not far apart in our deaths. His name is

Frank, and he stands by me to day as I come to give this greeting to my friends. He says: 'Louisa, tell them, although I am weaker than you, my interest is just as strong; and say that we would like to get to Mary, who is my mother (her name would be Mary Harris then), that we often go and look after her; but she seems so engrossed in cares and conditions pertaining to earth life that it is almost impossible for us to do what we want to for her.' We come from Providence, R. I. Often we go back to the city and walk around and see changes that are made, and laugh to ourselves to think how people would be surprised if they could see us as we come."

#### Samuel Barley.

Here comes Samuel Barley. He is short and very stout, and has dark eyes and dark hair, with a full dark beard. I should think anything he undertook to do he would push right through just as hard as he could. He says: "Let me in for goodness' sake! because I have been trying so long, and I am afraid I cannot say all I want to unless I come in quickly. In the spirit I find I am very strong. I am able to influence my boy and to help him to do better things; but when I get back to speak it seems as though I have lost all my spiritual force, and that the effort is almost entirely wasted. I have thought I would like to come to-day to please him. He has looked for some word from me because he sees your paper, and he thought if I could come and give my name it would be a good deal to him. So, while I am not able to say much, I give this for his sake to let him know that I am still alive. I come from Sacramento, Cal."

#### George Norris.

Here is a fat man, with a big, round stomach and a round, red face. He looks as though he wanted to speak for himself. His name is George Norris. He says: "If there is anything in the world I loved it was a fast horse. I used to say that I did not care much about heaven unless I could find a horse there, and I was so glad to know that animals had a life after this, just as much as we do. I was not a man of very strict habits. I kind of thought the most we could get out of life was the best for us, that perhaps we would not be sure of anything after this, and this we were sure of; and so I just had as good a time as I could; but I want to tell you I am heartily sorry for it, and if I do come with a smile on my face, and with rather a sneer at those who stick too closely to narrow conservative lines, it is not because I have not seen the folly of my own life, and rather to prove that I am the man I claim to be. I do see how useless it is to spend all the time getting and gaining for one's self, without a thought of what the future may be, and if I were to come back again I would live a very different life; at least that is what I think now. My family has known what suffering is through my acts of negligence and carelessness, and, although they think as well of me as they can, many times they have wished that I had done differently. I lived in Dorchester, Mass., and was well known there. I send this word because I want everybody to know that I have a chance to speak, that I am not shut out because of anything I did. My people are not Spiritualists, and still they will accept this."

#### Cora Allerton.

Cora Allerton; she is a girl about twenty-three. She has pretty, fair skin and dark eyes and dark hair, and she stands right up by the side of me and says: "Oh! isn't it lovely to be able to come. I did not think I would be able to, and I used to stand by the side of my mother, after I went to spirit, and wonder why she did not know me, or why she did not look at me; and when she would seem to look right at me, and yet did not speak, I thought it was so funny. You see I knew I had gone, because I met my grandmother; but I could not understand why, when I could see my mother so plainly, she could not see me. I suppose that is all in the education. I feel so interested in children everywhere. I have thought if only I could do some work among the children, it would please me, and so I have been, and I have been so that they have seen me and know that I come; and, while they do not know who it is, they have a knowledge that spirits can come back because they have seen one. I try always to come in as sweet a way as I can, so they need not be frightened. I go to Belfast, Me., to see them. They will know who it is when they hear about this. They go to Sunday school and are taught about spirits looking after people, and yet they do not make it real, the way I come; and I am anxious to have them know that I come in just this way."

#### Samuel Knox.

This is a man about forty-five years old. He has dark hair with gray in the front mixed in. The hair is pushed up from the forehead. He is slim, with square shoulders, rather a muscular looking man. He stands with a firm vigor, as though ready to speak all he can in as short a time as possible. He puts his hands out to me; they are rough working hands as though he had many times lifted all the burdens of life with his own hands. "Samuel Knox of Buffalo, N. Y.," he seems to call it out. Oh! that is what he did. He worked on a train, because I see him with a train, and his hands all black. He was not the man who called out; he was the engineer. He says: "Yes, that is my trade. I did not think I could bring back the emblem of it from the spirit, yet perhaps it is a good thing; there can be no special charm in being able to cover up your vocation in life. I am just as careful, just as cautious about everything I do now as I was when here. I did not die by my engine, but I used to say that if ever anything happened I should die by her. But I never had an accident that amounted to anything, and it was because I tried to keep cool under all conditions. Will you tell my friends that I have seen Ben Peavey? He was smashed to pieces, but when I found him here he was whole, and I was surprised to see him put his hand out and walk toward me. It seemed to me it must be a dream, but when we began to talk I found it was quite real. I would like to send word to my folks and he would like to send word to his. Ben says to tell Susie that he never knew what hurt him, and she will be glad to know that. He says for her to be as good to the little ones as she can because they will miss him. He always used to bring home something to them, and they looked for his coming. As for me, I would like to send word to my brother, Tom Knox."

#### Guy Hibbard.

Here is a young boy about seventeen or eighteen years old. His face is like a girl's. He

comes in very quietly. He is studious, one of those book-loving boys who had rather sit down in the house with his book than to play all the games ever invented. He is rather slender, has blue eyes and brown hair. He says: "I want to get to my father because he was so fond of me and looked forward to my life as the thing that should bring him happiness—and then I had to go away and leave him; but I am so glad that my life is continued and I find so many things to do for him. I am able many times in the week to help him, although he is sad now; he hasn't gotten over my death. My name is Guy Hibbard. I come from Stonington, Ct. Arthur Hibbard is my father. Do not try to say any more, I am afraid I would not get it right; but just say that I am so happy in being able to do for him and to help him from my side of life."

### A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As a number have written to inquire what was done with the poor Spiritualist lady in New York, spoken of in "Number One Hundred and Thirteen," I will devote a few lines to her at the opening of this letter.

Instead of being sixty-three, she is six years younger than myself, but is in a feeble, suffering condition. The arrangement for her to find a home with an aged lady of means was not carried out. So, as something needed to be done, and as another room in a tenement house in the city would be just as bad for one who could pay so little, I have taken her to my own home, as a temporary arrangement. She has two comfortable little rooms upstairs, rent free, and does certain pieces of work about the house that are suited to her strength, and when she gets more rested she will go on pleasant days peddling little articles in the towns near by. This is work that she likes, as it takes her out of doors, and she will do it during the pleasant months. She could not do it last winter, owing to poor health and insufficient clothing.

In the meantime I am taking steps to secure a place for her in some Old Ladies' Home; and if all goes well, the autumn may see her established in one of them, so that she need not fear hunger and cold any more, till the time comes for her to go to her home in the spirit land. Until Spiritualists have provided a number of homes in different parts of the country for our own poor, well endowed, and in practical working order, it is fortunate that Christians have established such places in a case like this. The payment of a certain sum of money, and waiting for one's own turn in routine order, enables a worthy and well behaved aged person of either sex to find a place in a home of this kind. Until Spiritualists have done as much in these respects as our friends in the church have done, it does not become us much to plume ourselves on the practical fruits of Spiritualism.

There is, however, an ideal far beyond the establishment of these homes, in which hundreds of men or women are gathered, and in which the necessities engendered by there being so many together, compel their compliance with certain fixed rules that savor rather more of boarding-school life than of life in a family. This ideal is of course having each aged person placed in a family where they will be treated with the consideration due to a loved grandparent, or else in a little home of two or three rooms where they can make a cup of tea whenever they choose, and keep a bird, or a dog or a cat.

The first method, that alluded to by David in Psalms lxxviii: 6, "God setteth the solitary in families," is well suited to those who cannot be happy alone, who must have companionship, who want little children about them, and who desire to share in the joys and sorrows, in the work and in the rest of family life. This is surely better for such a temperament than to be summoned by a bell to sit at a long table with a number of other persons as aged and as solitary as one's self; to pass from the table to a reception-room; and to finally withdraw at an appointed hour to one's solitary apartment or to a dormitory. The other method, that of living alone in one's little home and keeping house for one's self, is suited to those who love quiet, who love to sit alone, who are made nervous by being in the society of others, who find enough companionship in work, in sewing, in reading and in meditation. But whatever be a person's idiosyncrasies or tastes, they should be respected and indulged so far as possible. And it will be so when the brotherhood of man has reached its full consummation, and when the Golden Rule has become the main factor of human beings in daily life: "Whatever you would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

My brother Edward, who founded the Judson Memorial Church in New York, of which he is the pastor, works for practical philanthropy in many ways. Once when asked if he believed in old ladies' homes, his reply was: "Yes, I believe in having a great many old ladies' homes, with one old lady in each." He went on to say that his soul revolted against having them massed together by the hundred, and that he wanted each one to have her own little home to herself, where she could make a cup of tea in the middle of the afternoon if she liked, and where she could keep a cat.

My brother has a number of such old lady's homes connected with his mission church. They are aided when necessary, and yet they are led to be as self-supporting as possible. If they cannot pay their rent, it is paid for them. If they pay their own rent, but cannot pay for their coal, then the coal is given to them. If they fall ill and can earn nothing, then they are taken care of. And they can go to meeting every night in the week, and all day Sunday, if they want to. They do not have to go into a hall, and be preached to in company with a number of other old ladies, as if they were state-prisoners, but they can go to church like other people.

When I was living in Cincinnati in 1894, I once saw two little old ladies with snow-white hair walking in front of me. They were dressed exactly alike. I was so charmed with their appearance that I caught up with them, so as to make some remark in passing, and we fell into conversation. I asked them to call and see me. They did so—and always dressed just alike. They were twins. When they found that I was a Spiritualist, they were a trifle skittish, for they were Episcopalians. When I was to return their call, I found that they lived at the Old Ladies' Home.

The Home for the aged in Walnut Hills, a suburb of Cincinnati, is an imposing structure surrounded by apologetic grounds. The central part has the general offices and reception rooms. The right wing is devoted to the old

ladies, and the left to the old gentlemen. So it was to the right side that I was directed when I went to call on my little twin old ladies, and I found them very nicely situated. They were fortunate in having each other for company. I know nothing of them since leaving Cincinnati, and think they may have passed to spirit land. Did one go, surely, the other could not long survive her.

I made several calls on the gentlemen's side of the Home for the Aged, which came about in this way. An old Spiritualist gentleman in Columbus, O., wrote to ask me to call on his lonely brother at this Home. I found him a cripple, with a rolling chair, in which he was able to wheel himself through the long hall to his meals. He was interested in Spiritualism, and said his brother sometimes sent him a *Light of Truth*, and he wished that he could see it regularly. So the editor promised me to have it sent to him at the Home.

But alas! the next time I went to see the aged cripple, he said he had decided that it would be injurious to him to have a Spiritualist paper sent to him there, and that it might end in his being sent away. At a subsequent visit he said that though he enjoyed my calls very much, and found them his one gleam of sunshine, he must yet ask me not to call again, because the authorities at the Home had found out in some way that I was a Spiritualist, and he knew that they did not want me to come on that account. So I discontinued my visits. Probably he is by this time in the better home above, where he can have all the Spiritualist papers and friends that his heart desires, with none to molest him or make him afraid.

I have known several similar instances in these public institutions. So we see that if Spiritualists have only them to go to, they have to enter them under great disadvantages and under certain restrictions. Some of them are under the auspices of a certain denomination, though those connected with other churches are received. The Home at Walnut Hills is under the control of several different denominations, but I believe the Episcopalians are the most influential. Any persons can be received, but any paper, or any conversation connected with Spiritualism would be received with marked disfavor. Dear me, we want to affiliate with everybody, but they do not want to affiliate with us. The truth is, they are afraid of us, and the reason they are afraid of us is because we are so dangerous. One might be walking a country road and meet a sheep, and he would not be at all afraid, because a sheep is not a dangerous animal. But if he met a bear or a bull, he would be very much afraid, because these are dangerous animals.

Why are Spiritualists such dangerous creatures? The question is easily answered. It is because they come to the world with something that everybody wants, especially those whose dear ones have departed, and yet a something that when it has been accepted leads each individual to think for himself in all matters pertaining to religion and the other life, instead of allowing a priest or a minister to do his thinking for him. Then the bug-a-boo is raised that this free-thinking is going to imperil the welfare of our immortal souls, and everybody is warned to have nothing to do with these Spiritualists. And the very worst thing about this dangerous animal, the thing that whets his fangs and sharpens his claws, is that he can prove every point he makes by actual facts, and that every person whom he inoculates with his poison loses all fear of churches, ministers, devils, and hell itself. It is no wonder at all that they are afraid of us.

When I first joined the Socialist Club here, I had occasion to read an extract from one of these BANNER Letters. As I took my seat, I said to the lady next me that I did not read the whole of the Letter because the latter part was not suitable to the occasion. She said, "Yes, on account of the young people." I was much puzzled by this remark, for there was nothing unsuitable for them to hear. The latter part was not connected with Socialism. I found later that she supposed it was on Spiritualism, which might hurt the young people. Since Mr. Scrimshaw's death, this lady and her husband have purchased "The Bridge," and are much interested in it.

Another lady in the Club, and a very intelligent one, told me the other day that before she knew me, she did not feel worried, because she felt it would be all right anyway, whether we went on living or not after death. But since she has known me, she is sure that we go on living after the body dies, and that she feels the presence of the dear one lately gone to the spirit land. She said, "It is not anything you said, Miss Judson, it is just being with you."

So you see, Mr. Editor, that I am becoming quite dangerous, even here in Arlington, and I earnestly hope that I may become dangerous to a great many more.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,  
ABBY A. JUDSON.  
Arlington, N. J., April 12, 1900.

### Questions and Answers.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF  
W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By Farrington Fisher San Francisco.] In your opinion what benefit to the human family will accrue from the present warfare in South Africa?

ANS.—Though we are entirely in favor of the settlement of all disputes by pacific arbitration, we cannot ignore the fact that so long as a war anywhere appears inevitable, that war is to a degree justified for those who engage in it. The history of the world up till now has been largely one of warfare, and no historian has attempted to disguise the fact. Prophets, however, have always predicted a coming year of universal peace, and this they alone have been able to foresee because the seer or prophet is one who regards the involved possibilities of humanity, and gazes forward and peers inward instead of looking backward and outward as simple historians must.

We can well understand the strong feeling prevalent even in England itself among philanthropists that war might have been averted had a wiser policy than Chamberlain's been pursued, but the attitude of the English toward the natives of South Africa is certainly far more humane than that of the Boers. English supremacy is not an unmitigated blessing, neither is an Imperial policy the best ideal of international democracy; still we are convinced that the British Empire has a mission for good in the Transvaal, and when this war is over a new era of peace and industry will follow as a great improvement upon the old regime. Imperialism is a dangerous doctrine even though the Anglo Saxon is unquestionably a natural leader of mankind. It has long been foretold that wars will precede the new spiritual dispensation for which the earth is being rapidly made ready, and present warfare which is far less savage than that of old is being overruled in the heavens to cleanse the earth of those in-

justice which must be swept away before the new era can be truly inaugurated.

Old practices die gradually; a new state of society is coming slowly into form, and it is for lovers of peace and promoters thereof to encourage the most optimistic view possible of the very strife which it is their apocryphal work to help to banish from the planet.

Some very plain truths are told in Bellamy's "Equality," and in the writings of Prof. Geo. Herron, which should be carefully studied by all who wish to know the real inwardness of the war spirit. Competition as now carried out in the realm of commerce is nothing but industrial warfare, and until improved social and economic conditions are established all over the civilized world, it will be impossible to effectually check the results of the system which are made manifest in literal bloodshed. It is an encouraging thought that war, which has been for so many ages glorified, is now apologized for and extenuated, even where it is not condemned.

War is in its death agony; the war spirit is exhausting itself in final combat, and we may well expect to soon behold its utter disappearance. When the coming agreement between at least all English-speaking people the world over is fully consummated, the age of peace among all civilized nations will speedily commence. Whatever tends to unify must promote the interests of peace, and as the Boers very foolishly refused certain rights to their fellow citizens, they brought the war upon themselves by their own obstinacy. In the late conflict between the United States and Spain, we may safely say that of the two nations America was least to blame, and Spain herself is improving already as a result of her defeat. Britons and Boers can soon learn to live together in amity, and the native population of South Africa will certainly reap advantages when British arms are finally victorious.

Q. 2.—[By the same.] What will be the effect of Dr. Buchanan's discoveries in the scientific world, now that he has entered spirit-life?

A. 2.—While expressing much indebtedness to that good and great man for his indefatigable industry and tireless devotion to the truth as he perceived it, we must allow for the presence in his writings of a good deal of assertion resting on insufficient evidence. His "Journal of Anthropology" is extremely valuable, and could very profitably be republished in abbreviated form. His "New Education" is in our judgment a thoroughly excellent work throughout and deserves the widest possible circulation. "Therapeutic Sarcognomy" contains much excellent matter, but it is in some respects surpassed by Dr. George Dutton's "Etymology." The "Manual of Psychometry" is worthy of careful study, but it is scarcely in all parts an authoritative text-book. The New Testament, as re-written by Dr. Buchanan under alleged inspiration of St. John, well repays study and deserves comparison with other more widely-accepted texts, while "Periodicity" is an ingenious work which suggests a revived interest in astrology. Many of Dr. Buchanan's contributions to the *Arena* and other periodicals are full of interest and direct inquiry into both useful and unusual channels. As a pioneer, Dr. Buchanan has done much noble work, and in days soon to come his just and lucid utterances on the Land Question and other vital topics are sure to be discussed as words of a man who saw far beyond most of his contemporaries. It is difficult, if not impossible, to find any one entirely free from personal prejudices, which warp judgment and set up barriers against free inspiration; therefore, all mediumistic or psychometric work is apt to be marred by some sort of prejudice. Enthusiasm remained with Dr. Buchanan well on to his eighty-fifth year, but his career was embittered with a sense that he was not appreciated as he deserved. Had his claims been rather smaller, he would have received fuller acknowledgment at the hands of liberal-minded, truth-loving people in general.

As the case stands, his work will be increasingly reduced as the years go by, though it is not likely that the extremely unique place which Dr. Buchanan believed himself to occupy in the field of scientific discovery will be accorded him by future generations. As a moral and religious teacher he will deservedly take a very high place; but in his peculiar field of psychometry there will arise his successors whose methods will be more strictly scientific, and who will evince less credulity in some directions. Mental suggestion accomplishing actual transference of ideas from Dr. Buchanan's mind to the minds of several sensitives whom he styled psychometers is the only explanation which covers the ground in the case of many perplexing phenomena. As an ardent Spiritualist and a conscientious prosecutor of unprofitable researches from a financial standpoint, the name of Joseph Rodas Buchanan must ever enjoy a very high place. Spiritualism is so much larger than any grooves in which people seek to confine it, that with the advance of Spiritualism universally the limitations which persons and sects would vainly put upon it permanently must inevitably drop away. Spiritualism at its highest is too expanded to be containable in its entirety within any limits, therefore all limits are necessarily evanescent.

### Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Onset, Mass., April 16, Mrs. SOULE, (formerly known as Mrs. Weeks.)

Mrs. Soule welcomed the angels who came to greet her after a short sickness. Her pretty flower home being too small for her many friends' services, conducted by the writer, were held in the Arcade. The remains were placed in the receiving vault at East Wareham.

MARY E. THOMPSON.

From her home in Shirley, Mass., Dec. 28, 1899, Mrs. MARY NUTTING HOLDEN, aged 87 years.

She was a true Spiritualist, and we will miss her cheering word and sunny smile, for she was one of the first to welcome us to this field of labor thirty years ago. She was a past officer in our Association, and always a true friend, ever zealous in the Cause. Her presence will still linger near to help her loved ones and give to us of her wise counsel until we meet her in the glad hereafter.

March 17, ELMAH AMES, aged 77 years.

He also was a pioneer in Spiritualism, and one of our old Association. Of late years he had been quite an invalid, so he came to the meetings only once in a while, but he said: "I am never alone; my spirit friends are always with me; I see them as plainly as I see you." This was his only answer to the skeptic. He was very faithful. May his enthusiasm be ours in every good work. Fare thee well, brother, until we meet on the spirit shore.

MARY L. FENNON.

From her home in Bolivar, N. Y., March 30, Mrs. H. J. CURTIS, aged 61 years, wife of J. M. Curtis, President of the State Bank of Bolivar.

Mrs. Curtis always resided in Bolivar, spending a part or all of the last fourteen summers at Lily Dale. She was the mother of Spiritualism in her native place. She fitted up a pretty hall for the use of the Spiritualists while she lived, entertained all the speakers and services, conducted by the Society in every way. The funeral was well attended, Rev. Moses Hull, of Buffalo, delivered the funeral address, which was grand. Many unbelievers were led to believe in "Moses Hull's Spiritualism."

AGNES M. EVANS.

From the home of her son, in West Brattleboro, Vt., on April 16, at 8 P.M., Mrs. SARAH M. LISCO, aged 84 years. Mrs. Lisco's transition was due to a stroke of paralysis. Previous to the past few years she was a resident of North Cambridge and a regular attendant at spiritual meetings in Boston. Highly respected by all who knew her, at peace with the world and herself, she was released, and waiting to take up the duties of a new life.

W. E. MORRIS.

At Campello, April 12, CHESTER W. EDDY, aged 81 years 8 months 22 days. Interment at Orange.



## THE LAND OF THE DEAD.

BY DEAN CLARK.

O land of the dead! O home of the blest!  
Whose glory in vision I see,  
I long for thy shores, I yearn for thy rest;  
Oh! open thy portals to me.

I'm anxiously waiting, I gladly will go  
To meet the dear friends that I love,  
With joy bid adieu to the scenes here below,  
To dwell in thy mansions above.

I long to be free from burdens of care  
That make me so weary and sore,  
And go to my home in regions so fair  
And be with my loved ones of yore.

Thy fields are resplendent with beauty untold  
No brightness of earth can compare,  
The brilliance of diamonds, the burnish of gold  
Are dim in the sheen of thy air.

I long to behold thee, O glorious land  
With vision unclouded and free,  
Oh! when shall I walk thy beautiful strand  
And behold what I'm waiting to see?

The Angel of Death my sight shall unseal,  
And show me thy splendors on high;  
Oh! then I will haste to the Land of the Dead  
And bid these dark shadows good-bye.

Roxbury, Mass.

## Life--What Is It?

BY DR. MARY WRIGHT.

If we call the body life; then there will be an end. A death, or a change in the molecular construction for all vegetation and animal substance can only continue for a season. It is like the elastic cord; strong when first completed, then, whether used or laid aside, its fibres weaken and drop apart.

A garden is not such unless different plants and shrubs are planted there; these plants fade and pass into other plants, but the soil that produced still remains as the life. There is no absolute death. The soil may cease producing, but by adding another chemical to it you will find that life once more comes to the surface, and man beholds the work of his hand. If life could die, then this planet would long ago have ceased to be, and all the souls' pulsations would have been lost without that everlasting something which dwells in all. What matters how or where we will find this life after the body is forced to separate from it; if on earth again we meet it, or in another conscious realm of existence?

Few see, sense or feel the true well spring of life; but to those who can discern the pulsating world within, unseen by mortal eyes, to them truly life holds a double character, and they can pass through the dark shadows of materiality without losing faith in a silent God who moves through life with the true paths of divine love. That life is intelligence has been proven by the communication from those who have laid aside this earthly structure and have gone out into the dark night of the world, called death. At first the thought of death is with them, but as the rays of intelligence light up their path, they see the great object for which they were created, and that the grave is only a mantle to give the individualized life a short period of rest from which they advance still higher toward perfection.

What we find in the second part of life, in this world we sense, feel, see objects. The spirit world cannot be a growth like this, as earth does not belong to the spiritual realm, but the soul must have a period of rest before it takes up again the new body, the new life. The man who has toiled and laid aside something for old age can rest from his labor and live on and over the past; no thoughts for the morrow, but silently awaits that journey which all must take. Just so will every man live on and enjoy the little or large amount of fruitage he carries with him into that other life; and according to the use all make of this their earthly life, so will be their stay and depth of happiness there. But when all is used up then that life is forced back again to seek other fields to plant and reap the harvest grain. Intelligence can never be dwarfed or absorbed by a second birth.

If the king of a former life becomes a peasant or slave, he then needs that experience to advance the sluggish intelligence produced while a king. Civilization and man's thinking produce their own conditions. Spirit life does not stop to see whether a person is beautiful or ugly, rich or poor; it goes on producing, goes on building. The soul thinks not of vain things, but of the solid good it may produce. Never despise the old house, for a home with love and culture is more valuable than a palace with emptiness.

There are two types of life: The conscious and unconscious. The conscious life is man with his boasting ways, thinking he is equal with God, which never can be; for the parent is higher than the child. Creator higher than created. You never can catch up with or be equal with that which was before you. You must be content to view from a distance that divine something, and mold your life like it. The unconscious life is that which produces without conscious intelligence, yet so true are all life's ways that no mistake is ever made in the manner of life produced.

In silence work the soil, trees, plants and fruits, each bearing its own kind. The water does not think like man, still it goes on in its ever-pulsating journey. So let us view that never-ending life as immortal, living on forever and forever; that there is a law governing each that man cannot control nor change; that nothing comes by chance, but that intelligence lives and moves in all space and things; that man as the highest type of all must ascend the ladder of truth and knowledge, finding out the beautiful from the coarseness of our nature, getting nearer and nearer to the perfect being, and by wise counsel and precept draw others.

Thus will we reach our Father's house,  
Where love and plenty dwell,  
And harmony, a child of truth,  
Comes over from the flowing well.  
No more let thoughts or fears assail  
While thus our journey we pursue.  
In that world a mansion waits you  
When this part of your life is through.

New Haven, Conn.

## Fort Worth, Texas.

Work in the Temple is going on very successfully. We are giving entertainments once in two weeks on Thursdays. The ladies of the Temple workers are doing splendidly in their efforts to finish the payments for the furnishings of the interior of our beautiful Temple. We are recognized by the city as are all other churches, and have nothing to complain of in the kindness and good-will bestowed upon us. Our State work is being carefully and earnestly considered, and we are all proud of such a President as our young and earnest friend, Mr. Hinkley of Dallas. John W. King of Galveston is doing an earnest and fine work for our Cause, and we look forward to splendid results from this boy, who is so rapidly becoming one of the strong men and workers for our Cause. Mrs. Mary Arnold Wilson is singing in her own sweet way and delighting the public. Miss Mildred Bennett, a splendid elocutionist, will entertain us next Thursday evening at the Temple, assisted by Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Brantly and her talented daughter, Mrs. Cowan. There is an interest in Spiritualism all around in the smaller towns that has never been before. This speaks well of the work in the State. Mrs. Jackson desires to thank her friends for the many little articles that have been sent her for use in assisting in the payments upon the chairs and other furnishings in the Temple. It is with great pleasure she announces that she will be in Chicago and Michigan in June, and East in July, returning to Ohio in August. Mrs. Jackson will make engagements while on her trip from Texas to points in the eastern direction.

Mrs. JENNIE HAGAN JACKSON.

## "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them"

has fulfillment in a variety of ways, and sometimes with almost incredible forceful emphasis. We often witness the extremes in life—one is where the advent of a child into this plane of being is greeted with chilling coldness and rebuffs, and the other where every member of an acquaintance with the family are continually contributing thoughts and deeds of love in anticipation, thereby weaving golden threads of light into their own lives, while creating an atmosphere and conditions productive of the higher type of childhood—man or womanhood. And though angelhood should soon displace the material form, and fond hearts made to vibrate with sorrow, it is glorious in results for all that the libations of love have been poured forth. Thus the shortest life performs its mission of grand achievement.

This was illustrated in the life and death of Lucy Glovett, infant daughter of Dr. G. O. and Mrs. E. Marie Beckwith-Ewell, March 20, 1900. Funeral services were held at their residence, 41 Oxford street, Toronto, Canada, March 22. Cremation at Buffalo, N. Y., on March 24.

SARAH L. HARD.

## WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.



Boys and Girls can get a Nickel-Plated Watch, also Chain and Chain for selling.

100 loz. Packages of Balm at 10 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Balm, post-paid, and a large Premium List. No money required.

BLUINE CO. Box 3, Concord Junction, Mass. Feb. 3.

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## PARKER'S HAIR BALM

(Gives and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Keeps the hair soft and Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases and itching. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.)

Aug. 28. 21am24t

## National Spiritualists' Association

INCORPORATED 1888. Headquarters 800 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C. Visiting Washington cordially invited to call. Contributing membership (\$1.00 a year) can be procured individually by sending five cents to the Secretary at the above address, and receiving a handsome certificate of the same, with one copy each of N. S. A. Reports for '97 and '98. A few copies of the Reports of Conventions of '93, '94, '95, and '97, still on hand. Copies up to '97 25 cents each; '97 and '98 may be procured, the two for 35 cents; singly, 20 cents.

MRS. MARY T. LONGLEY, Sec'y., Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C. 141 Feb. 20.

College of Psychical Sciences.

THE only one in the world for the unfoldment of all Spiritual Powers, Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Inspiration, Healing, the Science of Hieroglyphs Applied to the Soul of Music and Physical Expression and Culture, and Illumination. Our students, chroniclers of psychic power, send stamped addressed envelopes to J. O. F. GRUBBINE, author and lecturer, 1718 1/2 West Genesee street, Syracuse, N. Y.

Send 25 cents for sample copy of, or \$1 for a year's subscription to "Immortality," the new and brilliant Quarterly Psychical Magazine. Address J. O. F. GRUBBINE, Syracuse, N. Y., 1718 1/2 Genesee street. 141 Dec. 17.

Mrs. A. B. Severance

IS NOT A FORTUNE TELLER; but gives psychometric, impressional and prophetic readings to promote the health, happiness, prosperity and spiritual unfoldment of those who seek her advice. People in poor health, weak, discouraged, suffering from anxiety and misfortune, are advised to consult her. Nature's own remedies, simple, efficacious, and inexpensive, are prescribed. Full reading, \$1.00 and four 2-cent stamps. Address 1300 Main street, White Water, Walworth Co., Wis. Mention BANNER OF LIGHT. 25w Feb. 3.

## ASTONISHING OFFER.

SEND three 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, name, age, sex, one bleeding symptom, and your disease will be diagnosed free by spirit-power. Mrs. DR. DONSON-BARKER, San Jose, Cal. Apr. 14.

MRS. JENNIE CROSSE, the Psychic Reader and Healer, has removed to 127 Oak street, Lewiston, Me. Readings by mail, \$1.00; ask questions, 50 cents. Send date of birth. Circles Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock. Jan. 13.

## Rose Leaf Balm.

A NEW and wonderfully healing lotion for all skin eruptions, Cold Sores, Chapped Hands and Face, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Hay Fever, Coryza and Sun Burn.

Gentlemen will find this a superior preparation to use after shaving.

Half oz. Trial Size, 15 cts. Two " Size, 35 cts. Four oz., 50 cts., mailed free of charge.

Agents wanted in all States. Write for Particulars.

ROSE LEAF BALM CO., P. O. Box 3087, 9 Bowditch St., Boston, Mass.

Endorsed by Editor and Management of BANNER OF LIGHT. Feb. 25

## LIFE-LIKE PHOTOGRAPHS OF

## HARRISON D. BARRETT,

Editor of the Banner of Light, and President of the National Spiritualists' Association.

No. 1.—An exact copy of the Oil Painting by Parks, presented to the National Spiritualists' Association by Mr. Barrett's friends as a testimonial of their high appreciation of his efforts in behalf of Spiritualism. This is an admirable likeness, showing Mr. Barrett in one of his most characteristic attitudes. Size, 12x15, with one hand up to his head, and looking directly at you. The picture is 12x15 inches in size, being mounted on an elegant panel, making it suitable for any parlor or library without framing. Price, \$1.00; if sent by mail, 20 cents extra for postage and packing.

No. 2.—This is a larger photograph, also mounted on a beautiful panel, the size being 16x22 inches. Here Mr. Barrett is shown in a standing position, his hands having been seen him on the platform during the past seven years. Price, \$1.50; if sent by mail, 30 cents extra for postage and packing.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO., 9 Bowditch street, Boston, Mass.

## THE PURPOSE OF LIFE.

Or, The Phenomena and Philosophy of Modern Spiritualism Reviewed and Explained.

BY C. G. OYSTON.

Mr. W. J. Colville in his Introduction to the book says: "Partly by way of introduction, and partly as the present writer, I have come across many thousands of persons in both hemispheres who never tire of asking many of the great questions concerning human life and destiny which are considered in the following remarkable series of essays. Essays which for profundity of thought, beauty of diction and lucidity of statement have, in my judgment, rarely if ever been surpassed in English literature. The fact that Mr. Oyston claims to have derived a great portion of the matter for his book through the mediumship of Simon De Mair, an English workman, who had never been blessed or hampered with academic training, ought to add considerably to the interest and value of the work; for though spirit communications are not necessarily accepted, it should never be blindly or unreasonably accepted, it is certainly but fair to consider the possibility that the reports to be a revelation from the world of spirits to the present age."

Without venturing to pass judgment upon the actual merits of so eminent a transcendentalist and a well-known 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 the deep conviction that 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 author name and fame in every civilized corner of the world."

12mo, 147 pp.; extra heavy paper covers. Price, 35 cts. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

## Helps to Right Living

BY KATHERINE H. NEWCOMB.

This book contains certain principles of the higher spiritual philosophy adapted to the use of life. Its purpose being to strengthen character and insure health through the development of the inner consciousness. Each chapter is the brief sketch of a lesson given in the regular Wednesday classes at the writer's home.

62 chapters. Cloth, \$1.25 post-paid. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

## WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN A SPIRITUALIST?

Or, Curious Revelations from the Life of a Trance Medium. By MRS. NETTIE COLBURN MAYNARD. Together with Portraits, Letters and Poems. Illustrated with Engravings, and Frontispiece of Lincoln, from Carpenter's Portrait.

This book will be found peculiar, curious, startling—more so than any work issued since Uncle Tom's Cabin. It breathes forgotten whispers, which the rust of time had almost covered, and which have been rescued from the very jaws of oblivion. It deals with high official private life during the



# Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1900.

## Spiritualist Societies.

We desire this list to be as accurate as possible. We accept no responsibility for errors or omissions. Notices for this column should reach this office by 10 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. R. Hatch, Jr., Secretary; 14 Sidney st., Dorchester, Mass. Take elevator.

**The Gospel of Spirit Return Society**, Minnie M. Scott, Pastor, Assembly Hall, 200 Huntington Avenue, Sunday evenings at 8 o'clock. Discourses and Evidences through the mediumship of the pastor.

**Eagle Hall, 610 Washington Street.** First Spiritualist Church, M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Services at 11:30 and 7:30; also Wednesdays at 3. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

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

**Little Spiritualist Meetings, Odd Ladies' Hall, 640 Tremont Street.** Mrs. Gutterer, President. Services Sundays at 10:30 a.m., 2:30 and 7 p.m.

**American Hall, 724 Washington Street.** Two flights—Mediums and public invited. Circles, 11 a.m.; Prayers, 2:30 and 7 p.m. M. Graham, Chairman.

**Temple of Honor Hall, 591 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport.** Meetings at 2:30 and 7:30 p.m. Sunday. Mrs. Annie A. Banks, Conductor; residence 141 High street, Charlestown.

**Spiritual Fraternity**, at First Spiritual Temple, corner Essex and Newbury streets. Meetings Sunday morning at 10:30, 2:30 and 7:30 p.m. Children's school 12 p.m. Library room, also Wednesday. Free general conference, Lower audience hall. A. B. Sherman, Secretary.

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

**The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society** meets every Friday afternoon and evening. Supper served at 6 p.m. at 14 Tremont street, near Eliot street. Elevator room run by Mrs. M. G. Allen, President. Dorchester, Mass. Children's Progressive Lyceum—Spiritual Sunday School—meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, at 10:30 a.m. All are welcome. Mrs. E. B. Brown, Superintendent.

**Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street.** Mrs. Nutter, President. Services Sunday at 11 a.m., 2:30 and 7:30 p.m., and Thursday at 7 p.m.

**The Helping Hand Society** meets every first and third Wednesday in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street. Supper at 6 o'clock, supper at 8 o'clock. Entertainment at 7:30. A. A. Eldridge, Secretary.

**Boston Spiritual Lyceum** meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. J. Brown Hatch, Conductor. A. Clarence Armstrong, Clerk. 17 Leary street, Dorchester, Mass.

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

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

**History of the Divine Science of Health**, and **Boston Institute of Occult Science**. Meetings every Sunday at 2:30 p.m. Lecture and psychic readings on Tuesdays at 7:30 p.m. Hotel Reno, 115 and 14 Windsor street, Boston. Dr. F. E. F. Foster, Lecturer and Teacher.

**W. Scott Steadman** holds meetings at Red Men's Hall Sunday evening, 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—1 Johnson Avenue, Charlestown.** Meetings 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. Mrs. M. C. Cane, Cor. Sec'y, 183 Auburn street, Cambridge, Mass.

### MALDEN.

**Malden Progressive Spiritualists' Society.** Masonic Building, 76 Pleasant street. Meetings every Sunday at 7 p.m. Wednesday, 7 p.m. and Friday, 7 p.m. Mrs. Rebecca Norton, Sec'y. A cordial welcome is extended to co-workers in the cause of progressive Spiritualism.

### NEW YORK CITY.

**The Spiritual and Ethical Society**, 74 Lexington Avenue, the corner of 35th street. Services every Sunday morning at 11, and evening at 8 o'clock. Questions answered in the morning. Improvised poems after each lecture. Mrs. J. H. Tuttle sings morning and evening. All are cordially invited. Free. Private Hostess and Teacher.

**The First Association of Spiritualists** holds meetings every Sunday at 3 and 8 o'clock, at the Tuxedo, 62 Madison ave., cor. 50th st., New York City.

### BROOKLYN.

**The Advance Spiritual Conference** meets every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, at 121 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Free. All welcome. Mr. G. Delore, President; Miss Winnie Brown, Secretary.

**The Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn** holds meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 8 o'clock, and social meetings every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, at Hall 433 Classon Avenue, between Lexington Avenue and 42nd street. ELIZABETH F. KUTNER, President. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the hall.

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

**217 South Fourth Street, near Bowling.**—Mrs. Tillie Evans, medium. Meetings Sunday and Thursday, at 8 o'clock. Philosophy and Phenomena.

### PHILADELPHIA.

**The Philadelphia Spiritualist Society** meets at Handel and Haydn Hall, 121 and 123 South 4th street, every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 and 7:30 in the evening.

### NEWARK, N. J.

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

### CHICAGO, ILL.

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

### SPRINGFIELD, PORT WORTH, TEXAS.

**Spiritual Temple**, Port Worth, Texas, Taylor st., between 7th and Jackson. Services for children, 2 p.m.; for adults, 3 and 7 p.m. Mary Agnes Wilson, Assistant Pastor, leads a singing. Jennie Hagard 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 \* have the BANNER OF LIGHT on sale.

### Local Briefs.

### BOSTON.

**Berkeley Hall, Sunday, April 22.** A large and enthusiastic audience listened to one of the finest addresses that has been given before this society during the season, taking it from a spiritual and educational standpoint. The weather was not of the kind that insured a large audience usually, but it did not seem to make any difference with those who wished to hear Mrs. Allyn. The meeting was opened as usual by Mr. Schaller with a piano solo, followed by a beautiful song by Mrs. J. T. Pearl, after which Mrs. Allyn spoke. In the evening Mrs. Allyn gave another fine lecture; Mr. Schaller and Mrs. Pearl contributed beautiful music. Mrs. Allyn closed the meeting by giving mental readings, which were successful and correct in every instance. Remember, next Sunday will be your last opportunity to hear Mrs. Allyn before this society for a long time. Do not fail to be present to hear her farewell address. Her friends should all be present both morning and evening.

The BANNER OF LIGHT is your paper and devoted to your interest. If you don't subscribe, why not? Every Spiritualist and liberal-thinking person should have their names on the subscription list. You can subscribe at this hall, where it is always for sale. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Sec'y.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum held its session as usual. Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn was present and instituted a Band of Mercy. Our subject for the day was "The Dumb Animals." Those taking part were: Harry Gilmore Green, Maud Armstrong, Little Edna Armstrong, Miss Martha Mackenzie, Mrs. Ada Pratt, Dr. Dean Clarke, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn. Subject for next Sunday, "What Three Things do We Most Need, and Why?" Lyceum meets every Sunday at 1 p.m. (The report of the mass meeting held at Lawrence will be ready for next week's BANNER OF LIGHT.)

**Commercial Hall, Mrs. Nutter Pres.** Sunday, April 22. Meeting opened with half-hour song service led by Will Nutter. Invocation, Miss Braham; morning circle conducted by Mrs. Kranicki and Brown. Those assisting throughout the day, Mesdames Nutter, Knowles Mullen, Watson, Peabody-McKenna, Aokerman, McLean; Messrs. Baker, Turner, Jackson, Hardy, McLean.

**First Spiritualist Church**, 616 Washington street, M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor.—Convened at 11. Subject, "Sin," was discussed by Messrs. Hill, Morse, de Boe, Newhall, Baker, Neal; Mesdames Carboe, Kneeland, Weston, Griffin, Miss Sears. Subject next Sunday, "The Devil. What is He, and Where is He?" Those assisting at the afternoon and evening meetings were Mesdames Strong, Woods, Katzol, Kneeland, Dr. Pfeiffer. Meetings Wednesday.

**The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1**, C. B. Yeaton, Sec'y. April 22 the lesson was "What is Spiritualism?" The little folks topic was "Hope." The following members took part in the concert: Eldon Bowman, Irene Martin, Rebecca Goolitz, Harry Green, Irma Carleton, Esther Botta, Carrie Engel and Floyd Sibley. Remarks by Dr. W. A. Hale and Mr. Harold Leslie.

**Odd Ladies' Hall, 445 Tremont street.** Circle opened Sunday, April 22, by Mr. Pye. Song service one half hour before afternoon and evening meetings. Mr. Hall opened after noon and evening by Scripture reading and prayer. Those assisting through the day: Mr. Danby, Dr. Blackden, Messrs. Marten, Brown, Whitmore, Cohen, Ibell, Chase, Quintby, Wood; Mrs. Dodge, poem; Mrs. Whit tier, poem; Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Gutterer; Mrs. Barnes, song; many others assisting. Next Sunday extra talent promised. Come and join us. Harmony prevailed. BANNER OF LIGHT at door. Mrs. Gutterer, President.

**Home Rostrum Spiritualists** of Charlestown held two sessions on Sunday. The circle at 11 a.m. was very interesting. Mrs. Gilliland gave an instructive address on "The Growth of Spirit." At 7:30 prayer service; remarks and messages, Mr. Flower; Mrs. L. M. Mellen of New Bedford gave a very interesting talk on "Spiritualism." Mrs. Mason of Everett gave several spirit descriptions; Mrs. Gilliland gave a number of psychometric readings. Meeting as usual next Thursday at 7:45. Mediums and friends invited.

**The Ladies' Lyceum Union** met at the usual hour in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street, on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 18. There was a good attendance. The meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. M. J. Butler. Supper was served at 6:30. The regular meeting was held in the evening, opening at 8 o'clock with a piano solo by Prof. Milligan. Mr. Arthur made remarks and gave messages which were accurate in every instance; Warren Hall, one of the leading Lyceum boys, a song; Little Iona Stillings, a reading; Mrs. F. C. Ball and Mr. Harold Leslie, vocal selections; Mrs. Collins, spirit communications; Mrs. Graham, remarks; Mrs. Butler, readings. We meet every Wednesday, and all are welcome.

**The Helping Hand Society** held a "Red, White and Blue Party" on Wednesday evening, April 18, under the management of Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn. Previous to the opening of the meeting Mr. and Mrs. Young presented to the Society, to be sold on shares, a large wedding cake. Mrs. A. S. Rowe was the fortunate lady who drew the cake, and at once presented it to Mr. and Mrs. Hatch, Jr. The meeting was opened by the congregation singing a patriotic piece. The President, Mrs. Hatch, then introduced Mrs. Allyn as the chairman for the evening, who, on taking the chair, presented to the President of the Society a beautiful avel decorated with the national colors. Mrs. Allyn followed by reading a newspaper clipping entitled "Our Duties to the Heavens." The following talent took part: Miss Sadie Jackson, Miss Martha McKenzie, Miss Grace Tarsbell, C. L. C. Hatch, E. W. Hatch, Mr. E. B. Packard, Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Mr. A. Danforth, Dr. Dean Clarke, Mrs. Ada Pratt. Many prizes were distributed by Mrs. Allyn for patriotic pieces rendered and to those who displayed the red, white and blue. It was unanimously voted to extend to Mrs. Allyn a vote of thanks from the Helping Hand and the Lyceum for her assistance and kindness to both societies during her stay with the Berkeley Hall Society. Our next meeting will be held Wednesday, May 2, when a white party will be held.

**The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society**, Mrs. C. H. Appleton, President, held its regular meeting Thursday afternoon and evening, April 19, in Dwight Hall. The meeting opened with singing, Mrs. Green presiding at the piano. The speakers for the evening were Mesdames Ida P. A. Whitlock, C. Fannie Allyn, Nutter, Mr. Ibell, and Little Miss Ratzell, the child medium. Recitations were given by Mrs. Smith and Mr. Bird; Miss Brehm, piano solo, and Russell, a flute solo. April 26 and May 3 the amendments to the By-Laws are to be read from the public platform. April 17 an Apron and Sunbonnet sale was held, and a salad supper served. Emma L. Hubbard, Sec'y.

**241 Tremont street, Friday, April 20, 1900.**—The regular meeting of the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society was held as usual, with the President, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Albee, in the chair. A circle was held at 4 p.m., which was enjoyed by all. In the evening the following took part: Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Mrs. Caird gave messages; Mrs. Webster voiced choice words in regard to progression, and said that the question asked so often, "How Can We Best Elevate Spiritualism?" could be best answered by saying, "Elevate Spiritualists; teach yourselves to reach a higher plane of thought; Spiritualism needs no elevating." She gave several messages, which were well received. Mr. Packard and Mrs. Gerard spoke. Mr. E. W. Hatch gave a recitation, "The Spirit of Seventy-six," which was well received. Mr. Cohen gave messages. Next Friday night is "white night." We hope to see many of the friends. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

### Massachusetts.

The members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, Waltham, gave an interesting and delightful entertainment in Fraternity Hall Thursday evening. The children who appeared on the program had their parts well learned and recited them excellently. The program given was as follows: Welcome, Fern Connor; piano solo, Miss Myra Winslow; "The Sick Doll," Alberta Howe, Dexter Winslow; "The Day After," Ruth Goulding; "The Art Critic," Miss Colomy, Jessie Doe; song, "My Tom," Eva Knight; "Writing to Grandma," Elmore Wyman; "The Middle Boy," Frank Lowell; Lullaby, Ethel and Violet Fuller; "Six Times Nine," Gladys Eldridge; "Among the Animals," Edith Lincoln; "Going to Mauro," Alice Kimball, Howard Connor, Mr. Wheeler; song, "The New Kingdom," Mrs. Eta S. Burns; "The Little Pedlar," Albert Howe; "Tom's Practical Joke," Misses Emma and Gertrude Eldridge and Percy Connor; "Seven Days of the Week," Jessie Doe, Eva Knight, Ethel Fuller, Lillian Williams, Olive Downs, Violet Fuller, Mary Goulding. The committee in charge of the entertainment were Miss Myra Winslow, chairman; Mrs. Sarah Kimball and Abner Wheeler. Notwithstanding the wet atmospheric conditions prevailing there was a good attendance, and all had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

The Arthur Hodges Spiritual Society, Lynn, held its usual Sunday services at Temple's Hall April 22 with appreciative audiences. Fine music by Mrs. J. P. Hayes. At 2:30 Mrs. N. S. Noyes gave an able lecture on "Spiritualism in the Home and Every Day Life." She then gave many fine astrological readings and spirit messages. At 7:30 a grand concert by Mrs. J. P. Hayes and her pupils, and other fine talent. Mrs. Nuso and Mrs. Noyes made remarks and gave messages. Next Sunday, by request, at 2:30 and 7:30 concert by the same, and other good talent. Everybody invited. T. H. B. James.

**Progressive Spiritualist Association, D. E. Matson, Sec'y.** Sunday, April 22, services were held in Providence Hall, 21 Market street, Lynn. At 2:30 a séance by Mr. Chase; from 4 to 5 healing circle conducted by Dr. Qualde;

**First Spiritualist Society, Lowell.**—The meetings are still growing under the instructions of Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock of Providence, R. I. In the afternoon, April 22, she delivered a discourse on "Mediumship." In the evening two questions were answered, "Does Death End All?" and "The Results of Spiritualism on the Home" (a reply to the words, "Spiritualism Ruins Many Happy Homes.") Next Sunday, Mrs. Whitlock's last engagement with us for the season, we are sorry to say. BANNERS and Thinkers for sale. John S. Jackson, Pres.

**The Ladies' Aid Society of the First Spiritualist Society, Lowell,** celebrated its third anniversary in Old Odd Fellows' Hall, Saturday, April 21. An elaborate banquet was served, after which Mrs. Laura Jordan, President, called to order, and for an hour and a half short addresses were given by a number of those present. Among the invited guests present were Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock of Providence, the officers of the First Spiritualist Society, and Mr. F. Thompson of Spring Vale, Me. The kitchen was in charge of Mrs. Ida N. Cunningham. Mrs. Ella Favor, Sec.

**The Children's Independent Society of Spiritualists** held their regular meeting this week Thursday evening. There will be a sale, snipping party, and short program by the children, and dancing for one hour. Music by Miss Came, piano, Mr. Swift, cornet, Mr. Lehman, violin. Tickets free from members to their friends. Mrs. C. M. Hartwell, President. Supper served at 6:30; fifteen cents. Miss Came, Cor. Sec'y.

**The First Spiritualist Society, Fitchburg.**—Dr. C. L. Fox, President.—Sunday, April 22, Mrs. E. M. Kinsman of this city occupied the platform at 2 p.m., and Mrs. S. C. Cunningham of Cambridgeport at 7 p.m. A large number of spirit descriptions and messages were given at both services, fully recognized; piano selections, Miss Howe; cornet solos, Glenn C. da Costa; J. S. Scarlett of Cambridgeport, next Sunday.

**First Spiritualist Society, Central Hall, Central street, Salem.**—Services were held afternoon and evening, Sunday, April 22. Mrs. Sadie L. Hand, medium, gave two spiritual seances and many communications. We have with us next Sunday Harrison D. Barrett, and it is to be hoped that he will be greeted with a full house. J. S. Hammond, Sec.

**First Spiritualist Society, Fall River, Mass.** Thomas Cartman, Sec'y, writes: Mrs. J. K. D. Conant-Henderson was our speaker April 22. In the afternoon she spoke of "The Power of Prayer." In the evening she spoke on "Materialism." Mrs. Conant-Henderson was at her very best. Her spirit messages were both numerous and correct. Mrs. Henderson is booked for engagements with our Society for next season.

**New York.** Brooklyn. The Advance Conference held its regular Saturday evening meeting on April 21, at its hall 1101 Bedford Avenue. After singing by congregation Mr. Robinson gave an address on "The New Lord's Prayer" from a spiritual standpoint, followed by Mr. Deloree on "Bible Spiritualism." Mr. Whitney, Secretary of the New York State Association, gave a short talk. Dr. Franks then voiced the messages from spirits present. Mr. F. A. Wiggins of Boston next Saturday. BANNER OF LIGHT on sale. Geo. A. Deloree.

**Brooklyn.**—The Fraternity of Soul Communion held its regular Sunday evening service at Aurora Grata Cathedral, Bedford Avenue and Madison street, April 22. A large audience greeted Ira Moore Couriles, the medium of the evening, who gave over an hour to spirit communications. The Verdi Quartet repeated the Easter program in full, and Mr. Frederik P. Boynton sang "The Song of Triumph." The society has much to be thankful for in the success that is attending our services this season. We have large audiences, and much spiritual work is being done. W. Adams, Sec'y.

**First Association of Spiritualists, Brooklyn.** Sunday, April 22. At the afternoon and evening services Miss Gaule gave excellent messages. We were very glad to welcome Mrs. Mary A. Chandler of Boston. Dr. Louis Schiesinger gave interesting testimony concerning the truth of Spiritualism. On the evening of May 16 a social entertainment will be given. M. J. Fitz Maurice, Sec'y.

**At the Woman's Progressive Union, Brooklyn.** Sunday afternoon, April 22, Prof. Look-

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hot supper, 5:30. At 7:30 Mr. Chase, astrological reading; others taking part: Mesdames Matson, Reed, Pierce, Quaide; Music, M. A. Moody. Next Sunday, many good mediums. Subscriptions taken for the BANNER OF LIGHT.

**Cadet Hall, Lynn Spiritualist Association.** Mr. Edgar W. Emerson was with us April 22, and gave excellent satisfaction. Good audiences were present in spite of unpleasant weather. Music by Mrs. Bertha Merrill, and W. H. Thomas, cornetist. Mrs. Alia Jahne of Stoneham kindly favored us with "Bobby Shafto." Next Sunday Mrs. Elsie I. Webster test medium. Sec'y.

**First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid** held regular meeting in O. U. A. M. Hall, Stoneham, April 14. Business meeting was postponed on account of sickness of the President, Mrs. Emma F. Whitteir. Supper at 6:30. Past President Mrs. Marie Hun, conducted the evening meeting, introducing Mr. F. A. Wiggins, the lecturer and medium. Next meeting, Thursday, April 26, we are to have a social and dance. A cordial invitation to all. Mrs. F. G. Robertson, Sec'y.

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May 22. 1900

wood lectured on the first chapter of Genesis to a very attentive audience. Mr. Altamus followed, giving many very beautiful messages. We were pleased to welcome our dear friend and co-worker, Mrs. May S. Pepper, who is staying at the home of Judge Daley, and is under her doctor's care. We hope for her speedy restoration to health. The evening lecture, on the "Affinity of Thought to Matter," was finely illustrated by Mr. Lookwood, and his class lectures on Saturday evenings are largely attended. Mr. Altamus bade us goodbye, but will be with us again in May. Mrs. N. B. Reeves.

### Other States.

The Progressive Union celebrated the fifty-second anniversary of Modern Spiritualism by holding an all-day meeting in I. O. O. F. Hall, Hermon Corner, on Sunday, April 8. Many beautiful recitations and songs were given by members of the Progressive Union and visiting friends. Our able President, Chester Weld, made remarks on the good of the Cause. A number of visiting brothers also gave words of encouragement, which coupled with remarks made by our own members contributed to make this an enjoyable occasion. Bro. Chas. A. Brown of Orrington, Me., was present, and delivered a very interesting address on "The Development of Spiritualism and its Practical Work." At the close of his lecture Bro. Brown gave an inspirational poem on "Love, Light and Harmony," subjects given by the audience. Nellie Chase of Hermon Pond gave a number of accurate spirit messages, nearly all of which were given to entire strangers to the medium. Leon M. Hewes, Sec'y.

Portland, Me. Mrs. M. A. Brackett, Sec'y, writes: Our platform at Orient Hall was occupied April 22, afternoon and evening, by Mrs. Abby N. Burnham of Malden, Mass. She gave us great satisfaction. We expect to have her again next fall.

Bangor, Me. Mrs. M. J. Wentworth delivered a comprehensive discourse on "The Evidences of Immortality," before the Bangor Spiritual Society, Sunday, April 22. The speaker was followed with the closest attention by her hearers. Fred Hall, Sec'y.

Richmond, Va.—Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, a truly gifted and spiritual lady, a fine inspirational speaker and medium, has just closed a season of work in our city. During the short season she has been here there has been a society formed, and about twenty-five people have signed its constitution and by-laws. She leaves here today for the North, and many are the regrets of those who have had the pleasure to meet her. We truly hope she may again visit us in the future. E. F. Yeaton.

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