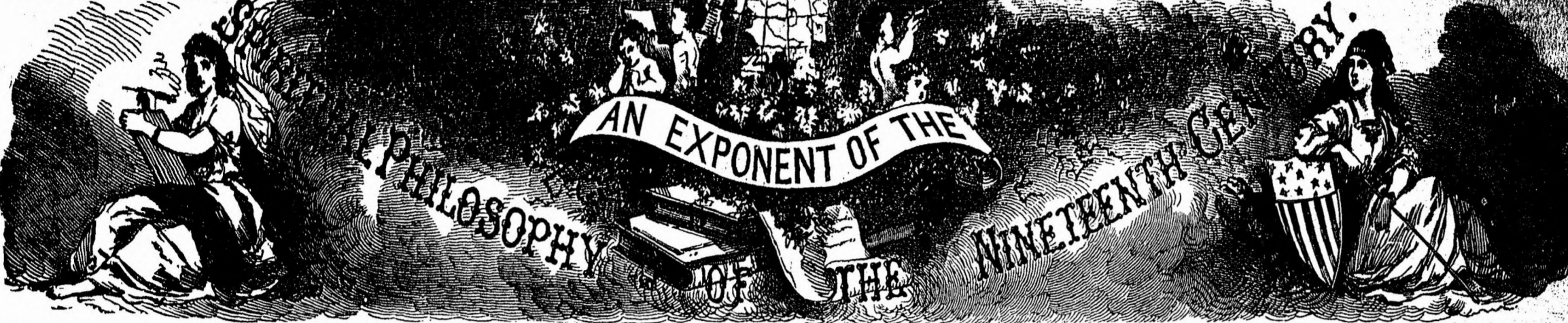


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NO. 13.

LAST WORDS OF PHOEBE CARY.

BY MARY BAIRD TRUE.

"Where are my friends, the bold and true-hearted?
Once they were legion and stood at my side,
But now they are gone—our ways they are parted,
And lonely I'm drifting on the dark tide.
The winds and the waves around me are beating—
The buffeting world has no haven for me;
No bark gives me hall, no hand gives me greeting,
No lighthouse is mine on all the wide sea.

Oh! once there were people to praise and to love me,
To gather with joy at the feast I had spread;
To scatter the sunshine around and above me,
But ah! they are gone and Alice has fled.
Wherever she is, I know she is calling—
She is drawing me unto her new summer-land;
Together we stood, but now I am falling—
We are lonely when parted—oh! take my cold hand.

Fashion a garment as fair as the lilies,
Asleep I may wear the whitest e'er made,
And bring lovely flowers from hillside and valleys,
With roses that grow in the cool summer shade.
Oh! where are my friends, do they know I am dying?
Have they flown as the birds across the blue sea?
But Alice is waiting—I hear her low sighing,
She is smiling, and smiling and singing to me.
Boone, Colo., Nov. 7, 1900.

"In her last illness Phoebe Cary often asked, 'where are my friends?' but people had gone out for the summer, and not many knew of her sickness and loneliness. She told those about her she had always wanted to wear white, but being dark thought it not suitable, 'but now when I am dead perhaps I can wear a white dress.' She also said she knew where Alice was she needed her, and she felt that she was drawing her away to her. She told them to put 'flowers about her and not let her look ugly to her friends,' but we know she was a beautiful spirit in the spirit land as she had been on earth.

Practical Experiences in Telepathy.

(Lecture delivered in Sydney, Australia, Aug. 17th, 1900.)

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

The word Telepathy, as all educated readers must be fully aware, means neither less nor more than feeling at a distance, but this broad generalization is by no means definite or concrete enough to explain the subject to the average enquirer. That there is one superior and all including sense, which being neither sight, hearing, touch, taste, nor smell, is sometimes termed a Sixth sense by students of psychic phenomena—is no longer open to serious question among any who have devoted much time and thought to spiritualistic and kindred investigation, but the nature and probable limits of this all-including sense which we may fairly designate perception, are by no means clearly defined even by the most learned and able recounters of telepathic incidents.

The elaborate scientific theory of Sir William Crookes, President of the British Society for Psychical Research, has already commanded considerable attention in the press of both hemispheres, but "brain waves" and "currents of ether" by no means supply all the data necessary to a distinct elucidation of the telepathic problem. Prof. Crookes has been long and favorably known as one of the few acknowledged leaders of scientific thought who never shrank from devoting time and energy to a thorough investigation of the claims of modern Spiritualism. The result of his researches is known to the reading public, as he has published much concerning the mysterious occurrences he has been privileged to witness in private seances and under test conditions.

Unlike Prof. T. J. Hudson and other partisan advocates of a special theory of psychology, the writings of Crookes are not hampered by a frantic determination to account for all spiritual manifestations apart from admitting the fact of actual communion with the so-called "departed" in a single instance; we do not, therefore, have to part company with this eminent scientist when we express our knowledge of the fact of telepathic intercourse with those who are in truth "not lost, but gone before," as well as with the friends still living in mortal frames and yet engaged in terrestrial avocations.

Because Hudson's theory of our two minds and two memories which he calls subjective and objective is attracting great attention wherever schools of Suggestive Therapeutics and kindred institutions are established, we allude more frequently to his two remarkable books, "The Law of Psychic Phenomena" and "A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life," than we should feel otherwise disposed to. It was the good fortune of the present writer to meet Prof. Hudson in the city of Washington before the publication of his second volume and at a time when his first book was making a great stir in literary circles. The genial author told your present scribe that in his judgment human immortality could be demonstrated scientifically like any other truth, a sentiment with which we most cordially sympathize. We are not at all desirous to cast a slur on the ingenious arguments embodied in a book which has now been a few years before the world, nor do we wish to insinuate that Hudson's reasonings in favor of individual immortality based on his theory of a sub-self or subjective consciousness are other than valid, but at the point where he undertakes to negative spirit-communion by recourse to his "two minds" theory, we unhesitatingly pronounce his negative assertions as valueless as his affirmative declarations are worthy of consideration.

The seat of the telepathic faculty, as we are

told, in the subjective mind, which is the name given to our immortal selfhood. With the majority of people this faculty remains dormant during earthly existence, but in some cases where the nature is peculiarly sensitive or "mediumistic," it asserts itself so convincingly that hundreds and even thousands of miles of land and water may sometimes prove no barrier against intelligent intercommunion between kindred entities. The impartial and unprejudiced reader or student can scarcely accept such a definition without going one step further and including possible communion with denizens of spirit-land through the same instrumentality as that enabling two friends yet incarnate to hold communion telepathically. Telepathy is a frequent, though not the invariable means whereby healing at a distance is accomplished and just as telepathic experiences, though numerous and frequent, are not quite general, so every mental healer finds some cases easy to handle, others difficult, and some seemingly beyond the reach of his individual capacity. The existence of telepathy in any instance certainly presupposes a sender and a receiver of a mental dispatch also a medium of communication between the two. Mental telegraphy and thought transference are terms of such nearly kindred import that the three are virtually interchangeable.

The attention of very many people is aroused by the unexpected and seemingly spontaneous phenomena which when subsequently analyzed open up an immense field for investigation. Whenever any two persons are very strongly attached and both are highly impressionable, telepathy results unbeknown to either of them by reason of their frequent thought of each other. (Students of unusual dreams soon begin to intelligently trace the most eventful of their nocturnal ramblings to intercourse with kindred spirits, no matter whether in this or any other phase of existence.) To one who has searched the records of Occultism and become familiar with the history of Spiritualism, many of the telepathic incidents hailed as extremely marvelous by modern psychical research committees appear tame and insignificant in comparison with the far greater wonders to which Occultists soon become accustomed if they prosecute their researches into the domain of experimental psychology with the assistance of gifted lucides or sensitives.

The distinction between natural sleep and magnetically induced somnambulism is never easy to define and it is indeed the unshaken conviction of many successful magnetists and hypnotists that the two are practically one. When we fall asleep thinking of a place or person between whom and ourselves there is a strong electro-magnetic affinity, no sooner are we sound asleep than we either travel thither as Prentice Mulford has declared in his White Cross pamphlets, or we receive tidings from that center of interest, no matter how far removed from our physical whereabouts it may chance to be. The "flying soul" or traveler in the astral body is not the only one who becomes cognizant of distant places or grows familiar with what absent friends are doing and thinking. There are many highly organized persons of both sexes—particularly among such as live largely in seclusion, devoting their thought to distant scenes—who are quite sufficiently clairvoyant and clairaudient to know what is taking place at a remote distance entirely by means of stimulated psychical perception.

Those who know nothing of remarkable and prophetic dreams and to whom all psychical experiences appear incredible, are as a rule too grossly organized to serve as telepathic mediators, but at least one out of every seven persons to be met with in daily life can easily train for some degree of proficiency as a telepathic operator. It should no more astonish people to be told that steady practice is necessary to proficiency in psychic development than that the same is necessary throughout all fields of artistic and mechanical endeavor. The telepathic faculty lies latent in every one of us, but like all manner of abilities with which we are for the most part possessed, this amazing soul-faculty as it may be legitimately termed, sleeps in most of us only to be aroused in times of special stress or danger. Though it has long been the stupid fashion of the multitude to throw discredit on their own interior experiences, thereby making it increasingly difficult for spiritual communion of any sort to make intelligible headway, we may now sincerely declare the tide of opinion to have so far turned, at least among intelligent people, that evidence is being sought in every direction confirmatory of the great truth of modern as well as ancient seership. Perfect passivity on the part of both parties is necessary to the success of a telepathic experiment, or if passivity be a misnomer in cases where mental activity is intense, entire concentration of thought and complete absorption in the work in hand must be pronounced essential.

Involuntary or sub-volitional telepathy is just as true as any other phase of psychical activity, but for purposes of scientific investigation it does not lend itself so readily to the methods of research adopted in academies and by learned committees as voluntary or volitional telepathy. Having employed these distinctive terms, we must now proceed to clearly

define them. Involuntary telepathy frequently occurs when one person is thinking intently of another, wishing to communicate with him or desiring his presence. Should there be a large degree of rapport between any two or more individuals and should any one of them be thinking of another, and that other be in a state of mental quiescence at the time, some degree of telepathy is sure to be demonstrated, but in nine cases out of every average ten, the person receiving his friend's mental message will probably content himself with some such trite commonplace as, "How singular it was that Mr. Wolf came so vividly before me when I was reading the paper in my office this morning." In times of great mental distress, the intense longing which one is apt to feel for the congenial presence of some specially sympathetic friend will often cause that friend to feel so desirous of meeting you or writing to you that you will receive a letter or a visit based upon the direct result of your mental cry for that friend's presence or response. Being at one time connected with an Occult lodge which can bear the name in this writing of the Parrot Circle, the writer, with several fellow-members, undertook a series of regular experiments in telepathy of the voluntary order, some account of which may assist many an investigator to grasp more fully some of the necessary rules to be observed for systematic thought transference.

It was during the busy London season, which reaches its culminating height in June, several years ago, that twelve ladies and gentlemen by no means outside the pale of fashionable society, undertook to sit together from 1 till 2 A. M., whenever possible, in a delightfully quiet library room in the beautiful town house of a lady whose identity can be concealed as Mrs. Grosvenor-Gore. All our professional and social engagements were usually so called that we were assembled at 17 Zebra Square soon after midnight. Our kindly hostess always insisted upon our taking light refreshments in the tea room before going into the library. Precise as the reverberating tones of "Old Ben" sounded the hour of one, we took our seats in silence around a large mahogany table from which all light articles had been removed. A very large Bible, a massive inkstand, and a brazier from which the odorous smoke of pastilles filled the apartment with a gracious fragrance, were the only articles remaining stationary in the centre of the table. The clasps of the Bible were of silver, highly polished, and the lids of the ink bottles were the same. Three of our party were exceptionally fine sensitives and possessed clairvoyance in marked degree. One of these we called the "Bible Seer," because he saw his visions in the clasps of the Bible; the other two were designated "Lucides de Penere," because they beheld visions in the silver corners of the ink bottles. When we began our experiments, we had no definite plan of action, and indeed we knew not just how to begin our experiments, but having at our first sitting seated ourselves in a perfectly harmonious circle round the table, we quietly awaited spontaneous results.

The earliest indication of some mystic force at work among us was the semi-entranced condition of one of the ladies, who were gazing steadfastly into the silver ink covers just as seeresses are accustomed to employ a crystal, a magic mirror, or even a clear glass of water which often answers the purpose quite as well as the most expensive crystal obtainable. As it was a time of night when many people were soundly sleeping, it did not strike any of us as peculiar when Miss Inkworthy exclaimed, "Mother is sound asleep. I can see her distinctly in a large front room up two flights of stairs in a fine house in Palmeira Square, Brighton; she has just written to me, at least she finished her letter just before retiring and fell asleep wishing me to know the important news that my brother has just returned from India and has joined her at the seaside." As this vision related altogether to the lady's family affairs, we could none of us judge immediately as to its relevancy to the subject of our research, but when we re-assembled the next night in the same place, the following letter was placed in all our hands to read:

"Dearest Emily:—Tom has taken me greatly by surprise; he has just come home from Calcutta, and learning from mutual acquaintances in London that I am at Brighton for my health, ran down this evening to keep me company. Knowing how very full of engagements you always are in June, I cannot insist upon your joining us, but if half Tom tells me about thought transference is true, you will be able to join in our conversations on the beach and accompany us in our many pleasant saunterings. As I finish this letter, the clock strikes twelve; I am very sleepy; I shall go to sleep thinking of you; who knows that my spirit and yours may not commingle in that wondrous borderland of which we hear so much nowadays? If you are going in for this very fascinating telepathy which Tom has seen so marvelously demonstrated in India, you will probably no much longer stand in need of such prosaic institutions as the post-office and the telegraph companies. Tom says you are sure to get into the psychic swim where you are now staying, so I await your next letter with more than the usual interest.

"Your loving mother,
"Irene Inkworthy."

"P. S. (9.15 A. M.)—Before posting this letter I must tell you: I have had a most remarkable dream. I woke for about an instant

at 1.30 A. M.; I heard your voice saying, 'Yes, mother, I'll take note of it.' Then I saw you with eleven other persons seated around a large table in a private library; you were gazing fixedly into some glistening object, but Tom made no mental impression upon you, as you and he are not in the same electric circle. Do answer by next post, and if you are having seances at Mrs. Gore's, tell me all about them."

Needless to say, we were all highly pleased with this lady's singular accomplishment. On the third night of our sitting we made thirteen, and it was the 13th day of the month, Captain Thomas Inkworthy having at his sister's request been admitted to our convalescence for that occasion only, he having come up to London for a day's business and accepted our hostess's invitation to be a fellow-guest with his sister. When we remembered that the number of the house where we were assembled was thirteen and that there were thirteen of us sitting between 1 and 2 A. M. on the thirteenth day of June, a curious sensation of awe took possession of the more superstitious of our company; one lady, indeed, asked permission to withdraw on plea of a headache or some slight indisposition. Our hostess, who was a woman of iron nerve, and one who had witnessed manifestations of the most awe-inspiring character in many parts of spirit-haunted America, insisted that we should all remain together, and seeing we had with us a gentleman versed in the mysteries of Hindu telepathy, far greater results than otherwise would probably be forthcoming. On that particular occasion we lowered the lights till there was only the faintest glimmer of radiance illuminating the then eerie room. Our military friend (a magnificent young man of knightly bearing) lifted his hands over the centre of the table and in highly impressive tones conjured a native prince still in India to reveal himself to our awaiting circle.

Our "Bible medium," a delicate youth of eighteen, soon went into a trance and described a picture which appeared to him in the clasps of the great book, every detail of which Capt. Inkworthy acknowledged as completely accurate; the two young ladies seemed too excited to see anything in the ink stoppers, but a middle-aged gentleman who had hitherto appeared totally lethargic at our gatherings, in a voice totally unlike his own revealed to us facts concerning the Indian Secret Service with the workings of which all of us were totally unacquainted save our gifted psychologic visitor. Directly this gentleman ceased speaking, the table swayed to and fro like a ship in a storm; then appeared in sight of all of us a fleshy, filmy outline of a human form thin as gossamer and perfectly transparent; the head was covered with a white turban, and the entire dress (white also) hung in the loose, artistic folds which so happily characterize Oriental costume. This apparition was, we were assured, the "double" or "astral body" of the rajah whose material frame was quietly recumbent in far-off Hindostan. Not a word was spoken by our mysterious astral visitant, but questions with which we pried him were answered with lightning-like rapidity through the lips of the completely entranced youth who sat gazing steadfastly though with seemingly unseeing eyes into the silver Bible clasps which were always the focal centre of his vision.

During the continued presence of the apparition our young seer interpreted to us with amazing lucidity secrets of Oriental Occultism which never pass beyond the pale of initiates and their disciples. This Rajah-pundit, between whom and the English captain subsisted a warm and enduring friendship, unfolded to us the means whereby we could train ourselves to become expert telepathists. "But," said he (through the mediumship of the entranced boy), "your lack of concentration upon momentous questions is your chief drawback to attainment." It was 2 A. M. precisely when the vision faded, and though it was a warm summer night, we all felt cold and hungry, despite the cakes and chocolate with which we had been regaled just previous to the seance. Our resourceful hostess in quick time, with the aid of a gas fire and Liebig's extract, made a bountiful supply of beef tea, which we all enjoyed heartily as we discussed far into the morning the strange episode which had just transpired. (The thoroughly veracious stories of telepathy in India related by Capt. Inkworthy would have sounded but as fragments of a highly sensational novel in the ears of all of us, had we not been sobered and convinced by the apparition of the "double" so convincingly presented to us.)

I doubt not many of the Hudsonian fraternity will accept such testimony as that here presented without desiring to discount even a tithe of its phenomena, but on subsequent occasions in that very house during these nocturnal sittings we received equally convincing proof that our friends who have "shuffled off their mortal coils" could just as easily commune with us. One of the chief advantages of telepathy is that it throws brilliant light upon the subject of human nature and containment, and by doing away in toto with the materialistic fallacy that our five material senses are the boundaries of our possible conscious experience reveals to us a marvelous super or inner sense which immeasurably transcends all material boundaries, giving us at least vivid foretastes of a state of ex-

istence where the "subjective mind" as Hudson terms it, will have uninterrupted play to manifest and exercise the boundless possibilities which here and now are but occasionally seen to peer from behind the veil of materiality in which nearly everyone is at present densely enshrouded.

Though the occasion mentioned was for phenomenal wonder the most remarkable of all the sessions of the "Parrot Circle," many other sittings furnished us with proof palpable of our great telepathic capabilities. The present writer on several occasions saw and read mental telegrams sent by friends in different parts of the world, and as there is nearly five hours difference in time between London and New York and nearly eight hours difference between London and San Francisco, as we were in telepathic rapport with centres of psychic activity in both those great American metropolises, we had the advantage of arranging many psychic meetings at hours quite convenient to our transatlantic conferees. A circle of enquirers in New York were accustomed to meet every Monday and Thursday at 8.15 P. M., and with these earnest seekers for spiritual light, we in London at the same time often held delightful converse. These good people were singularly open-minded and therefore free from prejudice; they had decided moral convictions to uphold, but from foolish dogmatism of all descriptions they were unusually free.

Being omniverous readers, they were thoroughly familiar with scientific terms, so that telekinesis, telekinetic phenomena and similar high-sounding terms, when met with in the Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society, by no means staggered them. Determining to test their own powers, one of them, a young medical student, sent a cablegram to the writer requesting that opportunity should be given him to transmit intelligence to the "Parrot Circle" in London while meeting with his associates in the "Bear Lodge" in New York. This young man was wonderfully superior in all respects to the typical medical student, as he was by no means materialistic in philosophy nor was he in the slightest degree averse to receiving truth through so-called "irregular" as well as "regular" channels. Proceeding by means of a series of graded experiments, beginning with the transmission of commonplace information of a thoroughly verifiable character, we proceeded to a point where we left simple telepathy in the background and proved the therapeutic and moral efficacy of suggestion from a distance beyond the possibility of reasonable dispute.

The first set of messages received related to such trivial incidents as the purchase of gloves, neckties, etc., in a certain store at a certain hour, together with the price paid for each article. Whatever information darted into our minds or whatever scenes we visualized while sitting in perfect tranquillity during the consecrated hour, we made a record of immediately the seance had closed, and though it was between two and three A. M. when we inscribed our memoranda, we were always careful to jot down every detail of noteworthy experience, so that when our correspondents across the ocean communicated with us through the mails, we might be able to verify point by point the messages we had actually proved capable of receiving from them.

On the second occasion of our sitting contemporaneously with our transatlantic coadjutors, one of our party was suffering from severe nervous indisposition, accompanied by acute headache, which no medicine had proved effective to relieve. Being a sensitive of a high order, intensely susceptible to extraneous psychic influence, we suggested that she should calmly await a mental treatment from our gifted young telepathist three thousand miles away. No sooner had we completed our usual introductory evocation than this lady described the young man who may be known as Arthur Bull in this narrative, in the most precise manner; then passing into a semi-entranced condition, or rather into a state of super-consciousness, she declared that she felt soft hands stroking her forehead and entirely relieving her pain, while she heard clairaudiently the precise words of the mental treatment given to her from the representative of the circle in New York. Ten days later, when our letters from America arrived, among them was a most interesting epistle from Arthur Bull detailing in extenso the proceedings of the Circle of which he was a member and confirming in every detail the clairvoyance of our English sensitive.

All who are interested sufficiently in the question of telepathy and the face it presents to distinguished members of the medical profession, would do well to read "Telepathy and the Subliminal Self," by Dr. Osgood Mason, a learned doctor who has now completed his seventieth year, and who for the past thirty years has devoted much time and thought to practical investigation of this truly recondite and exhaustless theme. Having for many years employed "Suggestion" with great success in his large and influential practice, Dr. Mason is in a position to write learnedly and knowingly on this intensely vital topic, and it is interesting to find that no prejudice whatever holds back this very outspoken gentleman (Continued on second page.)

(Continued from page one)

from expressing his conviction that there is strong presumptive evidence, to say the least, that the faculty of telepathy makes communion possible between friends on earth and in the unseen sphere of spirit. Dr. Mason, as reported in the "Coming Age" (Feb., 1900), says: "If these messages purporting to come from spirit existences really are only the product of the sub-conscious mind, then all the sub-conscious minds that have reported themselves have agreed to lie, for they almost uniformly declare that they are spirits formerly inhabiting human bodies. Such a stupendous lie is hardly supposable," and in closing an interview with a press representative, Dr. Mason adds, "During the last twenty years, I think, among intelligent people Spiritualism has scored better than its opponents."

Another distinguished physician, Paul Giber, of the Pasteur Institute in New York, in his recently published book, "Psychism: Analysis of Things Existing," has gone even much further than Dr. Osgood Mason, and though manifesting the cautious and somewhat conservative spirit generally characteristic of medical and other specialists, has vouched for a mass of evidence conclusively establishing both the telepathic and spiritualistic hypotheses. A simple summing up of present day evidence of the most reliable sort obtainable leads to the conclusion that the subliminal self is only another name for the spiritual entity which is the real human being that here and now occasionally manifests something of that inherent power to function in ways transcending the physical senses even as those function who, to use the apt phrase of Shakespearean phrase, have "shuffled off this mortal coil."

For the practical guidance of any who wish to cultivate the telepathic faculty, we most strongly advise periodic sittings at regular intervals in some quiet retreat either alone or in company with a few deeply sympathetic friends, and before all else we must insist upon concentration of thought in no merely ordinary degree. The person who exclaims, "I cannot concentrate my thoughts upon anything for more than two or three minutes at a time," is self-excluded from participation in any form of scientific experiment, seeing that without the closest concentration upon work in hand, no satisfactory results in any field of investigation can be obtained. Though we have drawn upon the records of private investigating circles to furnish illustrations for this article, we by no means wish to convey the idea that solitary individuals cannot procure equally convincing results; though it must be admitted that when a congenial company of truth-seekers assemble regularly in a place specially devoted to psychic research, there is a stimulus afforded by mental association that only in very rare instances is felt to anything like the same extent when one is sitting alone. There are, however, occasions when private sitting is most conducive to perfect telepathy, and that is when there is some particular close bond of affection or mutual interest between two persons at a physical distance from each other, one or both of whom may be living in a somewhat uncongenial environment.

The old saying, "Distance makes the heart grow fonder," is sometimes true, and when it does so it goes far to prove the subsistence of strong spiritual affinity between those friends. Marie Corelli's phrase, "natural electric sympathy," familiar to all readers of "A Romance of Two Worlds," is one of the best literary definitions of that extraordinary subtle connection between some people which subsists quite independently of ties of blood or previous earthly acquaintanceship. In the ample field of therapeutic practice where so-called hypnotism plays an admittedly conspicuous part, the action of telepathy is clearly traceable in multitudinous instances. For ourselves we prefer to use the term hypnotic as little as possible, because if it is employed etymologically it is inseparably connected with sleep (Greek *hypnos*), and it used popularly it suggests intellectual tyranny, as it is commonly believed that one person dominates the will of another, though such is not actually the case in simple suggestive practice, with which hypnotism is frequently confounded even by learned and experienced physicians.

It is still contended by many successful magnetists that a fluid emanation passes from one person to another and that this serves as a conductor of intelligence just as electricity is employed in telegraphy to transmit information over land and under ocean. There certainly must be some transmission force set in motion where tidings are received in London from brethren in New York at a telepathic circle and from all we can learn of the nature of this force and the mode of its working, it can only regularly operate when sender and receiver at opposite ends of the line of communication are in a tranquil or completely concentrated condition. Those who wish to become experts in telepathy must train themselves to make their own silence and retire into their own sanctuary, regardless of physical surroundings. To do this effectively, one must learn not to turn the head when there is a little noise in a place where one is sitting, nor to follow a scampering crowd to grin at a fire or snicker at a street fight. To live in one's own mental world heedless of outside commotion is to take a great forward step toward the goal which must be reached before we can command the elemental forces around us and put into practice those beautiful transcendental doctrines which philosophers of the old school as well as the new declared to be foundation stones in the temple of human welfare.

Absent healing which is the most mysterious phase of suggestive practice is undoubtedly accomplished very largely through telepathic agency and though finally every one must be his own healer and health preserver, the initial impulse toward a newer and higher life is often given by the thought of an absent friend reaching you when you are most in need of advice and support. To successfully accomplish absent healing the healer must annihilate the thought of distance and speak gently but firmly and clearly to the absent friend as though the two were together bodily in the same apartment. Whoever wishes to receive a mental treatment from an absent practitioner should take a quiet receptive attitude alike of mind and body. There must be no straining or trying, no intense muscular action or exhausting endeavor to propel force to a distant point, but serene composure of thought and posture. Just as the physical voice grows stronger, becoming deeper and fuller with continuous judicious exercise, so does the mental voice become likewise clearer and more resonant, and mysterious though it must appear to all who have not grown familiar with psychic marvels, the trained adept in telepathy is actually one who has so increased the penetrating quality of his psychic voice that his tones can be heard by the psychic ear of a listening friend even as far as from England to Australia.

How loosely and narrowly men contemplate the Infinite! They talk of Deity and His laws as they would speak of man and human enactments. As in human, erring courts, every person is judged by the same law. As well consider every person exactly of the same length. Every entity in the universe has divine laws applicable to itself alone. Weak indeed is the judgment which commends or condemns all alike by the same rule. When frail man can count all the entities, conscious and unconscious, and all the law to which each is subject, he may stand as judge among men, and tell of the judgments which now are and will be.—Rix.

RETROSPECTION OF SIXTY YEARS.

BY ALONZO DANFORTH.

Three times a score of years and yet the day Of life that God has given wanes not away, Still throbs my active pulse as though no fear Of Death was creeping nearer and more near.

For what do I now live? A pleasant home, Good health, kind friends, and no vain wish to roam; My life is full of peace. Father in Heaven, I thank thee for so many blessings given.

But I am thinking of the past tonight, How all its shadows have been changed to light; Again I see myself a laughing child, A quiet, graceful youth, nor gay, nor wild.

Again I stand the holy shrine beside— And see again my fair browed darling bride, But—when I thought to need her most on earth, She left her home for one of spirit birth, And four fair children lingered at my side, While three had crossed the mystic river's tide.

And yet another home has grown almost From out the shattered fragments of the first, Not quite a score of years we've walked together In all life's sunshine and its stormy weather.

But earth is a beautiful dwelling place, Too bright to suffer from sin's disgrace, And our course is onward through hope and fear, Through the joy and sorrow that waits us here.

Ere my age shall number another score Can it be I shall pass to the spirit-shore? I fear not the future. I know there is rest In the quiet hereafter, the home of the blest, And my silvered hair and my furrowed brow Tell me that Time's hand lies heavily on me now.

Farewell to the past; now my work is done There is joy and peace for us every one; I know we shall meet once more in Heaven All those gone before us, their sins forgiven, And those still calling the earth their home We will bid them welcome whenever they come.

But we have no regretful sigh for the past, We are glad its shadows are flown at last; There are joys and sorrows and hopes and fears In the life that has numbered just three score years. And I know were it ever so full of pain I could not have lived so long in vain.

In the future before me I fear no ill, The hand that has guided will keep me still, The light that hath glided my way so far Is the earnest radiance of truth's bright star, And all that my life hath brought to me Is proof of my own immortality.

There is pleasure still in each path of life, Enough of peace and enough of strife, And in Heaven that makes every life complete Shall parents and children and loved ones meet.

The Soul of Satan.

BY MARCEL GIFFORD.

One of the Banner's contributors recently gave us various glimpses of the figurative personality of Satan, and it will be interesting to consider the characteristics of Satan, which have created these conceptions in the minds of men of different ages and countries, and religious beliefs. The most ancient conception mentioned in this article, was that Satan's power would at last cease. This is followed out in the Hebrew literature, by the description of the time when this cessation of Satan's power shall have taken place. Satan is a figure to represent evil, as other powers are represented, love, justice, liberty, etc., and so long as evil lasts, so long will the figurative person of Satan last in the minds of the people.

When a people degenerate, their images become their idols, and so it was that Satan from being created an image of evil, came to be in the minds of the people a personal being. Satan will live, and his place of torment will live so long as men keep evil in the world. Every man knows as much of Satan and hell as he dwells in evil. God cannot conquer Satan any faster than he can win souls from evil, for his laws provide that man shall be left in freedom to choose good or evil. Having made all things good, and created man to enjoy all he created of his own free will, he now that man has wandered into his own mistaken ways, wins him back, but does not compel him, for that would be to make him of the lower order of creation, the beasts, who have no choice but to live in the order of their being.

It is true that Satan never repents, from the point of view that evil grows worse and worse the longer it is lived, forever and forever. Not until man repents, can Satan's sway be weakened. Evil is very intelligent in the ways of evil; in inventions and resources, and man is always trying to persuade himself that the evil he desires to live is good. This is where the figure of Satan as a wolf in sheep's clothing, takes its birth. Also he may be overcome and chained and thrown into a bottomless pit that is so deep that he cannot be seen, but he is never destroyed for any longer time than a man lives well; the moment he turns to evil, no matter whether it be a long or short time, that moment Satan appears, for the reason that he is not a person, but a state of the human mind and heart. God created good and man created evil; God created the angel, and man created the devil, and the way to get rid of the evil is to turn from man's creations and seek God's. The Bible is full of admonitions to the children of men to turn from their own mistaken ways and obey God's instructions, which alone can lead them into the light.

The Hebrew Bible again, gives us the picture of the beautiful truth that all is good, and evil but perverted good, in the story of the fallen angel. Every evil is a fallen angel and may be restored to its original condition by the power of God, if man wills. Mrs. Browning brings out another vital truth: the perverted good is ever calling in man's soul to be restored; the fallen angel longs for its home. This inner voice man hears, and sometimes ignores, and sometimes listens. Man when he listens desires to be saved from his evil ways, but thinks God is punishing him for disobeying him, and that He will not release him from the chains he himself has forged, not knowing that the voice he hears is the voice of God calling him. No description of Satan or his abode can exaggerate; we can find it all embodied right here in this world, and wherever it exists it is the same. All men who have lived in evil practices will tell you that "their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." So long as they dwell in the evil, so long the torment lasts.

Paul is right in banishing "the spirit that denies," into eternal despair, for that is always the doom of the spirit that denies; denial of truth and good, can never lead to anything else. It is only by banishing this spirit that man can ever find truth and good. We pity the cynic who believes all men are liars and hypocrites, and that there is no such thing as sincerity and goodness. He will be a wretched man until he banishes this spirit of denial, and he certainly never can find heaven until this is accomplished, for denial of good and truth opens no door of happiness. Marie Corelli's conception pictures human nature in its attempts to delude itself, on the one hand, and its desire to be saved from an evil life on the other. Self-indulgence is the Satan who presents a pleasing face, and is

much good company; Self-Consciousness in the midst of indulgence is the desire to withstand these things which the soul knows are evil, despite all pretense. The author takes the view that all is good, and evil being perverted, good desires to be restored, and this is done by man ignoring the temptation to self-indulgence, and seeking to live in God's order. Have we not all met at some time in our lives this prince who promises to give us fame or some other worldly desire if we will be guided by him? Have not our better natures resisted this desire at times and held it in mind in its true form? Marie Corelli pictures the new song that freed souls are singing—All is Good. There is grand work for every mortal to do in this world, in setting free some good or truth, restoring it to its true form. The picture of the power of perverted good cannot be overdrawn; we can see it demonstrated everywhere in the world today. It has as much power as the belief and fear of men give it. The sight of perverted goods and truths always frightens people much more than the thought and feeling that perverted them; there are not a few who live very comfortably with their perverted thoughts and feelings, who are frightened almost out of their wits when they see them objectified. People are not half so afraid of their fears as they are of these same fears objectified—manifested in form.

Let us remember that whenever we consciously violate any law of Life, the Lucifer in our own soul falls from heaven, where he mourns his lost estate. We hear his voice growing fainter and fainter, if we do not heed, and sadder and sadder if we listen, until we begin to help him to return. If life were not progressive we should soon cease to be, and if we do not restore Lucifer in this plane of existence, somewhere, sometime, he will find his home in our hearts again. Good and truth itself can never be perverted; it is only the thought of man that changes.

Needham, Mass.

Election Echoes.

BY HENRY SCHARFFETTER.

The jury has rendered its verdict, and the American people submit to its decision as final; whether the jury acted wisely or not remains to be seen, and the present administration will have to prove by its record during the next four years that it was worthy the confidence that the majority of the American people through its verdict bestowed upon it.

It was contended by the successful party all through the campaign that the paramount issue of the opposing forces was of a chimerical nature, originating in the brain of the defeated presidential candidate.

The successful candidate has once again the opportunity of his life within his grasp, and he can now establish for himself and his party a new record by shaping the administrative policy of this government in all its domestic and foreign relations in accordance with the fundamental guideboards of the republic that have stood the test of a century—the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. Should he and his party fail to do so and again depart from the old landmarks, they will find themselves standing on top of a volcano that may prove in the deadly effects of its eruption a second Pompeii.

We cannot but pay our tribute to the defeated presidential candidate with feelings of sympathy and admiration; he has championed the cause of the people with rare ability and devotion, unsurpassed in the history of presidential candidates.

Whether his career in American politics has ceased we cannot say, but his devotion to principles under all circumstances, his sincerity of lofty purpose, and his own blameless life cannot but prove a noble example and a shining light to the rising generation; history will refer to him as a typical American—true, noble-hearted, generous to his enemies, and with a soul filled with the spirit of liberty and lofty patriotism. Though defeated twice, his influence for good in American politics has not been lost, it lives in the hearts of the people and will bear fruit as time goes on.

And now we take pleasure in referring to a result of the election that should be hailed with great satisfaction by all Spiritualists and Free-thinkers of whatever political affiliation. Mr. Chas. R. Schirm (Rep.) of Baltimore, Md., was elected for Congress by a large majority in the Fourth Congressional district of Maryland, despite great opposition of the Methodist church element of his district. Mr. Schirm is a young lawyer of marked ability, a staunch Spiritualist, and president of the First Spiritual Church of Baltimore, Md. He believes in the religion of Thomas Paine, and "The Age of Reason" is one of his text books. Religious liberty will find in him one of its staunchest and ablest champions, and woe to him who would deny in open discussion this constitutional right of American citizenship.

Mr. Schirm is a fluent speaker and ready debater, with strong mediumistic qualities and marked individuality; he cannot fail to make his mark in Congress—the greatest political arena of the world—and his voice will ever be heard in behalf of liberty and freedom.

We congratulate all Spiritualists and Free-thinkers upon Mr. Schirm's election to Congress; their Cause will be well and ably represented, without fear and without favor.

300 S. Collington Ave., Baltimore, Md.

How is the Moral Sense Developed?

BY JOHN R. SNOW.

It is considered by the most eminent philosophers and students who are also teachers of mental and spiritual science, that human beings of this mundane sphere are of a three-fold or triune nature and this triune consists of a material or physical body; a spiritual body; the immortal soul which gains experience and growth through the mediumship of the physical and spiritual organism; and it is also considered by these philosophers that every organ of the material or physical human body has its counterpart in the spiritual body; therefore, the physical human brain, which is the organ of the mind or soul, has also its counterpart in the spiritual body; and it is an established fact in the science of psychology, which treats of the mind or soul, that the human mind is divided into three distinct functions, namely—emotion or feelings; thought or intellect; will or volition; but no one of these three properties of the incarnated human mind or soul can be manifested separately from the other two, because every mental act is performed by the whole mind or soul; but they can be distinguished from one another as one or the other predominates.

It is also considered by the most eminent teachers of mental and spiritual science, as not strictly correct to resolve the whole of mind or soul into these three properties simply, emotion, intellect and will, as these three properties are considered as merely the attributes of the conscious inner self manifesting through the mediumship of the physical body, because there really exists that indefinable true ego or immortal soul, which manifesting through both the physical and the spiritual organisms has indeed another attribute commonly called "conscience," which is the moral sense, showing that the true ego or immortal soul has the free will to decide for itself alone, as best it can through the conditions and environments of the physical and spiritual or-

ganism, as to what is right and what is wrong, what is moral and what is immoral.

Therefore, the moral sense or conscience may be defined as a particular or a subtle attribute or faculty of the immortal soul, which has the free will or power to decide for itself, but for no one else, which side to take, the right or the wrong, the moral or the immoral; and it is that faculty or moral sense which warns us when we are doing wrong and aids us to do right, and enables us to approve of our own conduct when we do what we believe to be right and censures us when we do that which we judge to be wrong.

Mankind's conscience or moral sense is not exempt from the universal principle of evolution, for everything is continually developing, unfolding and growing.

The moral sense or conscience must be developed by education. Little children are taught obedience by imposing upon them penalties and when children find out that pain is the result of disobedience, it causes them to reflect and reason, and as they grow older they will in many things act right without being afraid of punishment.

Many millions of human beings have nothing but the slavish conscience, their moral sense needs proper education, they simply obey the moral laws from fear of punishment alone.

The general moral sense of humanity, in our present civilization, is a far more morally developed conscience than was that of humanity in the dark ages, when people were crucified and burned at the stake for religious opinion's sake; and much of this horrible cruelty was done in the name of God and religion by fanatics who probably acted upon the dictates of their own conscience, firmly believing that they were doing right.

Many people are so wilfully and habitually immoral that they are said to have no moral sense or conscience, which has become so weak that it is inoperative as a good moral monitor; but this moral sense or conscience, however, can never be annihilated, because it is an attribute and forms a part of the immortal soul, and some time in the future it will surely be found to be a stern and relentless judge, from whose sentence there can be no possible escape.

The poet Cowper states:

"Thus conscience pleads her cause within the breast,

Though long rebelled against, not yet suppressed."

Lord Byron wrote:

"Whatever creed be taught or land be trod, Man's conscience is the oracle of God."

And we are all familiar with this quotation: "We should try to keep alive that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

Therefore, briefly answering the question, How is the moral sense developed? I will state that the moral sense is conscience and it must be developed by education.

257 Washington St., Malden, Mass.

Mooted Questions Again.

Usually I trouble myself very little over the adverse sayings of critics; rather, I welcome criticism as a fine stimulant, a corrective, in fact, for mental obliquities, which are ailments common enough with me, I am sorry to say, as also with all the varieties of human mentality.

Especially is the human mind strangely erratic when taking a fly into metaphysical regions where the thought food is so rich, so exhaustless, so bewilderingly will-o-the-wispish, and alluring that one has difficulty in successfully diagnosing the psychic food one wishes to capture, so it is evident that all must more or less stumble and blunder in the seeking of truth and the knowledge of truth.

Truth (from my standpoint, mark you), is immutable principle manifesting as law, power and mind, with such reflective and refractive and acute angle confusion and through such magnificent distances of substance (ever manifesting substance) is the law, that the creature gropes in the bewilderment of his reason. So when Paul F. De Gournay sees fit to so roughly handle "Re Karma" by J. A. Bunker (even though he shows no consideration as to fitness, nor understanding the incentive, aim or province of the letter in question), still I don't blame, but welcome him as a friend (in rather a riled-up disguise, maybe, but a friend), for he has moved me from a disagreeable, sluggish, mental channel, and turned me to a dare-dip-my-pen, in protest to a part of his otherwise able but tempered (very hot tempered), and misdirected article, "Mooted Questions."

I comprehend, however, the animus and import of Paul F. De Gournay's imposing array of wordy hawks, intended to swoop down and off my little mental insects who were (or thought they were) usefully trying to buzz in the editorial sanctum and not in the infinite variety of unending numbers of human courts of creation, as Paul F. De Gournay evidently imagines was the intention.

Simply to admonish, as any well meaning friend may, was the thought, against the making the editorial columns of The Banner (or any other spiritualist periodical) partisan in any degree for any dogma save the dogma of spirit return, which is a knowledge and therefore safe. However, there was where I blundered.

To embody as a tenet of faith anything so unprovable as the rebirth scheme (one finds insinuating so much into the sayings and writings of many of the workers and managers of the organization), would be organization suicide.

Mr. De Gournay thinks he has sufficient proof of a law for the re-incarnation of souls, and maybe he has.

Pythagoras thought so too, and yet, after all these lapse of centuries, reincarnation is still a "mooted question," as Paul F. De Gournay admits, and are mooted questions suitable or tenable to hold an organization?

"Mooted questions" are for individual handling and potential facts are dangerous to the unity of any religious system. Note the schisms of the Christian church and the reasons which are history.

With individual beliefs I have nothing to do, for I love the freedom to believe of what I will, a freedom to think upside down and inside out if I wish, and often do, and I can't tell the numberless times I have smiled approvingly upon the reincarnation fad, but this is from the point.

In defining the word incarnation, Paul F. De Gournay thinks J. A. Bunker extraordinary and maybe this is so, and yet be a fit definition for twentieth century folk. To be sure, in the usual acceptance of the word, the exegesis is pretty comprehensive, but Paul F. De Gournay will please note that in the today peoples, one finds them comprehending more and more that this earth-planet, with all its florescence of humanity and things is but an organized point in a system of unending organized similitudes, and this incarnation to form in earth substance (if it is incarnation rather than inherent expression) is typical of all formation. Earthly expressions and effects, Mr. De Gournay will find his dictionary favoring as incarnations, and so in the light of these points and the guessed and almost scientific parity in all the universe of things, one may be justified in using the word as defined by J. A. Bunker.

The chief point I wish to make, however, is that whatever individuals may think, as individuals, a very slim, tiny string of dogma is the strongest cord that will bind all Spiritualists in harmony, perpetuity and usefulness of purpose.

But knowledge is the master binder, which should be the only corner stone and structure of our Order if we wish it to live. For my

part, when I drop this earthly expression, I would prefer to tramp the planetary fields over and cross the wide oceans of ether at will, and glean my experience so (and I imagine the Formator is resourceful enough to allow it, since I have bloomed my way along from rock to man) than to lie myself back to an earth life in a monotone that would curse me.

Our earth life, to my way of thinking, and mind you this is not knowledge, is comprehensive. Be one rich or poor, high or low, wise or foolish, all are hit with the same genius of pleasure and pain. Egotism levels and the registering of events is but the "galena stamp," and a soul is a soul for a' that. And now as a simple layman with varying convictions and no mediumship to back me, I yield the field of controversy to Paul F. De Gournay, asking him only to please be careful and use better form than "Mrs. Bunker" when answering anything over the signature of J. A. Bunker, Candia, N. H.

Servants and People.

In representative government, representatives stand in relation to the people as servants; and to the people who choose or employ them, they are or should be subjects. Governments become burdensome and oppressive in proportion as they depart from the interest of the whole, and seek the emolument and aggrandizement of the few. In a just government any departure from a common good and a common interest is a departure from justice and the inalienable rights of its subjects. Governments come from, and are maintained by the people. As are the people so will governments be. In a representative government the subjects are the government. As men develop and attain to higher ethics, the policy of action should be on a higher scale. What farmer or mechanic or business man would think of tilling the soil and producing as the fathers did when our government was formed? Or, what mechanic would be so foolish as to manufacture the same kind of implements as in the days of Washington? Or, where is the man that is now doing business on the same slow, "single entry" method of the earlier days? The policy of government should take a step in advance. The people require it. Servants should not think they are the government, and that the people are the servants. As men progress and civilization advances, the people should be governed less, have more elbow room and pay less taxes. As the people are able to stand without props they should be allowed to stand without them. The same policy of government good for one generation, surely is not necessarily good for another. The people's consciousness is deeper today than formerly, more in sympathy with the finer forces of the universe. Today, they would not give their suffrage for a free, artificial waterway, to be kept in repair by them, and only in the interest of one person in about ten thousand. Today the people seek the interest of the whole, and they are contemplating the time when the necessity for taxes will not exist. Today the people want property, private and public, to pay. Today, if business does not pay to hire, they do not propose to hire, or they propose to employ only such help as shall have a margin. Neither does any one man employ another to work wholly in the interest of his neighbor, while he bears the burden. Too long, public servants have worked in the interest of monopolists, at the expense of the people; far more than the people know have they done this. While public servants accept free passes for themselves and friends, from railroad officials, and even greater bribes, the people may expect their Senators and Assemblymen will do the will of the bribers, and burden them with millions of dollars taxes, in unpaying property, in the interest of corporated bodies. Secret as have been the bribes, to Assemblymen and Senators, the people have their eyes on them. Candidates for our State Legislature must show their mind on this free, unpaying, artificial waterway question ere they can expect the people's suffrage. To hasten an end to the canal policy, would it not be wise and best to look for servants away from canal towns? Let the employers open their eyes.—Marion (N. Y.) Enterprise.

Self-Imposed Torture.

In a recent woman's article on the woes and trials of femininity, it very pathetically and eloquently trotted forth the painful fact that "women have headaches, backaches, dragging skirts, corsets." There! that's it! Corsets are the principal, and dragging skirts a prime, factor. The results are aches and pains galore. Who is to blame? Don't they hug their tortures to their breast and pet their favorite pains, and don't these pains furnish a topic for conversation and stand in place of an old salt's fish yarn? The one who can boast of the most ailments comes out winner. Dear me! but the sex is a strange conglomeration of all that is inconsistent. It's such an easy thing to throw one's artificial ribs in the ash heap, take several reefs out of their skirts and cut several inches off the bottom; then no more aches and groans, longings for sympathy and railing against fate will be heard. Until these steps toward emancipation are taken let us not hear of woman's bondage and inferiority, impressed upon the public mind.—Faith and Hope Messenger.

Game of Passing Beans.

This is an exciting game, and needs at least two older people to superintend it. The children are all arranged in two lines, with a small table or chair at the head of each line, upon which is placed a bowl of common white beans. There should be the same number of beans in each bowl, possibly about twelve or fourteen in all.

The child next the bowl takes out a bean, passing it to the next child, who in turn passes it on down the line, while the leader continues to take out the beans, one by one, until all are passed, the order being reversed when the end of the line is reached, and the beans started back again, the child at the end dropping them into the bowl.

There are sure to be several beans dropped in the excitement, and when all are returned, those in each bowl are counted, the one having the greatest number winning the game. In case both sides are even in number of beans at the end, the one who can get them in first wins the game.—Ez.

Underlying everything is this world just as it is. Men, or power manifested through men, have made everything as it is. Everything seems to culminate in men. The only known consciousness is in men. Will and desire is only in human beings. The test of everything is in desire and will. The desire and will is the real. As you desire and will, so would you and the world be if all superficial bars and stays were removed. So, the sum total of every betterment, is in making the desire and will in unison and on the line of the vibratory action of the power which vibrates the whole. Grow away from the superficial, get near the real.—Marion Enterprise.

No man can have too much good breeding, and no woman can have too much affection.—Natural Healer.

There are many good philanthropists abroad today who are paid to advise the laboring man how to escape starvation.—Ez.

Health in Every Drop

The Health of the Fields is in Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood and Nerve Remedy.

You need Dr. Greene's Nervura to renew the strength, vigor, snap, and energy of the nerves—to purify and enrich the blood—to make you strong and well.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is the one remedy to take—the greatest and best medicine the world has ever known.

It is absolutely harmless and every ingredient is a natural food and medicine for the nerves and blood.

Now—in the unhealthy and treacherous months—you need Dr. Greene's Nervura most. It has been the world's standard tonic and restorative for years—the one remedy on which the people can always depend.

It conquers all nervous weakness and exhaustion, debility, run-down blood, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, kidney and liver complaints, weakness, and all diseases which accompany debilitated blood and weakened nerve force.

MRS. E. J. CHENERY, 1 Spring Street, Woodford's, Me., says:

"Last spring my husband and myself were not feeling well, and I was suffering from a nervous difficulty. I did not sleep well nights, and having had sickness in the family, I had become exhausted. We heard Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy highly recommended by others. My husband and myself used eight bottles and we derived great benefit from its use. I can now sleep well and am better since its use. We think highly of Nervura."

Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., is the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He has remedies for all forms of disease, and offers to give free consultation and advice, personally or by letter. You can tell or write your troubles to Dr. Greene, for all communications are confidential, and letters are answered in plain, sealed envelopes.



with life as affected by the celestial bodies. The "Sphinx," a sketch by Anna Tharon, on the probable date of the erection of that Egyptian figure, posing as an interrogation mark to all the ages, has the first place; "Birthdays Information," a chapter of "The American Grammar of Astrology," "Notes and Queries," "When was Napoleon Born?" with the "Thebale Calendar," makes the number one of the most readable and interesting publications in the world devoted to the subject of Astrology.

Then R. A. Proctor's article on "Saturn and the Sabbath of the Jews" is worth the price of the magazine to the average reader; from it we quote, since we think it the most clearly written statement for one so brief, as to the origin of the names of the days of the week, it has ever been our good fortune to read:—

"One of the cardinal principles of astrology was this: that every hour and every day is ruled by its proper planet. Now, in the ancient Egyptian astronomy there were seven planets; two, the sun and moon, circling round the earth, the rest circling round the sun. The period of circulation was apparently taken as the measure of each planet's dignity, probably because it was judged that the distance corresponded to the period. We know that some harmonious relation between the distances and periods was supposed to exist. When Kepler discovered the actual law, he conceived that he had in reality found out the mystery of Egyptian astronomy, or, as he expressed it, that he had 'stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians.' Whether they had clear ideas as to the nature of this relation or not, it is certain that they arranged the planets in order (beginning with the planet of longest period), as follows:

1. Saturn.
2. Jupiter.
3. Mars.
4. The Sun.
5. Venus.
6. Mercury.
7. The Moon.

"The hours were devoted in continuous succession to these bodies; and as there were twenty-four hours in each Chaldean or Egyptian day, it follows that with whatever planet the day began, the cycle of seven planets (beginning with that one) was repeated three times, making twenty-one hours, and then the first three planets of the cycle completed the twenty-four hours, so that the fourth planet of the cycle (so begun) ruled the first hour of the next day. Suppose, for instance, the first hour of any day was ruled by the Sun—the cycle for the day would therefore be the Sun, Venus, Mercury, the Moon, Saturn, Jupiter and Mars, which, repeated three times, would give twenty-one hours; the twenty-second, twenty-third and twenty-fourth hours would be ruled respectively by the Sun, Venus, and Mercury, and the first hour of the next day would be ruled by the Moon. Proceeding in the same way through this second day, we find that the first hour of the third day would be ruled by Mars. The first hour of the fourth day would be ruled by Mercury; the first hour of the fifth day by Jupiter; of the sixth by Venus; and of the seventh by Saturn. The seven days in order, being assigned to the planet ruling their first hour, would therefore be:

1. The Sun's day (Sunday).
2. The Moon's day (Monday, Lundi).
3. Mars' day (Tuesday, Mardi).
4. Mercury's day (Wednesday, Mercredi).
5. Jupiter's day (Thursday, Jeudi).
6. Venus's day (Friday, Veneris dies, Vendredi).
7. Saturn's day (Saturday; Ital., il Sabato).

EXCHANGES.

From the Seigel, Cooper company comes a new magazine, "The Book World," edited by Madison C. Peters. "The Church and Theatre," by the editor, "Baptists and Literature," by Robert Stuart MacArthur. "The Literary Side of Washington," the first of a series of articles on our presidents by John De Morgan and literary notes and book reviews make it one of the most pleasing exchanges that comes to my desk. Its dress is plain but attractive, the paper is of good quality, type and arrangement faultless, it is pleasing and most welcome.

GOOD CHEER.

Vol. 1, No. 1, published by Forbes, with Nixon Waterman, Redactor, had its birth this month, and is a comely, promising child; for beauty of the book we would like to see wider margins, thus making the printed form more attractive. Hezekiah Butterworth, Opie Reed, Edward F. Burns, Sterling Elliot, and Joe Cone contribute articles which, with radiations by the editor, make the number a pleasant and joyous companion. From Butterworth's "Poets Who Were Laughed At," the following quotation is given, showing his appreciation of rural poets.

A little diamond is worth a mountain of glass, and the poetic faculty, whether it be in the form of music, a love of nature or of the human heart, is a gem of first water, and those who have it, and guard it, will be likely to 'laugh best with those who laugh last.' The scribbles for the 'poet's corner' in the old New England family papers, marched as a rule, ahead of others, and stood at last in the front of life, leaving some wise neighbor to say: 'I wouldn't have thought, would you?'

PRIVATE LIBRARIES.

The second part of the "List of Private Libraries," compiled by Mr. G. Hedeler of Leipzig, will soon be ready. It will contain more than 600 important private collections of the United Kingdom, including supplement to Part 1 (U. S. A. and Canada). Those happy possessors of libraries, with whom Mr. Hedeler has been unable to communicate, are requested to furnish him with a few details as to the extent of their treasures and the special direction to which they devote themselves. By doing so, they will of course not incur any expense or obligation. It is obviously to the interest of bibliographical science, that a work of this kind should be as complete as possible.

Leipzig, Nurnhergerstr., 18.

THE COMPANION FOR THE REST OF 1900.

Every issue of The Youth's Companion for the nine weeks of November and December will be enlarged, and the Holiday Numbers will be double the usual size, with richly decorated covers. From now until the end of the year The Companion will be crowded with articles and stories sufficiently varied to please every taste in both old and young—men and women, boys and girls.

Among the contributions announced for early issues are "How I Acted the Missionary," by Sir Henry Stanley; "With the Pretoria Guard," by Rider Haggard; "A Historic Game of Football," by Walter Camp; "Horse Sense," by Frank R. Stockton; "Pulpit Eloquence," by Dean Farrar; "Days of Long Ago," by Ian Maclaren; and "A Baritone Among Famous People," by Victor Maurel; in addition to which there will be serial and short stories by Margaret Deland, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Bliss Perry, Charles W. Chesnut and other writers of delightful fiction.

Those who subscribe now for 1901 will receive The Companion for the remaining weeks of 1900 free from the time of subscription, in addition to the "Puritan Girl" Calendar for 1901, lithographed in 12 colors from exquisite designs painted expressly for The Companion.

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains the linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it, or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention that you read this generous offer in the Banner of Light.

Illustrated announcement of the volume for 1901 will be sent free to any address, with sample copies of the paper. The Youth's Companion. Boston, Mass.

LIBRARY OF LIBERAL CLASSICS.

From the publishing house of Peter Eckler there comes to the reviewer's desk a half dozen books at the uniform price of twenty-five cents each; they are paper bound in attractive type and colored cover; in form they are convenient. The press work is good, the type readable and the quality of the paper unusually good for books of the price; surely a publisher is doing a favor to the reading world when he furnishes such works, in such dress, at such a price.

The lot includes two works by Voltaire, "The Philosophy of History" and "Letters on the Christian Religion." As the works are reprints, familiar probably to most adult readers, they call for only brief mention at this time.

Voltaire's "Philosophy of History" began a new era in the study and utilizing of history; he made plain the matter presented, believed human nature to be alike wherever and whenever viewed, and through recorded facts saw the operative causes. His other work here offered is valuable as a kind of Josephus' commentary on the earlier and contemporary writers on religion. Herein he tells of Babe-lais and Locke, of Bolingbroke, Chubb and Swift, of Boyle, D'Alembert and Spinoza.

The American author best fitted to speak of the works of this man says:

"Voltaire was the apostle of common sense."

"For many years this restless man filled Europe with the product of his brain."

"With the eyes of Argus he watched, and with the arms of Briareus he struck."

"Voltaire believed in the religion of humanity—of good and generous deeds."

"Voltaire was a believer in God and what he was pleased to call the religion of Nature."

Schopenhauer's "The will in Nature" and "The Wisdom of Life" are two of the remaining books of the lot and like the works of Voltaire should require no introduction to most of our readers. You remember it was Schopenhauer that wrote "Truth can bide its time; it has a long life before it." His experience may have been the thought in his mind when he wrote this; his works were for a long time denied the recognition their worth gave them the right to receive. "Will in Nature" is of paramount interest to him who strives to look back of acts for the causes that produced them. Reprints, of course, do not require, nor will they receive, the space that would be given new books of equal value, so of "The Wisdom of Life" I will say nothing more than it is the work of a student and a thinker with whom the average reader could profitably pass more time, be on more intimate terms. Then for this book I will quote from its introduction that the reader may know its trend and scope, "The Wisdom of Life . . . as the art . . . of ordering our lives so as to obtain the greatest possible amount of pleasure and success . . . teaches us to lead a happy existence."

"Evolution," by P. J. Cooley, is one of the books of this series, though what claim it has to being a classic I cannot conceive. While one may perhaps agree with some of the deductions the construction of the proposition is often so faulty as to call attention to itself rather than the subject matter, frequently where climax seems to have been intended bathos is in evidence. To me it seems a long, hard, unwarranted stretch to call the work a classic.

A. Gibbs Gabrielle is the author of a copy-righted number of this library "Life and Immortality of Man" (price 50c.) and his handling of the subject can be of no great interest, since, although he abuses the believer of Christian dogmas, roundly calling him narrow and self blinded, he says of those that claim to know of spirit communion, "This may be true, but I doubt their mental health, or honesty." No "self-blindness," no "narrowness" there. Oh, no! It is neither narrow nor intolerant to call a man a fool or a knave if his experiences have led him to hold a belief differing from yours. Candor might well answer such arguments (?) with silent disregard, since abuse is not argument. However much one man differ in belief from another, that difference should not antagonize him to the extent of wilfully misrepresenting the other and resorting to abuse where arguments are not forthcoming to meet the opposer's claims.

Since this work is lacking in that spirit, occupying the place of a bully rather than that of a gentleman, justice requires that the book be condemned rather than praised.

It was a little thing, but it showed that beneath the stolid exterior of the horse there may be a thinking going on which the average person little suspects. A few days ago we were treating a very thoughtful and dignified specimen of a herdic horse to lump sugar, when it became evident that for some reason the teeth of the animal were incapable of holding the lumps till they were masticated; and as he attempted to crush the hard sugar it would drop from his jaws. In this way three or four pieces were wasted, when an idea struck the animal which he proceeded to put into immediate practice. As we gave him the sugar he would hold it in his mouth for a while without making an effort to bite it, until it became partially dissolved, after which it was easily mastered. "Animals do not reason." Oh, no!—Ex.

Some forms of envy are but perverted admiration.

True dignity is ever accompanied by modesty or humility.

The soul sleeps in the child, dreams in the youth, and awakes in the man.

A clear conscience makes an independent spirit—more potent than that inspired by wealth.

Children's Spiritualism.

THE CHILD HEART.

The heart of a child,
Like the heart of a flower,
Has a smile for the sun
And a tear for the shower;
Oh, innocent hours
With wonder beguiled—
Oh, heart like the flower's
Is the heart of a child!

The heart of a child,
Like the heart of a bird,
With the rapture of music
Is flooded and stirred;
Oh, song without words,
With wonder beguiled—
Oh, heart like a bird's
Is the heart of a child!

The heart of a child,
Like the heart of the Spring,
Is full of the hope
Of what Summer shall bring;
Oh, glory of things
In a world undeffiled—
Oh, heart like the Spring's
Is the heart of a child!

By Arthur Austin Jackson.

—London Speaker.

Bright Thoughts from Maine.

Dear Banner of Light:—I want to write to you tonight and thank you for all the good lessons I have learned through the Children's Column.

Sunbeam has written us many beautiful things, and I send my best love to her.

My little sister, Leona, has grown lots; she is so sweet and good we love her more than ever; she sends a bright thought of love to the Barrett baby, and so do all of us.

We had a nice little seance down to Grammie's last week one evening; an Advent minister was there who has preached for twenty-five years. He wants to learn about Spiritualism and see if it is true. We were all glad to have him come to our meeting and hope he will soon learn the truth of spirit return. I will now close with best thoughts of love to everybody.

Ethel Ruby Coy.

Monson, Oct. 28.

Dear Sunbeam:—Here we are at Aunt Mary's; we call it the "Green Hill." We love old Doll, the horse, because she is so kind to us boys and gives us rides on her back.

I want to go to Vassalboro and lug bobbins in the mill for Uncle Harry. I think I will when I get larger. Dick Waterman came to me in our little meeting once. I hope he will come again. Good-bye, with love,

Charlie M. Coy.

Monson, Oct. 30.

Dear Banner of Light:—I want to write to you once more, because I love you all so much. I went to Etna campmeeting and had

a nice time. I spoke a piece at the children's concert, and I will tell you all what it was, at the close of this letter.

I saw Mr. Barrett and heard him talk; he told us children about the midget tree. I should not like to be so small. My little cousins are all with me now, and I am very happy.

I send my best love to Sunbeam and Mr. Barrett. I will have to stop now so as to have room for my little poem. Love to everybody.

I am only a little boy,
But some day I'll be a man,
And if the angels will help me,
I'll do all the good I can.

I want to scatter brightness
In the homes of all the sad,
And make this world some better
Because Harold Jenne has lived.

Harold R. Jenne.

Monson, Oct. 29.

Dear Sunbeam:—I am going to school now. It will keep two weeks longer.

My little cousin Harold and I have built us a fort. We are getting ready to keep the enemy away. Aunt Mary says she hopes we will build a good fort to keep naughty words, bad thoughts and all evil away out of our lives.

We have a small Lyceum every Sunday at Grammie's now, for we are all here in Monson, and I am glad. I think it is hard work for a boy to be always good. I would like to know if Mr. Barrett was always good when he was a boy, for I should like to be like him, but I don't know how a boy can always do just right. I wish Mr. Barrett would write to all the children again and tell us what he did when he was a boy.

My best love to you all, not forgetting Mrs. Soule, who is so good in letting you write to us such nice letters.

Elhanan D. Coy.

Monson, Oct. 30.

A DREAM.

A little boy was dreaming
Upon his mother's lap
That the stars fell into his cap.

So, when his dream was over,
What should that little boy do?
Why, he went and looked into his cap
And found it wasn't true.

Some stars indeed had fallen
From out the skies above,
And he saw them gently resting there.
On the flag that we all love.

—Child Study.

The world is full of mysteries, but the germ exists which is continually solving them. Problems that seem difficult to solve today are easily solved tomorrow. The clouds of the child are the clear sky of the man. As human beings grow, mysteries wane and new problems dawn.—Ex.

Literary Department.

BY ARTHUR C. SMITH.

TOLSTOI: A MAN OF PEACE.—Alice B. Stockham. In the first part the authoress tells of the man and his home and family as she found him and them at the time of her recent visit.

All readers of the works of the "Great Moujik" will delight in the form and manner in which the story is served; simply, candidly and in the spirit of reverence has been told the daily life-story of the remaining one of the trinity of peasant, noblemen artists, Millet, Whitman, Tolstoi.

We are told how each member of the family is producer, not a pensioner; a laborer, not a loafer, parasite on the toil of others; how the daughters have been schooled to all kinds of farm labor, saving alone, plowing; how one showed her visitor she could wield a flail as well as act as her father's translator; how the family are constantly busy with the attention to the welfare of their peasant neighbors; how the count writes and re-writes his books assisted by his children as well as the noble, devoted wife, who has done all in her power to assist her gifted husband, and how each one of the household strives to live in conformity to the ideas of the father and master, himself striving to unify life and his own written thought: "I felt and still feel, shall never cease to feel, that I am a partaker in that never-ceasing crime, so long as I have superfluous food and another has none, so long as I have two coats and another has none."

THE NEW SPIRIT.—H. Havelock Ellis. Mr. Ellis in the second part tells in a scholarly, pleasing style of the life and works of the thinker that has dared by his heresy to bring upon himself the curse of the Greek church, to be excommunicated and forbid to die; that man toiling like the serf and formulating and living a grand, noble, inspiring system.

Certainly, to renounce the life of a nobleman to which he was born, to quit college that he might be with and benefit the serfs on an estate which he inherited, to embrace most advanced ideas, and live up to them, to be a dispenser of charity, of justice and wisdom to his associates, and the world; these things make of Tolstoi a psychological study and worthy example. His works are compared with the productions of others, Russian, French, English and American, and an estimate of their comparative worth given.

We commend the work as a book. It is attractive and well fitted to house the matter stored therein. We append two brief quotations from the work, as of especial value:—

"So at the sight of the hunger, cold, and degradation of thousands of men, I understood, not with my reason, but with my heart and my whole being—while I and other thousands eat daintily, clothe our horses and cover our floors—let the learned say as much as they will that it is inevitable—is a crime committed not once, but constantly, and that I, with my luxury, do not merely permit the crime, but take a direct part in it."

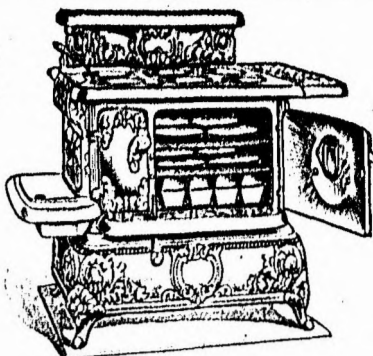
And the following, which may be taken as the Count's creed:

"Resist not evil.—Judge not.—Be not angry.—Love one woman."—Cloth \$1.00.

THE SPHINX.—The current number contains several articles of interest pertaining to Astrology solely, matters that have to do

Bakes Twelve Pies At Once

The Glenwood Home Grand range with asbestos lined oven, and two oven shelves, bakes three rows of food evenly at once. The Asbestos Lining triples baking capacity and saves coal.



"Makes Cooking Easy"

GLENWOOD

The Glenwood Agent has them.

Mar. 24

10c

Complimentary.

My dear Brother Barrett:

I have just called my typewriter and stenographer to say to you that the last copy of the Banner, Nov. 10, is one of the richest and grandest copies that ever fell from the press. The essay on the first page by Gen'l Parsons is an unanswerable argument, logical, philosophical and historical in defence of the existence of God—"Infinite Intelligence." While your editorial under the heading of "Mediumship Tabooed" is a gem, a precious pearl of truth, and if you can find room in the ever well filled columns of the Banner I wish you would republish it—and I further wish that Brothers Hull, Francis and Newman, would transfer the same article to their columns. This sentence of yours—"We challenge the claim that the adept has developed his spiritual powers unaided by inspiration," is inspiration itself. This effort to twist into Spiritualism Sanscrit and Tamil and Hindoo words has become sickening. Those parties who are so infatuated with Hindoo cosmogony and Oriental mysticism would do well to emigrate to central India and get their fill of Eastern gush and glamour.

Spending month after month in that country sitting at the feet of Pandits and visiting Yogis I am quite satisfied with Western civilization, science, philosophy, and Spiritualism as expounded by Tuttle, Babbitt, Howe, H. D. Barrett, Mrs. Lillie, Judge Bailey, Dean Clarke and others. Your article is the true ground in regard to mediumship and a rebuke to those who are ever importing great swell names and high-sounding words that are supposed to be more popular than the words medium and mediumship. I believe in being honest and conscientious in all matters not only physical but spiritual. The word "medium" may not be as appropriate as sensitive or intermediary, but it cannot at this stage of Spiritualism well be changed. The articles also of Bro. Moses Hull and Miss Abby Judson are as interesting as they are uplifting, while the essay of Lyman C. Howe on "Spiritualism and Socialism" is timely and prophetic.

Very cordially yours,
J. M. Peebles.

We trust our readers will pardon our seeming vanity in publishing the above letter from one who is not given to flattery, but freely and forcibly expresses his honest convictions whether they are pleasing or not. As Dr. Peebles is an experienced editor and author, and a first-class literary critic and understands Spiritualistic Science and philosophy as well as any man on earth, we greatly value his opinion, and though he mistook the author of the editorial he so highly commends, we feel flattered that we wrote so well as to have our article accredited to the Editor-in-Chief. In strict justice, however, it is due to both of us to say that, beginning with the issue of Sept. 15, we have written all of the editorials of the fourth page with the exception of the short leader of Nov. 3, entitled: "We Have Moved."

Though our article expresses substantially what we have written occasionally ever since Christian Scientists, Theosophists, Metaphysicians and Occultists began their attacks upon mediums and mediumship, we are quite sure we were prompted in its writing by Luther Colby who when here, was one of the staunchest defenders of mediums, ever on the alert to protect them. Let us all share in the kind and appreciative words of Brother Peebles concerning us, and others more deserving.

Dean Clarke,
Ed. pro tem.

To the Spiritualists at Large.

The N. S. A. desires to notify the Spiritualists of Indiana and Pennsylvania, that Mr. E. W. Sprague and Mrs. C. A. Sprague are regularly appointed Missionaries, to work through those States, and societies or individuals in either, who wish to have spiritual lectures and tests delivered in their towns, will kindly correspond at once with Mr. Sprague. His address for the present is 55 E. Wayne St., Fort Wayne, Ind. Brother and Sister Sprague are making a tour through Indiana; they will soon go to Pennsylvania, and later, back to Indiana; they wish to arrange their route, and to visit as many towns as possible. They are very successful in building up societies and in organizing new associations. Write to them at once.

Mary T. Longley,
Secretary N. S. A.

Lily Dale's Gypsy.

Palmists, as well as psychics, are better when they are "born that way." The cheirothes and other book palmists systematically and learnedly discourse upon the lines and crosses and bumps of the hand, but it takes a genuine gypsy, descended from the original article one reads about, to not the head in a wise and fetching way and astonish one with a rehearsal of all his secret thoughts and aspirations, love episodes and business enterprises from childhood up. Lily Dale has a character very like this. She is known by the very common name of Miss Ellen Keenan, but she says that her real cognomen is Zinola, that her great-grand father was a Romany Gypsy, that she has always had the power of divination, and that the only time she ever remembers feeling thoroughly at home was when she walked the streets of Cairo at the World's Fair.

M. C. B.

\$83.33 Monthly Salary

payable weekly with expenses. Men or Women to represent us in their own cities, to take charge of solicitors and attend to collections. NO INVESTMENT REQUIRED. This is a strictly business proposition. IT INVOLVES NO CANVASSING whatever. Expenses remitted in advance and salary forwarded from headquarters. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. Give references. Enclose stamp. Address: CO-OPERATIVE CO., 31, Star Bldg., CHICAGO. Oct. 27.

Letter from Lucinda B. Chandler

Dear Mr. Barrett:

Only yesterday did I find place to read your report to the N. S. A. at Cleveland. All of it was interesting, but a few points were very gratifying to me. What you said about the settlement of speakers, and half rates and ordination, is to my mind good sense and wise counsel. But your noble words in regard to Reform-work appeal especially to my judgment and sympathies.

I am literally tired of the general mood and attitude of Spiritualists. The increasing selfish search for "tests," the well nigh universal dealing with the facts and possibilities of another state of existence, and ignoring of the needs of mortals here and now, is very trying to my patience. To me it is unsatisfactory to continually dwell upon meeting the loved ones "In the sweet by and bye," of the spiritist as "There I shall bathe my weary soul in seas of heavenly rest," of the church pietist.

What most concerns me, personally, is to maintain the heavenly rest of working with the universal good, doing what I can to lift myself and humanity to the spiritual plane of love, liberty, and justice, and, as a social being and citizen, to seek the actualization of these eternal principles in this stage of mortal existence. In my estimation Spiritualism to be a blessing and an uplift to humanity must permeate and promote every social reform.

I beg leave to thank you for your excellent statement in regard to reform issues, and earnestly hope it may prove a quickener of the consciences and heart impulses of Spiritualists. That you presented first the abolition of capital punishment, as it is termed (legal murder as it really is), pleased me. By the enclosed leaflet you will see I tried some years ago to call attention to the evils of the barbarism.

Each and every wrong and vice enumerated by you should receive the active endeavor of any one claiming to be a Spiritualist to abolish. A philosophy or religion that does not set a higher standard of living than that of legality, is not spiritual, and the name Spiritualism is misplaced.

Recognizing with appreciation your faithful endeavors, I am, sincerely yours for the righteousness of a True Spiritualism.

Lucinda B. Chandler.

1542 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

[The above kindly words, we take pleasure in sharing with our readers.—Ed.]

ception at her residence, 61 Rutland St., Tuesday evening, Dec. 4, at seven o'clock, to her personal friends, and especially to her sister and brother mediums. The general public is also invited. Tea will be served during the evening.

The Connecticut State Spiritualist Association

held a mass meeting in Liberal Hall, Poquonock, Thursday, Nov. 8. Conference opened at 11 a. m. Owing to the absence of the President and Vice-President, Mrs. Dillon, the Secretary, requested Mrs. Flavia Thrall, President of the Poquonock Society, to preside at all the meetings. Mr. Barrett was first to speak at the conference. He was followed by Mrs. Thrall, who gave some of her personal experiences, which were very interesting. Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Clark, Mr. Burnham, Mr. Stearns and others followed and helped to make the conference very successful.

Afternoon session opened at two with a song by Mrs. F. Hagarty. Mr. H. D. Barrett, the speaker for the day, read a poem entitled "But" and took for the subject of his lecture, "What is the Value and What is the Meaning of this Spiritualism that has Come to Us?" The evening session convened at 7.15 with a piano solo by Miss Mabel Clark. Mr. Barrett read a poem, "Condemned by the World," taking for the subject of the lecture, "Cause and Effect." Both lectures were replete with facts and highly instructive. Good audiences were in attendance. A fine dinner and supper were served by the ladies of the Poquonock Society. The platform was prettily decorated with chrysanthemums. It is expected that another mass meeting will be held at Meriden during the month of January.

Mrs. J. E. B. Dillon, Secretary.

A Card.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 20, 1900.
Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dear Friend:—I desire to say that I have always tried to follow the advice of my Guides, and at their request I will give five seances a week only. These seances I am told will consist of the following phases of mediumship: Independent slate writing as in the old days in broad daylight, clairaudience and automatic writing on paper, slates, and writing on the flesh of my arms and all the old phases that I used to have. My gifts of mediumship are in my opinion more convincing than ever. I shall charge for these seances as follows: Gentlemen, \$5.00; ladies, \$3.00 each; however, if two ladies desire to sit together price will be \$5.00. A party of five ladies will cost \$10.00. I shall under all considerations give a seance only to those I am told to, and I may give these seances only for a short time. Engagements must be made ahead.

Yours kindly,
Dr. C. E. Watkins.

71 Gainsboro St., Boston, Mass.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

Mrs. E. M. Shirley, inspirational speaker and psychometrist, would like a few engagements in places near. Terms moderate. Address 241 Shawmut Ave., Boston.

"Dr. Harlow Davis lecturer and platform test medium is open for engagements for December and January. Address Box 94, Hoboken, New Jersey."

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing will remain in the East until the middle of January and desires week evening engagements during that time. Societies, desiring the services of this excellent speaker and medium, address her at 329 Summer St., Lynn, Mass.

Walter D. S. Hayward can be addressed for November and December at No. 738 N. 19th St., Phila. Pa.

Walter H. Rollins, inspirational speaker and test medium, will answer calls from societies. Address 136 Dodge St., Beverly, Mass.

Nothing is more disgraceful than insincerity.—Cicero.

All imposture weakens confidence and kills benevolence.—Johnson.

Do good to thy friend to keep him, to thy enemy to gain him.—Franklin.

The greatest architect and the one most needed is hope.—H. W. Beecher.

The great end of all human industry is the attainment of happiness.—Hume.

To live a life which is a perpetual falsehood is to suffer unknown tortures.—Victor Hugo.



J.M. Peebles, A.M., M.D., Ph.D.

This grand benefactor to the sick and weak has been honored as has no other scientist known to man; for his life-long service in behalf of suffering humanity he has been made a Fellow of the Anthropological Society of London, Eng., and Honorary Member of the Academy of Art and Science of Naples, Italy, and a Fellow of the Academy of Science, New Orleans, La., and also in recognition of his superior accomplishments, was appointed by the National Arbitration League to the International Peace Commission in Europe. But what he prizes above all is to live with the knowledge that after fifty years of scientific researches he is at last able to place a science before the world where diseases can be cured, no matter how hopeless the case may seem, for there is no doubt but that treatment through his science, which does away with DRASTIC and POISONOUS DRUGS, will bring you within the SUNSHINE of HOPE and HEALTH. In addition to treatment of psychic force, the patients receive a mild medicine, which is prepared in Dr. Peebles' laboratory, and which is made of roots and herbs, prepared by the most scientific processes. It is this combination of PHYSICAL and PSYCHIC treatment which has brought about cures that have ASTOUNDED the medical profession on TWO CONTINENTS. You may take his treatment in the PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME, as it is absolutely a home treatment and DISTANCE IS NO BAR. Mrs. J. W. Henderson, of St. Johns, Washington, who suffered for years with pain in the ovaries and uterine weakness, was entirely cured by the Peebles treatment. Mrs. C. Harris, Marionville, Pa., says she cannot express too much gratitude for the results received through Dr. Peebles' treatment. She suffered for years from falling of the womb. Francis Waverling, Seattle, Washington, suffered for twenty years with a severe case of Catarrh; was completely cured through the Psychic treatment. L. A. Lord, Elsworth, Wis., was permanently cured of dyspepsia and nervousness. George H. Weeks, of 53 Minerva street, Cleveland, Ohio, sends heartfelt thanks for restoration of health after suffering from nervous prostration and insomnia; says he now enjoys restfulness and sleeps sound every night. Mrs. Mary A. Clair, Lexington, Ky., after thirty years' continual suffering from epilepsy and trying to be cured by eminent physicians, writes: "Two months of your treatment has made earth almost a heaven to me." Hundreds upon hundreds of testimonials like the above have been received. Dr. Peebles' psychic phenomena is the GRANDEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE. If you will send your name and address, also leading symptoms, to Dr. J. M. Peebles, Battle Creek, Mich., you will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE a complete DIAGNOSIS of your case, also advice and the Doctor's different booklets, which should be in the hands of all who prize HEALTH and HAPPINESS.

At the earnest request of hundreds of my friends and former patients, I have prepared a Course of Lessons on the Psychic Science. This Course of Lessons includes Psychic Healing, Vital and Personal Magnetism, Intuition, and like occult subjects. In its wide scope it not only teaches its pupils how to cure themselves, but at the same time teaches them how to heal others of disease and how to be successful in their every venture, be it for Political, Commercial, or Social ascendancy.

The course also plain that any one who will take it up as a profession and give his time and attention to it can make a grand success in its practice. These lessons not only teach you how to heal disease, but they also teach Personal Magnetism, through which you can silently influence those about you, so as to acquire influence, friends, prosperity, success in business, in fact, anything that you want. The course will be worth many times the price you pay for it, simply to cure yourself and increase your ability and eliminate any bad habits, such as the drink habit, tobacco habit, sexual excesses, etc. The entire course of instructions is taught by mail, and you can master every point in this science in the seclusion of your own home without loss of time in attending to your business. For further information, address

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

Card.

Many thanks to all who helped make the Old Folks' supper etc., at Waverly House, such a grand success. Every one had a delightful time and pronounced the whole affair one of the pleasantest and most enjoyable occasions in Spiritualists' circles for a long time. After all expenses were paid a tidy sum was realized for the fund.

Mrs. J. S. Soper, Clerk V. S. U.

If your Brain is Tired
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. T. D. Crothers, Supt. Walnut Lodge Asylum, Hartford, Conn., says: "It is a remedy of great value in building up functional energy and brain force."

Many Millions for the Exposition.

The people of Buffalo have committed themselves to an expenditure of about \$5,000,000 for the purpose of the Pan-American Exposition to be held in that city next year. The United States Government is spending \$500,000 on its groups of buildings and exhibits. The State of New York has appropriated \$300,000, and it is estimated that the "Midway," or pleasure-ground, will cost the concessionaries between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 before the gates are open. In addition to these sums, a citizen of Buffalo, Mr. J. J. Albright, who is widely known in the iron trade has given \$350,000 for an Art Gallery which is to be a permanent building of white marble. This will serve as the Temple of Art for the Exposition, and will afterward become the home of Buffalo's public art treasures. The Buffalo Railway Company expects to spend nearly \$3,000,000 in new tracks and equipment in preparing for the Pan-American year. The aggregate sum to be paid out before the Exposition gates open thus becomes very large.—Investigator.

An English Editor's Views.

Famines in India.—We are to blame. The assessments of land by our government in India are breaking the backs—and the hearts—of the wretched toilers there; and these famine-breeding assessments are due to the robber-methods of our Imperialism. We make India pay all the cost of our military necessities and also of our military fooling there, and about £16,000,000 a year in addition for home charges. This is the whole thing in a nutshell. We are in India today as bloodsuckers. Of course, we are there in order and better capacities, but it will not do to take continual refuge behind our mercenary rectitude. Many of us are very sick of that.—The Coming Day (London).

Good humor is said to be one of the very best articles of dress one can wear in society.—Thackeray.

If thou art blest,
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest
On the dark edges of each cloud that flies
Back in thy brother's skies;
If thou art sad,
Still be thou in thy brother's gladness glad.
—M. E. Sangster.

AN HOUR WITH THE ANGELS; Or, a Dream of the Spirit-Life.

By ALDEN BRIGHAM.
This charming brochure, as its title indicates, narrates a vision of scenes in the spirit-land, witnessed by the author in a dream, and is well worth every one's perusal. Pamphlet. Price, 10 cents.
For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

ATLANTIS: The World before the Deluge. Its People, Institutions, Religion, and Influence on Later Civilizations. By W. J. COLVILLE. Pamphlet; price 10 cents.
For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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By MARCEUS R. K. WRIGHT.
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SPIRIT Message Department.

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

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

These Circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seance held Oct. 25, 1900, S. E. 53.

Invocation.

O, spirit of love and beauty, we come this morning into the presence of Thy children and ask that the sweetest blessings may fall upon them in their effort to uplift the fallen and lighten the dark by-ways of life. It is with the greatest inspiration for good that we gather with them at this hour, adding our forces to theirs, co-operating, uniting with them in every earnest wish and deed that can be done for the upliftment of mankind. Often our feeble efforts seem unavailing, and yet we know that no seed was ever sown in faith and hope and love that the harvest did not come some day, and so with that trust and that faith and that hope, we sow the seed of goodwill for all people wherever they may be. Our special work is to help the spirit to speak to its own; to help the unhappy one to reach back and find expression and, finding this, to be made better and stronger in its new existence; to help those who sit in darkness and reach out and beyond for some light that will show them the way to peace and happiness. In all these things and upon all these efforts we ask Thy benediction.—Amen.

MESSAGES.

Fannie Henderson.

I see a spirit of a girl. I think she is about nineteen or twenty years old. Her eyes are very dark and so is her hair. Her face is a little long and seems smooth with very little color. Her features are small and she has such a shrinking, hesitating manner that it is almost impossible to get from her the fullness of her message. I think before she came to the spirit she must have been very modest and retiring, and that she was afraid to go, because as she touches me there is that same old condition of wonder and half horror as to what will come next; with her is an old lady. The girl's name is Fannie Henderson and the old lady seems to be her grandmother who is supporting her, for she comes with her arm round her. Fannie says, "I never would think of trying to get back if there wasn't such need of me. I often go to Toronto where I used to live and I find such scenes of sadness and desolation that it makes my heart ache, and I thought perhaps it would be possible for me to get a word to my mother, that might help and relieve her suffering. When her head aches so it is because she is so sensitive to influences round about her. She is really a medium but she doesn't understand it, and if she would only sit to develop her power, I am sure that I should be able to make myself seen by her. I want not only to send a message of hope, but one of love and to tell her that I am all right."

Henry Alden.

I now see a spirit of a young man about thirty-five years old, not more than that, and he comes with just that air as though he didn't care much for anybody. He is just as independent as he can be and kind of tosses himself around as though he didn't mind how much noise he made, what position he got into, or what he said. He is very good looking, has very handsome dark brown eyes and dark mustache and good looking mouth. He is very well formed indeed. As he comes to me he says, "Now don't go to saying too much about how well I look, but do say please that my name is Henry Alden and that I belong way out in Indianapolis. I never knew anything about the East except what I read in books, and some way I always felt quite content to stay where I was. I always had an idea that you people were awfully businesslike and too conservative for a man of my make up to do much business with, but since I have come to the spirit and I see the effort that is made at this center to reach people all over the world, I can tell you that I just feel that I am one with you and I wish I might take hold too. I don't care so much after I get to my own people about staying round to help them always, but I would like to give the light that has been given to me to somebody else who is as much in the dark as I was. I have a brother who is still living in Indianapolis and his name is Frank, and if he could know that I am still alive and know what he is doing, I am sure it would give him pleasure, because he never quite got over the shock when I came over and left him."

Julia Carlton.

The next spirit that comes to me is a woman about fifty years old. She is very practical and outspoken. She is not as tall as the ordinary woman, but very stout indeed. Her hair is gray and her eyes are bright blue, but she wears glasses. Her hair is done up high and she makes some pretensions to style. She has an air of keeping up with the times wherever she was or whatever happened. I don't mean in any sense that she is very worldly, but she believed that people hadn't any right to settle down into ruts and grow old fashioned. She says, "I always used to say that I had much rather die before I became an old woman,

than to live on and on and find nothing to do but sit around doing the mending and washing dishes. I can't see any reason in the world why an old woman should lose her aspiration after better things and be content to darn stockings and wash dishes any more than a young one, and so I had my wish. I came over before I was relegated to any place in the domestic regime which meant that I had nothing to say. I used to live in California, in San Francisco, and to me the world is beautiful there. It still is. I went there a young woman and never left the city of my adoption, and I suppose that I am as well remembered as anybody who went out from that place because of my long residence. My name is Julia Carlton and I want to say to the church people with whom I was associated, that they can never come to any degree of success until they open their doors wide enough to let the whole figure of truth come in. Just to have now and then a little handful of it tossed in through a crack won't amount to much for the world, and if I could give a bit of advice it would be this, to open wide their doors before they lose the opportunity to feed their people and they go into other channels for what they need. I, too, have one person I wish to reach and his name is Arthur, and I am sure that his very life would be devoted to this Cause if he could know as I do the truth and the beauty of it. Please tell him for me that my effort is to get to him and to help him."

Amos French.

There is a funny old man comes to me now. He is short, with full gray beard and gray hair with a bald spot on the top of his head. His eyes are dark and small like beads and they shine more as though they sparkle with the delight it gives him to come, and the first thing he says is, "My name, you want to know? Well, it is Amos French, and I have been gone some years, but I just took it into my head that I would see if there was some way that I could send a message to my people. I want more than I can tell you to get to William who lives in Allston and to tell him that I have seen all the changes that he has been making recently which seem to bring him nothing but more care when he thought they would bring a reader and larger income, and that if I could have told him before he made them it would have saved him a good deal of trouble. He is too ambitious by far and I would feel like holding him a little before he takes any more steps and my object in speaking is to save him from any more experiences that bring him nothing but disturbance and distress."

Hattie is with me and as she stands by my side she says, "Ever since I came over I have wanted to get to Belle and to tell her that she did really see me when she thought she did. It was no dream and no imagination, but I stood by her side and tried to tell her that I was glad it was all over, but she got so nervous she disturbed me and I could not tell her what I wanted to. The time will come when I shall be able to speak to her almost face to face."

Charles Abbott.

Now I see a short, stout man with blue eyes and brown hair and oh such a smiling face. He looks just as though he never knew what it was to feel badly. He has a good laugh and a good voice and as he speaks to me he says, "Ha, ha, ha, so this is the way the work is done! Well my name is Charles Abbott and I lived in Charlestown and I always thought that the time would come when I could send a message to some of my people. I want to say this. That I am progressing. I grew fast as soon as I understood spirit return, and since I came over here I have just gathered in all that I could with the understanding that the more I had the more I could give out. I never was much of a hand to talk about people, and I still say that if everybody would mind his own business, the world would grow faster and get more strength and hope than it ever has through trying to do for the other people what they ought to do for themselves. I used to have an idea that I could talk pretty well, but when I came over here and saw the people talking away and always with such strength and so much of force, I concluded that I wasn't in it." He holds in his hand a little red rose. It isn't a wild rose, but it looks like one that grew outdoors in a garden and he says, "This rose my mother gave to me and she often used to come to me when I was in the earth life and she in the spirit with flowers, because she knew how much I loved them."

Belle Collier.

I now see a spirit of a woman about twenty-five years old. She is crying oh so bitterly, so afraid she won't be able to do all she wants to for her people. She is very fair, light brown hair, blue eyes, and fair skin, and she is delicate looking and seems to have been sick a long time before she went. I find her with the desire to get to her own without any more display or publicity than she can help, and she says, "If you will just simply say that my name is Belle Collier and I lived in Toledo and that I have a husband and children who are so anxious to get some word from me. It seems as if their hearts would break, for I haven't been gone long and, oh I am so lonely. Never a night comes to them that it doesn't seem that I must some way break through everything and speak to them as I want to. My husband's name is Charlie and he tries to do all he can, but he needs me and it doesn't seem to me that it is quite fair that the burden that was meant for two should be shifted on to one, and if he would only let me help him, I know I could, because I could tell him what to do for the children and what to do for himself, and in many ways could do the things that he needs to have done. Please tell him how much I love him, how much I would do for him if I could, and how my heart aches that I can't let him know myself, and sometimes I am very lonely without him. I would go back if I could and I would take him with me if I could."

Harry Barnard.

The next is a spirit of a man who is tall and thin with thin cheeks and hollow looking eyes.

His eyes are just as dark as they can be. His hair is dark and he has a wet face. He walks up to me and says, "My name is Harry Barnard and I want to reach Jenny and to tell her that I know she is having an awfully hard time and much of her trouble came through me. It is a pity that a man can't see what he is doing, or the result of his acts until the result is fully upon him. She often looks at the ring which I wore and which she has and says, 'Poor Harry, he didn't mean to do all the things he did,' which is true, and yet I think she is too charitable to me. I think if I were in her place and I had suffered as much as she has and through another person, I couldn't be as sweet and lovely about it as she is. Tell her for me that I think she is as brave and true as she can be and that any way that I can find to express myself to her, I shall do it. It was my habits which ruined me and not my heart. My heart is all right and it was a good thing I came over here when I did. I want to tell her too that I understand her better than I ever did before, and it would give me great pleasure to serve her." He comes from Boston.

Johnny Nugent.

Here is a spirit of a boy about fourteen years old. He has fine eyes and fair hair and he is rather slight looking, delicate, but still he can stand a good deal. He has bare feet and is not dressed up very much, but comes in such a bright little way and says, "Do you want to know what my name is? Well, it is Johnny Nugent and I used to live in Concord, N. H., and I would not go back to the place for anything, for I am so much happier over here than I was at home. You see there were so many of us that one fellow didn't stand much show and it is much better to be over here where nobody has to think whether there is enough to go round or not, but he can have all he wants and nobody cares whether he has boots on or not, but can just look the way one wants to. If I hadn't gone swimming when I did, I don't suppose I would be over here, so any boy that wants to come over here, just go swimming all you want to. My mother's name was Margaret and she had to work so hard that she didn't have time to fix us up, and I suppose more than once she has been glad to think that Johnny was out of her way, because I have heard her say, 'Well, there is one less mouth to feed anyway,' and then she wiped a tear from her eyes as though she was sorry she had to say it, and yet glad that God had taken the responsibility off her hands. They didn't put many flowers on me when I came over because they couldn't find me. They never got me up and I think it is just as well, saved a good deal of expense, but if I could get to my mother the way I want to, I would tell her that all the flowers she wants I can give her, and when she comes over where I am she won't have to fuss and wash as much as she does now. My father is not with me and he isn't with my mother either. I don't think he was much good, for I never heard much about him. But it is all right. I am going to have everything ready for mother when she comes over here. I will have a nice house for her and plenty of room to put things in, because we never had much room where we were."

Andrew Davis.

There comes now a man of medium height. He has gray hair, blue eyes and a round, full face. He has a beard all around the under part of his face and no mustache. He has little earrings in his ears. He is a man just the same, but he wears these little round gold earrings. He says: "It wasn't because I was proud." He comes from Leominster, Mass. He says: "Right here let me say that I hadn't a particle of use for this belief called Spiritualism till I came over. Of course, when one walks right into a room where the light is, you can't say he is still in the dark, and so I can't say I am still in the dark as to my conditions. My name is Andrew Davis. I have a wife living whose name is Mary, and she still pores over the old book and thinks that I am safe in glory and prays that she may go where I am. Now I have one thought in sending this message, and that is that she shall be prepared a little for the shock that is about to come to her. She would be so bewildered when she found herself in another country like the one she had left when she expected to be in a specially glorified atmosphere that she wouldn't know what to do, and so I send this word to her to help her, for it won't be long before she comes to me."

A Fragment.

BY ELAN.

I cried, "The day is nearly spent and dark before me lies the path. Oh! Father, show to me the way that I may know wherefore my footsteps tend, and not forever thus in blindness grope my way, seeing but just the stepping-stone that near me lies. I know Thy hand hath led me on and when the storms have burst in torrents o'er my head, and bowed me like a reed before the wind, I have been lifted up again and strength to me was given to take up once again my cross and bear it on; and then erstwhile the sun shone out, and flowers bloomed along the way, and birds with joyous songs gladdened my heart and I forgot the heavy cross, and said: 'At last through pleasant fields 'He leadeth me.'"

But lo! the sun went down in clouds, the flowers withered at my feet, and I once more in darkness groped; and dire rebellion filled my soul, and like the prisoner who vainly beats the iron bars which shut him in, I strove until my strength was gone and weariness like unto death came over me. And when at last sleep closed the doors to outward things, lo! angels came and soothed the storm-tossed soul, and bade it courage take—to mount by slow but feeble steps the rugged height up which so many more were struggling. And then I looked, and lo! I traveled not alone the way; yet each one his own path had, and each his separate burden bore, and by the side of each a helper went (though unseen), and lifted now and then the heavy load; and then the weary smiled, but knew not why, and struggled on. And my own soul once more took courage and for awhile

forgot the brambles and the thorns, and sang some joyful notes that others heard and joined; and then the way seemed easier far for all.

But yet again the rocks grew rugged and when I thought the height was gained, behold, I slipped and fell, and could not see the hand that held me back from the abyss that lay so far below; and then in deep despair I cried: "Oh! Father, let this cup pass from me," but the answer came, "Not so, my child, for thou must drain it all, and then the bitter will grow sweet, and thou to others may hold out the cup filled with new wine for their refreshment, and thou canst show thy feet that, after all thy weary wand'rings o'er jagged rocks and ways with pitfalls strewn, still bear thee on, and all the scars where all the bleedings have healed, scars which prove thy travail; and thy hand thou mayest reach out to others who like thee have thorny paths to tread, and when they, like thee, have fallen, help them to rise again, and thus in cheering others forget the roughness of the way o'er which you came. And if the path which still before thee lies is not marked out in light, trust thou the guidance which hath brought thee thus far on thy way. And when the day is done, the sunset glow adown the west will brighter be for all the clouds that went before."

La Cotiere Lausanne, Switzerland.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY NINE

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Beatrice Harraden wrote a telling allegory about Success and Failure.

They left the earth and went to a foreign land. Success wore a laurel wreath and looked self-satisfied. Failure wore no laurel wreath: her face was weary and sad. When met by one appointed to meet strangers, Success stepped forward and pointed to her wreath. But he said, "What you call success, we often call failure; and what you call failure, we call success. Be not too confident."

Turning to the other one, he asked her name. "I am Failure," she said sadly. He took her by the hand, and said, "Come now, Success, and let me lead you to the presence-chamber."

Then she who had been called Failure on earth, and was now called Success, lifted her head and smiled. With her smile, she regained her beauty and hope; and with hope she regained her strength. But she lingered compassionately by the other. "She will learn," said their guide. "She is learning already."

Arrived at the presence-chamber, the sovereign said:

"The world needs you, dear and honored worker. You know your real name: do not heed what the world may call you. Go back and work, but take with you this time unconquerable hope."

So she went back and worked. But she took unconquerable hope, and remembered the sovereign's words, and the gracious music of her real name.

Would that all weary and discouraged toilers on the earth could realize as this toiler was led to do the assurance that their ways are noted and their efforts appreciated by those who scan them with a broader and purer vision than mortals have yet attained!

See yonder mother, hampered by poverty, and working from early morning till late at night, cooking, washing, ironing, soothing the crying babes, and combing the hair of the little one old enough to go to school. Every spare moment is occupied in mending the clothes of the family, and in making them over and over again. Worn out and weary, she creeps into bed at night, well knowing that the call of the ailing one will make her slumber but too, too short. And a thought of the rent that will soon come due haunts her waking moments.

When she has time to think, it sometimes seems to her that her life is a dreary failure. She recalls her merry childhood, the heyday of her girlhood, the light dance or the moonlight walk when her heart was won by him who is now her husband. In those halcyon days, little did the fond pair think how poverty and hard work would make them almost dread the coming of more little mouths; for, though they are sweet to kiss, yet they must also be fed. Anxiety for the future of his family saps the strength of the young father; and as he sees the fresh beauty of her he loves turning into the thin and weary frame, the dimming eye, and the hollow cheek, he mourns for the departed glory, and knows that a deeper pang than any that preceded it will strike his heart, if toilsome days and sleepless nights should cause his wife to succumb, and leave his children motherless.

To this toiling pair, success seems far away, and failure seems near. But so it need not be, could their eyes and the eyes of those about them be opened to the inner, spiritual sights that are really more existent and substantial than the appearances of this work-a-day world. "Man walketh in a vain show." But the Lord (spirit) marketh his steps.

Could that worn mother see what she is really doing, the thought of failure could never come into her heart, and she would know the innate grandeur of her success. True, she spends her time in cooking and sewing, in pacifying wounded hearts and wiping tears away, in nursing the babe and in washing little clothes. This is what she is doing—to the outward eye. But let us see what she does as it appears to the angels in the room, perhaps to the good mother who reared her into a true womanhood, and who now views her acts with the clear vision of a discerning soul.

Spirits see the busy mother surrounded by a blaze of glory. Her sweet patience gives tenderness to her aura, her love mellows it, her steadfastness gives it strength. These qualities draw many true spirits into the room that looks poor and small to mortals. Some come from higher realms, to help. Many others, less advanced, come to learn the lessons of patience and truth which are breathed in her every act. She speaks gently, so that the oldest child may be gentle too.

She does not know that an unseen audience is drinking in the lesson, and thus pluming their wings for higher flights in the invisible world.

She hushes her little babe with sweetest lullaby. Little does she dream that unloving mothers, who neglected maternal cares on earth, are drinking in her spirit, and are trying now to do some of the work that they left undone on earth. And a whole host of young spirits are learning lessons of patient industry, as they follow the copy which her busy fingers set.

Ah! toiling mother, do you now think yourself a failure? Do you now see that you are a grand success?

But there is another part of the work she is accomplishing that we have not yet touched upon—a work of which blinded mortals do not dream, because they have no knowledge of its necessity.

Her little children are still undeveloped, and therefore weak. And, like the most of mortals, they are susceptible to spirit influence. Alas and alas! there is a darker crowd of spirit intelligences than those we spoke of in a preceding paragraph. There are those who passed out of the mortal in rancor and revenge, in untruthfulness and gluttony, in prurience and vice. Born of vicious parents, or yielding weakly to a warp in their own natures, they went from impure and malignant haunts into spirit life, where, by mutual gravitation, they now have companions like to themselves.

There are a great many such spirits near the earth plane. Myriads haunt retreats for idiots and the insane. A countless throng hover over saloons and low dance-houses, and heighten impure revelry by suggestion and by a more or less effectual control. And as children, who are yet unformed and therefore susceptible, are capable of becoming their prey, they are so selfish and cruel as to want to poison their imaginations, and to take possession of their undeveloped wills.

Were this mother weak and wicked, were she ill-tempered and idle, were she untruthful and harsh, these malcontents would throng into the hearts of her children, and as they approached maturity, they would be even worse than their mother.

But not so with the toiling and patient woman whom we have attempted to delineate. Her forbearance, purity, steadfastness, and truth not only drew about her a galaxy of angelic supporters, but they are sufficient in and of themselves to create a wall about her and above her, which these undeveloped spirits cannot overpass, and within which her little charge can rest secure.

And as growth is the law of existence, these noble qualities in this mother are ever on the increase. Could we see her face ten years from now we should see on it the impress of a serene steadfastness, a diviner purity, a more comprehensive love. And the seeds of these noble qualities, which are today taking root in the little child natures around her, will be beautiful plants and trees in the garden of God.

And what about the undeveloped spirits in ten years from now? Will they, in accordance with an old theology, be worse than they are today, and consequently more powerful for evil? We think not so; for, were it so, God would not be omnipotent, and the universe would be still further away from the sublime prescience of Paul in 1 Cor. 15, 23, when he says that even the Son shall be subject unto God, "that God may be all in all." While evil continues to live at all, it has not been subjected. When evil has wholly disappeared, then, and then alone, will "God be all in all."

And this subjection of every form of evil by its disappearance is not to come suddenly, by some tremendous cataclysm, or some stupendous day of doom. It will come little by little as each individual soul discards one form of it after another, in the course of its individual development.

This will not go on steadily, with no backward steps, in all cases. A great many waves break on the shore before one can see that the tide has really advanced. Some of these malcontented spirits, whom we pictured as unable to surmount the walls of our patient mother's spiritual nursery, will in ten years from now have discarded some of their evil inclinations. Some of them will remain at a standstill in this respect. And some of them, through the influence of "other spirits more wicked than themselves," will be worse in ten years from now than they are today. But in the course of time, though the time may be long, the germ of good, which inheres in their original individualization, will take root, and grow, and bear flower and fruit.

Ah! how little does the world understand success! The multi-millionaire, the admiral who engulfs the fleet of an enemy, the writer of popular novels that command large sums of money, a clergyman who draws a crowd of hearers, the ball-room beauty whose every dance is competed for by many admirers,—all these make a success in the eyes of the world. But in the eyes that look down upon us from celestial regions, all these may be total failures, while they deem that a really grand and permanent success is made by patient and toiling parents who nurture their children in healthful and loving ways, by the unmarried daughter who never fails in daily and tender devotion to an ailing, feeble, and perhaps fault-finding mother; by the pastor of a little church in some unknown nook, who labors faithfully for many a year, and then withdraws uncomplainingly to make way for a younger man; by the servant girl, who hoards painfully, until she can bring her dear old parents from Sweden or Ireland.

Love to those who use us despitefully, uncomplaining submission to what is inevitable, patience amid the harassments of daily life,—these may seem dull and mean to those who are dazzled by show. But they are splendid diamonds, and fine opals, and milky pearls to those who look below the glitter, and will deck many an humble brow in the beautiful Isles of the Blessed.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.

Arlington, N. J., Nov. 12, 1900.

The earth, and her Soul are ever building.—Ex.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1900.

Spiritualist Societies.

We desire this list to be as accurate as possible. Will secretaries or conductors please notify us of any errors or omissions. Notices for this column will reach this office by 12 o'clock on the day 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 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. P. A. Wignin, speaker and medium. E. J. Allen, President; Geo. B. Lang, Secretary, 11 Woodlawn Ave., Mattapan, Mass.

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

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday at 241 Tremont street. Business meeting at 4. Evening session 7:30. Mrs. Mattie E. A. Allen, President; Carrie L. H. Hatch, Secy., 74 Sydney street, Dorchester, Mass.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum meets every Sunday at 1:30 p. m. in Assembly Hall, 200 Huntington Avenue. Seats free. J. B. Hatch, Conductor; A. Clarence Armstrong, Clerk, 17 Leroy street, Dorchester, Mass.

Holt Hall, 780 Washington Street.—Sundays at 11 a. m., 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Good talent and music. Mrs. Nutter Conductor.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society meets in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street, every Thursday. Business meeting at 4:30 p. m.; evening meeting 7:45 p. m. Hattie L. Eaton, Sec'y.

Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street.—Sundays at 11:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 2:30. Hattie M. Deey, President; M. A. Deery, Secretary, 1111 Washington, Conductor.

Old Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont Street.—Bible Spiritual Meetings Sundays, 11 a. m., 2:30 and 7:30 p. m.

Somerville Spiritualist Society, 55 Cross Street.—Ella M. LaRoche, President. Meetings Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7:30. Developing circle, Thursday, 2:30.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn holds meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at 3 and 8 o'clock; Lyceum Sundays at 2, at their hall, 423 Classon Ave., between Lexington Ave. and Quincy st. Elizabeth F. Kurth, President.

Local Briefs.

BOSTON.

Berkeley Hall, Nov. 18.—The sessions of the Boston Spiritual Temple, both morning and evening, were well attended, in the evening the hall being filled to its utmost seating capacity. The Ladies' Schubert Quartette rendered delightful selections at both meetings. In answer to numerous queries that have come to our ears, we will reiterate what we supposed everyone understood, i. e., that this quartette is to be with us every Sunday the entire season. Mr. Wignin's address of the morning was notable for the strength of thought displayed therein, its ease and grace of delivery, and the sterling ideas it contained. He said in part, taking for his theme, "On octave of shrub and tree airy fingers play melodies soft and grand." "The weary body, the aching heart, and the hungry soul can turn to no richer source of supply than Nature. She is a storehouse of infinite wealth. Her laws are ever gracious, when executed are always kind and beneficent, never cruel, only in the seeming. Nature's purpose, regarding every expression of life, is to force each expression into service to every other expression. Her every expression is a grand symphony, in which is forever and forever being involved the grand melodies which shall sometime evolve the anthems of celestial harmonies. It does not fall to the lot of all to live amid the trees and enjoy heaven's own music as the 'airy fingers' play upon the strings of shrub and tree, so Nature stows away in the fibre of the tree its melodies which are brought to all, and they find expression when the artist draws the bow with master precision over the strings of the violin. Upon all consciousness the spirits of the exanimate are with airy fingers pitching the key of harmony. This is a great thought, a grand and eternal truth. It may require a long time to master the lesson which it teaches, but once mastered a world of harmony is ours."

The customary brief scene followed Mr. Wignin's address. It was the largest and most attentive assemblage of the season that greeted the speaker at the evening session. He briefly discoursed upon some of the questions handed in to the recently inaugurated question-box department. The subjects were one and all handled in Mr. Wignin's well-known, able manner. The scene which followed was of unusual interest to those present. Banner of Light always on sale.

George Sanborn Lang, Sec'y.
11 Woodlawn Ave., Matt.

Office of the National Conductor, Boston, Mass., Nov. 18, 1900.—The Boston Spiritual Lyceum held its first session in Paine Hall. The hall was decorated with the National colors (the colors of the Lyceum), and chrysanthemums, the gift of Mr. Hayward of Braintree. The attendance was the largest of the past two seasons and there was a large audience. Among those present were many of the directors of the Boston Spiritual Temple, and the officers of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, headed by Mrs. M. J. Butler. Upon the platform with the officers were Mr. Alonzo Danforth, who was acting assistant conductor, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen the speaker of the day, Mrs. Morlock and Mrs. Jahneke, readers. The meeting was opened with a selection by the Clinton Orchestra. The school sang a selection from Mrs. Allen's hymn book. Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, the Guardian, read a poem. After another song by the school, five minutes was taken by the leaders to talk to the children upon the lesson, "What is Free Thought?" The answers were all very good and there were many of them. After the lesson the grand march was well executed. Mrs. Allen was the first speaker and was followed by Harry Green, Maude Armstrong, recitations. Mr. E. Warren Hatch, to the pleasure of all, gave a vocal selection, and Chas. L. C. Hatch a violin solo. Miss Alice Ireland a piano solo. Mrs. Jahneke and Mrs. Morlock each gave a reading that was well received. Mr. J. B. Hatch, Sr., was the last speaker, giving a short review of the Lyceum work in Boston, and wishing the Lyceum success. Take it as a whole, the day was a gala day for the school, and will be long remembered. Mr. Albert P. Blinn will be the speaker for next Sunday. Mrs. A. B. Carnahan will be the elocutionist. The Clinton Orchestra will furnish the music the entire season. The subject for next Sunday's lesson, "What Have We to be Thankful For." The Lyceum commences at 1:30 sharp. Admission free. All children are invited to join.

J. B. Hatch, Jr., Conductor.
A. C. Armstrong, Clerk.

241 Tremont St., Friday, Nov. 16.—The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society held its meeting as usual, with the President, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Allen in the chair. We held a public circle at 4:30 p. m. Mediums present, Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Shackley, Dr. Willis, Mrs. Waterhouse. In the evening we had a very interesting meeting; the following people took part. Mr. Tuttle spoke briefly and gave readings. Mrs. S. C. Cunningham gave excellent messages. Speakers, A. P. Blinn, Mrs. Bonney of Weymouth, J. Frank Baxter, Mrs. Macdonald. Music was furnished by the young men of the Lyceum. Friday night, Nov. 24, a benefit for this society by Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving.

Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street, Dr. Deey, president; M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. Song service at 11; solo, Mrs.

Clara Strong; pianist, Mrs. Mary Lovering. Those taking part in conference were Messrs. de Ros. Hill, Page, Baxter, Tuttle, Billings, Miss Sears, Mrs. Blanchard, Mrs. Strong. Afternoon, Dr. Ed Saunders opened the meeting with scripture reading, prayer and spirit messages; duet, Mrs. Lovering and Mr. Baxter; solo, Miss Page; messages, Mrs. Woods, Mr. Howe, Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Tuttle, Mrs. Wilkinson. Evening, song service, Mrs. Carlton Grover; music Lyle Orchestra; messages, Mesdames S. C. Cunningham, Knowles, Bonney, Gilliland-Howe, Wilkinson; reading, Miss Susie Delmaue. Sunday, Dec. 2, Mrs. Wilkinson will celebrate her ninth year of public work in Boston with an entertainment, afternoon and evening. Good mediums and speakers will be present; Walker's illustrated songs and pictures will be attractions and Mr. Charles LeGrand, soloist, with other talent. Banner of Light for sale. Meetings every Thursday afternoon at 2:30.

Recorder.

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont St. Services were held Sunday as usual. Some eight or ten persons took part in the exercises. A good audience was in attendance. Remarks were offered in memory of Mrs. Waters, who passed to spirit life Nov. 10.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, held the usual Sunday exercises, Nov. 18, opening with selections from Theo. Parker by Dr. Hale; also a very interesting lesson on the principles of Spiritualism with a lesson talk by Dr. Hale. The little folks' topic (from the Bible) "Mercy." The children showed the usual thoughtfulness in the selection of the verses. "Charity" is to be the word for the next Sunday. The following programme was then rendered, including recitations, piano solos, etc.: Eva Lee, Carrie Engel, Eldon Bowman, Rebecca Gooditz, Harry Green, Ester Botts, remarks by Mr. Packard, Dr. Ballard and Mrs. Butler. The Young People's Social Club will give a dance Nov. 30, 1900, at Red Men's Hall, Boston; tickets 25 cents. Also a fair to be held Dec. 11, 12, to aid the C. P. L. All welcome.

H. Howe, Secretary.

Eagle Hall, 616 Washington St., Sunday, Nov. 18, services largely attended all day; song service and invocation before each session. Mediums taking part: Mesdames Nutter, McLean, Parnell, Woods, Alexander, Fernald, Fish, Kibble, Knowles, Cunningham, Peabody-McKenna; Messrs. Slight, Newhall, Saunders, and others. Music, Mrs. Cameron. Banner of Light for sale.

Mrs. Nutter, President.

Dwight Hall, Thursday, Nov. 15, the Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society met as usual, with the president, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock in the chair. Evening meeting was opened with singing, Mrs. Boyd, pianist; remarks by the President; also by the Vice-President, Mrs. H. V. Chapin. Brief but interesting address by Mr. F. A. Wignin, followed by Dr. Dean Clarke. Another song, and Mrs. McDonald of Washington, D. C. gave communications and psychometric readings; Mrs. Gilliland-Howe, messages; brief remarks by the president, after which the meeting was closed with singing. The McKinley Supper was a success. Thursday, Nov. 22, a Bryan Supper; dancing in the evening. Thursday, Nov. 29, cards, and a social evening. All are invited. Banner of Light for sale.

Hattie L. Eaton, Secretary.

Massachusetts.

Mrs. Mary S. Pepper is occupying the platform for the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society of Springfield during the entire month of November, and doing highly satisfactory work. The hall is crowded to its utmost capacity at every service while many are unable to gain admission. Mrs. Pepper is greatly improved in health. Miss Lizzie Harlow delivered two scholarly addresses before large and appreciative audiences Oct. 28. Miss Harlow is sure of a hearty welcome whenever she visits Springfield. The Ladies held a very successful rummage sale in their hall, Nov. 6 and 7, netting a nice little sum. The work so far this season is progressing satisfactorily. Sunday audiences are larger than ever before; the socials are well attended with the result that the society's finances are in a flourishing condition. The amusement committee labor hard to present a high class of entertainments; Nov. 15, the drama "A Much needed Lesson" or "Thanksgiving with a Moral."

Mrs. Anna M. Kelsey, Cor. Secy.
376 Union St.

The Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society. Meeting Sunday, Nov. 18, 7:30 p. m. Mr. Cowan presided and gave an able address, followed by messages. Mr. Quint gave experiences of healing through spirit power. Mr. and Mrs. Atherton of Saugus gave address and messages. Address by Mr. John R. Snow of Malden. These meetings are well attended and all are welcome.

Wednesday evening, Nov. 14, the society held its regular monthly social. The following program was carried out to the satisfaction of the large audience present: The Lyle Orchestra gave artistic selections; recitations, Mabel Knox, Miss Merrill, J. R. Snow, Mrs. Sanderson, Miss Milton; songs, Miss Bassel, Baby Milton, Phoebe Jenness, Lizzie West, G. M. Sabine (tenor); piano solos, Miss Roulle, Miss Norris; violin solo, Mr. Jenness; cornet solo, Miss M. Jenness; addresses, Mr. Cowan, Mrs. Munroe. The audience showed its appreciation by encores nearly every recitation and musical selection. During the collection the orchestra rendered popular music. Every Wednesday evening, 7:30, a spiritual meeting is held by this society at 176 Pleasant St.

Mrs. Morton, Secretary.

Cadet Hall, Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Dr. A. Caird, President. Mrs. Carrie Tving continued her work with us on Nov. 18 and gave excellent satisfaction with lectures and communications. Music in the afternoon by Eva Manning, soloist, and Laura Metzger, pianist, and at 7:30 by members of Thomas' Orchestra, with cornet solo by W. H. Thomas and vocal solo by Mrs. Bertha Merrill. Mrs. Tving will be with us again next Sunday.

Sec'y.

Lynn Progressive Spiritualist Association. Services were held Nov. 18 as usual in Providence Hall. An interesting program was carried out in full, astrological readings, etc., being a prominent feature of the meeting. Next Sunday the same parties will occupy the platform. Subscriptions taken for the Banner of Light.

Brockton People's Progressive Spiritual Association held service as usual. Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding, of East Somerville delivered a very interesting discourse followed by spirit delineations. Sunday Nov. 25, Arthur S. Howe and wife will speak for us.

Mrs. Geo. E. Morse,
Corres. Secretary.

Spiritual Research Society, Salem, 2:30-7:30.—We had with us Mr. and Mrs. Harding of Somerville, also Mr. Walter Rollins, who gave messages. Music by Mr. Chas. LeGrand, Mr. J. M. Rickard and the two Herick children. Supper served. Next Sunday Mrs. Sadie Hand, of Boston.

H. J. Saunders, Secretary.
247 Bridge St., Salem

Fitchburg.—The First Spiritualist Society was favored with large audiences Sunday. The speaker, Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham, of Boston, gave two addresses, followed by many spirit messages. Miss Howe rendered several

piano selections. Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler, of Lynn, medium, will be with us next Sunday.

Dr. C. L. Fox,
President.

The Brockton Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, Mr. Geo. W. Nutting, Conductor, Mrs. Annie Shean, Secretary, writes: The Lyceum held its usual Sunday meeting, Nov. 18, in Good Temple's hall, 80-86 Main St. We had a very good attendance and a number of visitors were present, lessons were taken from "Thought Goms." The Banner March was well executed, followed by recitations, Marian Tirrell, Etta May Shean; reading, Ethel Cooley; piano selection, Lizzie Reed; closed with Target March and singing.

The First Spiritualist Society of Salem, met at O. U. A. M. Hall, 175 Essex Street. Services were conducted at 2:30 and 7:30 by Mrs. Fannie Mannin of Boston. Next Sunday our platform will be occupied by Mrs. Dr. A. A. Cate, President of the Haverhill Spiritual Union. Readings by Mrs. H. A. Baker in the evening. Supper served every Sunday at 5 p. m.

Miss H. F. R. Libbey, Secretary.
10 Cherry Street.

Somerville Spiritualist Society, 55 Cross Street, held a very interesting meeting Sunday evening, Nov. 18, Arthur S. Howe the medium. Excellent work was done by his guides, all fully understood. Sunday evening, Nov. 25, Mrs. E. E. Mellen, medium.

Ella M. LaRoche, President.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists, Mrs. C. M. Hartwell, president, will hold next meeting this week, Friday, Nov. 23, at Cambridge Lower Hall. Mr. Fred A. Wignin will be the attraction. Supper at 6:30 p. m.; 15c. Evening meeting at 8. Admission 10c.

Church of the Spirit, Springfield. Dr. Wm. Hale of Boston gave a very interesting lecture in American Mechanics Hall, Sunday evening, Nov. 18, under the auspices of the Church of the Spirit. He had a large audience, and his tests were good. He is to be with us the coming Sunday.

Mrs. L. E. Sackett, Cor. Sec.
54 Andrew St.

Fall River First Spiritualist Church had for speaker and medium Sunday, Nov. 18, Mr. Scarlett of Cambridgeport, who gave two very interesting addresses, followed by convincing spirit messages. Our Lyceum is still improving and has open sessions once each month. Next Sunday Mrs. Bruce.

James Lucas, President.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid of Stoneham met Nov. 18th in the A. M. Hall for regular business at 4:30. Supper was served at 6:30. Many came from other towns to hear Mr. Frank Master, our learned speaker who filled our rostrum for the evening. Next meeting, Nov. 22, Mrs. S. S. Harris of Haverhill, lecturer and medium. I am happy to say our society is in a very flourishing condition. Friends welcome.

Mrs. James Robertson, Secretary.

Women Who have the Blues

Despondency in women
Is a mental condition
directly traceable to some
distinctly female ill.
Well women don't have
the blues, but comparatively
few people understand
that the right medicine
will drive them away.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

overcomes the blues, because it is the safeguard of woman's health.

It regulates the entire female organism as nothing else does. When the dragging sensation and the backache go, the blues will go also.

Read the letters from women appearing in this paper—women who have tried it and know. There are a million such women.

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Mrs. James Robertson, Secretary.

New York.

The Fraternity of Soul Communion, Brooklyn.—On Sunday evening, Nov. 18, a large audience greeted Mr. Ira Moore Courlis. After the opening number by the quartette, Mr. Courlis read the Bible Lesson, followed by the lesson proper, which was a selected item from the editorial column of the dear old Banner of Light, followed by two selections by the Verdi Quartette. Mr. Courlis' guide, Mr. Thos. H. Shirley, then took possession of the medium and many were the beautiful messages given to an unusual number, including many strangers who seemed to be delighted. Our Society is about to take out a charter with the State Association to identify ourselves with the workers in the field at large. Our euchre party, to be held on Friday evening, Nov. 23, will, we hope, be largely attended, as already one hundred tickets have been sold and the prizes are most beautiful. We are sparing no pains to make this a grand success, both socially and financially. On Sunday next a special thanksgiving service will be held with extra music. Floral decorations and a grand Spiritualist test seance Monday evening, Nov. 26, at 423 Classon Ave. A benefit seance will be given for the benefit of the only surviving member of the Fox family, who is very poor and in actual want, he himself being on the brink of the grave, with a family of two children and a wife. Tickets 25 cents. Banner of Light for sale and spoken of at all meetings.

W. H. Adams, Sec'y.

At the Woman's Progressive Union, Brooklyn.—Sunday, Nov. 18, Professor Lockwood's afternoon lecture on "Intuition, Inspiration and Faith" was of a very high order. Excellent music in the evening. Professor Lockwood held the closest attention of his audience, his subject being "What the Mediumistic Mind of the Nineteenth Century will give or Transmit to the Twentieth Century in Art, Philosophy and Religion," a masterpiece in inspiration and oratory. His classes

are well attended. "The Holy City" was beautifully sung by Mrs. Kunert, and elicited applause. The Banner of Light is for sale at all our meetings. Those who are seeking for truth, read its pages through. You will be rewarded.

Mrs. N. B. Reeves.

The Spiritual Fraternity of Brooklyn, N. Y., held its usual services Sunday evening, Nov. 18, in Single Tax Hall, 1101 Bedford Ave., near Gates. We were favored by having with us Thos. C. Buddington of Massachusetts, who gave a lucid and eloquent address upon "The Harmony of True Christianity and Science." Miss May Seari, our medium, gave an inspirational poem, and devoted an hour to psychometric readings and spirit messages. Liberal religionists of our city find the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy clearly and tersely presented from our platform, and Miss Seari's psychic demonstrations are proving to many the reality of spirit return and communication with earth friends. It really does seem that the Banner of Light has improved (if that were useful), since moving from its "pent-up office" in Bosworth St. to its newer, breezier, and more roomy quarters. The editorial in last week's issue on the "Teachings and Benefits of Spiritualism" is the best I have ever read in so brief an article, and has elicited much praise. That on "The Coming Religion" is also most excellent. The weekly visits of the Banner of Light are eagerly looked for, so valuable do we find it as "guide, philosopher and friend."

Dr. John C. Wyman, Chairman.

First Association of Spiritualists.—New York City, Nov. 18. An unusually pleasant Sunday filled our hall to overflowing with earnest seekers after truth. Miss Gaule fairly surpassed herself with the startling accuracy of detail embodied in the communications, which were all gladly recognized, and in notable instances grateful tributes were paid to Miss Gaule by the recipients. The afternoon meeting was rendered exceptionally enjoyable by the delightful music of Miss Nettie Vesta who sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" superbly, with violin obligato and piano accompaniment by Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Severns. The interest in our meetings is constantly increasing, and the society was never in a more prosperous condition.

M. J. Fitz-Maurice, Sec'y.

Other States.

The Philadelphia Spiritualist Society commenced its meetings the first Sunday in September with Mrs. Minnie Brown, who, we are proud to say, is a member of our Society. It has often been said that a prophet has no honor in his or her own country, but we think Mrs. Brown is an exception to that rule. She is a good psychometrist and test medium and her audiences were large even during the very warm weather. During the month of October we had with us that tried and true worker in the Cause, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn of Stoneham, Mass. She is known throughout the country as a bold and fearless advocate of our philosophy and all reform issues, and with her great love for children, as a worker in the Lyceum, she has few equals. We have only to say that our people were well pleased with her work during her stay with us. For the present month we have with us Miss Lizzie Harlow of Haydenville, Mass., and we are pleased to say we have large and attentive audiences to listen to her eloquent discourses in support of our beautiful philosophy. We recognize her as a speaker of great force and power and bespeak for her a bright future. Miss Margaret Gaule has kindly consented to hold seances for us each Wednesday evening during this month. She has already given two, and the hall was crowded, with her many friends and other interested investigators. We noticed quite a number of strangers present at each service during the past month. We feel much encouraged with the prospects for the future.

Thomas M. Locke, President.

A Public Letter from Dr. C. E. Watkins to His Friends.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 1st, 1900.

My dear Friends:

I take great pleasure in informing you that since Nov. 1st I have opened my Boston office at No. 71 Gainsboro St., and if you, or any of your sick friends, desire to consult me in person, you can do so. I shall this winter make no charge for a personal consultation. I shall be pleased to see you at any time between the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m. Kindly remember no charge will be made for consultation. I desire also to inform you that I shall have every facility to give personal treatments with the following methods: Electric Treatments of all kinds, Magnetic, and Electric for female weakness, rheumatism, nervous diseases, massage, and, best of all, in my opinion, PERSONAL PSYCHIC TREATMENTS, the same as I give at my Sanitarium. I shall try and give such methods of treatment as will not only make a permanent cure, but as speedily a one as possible. If you will try and make an appointment by letter, it will be better, as then you will not have to wait, but can see me at once at the appointed hour.

I desire to call your particular attention to the fact that I shall have all of the latest and best methods to overcome chronic disease, and assist nature in her efforts to bring you back to health. And more particularly would I call your attention to my PERSONAL PSYCHIC TREATMENT; I am at present the only Physician who gives these PERSONAL PSYCHIC TREATMENTS. Pleased to see you at any time, if you take treatment or not.

Notice.—At the request of my Guides I will give 5 seances a week for independent slate writing. Terms will be \$5.00 for gentlemen and \$3.00 for ladies. No charge will be made unless I am successful, and I reserve the right to refuse to give a seance at any time I may feel so disposed.

All Huntington Avenue Cars cross Gainsboro street. It is only one street from Massachusetts Avenue. Remember the number, 71 Gainsboro Street. Brick house with white trimmings.

Yours kindly,
DR. C. E. WATKINS.

71 Gainsboro St.

When you can define thought, it will be time to question its freedom.—Ex.

Harmony of thought and feeling develop heaven.

'Tis always morning somewhere, and above The awakening continents from shore to shore, Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

—Selected.

"Why continually gaze upon the clouds of life? To be ever talking of the sins and wickedness of men is no good to you, or to anyone. Men who are full of light seldom talk of darkness. Get good into yourself and you will see less evil in others."

The bicephalous muscle settles it. We cannot call the ape our brother because of it. Incidentally, however, the anthropologist may be gratified to know for certain true he must look elsewhere for the origin of man, and also man is by no means the superior animal that science has tried to make him out. In fact, in development of teeth and limbs, he is inferior to the Darwinian favorite, and only by his extraordinary brain development is he superior to other animals. This is a pretty mean sort of "superiority" in some instances that will at once occur in the survey of humanity.—Ex.



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