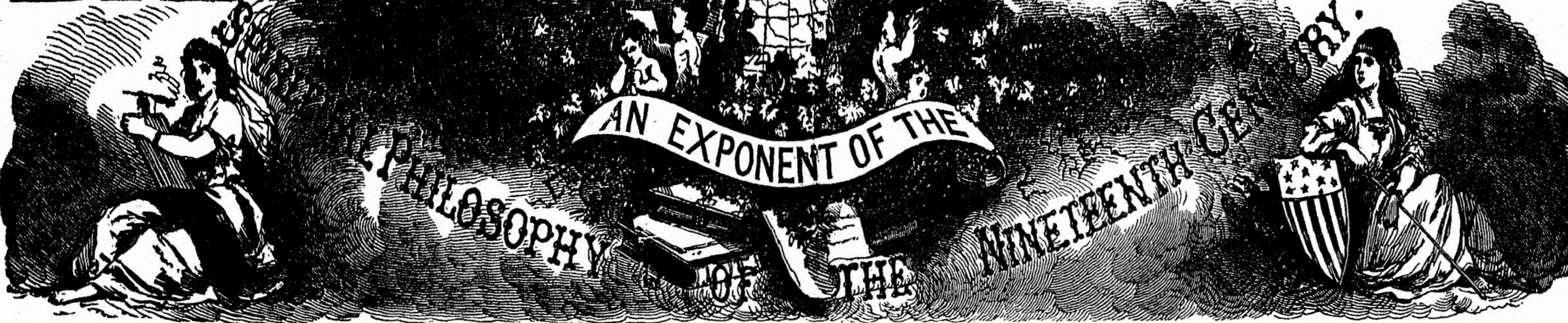


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NO. 8.

LAUS DEO.
BY DEVOTION.

I am a singer, singing through my pain
With changeless faith in God; for this I know
His hand of love holds mine where'er I go,
Through summer calms, or on life's wintry main
I am a singer, singing through my pain.

To thee, O Heavenly Father, do I cling!
For lo, thy lamp precedes my aching feet
With rays of hope and peace, divinely sweet;
And thus, for thy dear world, inspired I sing
To thee, O Heavenly Father, do I cling!

The holy city's chimneys ring in mine ears,
Quelling the hate, the bitterness, the strife,
The sins, the woes, the sorrows of this life.
With many a benediction through my years,
The holy city's chimneys ring in mine ears.

My soul hath triumphed by the grace of God!
Pain sinks to peace. He crowns my days with song
Of rest, for which the weary-laden long;
And climbing the rough way the Master trod
My soul hath triumphed by the grace of God!

I am a singer, singing from my soul;
For, when in agony of struggling breath,
I know God took me from the gates of death,
That here my hymn of thankfulness might roll
I am His singer, singing from my soul.

Sydney, New South Wales, September, 1900.

A Harvard Professor

ON A COSMOS OF

"MATTER, FORCE AND INTELLIGENCE."

THE ARYAN VEDAS,

AND

THE BHAGAVAD GITA,

OR DIVINE DISCOURSE.

Recognized the Same Trinity: Matter, Energy and a Personal Supreme Soul; Darwin a Pronounced Cosmogonist; Atheism "Slaps Science in the Face," and Science Overwhelmingly Rebukes Atheism.

BY GEN. W. H. PARSONS, Washington, D. C.

The distinguished American chemist, Josiah P. Cook, Jr., Irving Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Harvard University, in his work entitled "New Chemistry," in 1876, in illustrating the conservation of energy, or "mass" (the Professor's favorite term), representing the "indestructibility of matter," and the silent force of nature which repairs and resupplies what a conflagration may apparently destroy, said:

"The sun's rays are the liburial wand which exerts the mighty power, and, under the direction of that unerring Architect whom all true science recognizes, the woody structure the flame consumed will be rebuilt, and fresh energy stored away to be used or wasted in some future conflagration.

"That the energy comes, that it is stored away, and that it does reappear, are as much facts as any facts, as any phenomena which the sun rays illuminate.

"In another course in this place I endeavored to show what weighty evidence these facts give in support of the argument that all the details have been predetermined and arranged by an intelligent Designer.

"Amid all these varied phenomena is energy. Energy is indestructible and is measured by work. Matter is indestructible and is measured by weight. Add to these two a third, namely, INTELLIGENCE IS INDESTRUCTIBLE and is measured by adaptation, and you have, it seems to me, the three great manifestations of Nature—MATTER, ENERGY AND INTELLIGENCE. Giving each its due weight in your philosophy, you will avoid the extremes of idealism on one side and of materialism on the other."

Thus the Harvard Professor recognized the fundamental Basic Theory of the Aryan Vedas, whether familiar with it or not.

Huxley in "Nineteenth Century," xxi., 490, declares:

"I can understand that (as in Leibnitz's caricature of Newton's views) the Creator might have made the cosmical machine, and, after setting it going, have left it to itself until it needed repair."

This condescending concession to a Cosmogonist, Thoreau, contrasts his recognition of "the stupendous Cosmogonist philosophy of the Bhagavad Gita."

The cosmogonist philosophy of the Bhagavad Gita (the divine discourse or colloquy between Arjuna and Krishna), and the revelations of the Vedas of five thousand years ago, taught the sublime Trinity of the Cosmos, which modern science now reveals; and the Harvard Professor announces

MATTER FORCE AND SPIRIT.

The Supreme Spirit is the object of worship by the Muni, or devotees of India, and the whole theistic branch of the Yogi system. It was theistic, and was founded by Patanjali, whose principal text book was the Bhagavad Gita, or divine discourse, by Bhavagat, or the Holy One: a title of Krishna, the earliest incarnation of Vishnu, the Redeemer and Saviour, whose appearance on earth three thousand and one years prior to our era, was one of the several Avatars, or descents of Vishnu. Man being too material to worship the pure abstract idea of a supreme universal spirit, Vishnu, the second person of the Hindu Triad (Creator, Preserver and Destroyer; or Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva) was incarnated in Krishna, as a tangible and manifest personification of the Supreme, for the less philosophical portion of mankind.

Through Krishna (or Krishna), the Vedanta Philosophy of our Aryan ancestors was transmitted to this day, the Bhagavad Gita being the new Testament of the Vedas. Arjuna

questioned Krishna, the divine One, in Chapter VIII:

"What is the Supreme Spirit?" "The Holy One spoke."

"The supreme universal spirit is the One, simple and indivisible; and my own nature presides over atma, the soul, and is called Adhiatma, which is the Supreme Spirit in his relation to man's soul. The emanation which causes the existence and reproduction of existing things bears the name of action. And he who, remembering me at the moment of death, quits the body and comes forth and enters my nature. Therefore think of me at all times. If thy heart and mind are turned to me, thou wilt attain to me alone. By thoughts applied to diligent devotion, restrains his desires within his heart, meditating on the Supreme Divine person, without beginning; the regulator more minute than an atom, yet greater than the universe, who closes all the doors of his senses and utters the monosyllable Om, the Supreme Spirit, and thus continues when he is quitting the body, attains the highest walk, union with the Supreme, O son of Pritha. The great minded, who have recourse to me, reach the highest perfection and do not incur regeneration, which is the domain of pain and is not eternal. I am easy of access to that ever devoted devotee who remembers me, O son of Pritha. Those who know a day of Brahma, which ends after a thousand ages, know day and night indeed. But there is another invisible eternal existence, superior to this visible one, which does perish, when all things perish, called invisible and indivisible. They call this the highest walk. Those who obtain it never return. This is my supreme abode. But this supreme person, O son of Pritha! within whom all existing things exist, and by whom all this universe is caused to emanate, may be approached by devotion, which is intent on him alone."

"Behold this my lordly mystery—all things exist in me. Understand that even as the mighty air, which wanders everywhere, always dwelling in the ether, so all existing things exist in me.

"The deluded despise me, when, invested with a human form, I descend to earth as Krishna, not understanding my high existence, which is lord of all things, vain in their hopes and their knowledge. But the high-minded, inclining to the nature of the gods, worship me with their hearts, knowing me to be the imperishable nature of all things."

"Those who devote themselves to the gods, go to the gods. The worshippers of the Pitris and Bhutas go to them. Only my worshippers come to me. If any one offers me a leaf, a flower, fruit or water with devotional intent, I eat it, thus pliously offered by one of devoted mind. I am the same to all beings. I have neither foe nor friend; but those who worship me with devotion dwell in me and I in them. Even if one who has led a very bad life worship me, devoted to no other object, he must be considered as a good man, for he has judged aright. He soon becomes religiously disposed, and enters eternal rest: that primeval Spirit, from which the eternal stream of all life emanates. Those who are free from arrogance and delusion, and have subdued the vice of attachment to the world, proceed unbewildered to that imperishable place. Neither sun nor moon illumines that spot. The place to which those go who return not, is my supreme dwelling."

"An eternal portion of me only, having assumed individual life, attracts the heart and five senses which belong to nature. Whatever body the sovereign spirit enters or quits, it is connected with it by snatching those senses from nature, even as the breeze snatches perfumes from their very beds. The spirit approaches the objects of sense by presiding over the ear, the eye, the touch, the taste and the smell, and also over the heart. Without the soul, or consciousness, the senses would be passive and could not cognize the objects of sense. The foolish do not perceive the spirit when it quits the body, nor when it remains in it, nor when actuated by the qualities it enjoys the world. But those who have eyes of knowledge do perceive it, and devotees who strive to do so perceive it dwelling in themselves; but those who do not overcome themselves, being destitute of sense, do not perceive it, even though they strive to do so.

"Know that that brilliance which enters the sun and illumines the whole earth, and which is in the moon and in fire, is in me, the universal vitality, which invigorates all things. And I enter the ground and support all living things by my vigor; and I nourish all herbs, becoming that moisture of which the peculiar property is taste. And becoming fire, I enter the body of the living, and, being associated with their inspiration and expiration, cause food of the four kinds to digest. And I enter the heart of each one, and from me come memory, knowledge and reason; and I alone am to be known by all the Vedas, and I am the composer of the Vedanta or Vedic theology, and am also the interpreter of the Vedas.

"These two spirits exist in the world—the divisible and the indivisible, the individual soul and the universal vital energy. The divisible is in every living thing. The indivisible is said to be that which pervades all."

"But there is another, the highest spirit, designated by the name of Supreme Soul, which as the imperishable master, penetrates and sustains the triple world. Since I surpass the divisible, and am higher also than the indivisible, I am therefore celebrated in the world and in the Vedas, as the highest person (Purnsha) the highest spirit. He who, not deluded (by the world), knows me to be the highest person (Purnsha) knows all things, and worships me by every condition. This have I declared, O,

sinless one, this most mystic science. A man if he knows this science will be wise and do his duty, O, son of Barata!

Thus in the Upanishads, or Vedic writings, stand the fifteen chapters by name

"DEVOTION BY THE ATTAINMENT TO THE HIGHEST PERSON."

Thus we learn that Matter, Force and Spirit were the trinity of elements in the Vedas. The two former—matter and force—the attractive and repellant magnetic agencies of all animated nature, were and are held to be IMPERSONAL. The third of the divine triad, a Personal Supreme Spirit. Not a corporeal personality but as defined by Plato, who in his "Timæus" gives the Oriental concept of this living Spirit Divine: "An Eternal Beauty, which has no sensible form, nothing corporeal; not produced, imperishable, exempt alike from increase or diminution; beautiful not only in part, not only in time, or in a certain place, [as in Judea alone] but always and ever beautiful; a beauty which does not fail in exterior creation, but which subsists in itself, always the same, of which all other beauty participates, in such wise that their origin or destruction in no way alters the First or Primary Beauty."

Plato adds to this marvelous Oriental and Greek concept of Divinity, "If there is anything that lends grace and charm to life it is the spectacle of that eternal beauty; not the vain charms that are destined to perish, but under that unique form of divine Beauty itself."

"Can we believe that he who is absolute Being can be without thought or life? Can we say he has intelligence and life, but has no soul? All that is absurd."

"It is only he who cherishes and practices real virtue that has a right to be cherished and loved by God: he alone, above all others, has a right to immortality."

This definition of Divinity by Plato, Aristotle himself confessed, was a rational cosmogony founded on metaphysical principles.

The Harvard Professor, J. P. Cook, declared: "The three great manifestations of nature are Matter, Energy and Intelligence." Would it have been unscientific for the Harvard Professor to have called it "Infinite Intelligence"?

Aristotle said: "The intelligence of Him, who is the Infinite Good, since he is in all most excellent, is the most proper subject of thought." "This Prime Mover is the sovereign good—he is not only life, he is life itself; the pure act, the perfect intelligence."

Thus to the "UNIQUE INTELLIGENCE" of Newton, and the "Supreme Intelligence" of Voltaire, and the "INFINITE INTELLIGENCE" of the modern school of Psychic Thought, and the "Infinite Good" of Plato, we now add that of Aristotle, a

"PERFECT INTELLIGENCE."

If any amendment is made, we offer that of this renowned philosopher. In all or none of the Sacred Books of the Orient (excepting, perhaps, the Vedic writings, and the conception of the Supreme as a common Father by the Nazarene himself) is there to be found such a description of Deity as set forth by the inspired Greek Philosophers, Plato, Anaxagoras and Aristotle.

The most terse and succinct definition of the Supreme—not of this, but all worlds, as "The Maker of heaven and earth,"—was that of the Nazarene to the woman of Samaria: "God is a Spirit," to be worshipped in no temple by sacrifices, but in spirit and truth. He proclaimed, "I would have mercy and not sacrifices"; and addressed Deity, not as Lord of the Jews, but as "Our father who art in heaven. Your father and my father, your God and my God." A God of love and mercy, and not of vengeance.

This spirit, the Cosmo-crator of the universe, was by all philosophers, except the Sophists, recognized as an incomprehensible personality ("without form or corporeality," said Plato), but a personality whose expressions "glowed in the stars and blossomed in the trees," visible in every Kingdom in Nature, whether (as we have shown) in plant and animal life; the flora of the conservatories of palaces and the fauna of forests; the unadorned lily or the modest violet; that

"Blushing unseen,
Wastes its fragrance on the desert air,"

or waits the incense of its perfume to the angels and the stars; to the language of flowers, the signal code of lovers and the thoughts of God; "the Eternal Beauty"; "beautiful"—according to Plato—"not only in part, not only in time, or in a certain place, but always and ever beautiful; a beauty which does not fail in exterior creation (as woman and flowers), but which subsists in itself, always the same, in which all other beauty participates, in such wise that their origin, or destruction, in no wise alters the First or Primary Beauty."

The personality of the Supreme when manifest in an incarnation, was through an avatar, or descent to man, by a second or created personality; as Vishnu, the Redeemer of the Vedas and the Eon Christ of Christianity. A mystery which is solved by all modern enchantments which are true incarnations.

These inspired Philosophers, the founders of the Platonic and Aristotelian Schools, whose impress has been on every age; coextensive with, and recognized by, the scholars of all religions, Jewish, Christian, and Musliman—these great Teachers of Antiquity, who are as much entitled to recognition as Revelators of divine truth as the Prophets of either or any of the great religions of the Orient or Occident—these philosophers recognized the "Prime Mover," the "perfect intelligence," the principle of all goodness, the "Eternal Beauty"—as absolutely a living and intelligent, and not an impersonal being without life."

"Can we believe"—Plato says again—"that he who is Absolute Being can be without life and thought? THAT HE IS DEPRIVED OF INTELLIGENCE? CAN WE SAY THAT HE HAS LIFE AND INTELLIGENCE, BUT THAT HE HAS NO SOUL? 'ALL THAT'—says Plato—"WOULD BE ABSURD."

To explain the Cosmos, we must therefore, according to the doctrine of Plato, have recourse, not to blind chance, but an

INTELLIGENT CAUSE.

Is it ignorance therefore to declare with Aristotle, a belief in "a perfect" or an Infinite Intelligence? Socrates in Phædo, descriptive of his last hour, and his last colloquy with his devoted disciples, the most sublime and logical discourse on the immortality of the soul four hundred years before our era, to be found in any work, sacred or so-called secular, said:

"Having once heard a person reading from a book, written it is said by Anaxagoras—and which said, that it is intelligence that sets in order and is the cause of all things—I was delighted with this cause; and it appeared to me, in a manner too well, that intelligence should be the cause of all things, and I considered with myself, if this is so, that the regulating intelligence orders all things and disposes each in such way as will be best for it."

Voltaire declares: "It seems to me that the body of the meanest animal demonstrates a depth and a unity of design which should at once fill us with admiration and overwhelm our intelligence." Why should not the universe prove the existence of a Supreme Intelligence?

Lord Bacon, who was the philosopher, if not the poet of the Augustan age of Elizabeth, when Shakespeare then as now reigned regnant in the Dramatic Heavens, said: "Half science" (philosophy) leaves us lost; "only leads us to Atheism." [We commend this to the California philosopher] "but when we drink it at full draught, it leads us to religion."

Thomas Paine himself (by whom Atheists are wont to swear) on the first page of the "Age of Reason," declares: "I believe in one God."

Euler, the great mathematician of the eighteenth century, is the forerunner of our Grand Inquest of Savants, the consensus of whose opinion we have invoked in this essay, and in his indictment he says:

"Atheists have the audacity to maintain that the world is the work of hazard; that the eye was not made by design; that we received our members by chance... But it is only the fool that says in his heart there is no God!"

And yet says the California philosopher: "Ignorance could go no further" than to declare belief in "Infinite Intelligence."

Whose is the ignorance? Shakespeare declares:

"Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wings wherewith we fly to heaven."

"If ignorance be bliss,
'T were folly to be wise."

We now submit to this philosopher and all other hybrid and absolute Atheists—who, forsooth has "slapped science square in the face?" Those who believe and affirm, as do all these philosophers, in the existence and name of "INFINITE INTELLIGENCE," or those who deny? Who are the "imperfectly educated" and "illiterate"? Whose, therefore, the stolid ignorance which could no further go than to "slap science squarely in the face" by a declaration usually ascribed to "the fool," who alone "in his heart says there is no God?"

"Let us imagine for a moment," says the learned Tyndall, "that stones are gifted with the power of locomotion, that they attract and repel each other, and that by virtue of these attractions and repulsions they dispose themselves in such order as to form houses and streets in the most perfect symmetry, would we not be astounded by such phenomena?"

Such is the "reductio ad absurdum" of those who affirm that "ignorance could go no further" than to proclaim

"INFINITE INTELLIGENCE"

as the Primary Mover of the Universe. The Prime Mover of Worlds is the Cosmo-crator or Ruler of the Universe. The cosmogony, or origin of the universe, as defined by Moses, and by Hesiod and the Vedas, ascribes both the matter and form of the world as due to a spiritual cause, which is creationism. There are two other classes of cosmogonies: first, that the world existed from eternity; and second, that matter (as atomism and evolutionism) existed from eternity, but not the form of the world. Cosmotheism adopts the former, which identifies the universe with God, or with the divine activities.

Hegel, the German Cosmographist, held that the Cosmos is made up of matter and its phenomena; and mind and its phenomena. The distinct existence of matter alone is materialism; that of mind alone is idealism; the unknowableness of both—Agnosticism. The Cosmogonist embraces the general science of the Cosmos in all its parts—the systems of nature and of the supernatural and Teleological, and this constitutes the Cosmological argument.

In answer to Plato, the adherents of a "Molecular Hypothesis," or a Positivist system, would have us believe that of itself, nature, or the immanent properties of matter, the chemical forces of molecules, and the physiological properties of organic tissue, suffice of themselves to produce existing effects: of themselves unite together, dispose and arrange themselves in the precise order which the end of each existence demands, as in the formation of an eye or ear.

Those who deny in nature the action of an intelligent cause would as reasonably say that the masterpieces of statuary and painting, or that Homer's and Shakespeare's Works, or

that a complicated machine, whether a watch or the engine of an ocean liner, were the product of hazard and chance combinations.

The critics of the N. S. A. deprecate the application of the word "intelligence," whether "infinite" or otherwise, to a possible Supreme Dignity.

Would they have a senseless Deity? Perhaps they would have none at all. That is the occasion of their senseless hostility.

Not so thought Cicero and Socrates. The former that "the world so magnificent—which comprises all artists and all works—could not be destitute of reason and intelligence." The latter in Phædo affirmed: "It is intelligence that sets in order, and is the cause of all things."

"Singular cause," says a celebrated writer, "which without intelligence, does an intelligent work; which blind, engenders harmony; though improvident, provides for everything; though fortuitous, creates order, not only once but a thousand times repeated; though unconscious, knows how to construct with the skill and ability of consummate science; which again without soul begets life and soul; and though without reason or sentiment produces wonders of genius and love."

Aristotle thought that "The intelligence of Him who is the infinite good is the most proper subject of thought. This Prime Mover is the sovereign good. He is not only life, he is life itself, the pure act, the

PERFECT INTELLIGENCE."

The Atheists of this day superciliously assume that "Ignorance could no further go," than to believe in "Intelligence" of any quality in a celestial Supreme.

"How can we imagine," says Cicero, (de natura Deorum Book II. 34, 35), "that those solid indestructible corpuses floating in space, and moved by their own weight, could by fortuitous coincidence form this world so magnificent? Look at the tableau or at the statue, and you will see at a glance the hand of an artist. Can you then believe that the world which comprises all—both artists and works—could be deprived of reason and intelligence. And yet we see people who doubt whether or not the universe was made by chance or blind necessity."

But last and not least in the long catalogue of distinguished astronomers, chemists, naturalists and philosophers, who are pronounced Cosmogonists (a list which we could easily quadruple), is the name of Charles Darwin of England, the Sir Isaac Newton of Modern Biology. Behind the author of modern Evolution are entrenched the pronounced Atheist, Materialist and Pantheist, and those in the ranks of Modern Psychism, who hold with the philosopher, Henry Tuttle, that "The spirit is evolved as the last term of a long line of beings, the Protoplasmic monad being the first."

This large class of Evolutionists dispense with the necessity of a first Great Cause or Cosmo-crator, on the mistaken assumption that both Darwin and Darwinism are necessarily antagonistic to Theism.

We level the last trenchment behind which Atheism and Pantheism seek shelter; and compel them to stand in the open without the auxiliary support of either Darwin or his unsupported hypotheses.

A large class are sincere Evolutionists, and believe that if this hypothesis is true, there was and is no necessity for a "First Great Cause." Let us appeal now to Darwin himself. But that we may do no injustice to the Prophet of this cult, let him speak for himself.

Darwin, in the last lines of his "conclusion" on "Origin of Species," page 429, as before quoted, says, "Life may have been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one." Again, on page 428, he says: "To my mind it accords better with what we know of the Creator, that the production and extinction of the past and present inhabitants of the world should have been due to secondary causes." Thus Darwin was a Cosmo-crator, but believed he worked by secondary causes. In further proof he again, on page 421 of "Origin of Species," says: "I see no good reason why the religious feelings of any one. It is satisfactory, as showing how transient such impressions are, to remember that the greatest discovery ever made by man, namely the law of the attraction of gravity, was also attacked by Leibnitz, 'as subversive of natural, and inferentially of revealed religion.'" "A celebrated author and divine" (Darwin continues) "has written to me that he has gradually learned to see that it is just as noble a conception of the Deity to believe that He created a few original forms, capable of self development, into other and needed forms, as to believe that He required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of his laws."

It may be asked, therefore, has Darwinism any necessary antagonism to Theism? In his "Origin of Man," page 62, he says:

"There is no evidence that man was aboriginally endowed with the ennobling belief" [mark the concession that the belief was ennobling] "in the existence of an Omnipotent God. The question is of course wholly distinct from that higher one, whether there exists a Creator and Ruler of the universe? And this has been answered in the affirmative by the highest intellects that have ever lived." "If, however," he continues, "we include under the term religion the belief in unseen or spiritual agencies, the case is wholly different; for this belief seems to be almost universal with the less civilized races."

He elsewhere, however, affirms that: "The spiritual power cannot be classed or compared

by Naturalists," a proposition in which the equally great Naturalist, William Denton, certainly, disagreed with Darwin.

In a very recent interview with the learned Rabbi, Dr. Mendes, and the equally erudite Dr. Remondy, of the opposite school of theology, their opinion was asked upon the doctrine of evolution.

The former said: "Evolution in my mind is simply God's way of working, that is all. I do not believe that things started from themselves from a germ and elaborated themselves of their own volition."

Dr. Remondy, in response to the inquiry, "Do you deny evolution?" replied: "I entirely agree with Dr. Mendes' statement, that evolution is simply the method by which God produces the results. We have made, in my mind, an enormous blunder. If God has implanted in the germ certain possibilities of development, there may be more purpose on his part than if he created men and women and other animals by word and in a moment."

The writer holds the same position. Creative power is as patent and as potent, whether the genesis and elaboration be by fiat or evolution, whether instantaneous or the slow process of gradual development and unfolding during long geologic epochs and ages.

There was "a beginning," when the heavens and earth had genesis and elaboration.

The nebula hypothesis of L. Place and the geologic epoch of this planet, when animal life could not have existed, proves in either or both the primal fact of a "beginning"—visible matter in present forms, from originally invisible essence to visible nebula, and finally to "The realm of suns and planets."

And adamantine spheres," demonstrates that all visible creations, each possibly separate in the means of time, had each a "beginning."

Man also, therefore, had an origin. This genesis, whether by instantaneous fiat or the slow process of gradual unfolding, from the evolution of spirit, or primary essences, in orderly combinations and intelligent elaboration, were methods, measured not by process but results, of such supreme wisdom, the adaptation of means to ends, as demonstrate an "Infinite Intelligence" in either hypothesis.

Conceding, as we must, gradations of intelligence in the human family, as in the celestial hierarchy, therefore in the development of a microscopic germ, or protoplasmic cell, into a reasoning form, there is no less but more power than an instantaneous creation, and not less order, harmony and wisdom in results is displayed. Ether demonstrates

SUPREMACY INTELLIGENCE.

If creation is the result of fixed formulas, the existence of unchanging laws, laws that need no modification and are without "variableness or shadow of turning," the same yesterday, to-day and forever, then as all law requires a law maker and law giver and law maintainer, the source is a Supreme.

Thus, "a little lower than the angels," man descended, not from a lower but a higher state of primary invisibility.

"All material things which exist (including man) are invisible in their primary state."

Therefore, if that which is consciousness, or memory, survives the incessant waste, and hourly and yearly changes of matter, of which his physical form is constantly being recomposed, the Ego, or spirit, or consciousness, which constitutes the man, must have also had a primary state.

Science concedes to all visible existences a primary invisible state. Man and his spirit must have therefore had a physiological psychic origin: for all things which are seen were not made of things which do appear; they are temporal; but the things which are not seen, as both matter and spirit, are eternal.

This is a Teleological argument, not only for the pre-existence, but for the immortality, or eternal existence, of such an immutable thing as a Soul.

The Teleologist studies primary and final causes, and assumes that all things were made for definite ends, and a creator for the bestowment of benefits upon a perceptive and receptive consciousness, such as man.

Therefore, on Teleological grounds, the evident nature and purpose and tendency, visible in the universal order of the macrocosm and its adaptability to the microcosm of man, to enable him, by development and preparation here, to become fitted to live in a world more vast hereafter, is the Teleological argument of Metaphysicians; demonstrating, not only man's spirit immortality, but that of a Supreme Being whom the Nazarene declared was Spirit. The laws of the Cosmos, or the recognized instituted order of visible creation, is the cosmological argument, or the argument from visible nature.

Science (as we have shown) recognizes the fact that sublimated matter, invisible in its primeval state, ultimately framed the visible galaxy or macrocosm of universal worlds. Emerson said: "Each particle of a microcosm (as the ancient not improperly styled man) is the epitome or faithful representative likeness of the world in miniature."

This subdivision of visible nature, which recognized "the Homogeneity of matter in all worlds, and man himself" was Bruno's affirmation: for which, in the year A. D. 1600, the church burned him alive, in the city of Rome.

This now recognized sublime cosmological truth is taught by the Teleologists and the Theologians of all universities, including the Catholic University of America in Washington, D. C., in the year A. D. 1900, or three hundred years later than "the deep damnation of Bruno's taking-off."

The macrocosmic argument recognizes logically a Ruler of the Universe, to whom every cosmologist ascribes the unalterable order of material existences, an intelligent power working out results, by unalterable law, along unalterable lines.

Two centuries after Cicero, Galenus, the most celebrated Naturalist since the days of Hippocrates, studied the structure of the human body, and composed his work entitled "De Usu Partium," which he terminated saying:

"It seems to me that in writing these books I am composing a real hymn to the honor of Him who made us, and I feel convinced that solid piety consists less in the sacrifice of hecatombs than in causing others to know His wisdom, His power and His bounty; in demonstrating how He has put everything in that order, and disposition most conducive to their preservation; to make all nature sensible of His great benefits, to give proof and testimony of a goodness that calls our tribute of praise."

With the same reverent emotion this Thesis on the Cosmocrator of the Universe—not a Tutelar deity, or "Prince of this World," nor the tutelary divinity of a tribe or nation—is composed.

A symposium to Him "in whom," said the Greek poet quoted on Mars Hill in Athens, "we live, and move, and have our being." We also are convinced, as was the Roman Naturalist Galenus, "that solid piety consists less in sacrifice, penance, ordinance and praise than in causing others to know and recognize His existence, His power, His wisdom and His bounty, in demonstrating (as we have) how He has put everything in that order and harmony most conducive to their preservation, elevation and happiness; and to give proof and the testimony of the wise and great of all ages of a goodness that now, as in the past, calls forth this tribute of praise."

It is hard to do contrary to one's will. In its action one is almost continually brought to consider the motive or incentive. To attain the condition of soul rest and heart ease requires no little perseverance and disciplining of will. It is a condition that does not come from far, nor is gathered from flippancy. It is a condition that is not attained in a minute, hour or day. It comes from the continual testing of one's motives and object. Why and what for? are the self imposed questions. "Why do I bestow my sweetest smiles on the minister, doctor, lawyer, and frown upon my husband or wife?" "Why do I husband the pleasant ways, and don the finest apparel for the diddler or the belle woman, rather than for my own?" "How is my inside well?" "What is my wish, desire, motive?" "For what do I hunger and thirst?" The honest answer to these questions will disclose your bearings, whether in the path which develops the central sun of home or not.

Ego Entranced.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

When we selected the trance mediumship of Mrs. Piper as our special illustration, it was because it seemed best adapted for careful analysis. The published reports of the Society for Psychical Research have been prepared with a scientific precision of detail always lacking when the amateur tries his pretentious hand. Her personal honesty has long been proven to be above suspicion, and the problems involved belong altogether to the psycho side of life. The volume of "Proceedings" of most direct interest to the student are those of February and December, 1898, and February 1900; but are too full of monotonous detail to suit the general reader.

In our last article we pointed out the previously unnoticed fact that spirit George Pelham while communicating was unaware he was using the medium's hand for what is called "automatic writing." And further, the spirit who was talking did not at the time know that the hand was being so used. The legitimate inference is that the tongue was being used as automatically as the hand; and that neither spirit was making use of the medium's brain. Of course there are differences in degrees of mediumship, as well as in its phases, but one general principle applies to all alike. Thus, for the physical reasons then given, we may safely assume that no spirit knows how, or in what form his thought is finding outlet, until his attention has been called to the effect produced. Then, of course, although he is still ignorant of "how he does it," he knows, and perhaps watches the particular sense instrument that is responding to his will power.

We have thus seen that this far-famed communication between the two worlds is really nothing but an interchange of thought, which, on the mortal side is received and discharged through organs responding to certain vibrations. But scientific experience demands that both sender and receiver of thought, whether through atmosphere or wire, shall vibrate in perfect harmony. And as this is impossible between spirit and mortal, we are still in "fog land" until this point has been cleared up. That thought is itself a vibratory action, manifesting in ethereal waves, may be taken as proved by universal experience.

We have listened for half a century to inspired orators, pouring out eloquence in hour-long profusion, and claiming that it is spirit utterance thus given to the world. We have also the inspired words of many fluent writers; some clothing their efforts in the garb of romance, whose author is said to be a spirit; and others as solemnly declaring the presence of some wise angel visitor who is uttering wisdom and experience by the folio. Such writers and talkers, when facing the fact that spirit thought can no more vibrate under our atmospheric pressure than spirit hand strike blow for mortal freedom, usually declare that sister, brother, father, friend, give absolute proof and test of their presence by narrating facts of their earth experience. This is supposed to not only settle the question, but to reach much further, and become a voucher for every word of the romantic story of spirit life, and the truth and profound wisdom of spirit utterance. In our every day life we have orators and writers, whose imaginary pictures become alive as we read or listen. The character in the tale after lives for its author, and converses with him as he writes. The orator brings us into such hypnotic harmony that the thought his brain pictures becomes our thought too. If the Spiritualist declares these are effects outwrought by returning spirits he is only begging the question, and asserting that which remains unproved. As a matter of fact, we are unable to distinguish between the inspired and the uninspired, either with pen or voice. Nevertheless the mortal who writes and talks in the name of a spirit often produces what he calls "tests" as proofs of spirit return. Some of these tests cannot be fairly reduced to telepathy, in its generally understood meaning. Such phenomena are surely worthy of careful examination.

We notice that a returning spirit cannot directly impress any physical organ. All he can do is to discharge his thought into what Mrs. Piper controls call "a human field with certain light spots in or on it." These spots of light are, they assert, a form of energy evolved by the mortal sensitive, and may accumulate on brain or eye or hand or elsewhere. But it is always such a spot that is sensitive to the vibration of spirit thought. Intelligence consists in the interpretation of vibrations by which sense tells its tale to embodied life. The medium's brain becomes entranced; that is to say, silent to normal vibrations. In this condition the subconscious self—another personation of the same Ego—can and does, amid that silence, catch more or less of the spirit's thought vibrations, and record them on the sense organs, or whatever may be the "light spots" of the medium. The very possibility of any communication between spirit and mortal depends upon the presence of Ego in another of his personalities, and that he finds conditions such that he can, to a limited extent, broaden out the normal personal consciousness of the mortal.

The student reader will now begin to discern a glimmer of sunlight in this fog land we are exploring, and he will now be ready to utilize a little more of these wonderful and instructive experiences through the sensitive Mrs. Piper.

Dr. Hodgson, who is arch-investigator, tells us that the spirit acts like a man nearly asleep, and gradually becomes more and more drowsy, till at last, thoroughly exhausted, he declares the light has failed. Then he retires, and we presume immediately takes a refreshing nap. A man who is nearly asleep is a poor kind of a witness in any court. Here is a spirit trying to come back, and perhaps sending a telepathic call from some mortal. His effort plunges him into the dark, which I call "fog land," and the only light he gets is from certain spots which reflect a little surplus energy accumulated by the medium. I suppose a drowsy spirit is better than none, but we must remember we have been trying to build a mighty philosophy on the utterances of these very sleepy spirit visitors. If we were altogether subconscious, and knew no truth whether we met it in dress and in its every-day attire, we would be a little better off. But here in earth life Ego works by reason and a delicately adjusted brain, which has a habit of making a fool of itself on the slightest provocation. We must remember the sitter claims to be particularly wide awake. He has taken every precaution to make sure the medium was fast asleep, but it has never occurred to him that his visitor was far too drowsy to recall much of his normal experiences as a spirit. This ignorance has been most natural, for after he (or she) has come a few times the appearance of confusion usually wears off. Then it is that, at any rate for a brief hour, the spirit seems as wide awake as the sitter.

We now ask ourselves the question, what is it that has become wide awake? It cannot be the spirit, for the vibrations of earth atoms there are as abnormal and sleepy as ever for him. That which has evidently taken place is that the medium's organism has become more and more in harmony, and therefore more sensitive to the thought flashed by the spirit. Through her organism the spirit senses more and more of earth life, and thus gains access to the brain-pockets, where the medium's and sitter's experiences are stored away in the shape of memory. He grows more awake to earth-life but remains necessarily as foggy as ever to his spirit manhood. We must remember that even if the medium's Ego is for the time crowded out or asleep, everything that medium ever knew or heard becomes accessible to the spirit who is controlling her organism. And his power as one who KNOWS rather than reasons necessarily includes the sitter in a mental outlook that is startling in its power of detail. Everything the medium ever knew or experienced, and often very much of the life of the sitter, will gradually become accessible to the visitor who has grown thoroughly accustomed to controlling a mortal organism. And this acquired power of sensing earth-life brings back much of that control's own earth experiences that had been silent to spirit vibrations. The hypnotized mortal will have no secrets from her hypnotizer. But the medium's power

or innate mental capacity will nearly, but not quite, limit the intellectual expression of her spirit control. I say "not quite," because in the mortal vibrations will occur again and again some of his own experiences in earth life. He will feel his way to them more or less clearly, till presently they will represent something of his lost personality to that spirit visitor. But he will necessarily remain drowsy as ever to his normal spirit life, for there is nothing in mortal vibration can help him to recall them. We watch the highly-educated visitor who, through the uneducated medium, but give him time and experience and he will gradually work up to the utmost possibilities of the mortal he is using. That which at first was automatic, whether through tongue, hand or eye, at last vibrates direct through mortal brain, and some day the spirit feels quite at home on the earth side of life. But he remains sleepy as ever to the spirit, and continues unable to explain how he makes use of the medium's organism.

Under these more favorable conditions you may get a reflection of the spirit's earth life, to a limited extent, but usually far short of a rational identity. The grand old mandarin, who has talked wisely and well through J. J. Morse for over a quarter of a century, cannot even to-day talk Chinese, or write a sentence in that language.

Occasionally a visitor will jabber in some forgotten language of earth life through the lips of a sensitive, and even converse with a sitter in a tongue unknown to his instrument. Sometimes a spirit who has but years ago cast his skin can remember that he hid his doorway under the mat, and perhaps use his medium's abnormal sensitiveness to gather distant facts in earth life connected with his death. These then are accepted as remarkable proofs of his identity, and we hear the unprofessional sensitive declare that he—or she—has absolute proof that her loved one has not forgotten an iota of his earth's experiences.

We will now turn, once again, to the experiences of the learned investigators of the Society for Psychical Research, and learn the lesson of the facts they have so carefully gathered for us. One of the most interesting unprofessional mediums ever identified with Modern Spiritualism was the late Stanton Moses, probably better known to many of our readers as M. A. Oxon. He was a highly educated gentleman, and a very man of the English Church. For a number of years he was also editor of *Light* still published in London, and extolled by W. Stead in *Borderland*. This educated gentleman was a magnificent spirit instrument, having all the Piper excellence and something more, for his "spots of light" permitted physical phenomena as readily as that of the trance. His controls, or spirit visitors, were, for the most part, educated gentlemen like himself. The student reader will here recall that, no matter who or what they represent intellectually, they were as subject to the laws holding the spirit drowsy to his normal spirit life as the controls of Mrs. Piper. These guides of Mr. Moses became very wide awake on the earth side of life, and talked long and learnedly, as well as often, by way of instructing mortals. Thus the various publications of M. A. Oxon (Rev. Stanton Moses) are classic literature to the educated Spiritualist.

Here, then, we have mediumship under its most favorable aspect. The utterances and teachings are flavored with righteousness, as became their clerical mouthpiece. Certain spirit's claimed control of the medium and assumed responsibility for the teachings. This mediumship was never, as has been so often reported, analyzed and criticized, as has been that of Mrs. Piper. So we will not stop to learn its lessons, but watch the reverend medium after he himself has become a spirit and is invited to report through Mrs. Piper.

We now find ourselves in the presence of the spirit of the experienced M. A. Oxon, whose teachings concerning spirit return have been accepted by thousands. His old controls, known as "Imperator," "Rector," "Mentor" and "Doctor," are also ready to play their part in this drama of Two Worlds.

Mr. Moses, like the rest, comes sleepy and confused, misunderstanding what is said to him, and giving most irrelevant replies. He was a fine Greek scholar, but has apparently lost even the alphabet of that language. He had placed the real earth names of his controls, as given to him by them, on record in England, but cannot now recall them. Unfortunately he soon announces that he has regained his memory and gives the names. But if he is right now he was all wrong in earth life, for the names are not the same. Yet the reader will please note that we are dealing with the real Stanton Moses, for he is guaranteed as genuine by spirit George Pelham, who had already satisfied Dr. Hodgson—the arch investigator—of his identity. Poor Moses, like his namesake when the light was out, found himself in the dark, and cries piteously for more light. He attempts tests and fails. On one occasion, and with the help of George Pelham, also a Greek scholar, he fails to translate a Greek sentence. Spirit Moses explains: "I could in time recall all the Greek I ever taught. It seems like awakening from a dream to call this to mind."

Medium Moses had taught clearly and distinctly certain dogmas concerning the fate of sinners in the next life. Through Mrs. Piper the drowsy George Pelham had contradicted these teachings, and now sleepy Stanton Moses says George Pelham is right, and he himself was wrong, although it was so given him by spirits. Our natural question at this point would be: If a spirit has entirely forgotten the Greek he once taught, how much of his other teachings could he be expected to recall? On yet another occasion he gave one or two names correctly, but remarked: "It is very singular how the names of former friends that were in my mind now run through my mind just at this moment."

Such is spirit return as presented to us by the reverend medium M. A. Oxon, as identified and accepted as genuine in the reported Proceedings.

We next turn to "explore" the several renowned controls of Mr. Moses, whose saintly fame has resounded through the realms of Spiritualism. These celebrated spirit teachers may have found themselves unusually drowsy when returning through Mrs. Piper, but to the unbiased onlooker they seem to play the part of dreamers of nonsense. "Imperator, Mentor, and Doctor," are, of course, and often sees Telemachus. He could not remember the name of his wife (Penelope), but claims she is always with him. The real names of Rector and Imperator have been lost forever in the fog, unless the English record be assumed to be correct. But it is quaintly amusing to find Rector warning Dr. Hodgson "not to rely too much on statements made by George Pelham, because G. P. is too far away from earth now to be clear in regard to tests."

It is understood that at this time Imperator and the rest of the experienced controls of the late Mr. Moses have assumed the entire charge of Mrs. Piper and her mediumship, with the full consent of Dr. Hodgson. We are told they have already helped the medium physically and in her mediumship. Their object is declared to be "to exclude earth-bound spirits from further use of 'the light'."

Surely it is now plain to the student reader that returning spirits leave most of their spirit experiences and memories behind them when they come back and have to gather up, as best they may, the old details of their earth-life, when such are demanded as proofs of identity. These illustrations have been given to prove the assertions already made: (1) That a returning spirit can only control by thought power; and (2) That as a narrator of other world experiences he is necessarily unreliable.

Of course at this point the experienced medium and the Spiritualist of a myriad séances will produce their several experiences, and thus endeavor to prove that Mrs. Piper's mediumship is really a most inferior article by which returning spirits are necessarily obfuscated and perplexed. We shall hear again, as we have long heard, accounts of fluent utterances the name of some celebrity, and "Yes, that is the name of the spirit sleep!" and "I shall have the dear friend coming back to find a lost paper and recall a long-forgotten incident. A departed relative will be returning with charming incidents of civic and private life in the 'summer land,' adorned with biographical details. We shall be expected to be

smothered by these proofs of spirit-identity and memory of events in the spirit's earth life. And these are claimed to substantiate the spirit's fancy pictures of life in the spheres. Even the casual haunter of the dark adepts will laugh at the idea of a "drowsy" spirit. And above all, it is almost sacrilegious to analyze the experiences of the whole-souled mortal who claims her loved ones' return as she waits in alliance for prudence and counsel. With such a sincere believer, not only has the question of identity been long settled as a holy truth, but she will usually quote long teachings by such spirits, telling us how God creates and works in love to a destined end, which end is to be the happiness of his human children. The fate of other forms of life which have lived and suffered as much as man is not recorded in "fog land."

As a matter of prudence I positively decline to criticize even one such experience. I only present facts as discovered by the exploring student, and leave them to sprout or die according to the mortal soil in which they may find lodgment.

One such fact is the general level of the trance addresses given by platform mediums in the name of some spirit guide or control. Look back to the commencement of the career of almost any one of such speakers, and we find their early addresses equal in general ability and instructive effort to those delivered to-day. The spirit is usually working at the utmost normal level of the capacity of his instrument, and in some noted cases has kept his instrument from independent study, lest his own supremacy be imperilled. Surely that spirit has advantages in his present home which should enable him to startle the world with new and needed truths. I know of but one or two brilliant exceptions among our public teachers, and they are personally up-to-date students and undoubtedly guided by spirits in full sympathy with their efforts. I suspect there is a yet deeper cause for the successful development of such public teachers. I believe they have been psychometrically presenting the right conditions for their own sub-consciousness to instruct their mortal manhood. Such a teacher becomes twofold in power, because he is combining the wisdom of two of the personalities of his own Ego.

And how about the highly-esteemed sensitive with whom we are all acquainted, who declare themselves in almost daily intercourse with a long spirit? I believe their statements to be strictly veridical. But love does not change law. The spirit who returns must plunge into "fog land" and take the consequences. The sitter may be wide awake, but the spirit must be befogged by earth atmosphere and conditions. That spirit can only communicate by thought, and that thought will hit the most accessible "light" spot of the mortal organism. Whether that spot be tongue or ear or hand, or some other spot, is a matter of ante-natal sensitivities. Presently the spirit visitor grows more and more clear as to earth memories and the use of her (his) medium's organism. She can telepath and practice clairvoyance if the mortal organism permits. She soon becomes "hail fellow, well met" on the mortal side. But that leaves the spirit as cloudy as ever to her own spirit experiences. This must be so, for, just as the X ray vibrates through and through certain solid substances, so must all spirit thought moving amidst still finer vibrations utterly fail to make contact with the mortal form and its various organs. Of course, while very close to earth life, either because earth-bound or because just passed over, the returning spirit finds such difficulties somewhat lessened. But for the growing spirit it must ever be as Rector said of George Pelham, he becomes too far away from earth to be reliable.

Let the student reader carefully note that it is out of such materials poor mortals have woven their theological systems and built up their imaginary hereafter. The medium with a vivid imagination and a genuine control in loved sympathy may picture vivid scenes of spirit life; but every time and everywhere, however attractive such scenes may appear, they are necessarily unveridical. "This must be so because the spirit who would visit earth is necessarily befogged as to spirit experience, even if he (she) become more and more reliable when discussing his earth experiences with old-time friends."

It must now be remembered that if we are to attempt further explorations into the mysteries of "spirit return," we can only hope to be successful by making the veridical acquaintance of our own subconscious Ego. Because to seek information from a spirit visitor is to ask direction from one who is already befogged by his approach to earth-life.

San Leandro, Cal.

"Home, Sweet Home!"

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I wrote you last from France. The great Exposition is a success in every way, and I have seen everything worthy of observance, and, having tarried so late, must now turn my feet homeward.

Every American steamship is full, and I was obliged to secure passage on the French steamer, *L'Aquitaine*, which I regretted, for, having seen so much of the French people and their language, I had hoped to spend my time continually in their midst. For days and days I have traveled through the Exposition, and never heard an English tongue, until I long to hear an American speak. All around me surge a thousand Frenchmen jabbering their *patois*.

And now, good-bye to the lovely white city beside the river Seine, the enchanting city where I have passed so many pleasant hours. Ah! I shall never, excepting in my dreams, behold another such fairy-land; I shall never, excepting in a vision, reach the supernal heights I have enjoyed here, for half the time I have floated down the river Seine, wondering whether I was not in Paradise—gazing up at mosque and tower and walls of jasper and porphyry—floating on in a state of exaltation and praying I might never awaken from my dream of bliss; my mind traveling on and on up the heights of glory and imagination until I seemed a creature of another planet, and of another realm, as I pictured strange scenes of light and glory.

I have stood in the halls of the Caesars, and caught the spirit of the old Romans who might have walked beside me in stalwart stateliness, or disappeared amid the columns of the Peristyle. I have stood in the Garden of the Gods, and wondered if Paradise were ever so fair, with its flowing fountains and trailing garlands of flowers reaching over the abutments, and sweeping down into the waters of the lovely Seine. Oh, I have stood among all these supernal scenes, and been drawn closer to Infinity by their loveliness, and I have received a mental unfolding which shall benefit me in long years to come—a growth and an education which shall be of great value in the future; a psychic development, a mediumistic expansion which will create a richer unfolding. I can even read the contents of sealed letters, and my psychometric development is wonderful.

But there is an end to all things, and thus it happens that one day I embark on the French steamer, and wave an adieu to the shores of France.

There is only one American besides myself on the steamer, Mr. Arnold, a gentleman about fifty years old. All the other seven hundred passengers are French, and jabber their *lingo* continually. Oh! I am so tired of it.

As the days pass on the novelty wears off and hearts grow sad and weary. Even the irrepressible French spirit of gaiety seems broken, and I see tears in many eyes. Finally we approach turbulent seas, and nearly everybody succumbs to seasickness. There are days of illness and misery for many. At last we emerge into still waters. The American says, with a yearning glance across the seas, "We'll soon be back to our own country!" Yet time drags. At twilight we hear the distant chorus of the steamer passengers ringing out on the air with weird effect. They are foreigners and very poor, with little to eat. I see them down below, with a raw onion in one hand and a piece of dark bread in the other. I leave all my fruit at dinner and throw it into the steerage. I hide away my cake and sweet

things at dessert for these little children, clad in a single garment. And the days pass on and on, and I rebel at the slowness of time. Shall we never reach land? And then I reflect on all I have been through, I have traveled twelve thousand miles in a comparatively short time. I have seen over a million different faces, journeying by land and sea, and heard the language of every clime. No wonder I feel lost somewhere, out in the wide, wide world.

The days pass on and on, and still the American stands at sunset searching the horizon, murmuring, "When we reach God's own country!"

Oh! I tell you, reader, there may be times when you feel that your lines are not cast in pleasant places; when you may feel discontented with your lot, and send your thoughts forth into the distance—across the spaces—as if you might find there a better land! But let me tell you that there is no better land than America, and there are no better people than Americans, and should you come out here to France you might behold a beautiful domain, and a gay, rich nation of people, full of joy and mirth—a nation that is drinking, ever drinking, sitting all day upon the boulevards, at little tables—drinking! But you would not see the sober sense and forethought that marks the American.

France is backward in invention; there are no electric cars in Paris, and few houses have patent closets, or the commonest sanitary systems. You would see a nation of art, of beauty, of immorality, and perversions of nature. One day it will fall as Rome fell from its pedestal. When the vices of a nation rise to high heaven; when they assume such proportions that even the gods rebel, patience is exhausted, and vengeance wreaked upon the heads of the offenders; and when the creative principle is perverted; and the sin visited upon the third and fourth generation, and innocent posterity made to suffer thereby, there is a vengeance following slowly but surely on the heels of the transgressors. Woe to thee, thou gilded Paris! Thou shalt fall even as old Rome fell from its pinnacle of glory; for when the source of human existence is perverted into other channels, a nation can no longer develop intellectually, but must sink back into primeval feteness, or else totter and fall ignominiously, as fell ancient Rome. It is thus written in the history of nations.

Yes, there is no better land than America, and no better people than Americans. In France I have heard the testimony of Swedes, Germans, Austrians and Italians who have been for years in America earning American dollars, but who are now here visiting the Exposition, and each one declares that he has adopted America as his country. It has given him a living and enabled him to support his aged parents far back in the old country, and henceforth to him there is no country but America.

Two more days drag wearily by, and birds begin to appear. We know we are near land, and we even see distant shores, and one morning a green hill is presented to our vision; we sail all day in sight of land, and at last we see the spires and turrets of New York. Bye and bye we pass Fire Island and see the most beautiful sight ever beheld by the men or women who love their country—the Stars and Stripes waving over Fire Island! And everybody rejoices, and the American bares his head reverently, murmuring in a broken voice: "At last! God's own country!"

Slowly we draw up to the pier, our trunks are opened for custom inspection, and oh! it seems like heaven to realize I am in America, listening to my native tongue. Sweet it is, I shudder as I glance back at the French steamer, thankful that I have at last said good-bye to the last blackboard of a bilious, faded native of Paris. My heart sings with joy. I telegraph to the dear ones at home that I shall soon be with them, then entering a carriage I am driven to the depot where I take a train for home. I think deep and I think hard on the way. What have I not accomplished? I have been to France and back all alone, and I feel that I could journey to any wild, inaccessible country on the globe.

The train speeds on and on, and, always proud of my birthplace, I am doubly proud when I reach Boston—the seat of culture and intellectuality and reform; oh! so glad to spring into the arms of the loved ones waiting there!

It is so written that a man shall leave his native land and wander far forth into foreign countries, but all the glories of the new world will never obliterate his love of his country, and he shall recross the seas, and, standing on his own threshold, murmur, "After all, there's no place like home, sweet home!"

EVA A. CASSELL.

Our Work.

"Two aspects of our work it is now desired to call attention to, may be called the Inner and Outer, or the Spiritual and the Material. The first implies a recognition of the parts the Spirits play in our movement, a recognition of the important fact that ours is a spirit inaugurated work, that, being such, it differs entirely from most movements, inasmuch as the source of its origin and teaching is in the other world. To some this argues weakness and danger. Since it is averred that as all sorts and conditions of spirits return to earth there is no unity of teaching, no oneness of authority, no standard of faith possible, nor can any leadership be established. This weakness is really the strength of our Cause, in a sense its salvation, for it prevents the curse of stagnation, due to fossilization of opinions. It ensures the absolute democracy of the work, and allows new ideas, and the expansion of present ideas, to proceed unhindered.

To those who need "creeds" and "confessions of faith" such a condition of affairs as indicated above will be uninviting and unsatisfactory, but such are not of the stuff that the world-workers are made. Yet there is much that all spirits unite upon and insist upon as fundamental to their labors in our midst. As, for instance, God, immortality, spirit-return, mediumship, righteousness, retribution and ultimate progression for all, none of which may be strictly new ideas, but all of which have an added value imparted to them from the fact that they are taught by those who now live in that other world, where they find from actual experience that such things are very real. Do we as a body give sufficient place to the spirits as factors in the building up of our Cause?

Are not too many inclined to forsake the unseen teachers, to fly off after strange doctrines, and, possibly, because to confess the spirits is still unfaithful, to label their experiences as "Theosophy," "Occultism," "Psychic Science," and other more or less indefinite terms? To be ashamed of the spirits, who have given us our Spiritualism, or to hold the light they have brought us under another name is little short of ingratitude to those who have given us the evidences demonstrating the life beyond death. The various issues that have arisen in our ranks are but different sides of one great subject, and can be studied without the necessity of dividing us into hostile camps, since all that is true in them is germane to the teachings the spirits have given us these past fifty years."

—J. J. Morse.

Copies of Banner for Circulation.

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

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SQUIRREL CHATTER.

Chip-chip-chip-chip-r-r-r
Good morning, sir!
If you wish to see me,
Come up in this tree.
(I'm at home, as you see,
Here's my wife, sir! (she's shy;
Her name's Frisky; mine's Spry.)
Now as I introduce
You, don't try any ruse;
Nor think of the stew
So nice we'd make you,
For, you see, we love life and liberty too.

Chip-chip-chip-chip-r-r-r
Now we'd much prefer
That that wicked gun
You'd aim at the sun,
Though it may be less fun
Than this rare sport to you;
But now, honest and true—
If a squirrel you were,
And I a hunter,
Do you think you'd enjoy
The gunning, my boy?
Would there be so much fun in a shot or decoy?

But I meant to remark,
With my chattering bark,
That my wife, sir, and I
Were most happily
Taking breakfast up high
On this wide-spreading bough,
Where we're plentiful now,
When you happened this way
In your ramble to stray;
For we're up with the sun,
And have had a good run
Over fences and tree-tops for nuts, and for fun!

And we just sit up—so!
(On our haunches, you know.)
And hold with each paw
A nut with no flaw;
Then through it we gnaw:
And we drink the sweet dew
That the sunlight shines through;
Now, don't talk to me
Of your coffee and tea,
Or nice mutton chops;
Our nerves have no hops;
And dyspepsia never our junketing stops.

Chip-chip-chip-chip-r-r-r
You admire squirrel fur?
Yes, we think it's fine;
Can't we walk with mice,
For it's just in my line!
If you aim with that gun,
Wish it to this side, I'll run
Now in a one word more;
Your Columbus sailed o'er
To this world in a ship,
We just take a chip,
And, spreading for a sail
A due bushy tail,
We set out to sea.
Your Columbus was no better sailor than we,
—Mrs. A. Giddings Park, in "Young Idea."

Letter from Winona.

To the Children of the Banner of Light: How do you do, children? It is a long time since my medium gave me a chance to write to you. I have been in many lovely places since I wrote. Went on a large boat, and saw the men building some big boats, and it seemed as if they were like the bodies of people. I asked my medium if it did not seem as though they should have a heart and soul inside their great ribs.

At one place the little squirrels came so cunningly, and were so tame I fed them from my medium's hand. Oh! they were lovely too! I don't see how any one could have the heart to hurt or kill them. I know if they had any spirit children around who could tell them about life, and the love of the Great Spirit for everything, and what would be meeting them when the change called death came, no one could hurt the dear animals.

I want to tell you, children, of a beautiful thing which happened at Lake Pleasant. I wonder how many of you have been to Lake Pleasant. It is a summer city in a grove where the sun shines more brightly it seems than in most places; where no one is allowed to kill the birds or squirrels; where there is a lake of clear water, and one can go out on the water in boats; where the spirit world is welcomed by almost every one, and so many sad and lonely people have been comforted and made happy by the spirit friends giving their messages, and proving that they live.

One day, the 7th of August, on Winona street, at a cottage called the Coburn Cottage, a little spirit came—a real live spirit—a beautiful baby girl, I guess something like the beautiful spirit-girl which came to the Barrett Brava's home. A baby came to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Proctor of Springfield, Mass. It seemed as though the spirit-world was so glad to bring the little one into the beautiful summer home. A little medium, I think, whose life before its entrance on earth was surrounded by influences and conditions of spiritual love.

The little one's mamma and papa wanted it to be cared for and protected by spirit bands as strongly; and lovingly as possible, and so they asked my medium if she would hold a service to consecrate their darling to the higher powers and give its earth name. The service was held in the Temple at Lake Pleasant Sunday, the 17th. The consecration was beautiful, rosebuds and one pure white lily bud used as symbols. The name given the baby darling was Jessie Elizabeth Proctor. The C. Fannie Allyn lady gave an improvised poem.

A great many people think it foolish to have such a service, but if they could have seen the groups of spirits so earnestly intent upon the solemn service, I think all would have felt its beauty. There was a circle of the most beautiful spirit children around it, each one bringing flowers so much more perfect than earth ones, and all breathing a wish for its welfare; then a number of Indian spirits, for care, watchfulness and love; then outside a large band of wise guides, whose duty will often be to inspire, help and guard the baby, even after it gets beyond its early years.

I cannot tell you all I have to say to day, in regard to helping others, I have so much to do. There are so many I promise to look after, and I never break my promise. That would make people lose confidence in me. I do not believe I ever told you I was at the children's party so long ago, and enjoyed it very much, too. Every one must do something for others to be happy themselves.

I saw a poor little boy who never walked and did not have any carriage or cart to ride in. He got to be quite a big boy, and was never treated well because he could not help himself. I guess his mamma never wanted him somehow, but the angels did; and one night, all alone in his earth home, the spirits called his name and opened their arms to him, and he went home. I wish I could tell you more really how beautiful the music was that was made for him when he got to heaven. The flowers were the nicest that could be brought, and he was loved and cared for all the while. Now he can walk as well as you or I can. And he is loved so well.

Do you, every one of you, think how much happier you can make someone's life—someone who does not have as much love as you do? someone who does not know how much the spirit-world does for him, as you know?

I must stop now, but I am coming again in a little while and will tell you more of my spirit home.

Good-bye for a time from spirit
Winona, through the mediumship of
TILLIE U. REYNOLDS.

Book Reviews.

UNIVERSAL TREASURE CASKET.

There comes to our desk an unpretentious little work bearing the above title, written and compiled by Bertha A. Greyer. Unpretentious not in title, but in its claims and preface, wherein the author says: "I hope every one of the purchasers of this little book will derive some benefit therefrom... that some of the thoughts expressed herein will bring hope and peace to those who read." Certainly such hopes are kindly, and that spirit of kind helpfulness breathes throughout the work.

The book is in three parts: first, How She Became a Medium; second, Words of Wisdom and Advice; third, A Chapter of Reclipses.

In the first is related how a pleasing Maine hostess, a medium (and there are many such in the farm homes of the Pine Tree State), gave tests to her guests and told them some of her experiences on the road over which she passed in her mediumistic development. Her tests were helpful and comforting, and recalled some of my own experiences, awakening pleasant memories of a hunting trip in Maine and the tests and helpful talks given through the lady at whose home we stopped, a woman of sweet personality and wonderful powers. Dear woman! the world is made brighter by her presence; may her kind be legion!

Lost there be a feeling of disappointment to the reader of "How She Became a Medium," since the title would convey the thought that one was here to be given some insight into the methods by which "she" sought to assist the guides in her development, we would say that instead it tells how a lady, impressed with the beauty of a bit of wooded land jutting into one of Maine's fair lakes, visited the spot and there met, face to face, her spirit guide. The guide goes on to tell the medium of the different states of existence in the Beyond, then takes her with him to visit the abodes of the so-called dead.

As a chapter of this part of the book is devoted to a consideration of the Bible, I feel free to write briefly concerning the statements made about the three states the guide showed to this medium.

Of the denizens of hell the medium shows several; one paragraph reads, "Another one, a man of pleasure who had betrayed a young and innocent girl by promises of love, then cast her aside, leaving her to sink lower and lower until she was lost too in the depths of her ruin."

Of course it is absurd in the brief space of a review to attempt to thresh again the straw of theology for the grain of truth, but for my part I fail to see the justice of further punishment for the poor girl. At the last, if you attempt to place the burden of sin where it belongs, and hold to the belief sanctioned by our author, the Creator on the great white throne is the one on whose shoulders the load must rest.

Thankfully, the Spiritualists have no creed; each chooses for himself that which seems best, that which circumstance and association have brought and endeared to him. Many are there that to the emancipated on-looker seem to be standing on a narrow beach flanked by a cliff, abrupt, barren and impassable, unprovided with either boats or wings. They may not cross that sea of the to them sacred past whose labors have cast them on this strip of time. That cliff is the creed they build, or allow to be built about them; fair and strong both cliff and sea may look to those that fearfully walk that beach. To the fearless there are seen to be self imposed limitations that a few thoughts may destroy, and in their places may stretch fair fields on the one hand, rich with the fruitage of the past, on the other as yet untilled but inviting, and full of promise.

Brief dissertations or poems on the themes "Love and Marriage," "Faith," "God's Chosen," "The Sex Question," "Advice," "Admiration," "Wittemerit," and some other topics, with directions for drawing and painting, the making of crayon portraits, how to transfer pictures, and directions for developing the bust, comprise part second. The last portion contains many recipes for the making of useful, practical articles, or the preparation of foods and beverages. The work will, as a whole, I believe and trust, prove helpful to those who are seeking the light, be a good friend to those seeking advice and strength, and a convenient work of reference to the housekeeper and the public generally. It seems to be a hand outstretched to aid all within its reach, and we feel that by its author will have achieved her purpose of "helping every one of the purchasers."

A. C. SMITH.

THE UNIVERSE.—Lysander S. Richards.

A great subject well handled, from the pen of a scholar, confining himself not to geology alone, but to astronomy and biology as well, showing a knowledge of the results of scientific research in the chemical and electrical worlds, coupled with field work over wide territory, an association with brilliant workers and an acquaintance with the recorded studies of many others. A work of such scope as to deal with rock action and electricity, with soil and plant life. Then gives fifty pages to a clear elucidation of the probable causes and course of the development of man, a chapter in itself of sufficient worth to recommend the book as worthy the careful reading and thoughtful consideration of any one caring to become acquainted with the trend of modern thought concerning man's whence and whither.

In plan the work is admirable; each chapter while having a natural, sequential place, is in itself complete, and can be read profitably, without regard to what it follows or goes before. That the work is exhaustive none could expect from its volume; therefore the special list in some of the branches handled will not so much read this book as the general reader, to inform himself by means of a semi scientific reading of the knowledge and opinions of students, scientific men, those whose study and careful observation better fit them to form intelligent opinions about the matters on which we all speculate.

As a work for the farmer this highly commends itself, as a means whereby he can obtain an introduction to the soil he tills, the rocks he digests, and more; he can here learn their recesses, their pedigrees, their characteristics and their relatives. How much of a boon I should have considered it earlier in life, when with a nail, hammer and a twenty-five cent microscope I went about the fields staving up rocks—and there are lots of worse ways for a boy to spend his time, too.

In the main the work appeals to one as conscientious, fair and unbiased; but the chapter on Creation seemingly reflects some of the teachings with which the churches sought to combat geology, the first science positive enough to assert itself in the face of all the cumulative teachings of the past.

The author endeavors to reconcile the facts of evolution to the Mosaic account of God's decrees and six days' labor, and this, too, despite his having told in the first chapter that "The earth is being created to-day, just as rapidly as thousands of years ago"—despite the fact that each day of the Bible account is bounded by a morning and an evening. Hugh Miller tried to reconcile the facts of geology, the teachings of the Bible and the workings of a logical mind. One he could not doubt he had it from the laboratory of Nature; his mother taught him the Bible; he regarded its every word sacred. His mind—well, his mind must be wrong. Then, lest it go farther afield and injure others, he suicided—the only logical ending of the performance he attempted. And in candor I will say that at the point where he introduced that chapter on Creation he weakened the book for me.

The chapters descriptive of our neighboring planets are valuable, and are such as one would be led to expect from the student of Mr. Richards' character and fullness of thought on the subject he is handling. The language of the work is chosen with a desire to reach all and to instruct whoever reads, not laden with scientific terms to repel the average casual reader, nor so far separated from the technical work as to cheapen the work for the special student.

One of the strong points made by the author is the explanation of the movements of comets, and he shows plainly that their course is

not due to attraction alone, but repulsion as well—a fact advanced by the author a quarter of a century ago, and for a simple illustration of the action of the pith balls acted upon by electrical force, and shows how comets "sheer off" from the sun as the charged ball moves away from the magnet.

Such a work, dealing as it does with many of the vexed questions of science, in a language plain and clear is of great value to almost every one inclined, as most of us are, to speculate on the observed phenomena of nature.

In language free from the entangling terminology of science our author tells us, and uses common things to illustrate the principles involved about the tides, how the moon effects the weather, etc., not as a specialist would do in teaching a body of savants equipped with all of the cunningly devised apparatus at command, but plainly using objects familiar to all as means of impressing his reader. The work shows not only study but thought, deep earnest thought, speculation founded on study and wide research. Then a command of our common English that gives clearness to his meaning and force to his teachings, in short he possesses the essentials of a good teacher: the ability to make his thought plain, and the aptness of illustration to impress his reader that he may be moved to think.

After careful consideration I am of the belief that the chapter on "Creation" was added for those not yet willing to let go some of the old ideas that most of the contents of this book would go far to supplant, with those now more generally accepted; but like Emerson's objection to communion service would be mine to this concession, if such it be, "It injures me not, but while so many are enslaved by the ideas therewith connected I cannot conscientiously partake."

Reader, you can do far worse than to peruse this book; in it are collected many truths whose proof the world has possessed but a short time, many of the theories concerning which scientists have long speculated, many of the findings of years of patient toil; and if you have not the opportunity of acquainting yourself with more voluminous works, this is invaluable in that it furnishes a stock-in-trade on a thought not exhaustive but ample, gives one a salient point of a system of philosophy; and for us it may be better than a work in which every step is carefully explained, in that this work is more body that we are to clothe with thought, and, as we think, we grow.

Throughout the work we are taught to see the unity of all of the manifestations of force in nature operating alike in the formation and movements of suns, of earths and of drops of water; the planets in their orbits and the upbuilding of the summer's cloud shown to be subject to the same laws; man in his complex life, and the coral and the sponge ruled by similar desires and by those aspirations evolving to higher being, thus operative in all nature, we realize bonds of sympathetic relationship; we are taught to know that

"Not unrelated, unified,
But to each thing and thought allied,
Is perfect nature's every part."

Provided with this work, as a schoolmaster with a brain of activity, the average man can build for himself a system of thought concerning the world in which we live, and the life and natural phenomena of that world that shall be scientifically unassailable, to which new discoveries will form a part rather than a combatant, and if you are puzzled and sorely perplexed, as I once was, it will be of great moment to have some logical system by which to try any of the observed facts with which we come daily in contact.

A. C. SMITH.

SERIES OF MEDITATIONS.—Gatfield.

Being an admirer of Emerson, I can but regret that he ignored the sweet communion with the departed, and stopped short in his instruction on the higher side of life, nor teaches of the completion of that on which he so learnedly, so nobly discoursed. This work of Gatfield, edited by Gatfield, for me continues the work of the Concord sage.

The subjects of these meditations are "The Principle of Man on his Entrance into the Physical Body," "Spiritual Vibrations," "Aspirations," "Self Control," "Harmony," "Man's Relation to Spiritual Law," "The Power of Spirit to Control Conditions of Material Life," and "How to Reach the Heights."

The work is published by the Rosicrucians, of which order the author is a member, and the matter is such as meets with the approval of that high minded body.

That the teachings are presented in good form needs not to be told to those who know, either by contact or reading, the editor. To the few readers of this review that may not be thus favored, we would say is author of "Clairvoyance, its Nature and Law of Unfoldment," "Practical Psychometry," "Auras and Colors." He is editor of the magazine *Immortality*, and President of the College of Divine Science and Realization.

Since Emerson never wrote on the subjects treated in this work, of course it is the veriest conjecture how he would have treated them, but I will introduce a few extracts as evidence in support of the claim I make.

As an introduction to aspiration, we have: "As a man thinketh, so he is; but how many know their own thoughts? How many comprising this great nation have clear impressions of truth, and so indelibly stamped upon the mind as to become ruling motives in life? Two definitions—this from Self Control: "Man is an independent entity with divine possibilities... that is his birthright and final destiny; and an on-looker 'How to Reach the Heights.'" "The Idealism of those who, in triumph over all obstacles, have wrought their own redemption, and, having passed all limitations and boundaries, have won the victory. Hopeful and helpful, both seem to me positive, fearless and uplifting. And again: "Ever is the final end secured, for error works no result that its finality is not beneficent." Cheer and help for the oppressed, the disheartened. In its first few words, like Emerson's:

"Fear not that which is your own,
Though free to all be put in stone,
Will ride the rock, will swim the sea,
And like thy shadow follow thee."

Lest one might drift because of confidence in the gaining of things desired without effort, we have the following corrective: "Another cannot take one in charge and upwings of spiritual power carry him to the heights," and "Not the student who theorizes, but he who with knowledge, coupled with effort, is the one who will wear the crown."

Emerson said if you must make statements that seem contradictory, let the two be like the blades of shears, and these would seem to fulfil that condition.

Assuring is the first; the latter inviting, as though saying: "You are certain of achievement, but the struggle must be your own; only spread your pinions and the flight must and will be accomplished."

Should any question the practical, every-day value of the teachings, he will find assurance that this philosophy in no way interferes with the duties of the now and here. Quoting from "The Power of Spirit: "As like attracts like, and the law of similars is fundamental, we may through perfection of being dwell in celestial spheres even while walking the earth and doing the necessary work pertaining to it." "Nothing is impossible of attainment to the spirit."

Here follows a thought of great value, if we may judge by the complaints we hear concerning speakers, both in the pulpit and upon the secular platform, that "they preach over the heads of their listeners."

It is the prerogative of an advanced and illumined intelligence to teach, every sphere below him, that is to inspire or breathe truth, reaching individuals and masses at one and the same time, conveying thoughts in every language adapted to each particular case, and so awakening dormant spirit to activity."

These times of wars would make sweeter the words of praise accorded the peacemaker: "Peacemakers, they cause no pain to any living thing, and they become the illuminati of the race."

No further quotations are needed to furnish one with examples of the goodness of the work and its value as a companion, unobtrusive, yet ever ready; wise, but silent till you question; a book that commends itself to the student

and thoughtful, and serves as well to interest, and fix the attention of him who glances but casually.

It is a real addition to the literature of Spiritualism, one of the books of our faith that will find its way to the libraries of the thoughtful, to whatever creed they subscribe. Perhaps no better ending can be made to this review than to again quote from "Spiritual Vibrations," "When the earth shall be converted into gardens of fruits and flowers, and man coming into his own birthright of unfolded spiritual possessions, be able to live upon them when the coarser life shall have passed away; when health, realized by obedience to divine mind and love everywhere manifested, shall hold him. Every one indeed will be fulfilled his destiny and be brought into the Eden of happiness which has been but faintly outlined in the literature of the ages, and the prophetic dreams of the sages and seers." A. C. SMITH.

Origin of "Dixie's Land."

This stirring song of the South was composed by Daniel Emmett, the famous minstrel. The original song, "Dixie's Land," was composed in 1859 by Daniel Emmett as a "walk-around" for Bryant's minstrels. Mr. Emmett frequently heard the performers in a circus make the remark, "I wish I was in Dixie," as soon as the Northern climate began to be too severe for the tent life which they followed. This expression suggested the song "Dixie's Land." It made a hit at once in New York, and was speedily carried to all parts of the Union by numerous bands of wandering minstrels. In the fall of 1860 Mrs. John Wood sang it in New Orleans in the burlesque of "Porgy and Bess." A week had passed the whole city had taken it up. A New Orleans publisher saw possibilities in the music, and without the authority of the composer, had the air harmonized and rearranged, issuing it with words embodying the strong Southern feeling then existing in New Orleans—October Ladies' Home Journal.

A CASE OF Partial Dematerialization OF THE Body of a Medium.

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Voices from Many Lands and Centuries, Saying "Man Thou Shalt Never Die."

Edited and compiled by

GILES B. STEBBINS.

These Poems are gathered from ancient Hindostan, from Persia and Arabia, from Greece, Rome and Northern Europe, from Catholic and Protestant hymns, and the great poets of Europe and our own land, and close with inspired voices from the spirit land. Whatever seemed best to illustrate and express the vision of the spirit catching glimpses of the future, the wealth of the spiritual life written has been used. Here are the intuitive statements of immortality in words full of

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Banner of Light.

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Theological Seminaries Crowded.

Theological seminaries of the country never before had such large entering classes, and much the same experience is had this fall by institutions which receive students who later on read for orders. Princeton Seminary, Union Seminary, Hartford, Harvard, Chicago, Auburn, Crozer, Newton, the General and other seminaries representing all religious bodies, have ten to thirty per cent. larger entering classes than on any previous year. Roman Catholic seminaries are also crowded. At Northfield the Seminary and Mt. Hermon have together eight hundred and thirty six pupils—a larger number than ever before. The same story comes from Winona, from the Chicago Bible Training Institute, and from Chattanooga reading courses. In the latter the active season is at least a fortnight ahead.—Ez.

We copy this statement from one of our city dailies for the especial benefit of lukewarm Spiritualists who think there is no need of any special effort to promulgate the facts and philosophy they profess to love but are not earnest to proclaim. What does this filling up of all classes of theological schools signify? Does it look as if the current theology is in a rapid decline, and is about to die out for want of teachers and upholders? Every theological school and college is a centre of power whose forces aggregate and fortify themselves against the aggression of new ideas.

There the minds of youth are moulded, biased, and trained to believe and to support the doctrines held as canonical and sacred. And experience shows that mankindling with greater tenacity to religious dogmas, than to any other class of ideas, for both love and fear, and the force of habit too, conspire to make bigots of them.

The power of education is cumulative. It grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength. It is a rarely-endowed mind that in its own might, rebels against old ideas, and casts off the incubus of education. The great mass move along in the beaten path of belief and custom, and think as they were taught to think by those in authority, or claiming authority by divine commission. What, then, may we expect as the legitimate result of this filling up of all theological seminaries and colleges, but that "Soldiers of the Cross" will there be trained to uphold and defend the established theology, and that each one of them will do all he or she can to bias the younger generation, as they themselves were instructed?

The world's history shows that sacred errors, venerable with age and the sanctity of religious faith, are almost impregnable against the aggressive power of truth, whose champions are always in the minority. This fact of history remains a reality to day in the experience of all the reformers, whom a New Dispensation has commissioned to destroy the old, to give place to a new regime.

Modern, like older Spiritualism, has found its strongest and most virulent foes in theologically trained minds. The "Chief Priests, scribes, and Pharisees" of our era, like those who confronted Jesus, Paul, and other Apostles, are "wise in their own conceit" because they "have Moses and the prophets" and all the theological schools as authorities, to justify their resistance to new ideas and their unsanctified exponents. The power of scholasticism and the glamour of a collegiate sanctity

give these theological institutions great weight of authority with the rising generation, and the liberal thought of Free Thinkers of all kinds, is looked upon with disdain, and they are regarded as cranks unworthy of any attention.

In view of all these facts, what shall Spiritualists do to withstand the opposition of all these schools of ancient error, and to counteract their influence upon the public mind?

Shall we make the plan that "we are not our brother's keeper," and do nothing to save the multitude from false ideas and erroneous beliefs? Nay, not so! We have no right to be indifferent to the welfare of our fellowmen, nor to hide the light that has shined upon us from Higher Spheres. Every one who has been illumined by this new light is under solemn obligation to the Power that gave it, to do all in his or her ability to disseminate it wherever possible. We must agitate and educate, too. We must use tongue and pen, and especially the Press, to proclaim the truth that we have confided to our care, but to share with all who will accept it. Wherever possible, Spiritualists should organize, and with might and main sustain Progressive Lyceums, that our children, and all others that can be induced to attend them, may be taught the truth as it is in Nature, as well as in the books of modern liberal thinkers. Don't, for heaven's sake, or their sake, send your children to Orthodox or Catholic Sunday schools! Our brave ascended Brother Ed. S. Wheeler once declared he "rather send his child to a small-pox hospital to board, than to send her to an Orthodox Sunday school," for the former could but pollute her body, while the latter would perhaps poison her mind and spirit, so that she could not outgrow its effects in a century!

Startling as was this declaration, it was not so amazing as true, and vastly important for every Spiritualist to remember, for

"T is education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined!"

In this connection it is important to remember that every one of these theological seminaries, that it is claimed are filling up so full, are the recruiting offices of the "Church Militant," and are not only mentally training their students for "Soldiers of the Cross," to preach "Peace on earth and good-will to men," but some of them are also training them in the use of "carnal weapons," so they can "preach the Gospel" from the cannon's mouth, if "the heathen" refuse their theologic babble and prefer their own religion, as it is natural they should.

We hope the time has passed when there was danger of a religious war in America, but it behooves all who love religious liberty to keep up that eternal vigilance which is its price, and constantly to exert every energy to enlighten the masses with free-thought, which is Freedom's only safeguard! The majority of nominal "Christians," though they preach Christ, still practice Moses, whose God was "a God of War," and we must not allow them to gain the mastery in our civil institutions, and MUST do all in our power to keep the youth of our country out of sectarian and parochial schools; if not, direful consequences may ensue!

Bishop Potter on the Bible.

Bishop Potter of New York appears to have enlisted in the ranks of those who do not accept the verbal inspiration of the Bible. In an address to the clergy of his diocese he says:

"The conditions of absolute infallibility in such a book are by the necessities of the case denied by any book that has not been written, re-written, handed down, copied, translated and the like, by methods and under guards, and guarantees which no sane man would dream of claiming for this book, and which, even if it had had them, would not, because they could not have altered the intellectual moral, social or racial limitations under which the contents of the Bible were, in different ages, and by a great variety of minds, originally given to men. In other words, the Bible could not be the Bible, the book above all other books for men, if it had not only a divine but a large and constantly recognizable, because constantly characteristic, human element."

We quote this statement from a New York paper as a hopeful sign of the times, showing the trend of the most scholarly and liberal ministers of the evangelical churches. It is not particularly creditable to the moral courage of Bishop Potter, however, for long ago Bishop Colenso of the same church, took a much more pronounced stand, and pointed out many of the errors, mistakes, interpolations and "pious frauds" which this "Christian feticus" contains.

To discover the fallibility of the foundation of all Orthodox creeds and dogmas, is the first important step of progress toward giving up their infallibility also. No doubt such intelligent clergymen as Bishop Potter have been aware of the unreliability of their "Divine Authority" for some time, but waited for parishioners to become enlightened sufficiently to bear their announcement of it without revolting.

It is very damaging to the position of authority long held by the clergy, to concede the fallibility of the Scriptures that have supported their claim. No doubt Bishop Potter, knowing this, very reluctantly made the above confession.

But the world moves, and theologians find very poor standing-ground unless they move with it, and see that to continue in the lead of the people, they must at least keep in the wake of scientific and philosophic discoveries.

"Higher Criticism," as well as science, has had much to do in dispelling superstitious reverence for a book once regarded as a whole, as divine. It found what Bishop Potter admits, "a large and constantly recognizable, because constantly characteristic human element, in the divine 'Word.'"

When Bishop Potter learns the Philosophy of Spiritualism, and becomes acquainted with the true source, and the methods of Inspiration and Revelation, he will see a far greater "human element" than he has ever dreamed of in his sacred volume. He will learn that all personal gods that ever revealed their "Will and Word," were once human beings, and are no more divine in nature than himself. In fact, we think Bishop Potter much the superior, in mercy and goodness, to the supposed "Author of the Old Testament!"

How much longer, we wonder, will the enthralling power of a theologic education hold intelligent preachers in superstitious reverence of teachings so false to reason and nature as are many found in that ancient volume? Probably till many more Thomas Paines and Ingalls, by their startling statements and incisive logic, as well as inventive, compel them to see the absurdity of attributing such abhorrent practices and such abominable teachings to an all-wise and infallible God. These great and

good men were no blasphemers, but haters of blasphemy. They found so much of it in the "Sacred Book," that in abhorrence of it, they perhaps went too far in condemnation, and overlooked very much that it contains worthy of a God, and worthy of the love and reverence of the wisest of men.

Bishop Potter's educated prejudice in its favor still so biases his mind that he calls it "the book above all other books for men." He has no sympathy with those who would lessen its value to the human race, and he says of it that "never in all its various history was the Bible, with all the vast accumulations of edifying upon its pages, so interesting, so vital, so vitalizing a volume as it is to day. We have been teaching it too long by rote."

We seriously question the correctness of the estimate he puts upon the general valuation of his idol, but it is a sign of promise "that he has discovered the folly of teaching all its 'human elements'" by rote.

Charity For All.

Of all the virtues that adorn human character, and make us lovable to men and angels, few are more to be commended than charity, whose other name is fraternal love. In what we have now to say of it, we use the word as meaning good will toward all, even those whose character and deeds are not pleasing to us.

All great and noble souls are magnanimous and generous. They are not puffed up with pride, self-conceit and arrogance, but are humble, sympathetic and deferential. They do not set themselves up as casuists, or as inspectors, or as judges of the lives or conduct of others. They are never *quid nuncs*, gossipers nor slanderers. They belong to the Mind-Your Own Business Society, and never reveal its secrets!

Knowledge concerning human nature and of the laws of heredity; acquaintance with environments and their great power over human thought; consciousness that man physically is an animal, and has all animal appetites, passions and propensities; perhaps a belief in astrological, psychic and hypnotic influences; a perception of the fact that Ignorance is the Mother of Evil, and that Selfishness is the great Motor of human conduct; a recognition of all social conditions and influences that often make persons what they are; all these, and other facts, well weighed and put in the balance of Motives and Dictators, render the humanitarian philosopher charitable in the most tender and sympathetic sense.

He or she realizes that the unfortunate sinner is often "more sinned against than sinning"; that to mental and moral bias has been added overwhelming temptations and seductive influences, that were predisposing in cause and dominating in effect.

True charity does not require us to smile at vice and wink at sin. It does not induce indifference toward immorality, crime and wickedness, or human "cussedness" of any sort. But it does demand imperiously that we make a distinction between sin and the sinner; that while we deplore and condemn the one, we pity and act as kindly as possible toward the other. Knowing that "to err is human," and that we all have sinned and come short of the right, "a fellow-feeling" ought to "make us wondrous kind." We ought to be so considerate, tender and forbearing toward our fellow-sinners that we can pray with consistency: "Forgive our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us," or as Pope in his sublime "Universal Prayer," puts it:

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

True fraternal charity is born of common experience and awakened by sympathy and a right sense of justice, which recognizes the fact that the evil-doer is not wholly responsible for his acts. The treatment of the Nazarene toward the woman taken in adultery is a splendid pattern for all mankind to adopt, for human vengeance is not needed, as sin is reactionary and vice becomes its own punishment. We reap what we sow, for the laws of compensation and retribution cannot be evaded. They are inscribed in the constitution of nature and in the constitution of man, and experience executes them.

Perhaps we cannot sum up our scattered thought upon this important topic better than in the following original verse, whose sentiment we especially commend to all our Spiritualist brethren:

CHARITY THE NED OF ALL.

A great man said that "none are good,"
And some his words have understood
To mean that man is all depraved,
Unless from sin he has been saved;
In later times we've come to know
'Tis partly true—not wholly so,
For even the worst, who seems but evil,
Cannot be called a perfect devil.

There's something good in each and all,
But none so good they may not fall;
A perfect man would not be human,
The same is true of every woman;
As wholly good no one can be,
And only so in some degree,
Mistakes of conduct will occur,
For even the best will sometimes err.

Since none are perfect, nay, not one,
Who is prepared to cast a stone
At any mortal prone to sin,
If first he takes a look within?
What right have we to scorn and ban
A weak and erring fellow-man,
Because we pride ourselves to be
Much less a sinner than he is?

In fact, if we are any better,
To him we may be much a debtor,
His conduct may have served to warn,
And ours to keep from other's scorn;
Perchance from sin we're more exempt,
Because we've had much less to tempt,
Or Nature gave a stronger fist
That we the tempter might resist.

Most men are either good or bad
According to the chance they've had;
All might be wise, and good, or plous,
Were such their ante-natal bias;
St. Paul, because not rightly born,
Was troubled by a fleshly thorn,
So when he tried to do his best,
He often failed to stand the test.

Indeed, does any man exist
Without some sort of mental twist—
Some bias that inclines to wrong,
And needs restraint both firm and strong?
A crooked limb that makes one lame,
Excites our pity, not our blame,
Then why not deem a moral fault
Misfortune too, more than a fault?

However good, to say the most,
Of sin's exemption none can boast,
Hence, as in nature all are kin,
Alike disposed at times to sin,
Unfeeling censure we should stem
When we another's acts condemn,
For few have greater need than WE
Of that great virtue—CHARITY.

Dying Clergyman Saved by Prayer.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Douglas, given up for dying by his physicians last July, attended, sound and well, a meeting of the Presbyterian Ministers' Association recently, confident in the belief that divine mediation had been obtained in his behalf by a special prayer service of the society. He returned to his pulpit in the West 51st Street Presbyterian Church, on Sunday.

Dr. Douglas was attacked by rheumatism on the first day of the year, and lingered on without change for two months at his home. He was then taken to Lakewood, N. J., where his condition became more serious, and he was removed to the Presbyterian Hospital in this city. While he lay ill the regular meeting of the Presbyterian Ministers' Association was held. It was reported from the hospital that Dr. Douglas was dying, and the ministers' meeting was turned into a service of prayer for him.

Every clergyman made a heartfelt appeal that his brother be spared. At that time Dr. Douglas' pulse was 120 and his temperature registered 102, but almost immediately afterward his pulse fell to 95 and his temperature to 99.5. The prayers of the Ministers' Association were reinforced by the public and private appeals of some two hundred clergymen and the members of his congregation and of the Sunday school also prayed for their pastor.

Dr. Douglas' sudden improvement surprised even his physicians. As he began to mend he seemed to be endowed with new life. He was fed like a child, and had to learn to walk all over again. At first he was so feeble that the clergymen who called upon Dr. Douglas were obliged to carry him from his bed to his chair in their arms.

"The Lord heard your prayer; he gave me strength and healed me," Dr. Douglas declared, as he was welcomed by his friends yesterday. "After I learned of all the words which had been spoken in my behalf, I felt that the Lord would hear so many God-fearing men."

The above account is taken from the *New York Herald* as one of thousands of similar proofs of alleged answers to prayer. The clergy, and probably nineteen-twentieths of their church members, regard this and all other like experiences as "special providences," or the personal interference of their God at the united request or importunity of his God-fearing subjects.

Of course, all who do not believe in a personal God, and all who do, but think he governs this world by immutable laws, precluding special interference, will account for the facts narrated by some other theory. The Hypnotic school of therapeutics will no doubt claim that Dr. Douglas was healed either by the "suggestion" offered in the prayers, or by "auto suggestion" induced by his consciousness that the united prayers of his friends were being offered for his recovery. Either of these theories will find apparent if not real support from the facts stated, and auto suggestion seems strongly indicated by Dr. D.'s own statement that: "After I learned of all the words which had been spoken in my behalf, I felt that the Lord would hear so many God-fearing men."

This statement indicates that his own faith was an essential factor in his cure.

To one who has no pet hobby of cure, but is acquainted with the power of mind over mind, and of mind over body, and who is also somewhat versed in psychic forces and their laws, the question arises: was this a case of mind-cure alone, or were there unseen spiritual agencies involved? The enlightened Spiritualist believes in the so-called "miracles of healing" recorded in the Bible, because he has witnessed identical facts in his own experience. But he rejects the Church theory of God's special interference with natural laws or in the affairs of men. He admits the facts called "special providences," when thoroughly attested, but he knows that finite spirits are at least the special agents and proximate cause of all such "divine occurrences." His theory then in this case would be that, if there was any spiritual power made manifest, it was that of decastrated human spirits whom the prayers of Dr. D.—many friends had induced to come to his rescue.

We have no doubt that spirits did cooperate with mortals as far as conditions permitted, for we know they are on the alert for such opportunities; and, admitting the claims of the hypnotist, mental scientist or metaphysical healer, as to the method of cure, they do not preclude the psychic aid of spirits, whose occult power may combine with their own without their knowledge, it is of such a subtle nature.

Carefully weighing all the facts stated in this account, it is our opinion that the united spirit of all the prayers was reinforced by the healing power of spirits, and thus "prayer changed to praise."

It was all done in accordance with natural law, and, though wonderful, was not "miraculous."

No Change of Creed.

The Boston Presbytery has recently been in convention, and, among other matters, had a spirited discussion over the revision of the antiquated Westminster Confession.

The matter of the confession of faith was considered in the four questions put by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of America, as follows:

"Do you desire a revision of our confession of faith?"

"Do you desire a supplemental, explanatory statement?"

"Do you desire to supplement our present doctrinal standards with a briefer statement of the doctrines most surely believed among us," expressing in simple language the faith of the church in loyalty to the system of doctrine contained in the holy scripture and held by the reformed churches?"

"Do you desire the dismissal of the whole subject, so that our doctrinal standards shall remain as they are, without any change whatever, whether revisional, supplemental or substitutional?"

That our readers may see who are the Rip Van Winkles who have been asleep, while the wide-awake world has gotten two centuries ahead of them, we quote from a city daily a brief report of their doings:

"The discussion was opened by the Rev. W. R. Coburn of Antrim, N. H., who argued against all changes proposed. The Rev. Charles J. Cameron of this city said he did not believe that the Lord had passed over any soul, or had foreordained that any one should be damned. He said the creed of his ancestors was good enough for him."

The Rev. John Wilsey said he did not believe the creed, nor had any one believed it for the last twenty-five years. Mr. Todd of Quincy said that he could not comprehend this statement, and that he had signed and believed the whole confession.

The Rev. J. M. Craig of Lowell said they had better let well enough alone. The Rev. James J. Dunlop of Roxbury spoke in favor of a shorter supplementary statement. The Rev. H. C. Hovey of Newburyport spoke for a moderate revision of the Westminster confession.

The Rev. Scott F. Hershey of Boston wanted a re-stating of the creed, leaving it substantially as it was. The Hon. E. M. McPherson spoke for the confession as it is, but said that a concise working creed, a supplementary one, could be put into the hands of the church. The Rev. John Montgomery of Londale, R. I., protested against changing the creed in any way.

The Rev. John L. Withrow of Boston spoke

at length against any change to the confession. The Rev. Alexander Laird of New Bedford argued against revision.

From this report it will be seen that only one out of ten of these "lights of the world" (!) is an up-to-date luminary; all the rest are satellites of Mather or Edwards, who had hell "paved with infants' skulls not a span long," and were willing (for the glory of God) that nine tenths of their fellowmen should be everlastingly damned!

The Rev. John Wilsey was either the only honest, or else the only modern preacher among them. He had the moral courage, or the audacity, to say: "he did not believe the creed, nor had any one believed it for the last twenty-five years." Undoubtedly that was "a confession of faith" (or want of it) unlooked for among the faithful followers of the Presbyterian Fathers! The only wonder is that but one among them, Mr. Todd of Quincy, is reported as making any protest at such audacious heresy! He "could not comprehend this statement." Can it be that the rest of them could, but deeming "discretion the better part of valor," allowed such a grave charge of infidelity to stand against them unrebuked, except by a vote to let the creed remain *in statu quo*?

Among these antiquated preachers' names may be seen that of one who evidently desires to keep up the reputation of his church on "Brimstone Corner." We do not mean that he has "a corner on sulphur," but that he desires still to "deal damnation round the land" in the good old way, for the report says he "spoke at length against any change in the confession!"

The proceedings of the Boston Presbytery are a good "object lesson" to church-going Spiritualists, who "hug the delusive phantom of hope to their bosoms," that all the churches will soon take in the teachings of Spiritualism, so there'll be no need of societies of our own. How any scrupulous person who knows the grand truths of our Spiritual Philosophy can help to support these "blind leaders of the blind," is more than we can reconcile with either reason or conscience; yet there are Spiritualists in all churches who silently acquiesce in their outgrown creeds, and pay the preachers for teaching doctrines repugnant to every spirit-illumined mind! Which shall we call them—cravens or hypocrites?

The Boston Fair.

The great Fair now being held in the Mechanic's Building on Huntington Avenue, though the most attractive thing now going, differs materially from what these annual events used to be. Mechanic arts constitute a small part of the exhibit. The basement contains a good exhibit of the latest skill in locomotion—the automobile, but the main hall is filled with booths where are displayed the merchant's grocer's, artisan's and caterer's stock in trade, put in most attractive and artistic shape. If any "monied man" or woman can pass these attractive booths, and more attractive nymphs who tend them, without a depletion of currency, he or she must be very stolid and unapproachable. The picture gallery is well stocked with exhibits of high art, and attracts crowds of "the common people," as well as a goodly number of Boston connoisseurs.

But perhaps the splendid music furnished at first by Fauchelli's Band, and now by the incomparable Sousa, has been the greatest "draw" of all. Surely one must have a breast more unsuspicious than any known savage, not to be charmed by such music, and such a general exhibit of things beautiful. We have taken it all in, without being "taken in" in the least.

Journalistic Felicity.

Whoever imagines that an editor has nothing but ambrosia to eat, and nectar for his daily beverage, ought to see some of the foul stuff that is occasionally sent to him to take away his appetite. To satisfy the unsuspecting reader and to give "justice" to an anonymous coward who threw it, we present this "specimen brick" just as it fell at our feet:

OCT. 8, 1900.

Sir: Of all papers in Boston that is lacking of justice, it is the BANNER OF LIGHT. The BANNER OF LIGHT is used to write against other people, but a word against the BANNER OF LIGHT editor, and it is crushed. Justice is lacking in the said editors, while vile flattery is published as if it were a choice morsel from the gods.

Justice.
"With malice toward none, but with charity for all," we commend all such concealed fault-finders to the Lord, "who," we are informed by the "Good Book," "hath mercy on the simple!"

We have received a program announcing the speakers and exercises of the Second Annual Convention of the International Metaphysical League, to be held in Madison Square Garden, Concert Hall, New York City, Oct. 23, 24, 25 and 26. Twenty-seven distinguished speakers are announced, nine of whom are from this city and vicinity. It will be a grand affair, and we hope all Spiritualists who can, will attend and show our fraternal spirit.

We again take pleasure in calling special attention to another elaborate essay from the prolific pen of Gen. Parsons. It is a symposium of profound thought from many of the greatest minds that have illumined this world. All members of the N. S. A. should peruse this potent argument before remodeling their Declaration of Principles.

If some of THE BANNER'S contributors knew to what a strain their poorly-prepared manuscript puts our piety, in trying to decipher and correct it, they would be more careful in writing it, and thus prevent us from the awful temptation to quote profane history for their benefit and our relief! From all such needless botheration, good friends deliver us!

A short time since we received a letter from some gentleman about to open a sanitarium in Cincinnati, O., asking for the address of some good magnetic healer. As a portion of this letter has been lost, we cannot reply personally, but here commend to his service Dr. Charles E. Le Grand, 183 North Street, Salem, Mass.

Adella Sawyer, daughter of Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, the well-known medium, has now resumed her teaching of Elocution and Physical Culture, with gratifying success. She is highly commended. See advertisement on seventh page.

If our right hand is not to know what our left hand does, it may be because it would be ashamed if it did.—Ruskin.

We know of a plenty of fore-handed people who are handicapped from boasting for that very reason. By alight of duty they have gained such sleight of hand that neither hand catches the other in generous deeds.

The following decision will be of interest to healers of the various unorthodox schools. How much weight as a precedent it may have with other judges remains to be seen. We quote from the Boston Herald:

FALL RIVER, Oct. 4, 1900.—Judge Grime rendered a decision today in the suit of Dr. Ezra R. Wilbur, clairvoyant physician, against Police Officer George W. Allen, to recover for professional services. Judge Grime said: "I am satisfied in my own mind that the services rendered were worse than valueless, and that had they been continued without change the defendant would have reaped his reward in death. Still, he employed the plaintiff and must pay the bill."

A New Book, Entitled Vaccination a Curse and a Menace To Personal Liberty.

ABSTRACT OF CONTENTS.

1. The origin of vaccination from Jenner's time, and before, to the present.
2. Vaccination stock—from the horse, the cow, the heifer, and later, the goat.
3. Facts, figures and proofs showing that vaccination fails—positively fails—to protect against smallpox.
4. Vaccination legislation, with the decisions of the courts against compulsory vaccination.
5. The reasons why "second class" doctors, with an eye on their fees, insist upon vaccination.
6. Local contests and their victories for the right on the vaccination question in San Diego, Cal., and various other localities in the country.
7. The un-American and illegal conduct of health boards and school boards in looking the public school doors against children, because parents, from honest, conscientious convictions, refused to have their little children's pure blood poisoned with vaccine virus.
8. Vaccinal injuries, deformities, and fatalities by death, from enforced calf-lymph virus.
9. Eczema, cancer, tumors, syphilis, and leprosy and other diseases traceable directly to vaccination.
10. The fight against vaccination in Britain, and especially in Parliament, resulting in the enactment of the "optional conscience clause."
11. The testimony of distinguished physicians and surgeons in England, France, Australia and America against the scourge and curse of vaccination.

This exhaustive book on the subject of vaccination, by Dr. Peebles, of three hundred and forty-seven pages, is now in the binder's hands. It will be quite largely illustrated, printed on cream-colored paper and handsomely bound. Price, \$1.25. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Co., J. M. Peebles & Co., Battle Creek, Mich., and at other liberal journal and medical book offices. Send in your orders. First come, first served.

Suggestions.

BY MRS. J. M. KINGMAN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I send you just a few thoughts I had while attending some of the sessions of the Interstate Nominal Sunday School Association of this State, held in Pittsfield last week—a three-day convention.

My first thought was How much harder these people have to work than formerly for the same object? My next came in words of Lowell:

"New times demand new measures and new men,
From great occasions new duties rise.
They must be up and doing who would keep abreast
Of truth."

I also thought: Verily they have been creeping along, and have at last taken one step—to agree to meet in conference whether Baptist, Methodist or Congregationalist; but they have a long, long journey ahead before they reach the broad field of Spiritualism.

I thought, too: If I only possessed the gift of speech how I would like to step into the Convention of the N. S. A., and say to Spiritualists if only we would work as these people work what results might be ours. Not that I would wish to copy their methods, oh, no! but originate some methods which would be in keeping with the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism for the education of the children. Perhaps I should say originate more methods, for I most surely would recognize those we already have.

At all events work. I have no word of criticism for the principles of the N. S. A. That the members and officers are trying to bring all in line is sure. May they be led aright and may success attend their efforts.

48 Francis Avenue, Pittsfield, Mass.

To Local Societies and Spiritualists.

After working at my trade for over eighteen years I am compelled to give it up, as it has caused the partial loss of my eyesight.

I have decided to devote my time to the Cause of Spiritualism and Universal Religion. As a trance lecturer and test medium on the public platform, as a medium for private sittings, also readings by mail. Correspondence solicited.

CHARLES E. DANE,
35 Marsh street, Lowell, Mass.

A dear old Quaker lady who was asked what gave her such a lovely complexion and what cosmetic she used, replied sweetly: "I use for the lips, truth; for the voice, prayer; for the eyes, pity; for the hand, charity; for the figure, uprightness, and for the heart, love."

Bless the dear woman! We would like to Shaker hand and—we're sure there'd be no stain left upon our lips!

If you Feel Depressed

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. E. W. PITMAN, Lynchburg, Va., says: "I have used it in nervous depression and dyspeptic troubles, with good result."

"You were in such good spirits last night, Richard: what makes you so depressed this morning?"

"The spirits,"—Judy.

When "Richard is himself again," dear Judy, ask him if it was n't a Punch that sobered him. You know how that is yourself!

Dean Clarke still sits in the Editor's chair, and there's plenty of room therein to spare.

If Feverish

USE



A wonderfully refreshing and effective remedy in all feverish conditions; it quenches thirst, reduces temperature, soothes the irritated stomach and brings the torpid bowels and sluggish kidneys into healthy action. Its use is warranted in many a serious illness. 25c, 50c, and \$1.

The New 25c. Size

puts this old remedy within reach of all. Tarrant's "Dermal" powder, dainty, antiseptic, for nursery, toilet, after shaving, cure itching, hot foot powder, 25c. At drug stores or mailed on receipt of price. TARRANT & CO., Chemists, New York.

June 21.

1900

Veritas and Spirit Pictures.

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

"Veritas" traces his mind and aims his "fancy" in THE BANNER for Sept. 20 in a style not complimentary to my intelligence or integrity. I like candid criticism, and endeavor to profit by it; and unjust animad versions may also serve as well, if one properly uses the lesson. Not so much for self justification, as to serve the cause of truth, I offer a few suggestions.

That "there are scores of Spiritualists whose intelligence equals" my own is a superficial statement, and I will improve it by adding that there are thousands whose intelligence exceeds my own, and I agree that any of these are as competent "to pass judgment upon manifestations" as myself; and I think that nothing that I have written indicates that I have "a periodical habit of forgetting it." It seems to me that only those possessed of a vivid "fancy"—perhaps intensified by some personal prejudices or hypnotic suggestion—will so construe it. It looks as if the key to this wild "fancy" is to be found in the opening paragraph, in which it is said that I "extol" the wonderful mediumship of the Bangs Sisters; and the "fancy" of my critic causes him to imagine that I have committed this offense ten thousand times! A modest "fancy" that! He has read "in various spiritual papers this particular eulogy, for the last three years or more." It would seem that it is the eulogy that so offends this delicate "fancy." To relieve his pain I would say that I have not written to "extol the wonderful mediumship of the Bangs Sisters," but to place before the reading public certain facts that, in my judgment, are of first importance as scientific data in the establishment of the claims of Modern Spiritualism.

I have witnessed hundreds of materializations, so-called, and a liberal variety of physical phenomena, including "independent" writing, musical executions and moving of solid bodies and apparently passing solids through solids; and I have written accounts of them that have appeared in "various Spiritualist papers" within the last thirty years. But most of these phenomena have been imitated by jugglers in a way to impress the unskilled observer and the credulous public with the notion that they are identical. Magicians produce slate-writing in ways that convince many that all such phenomena are fraudulent.

Even the Society for Psychical Research, after experimenting with Davis, seems to have reached the same conclusion. Yet there are thousands of Spiritualists who know better. The phenomena in question—not limited to the Bangs Sisters, some of which I have reported without a single "extol" of these mediums—are, it seems to me, of exceptional value, since they cannot be imitated in any way to deceive those who have witnessed them; and they combine physical and mental evidence of the highest order. After our first experience in getting a picture of our daughter, I prepared a careful report of the séance, and it was published in the *Light of Truth* in the fall of 1896.

Afterward I had several other experiences in which similar phenomena occurred. I never wrote but one complete account of that first experience. I have referred to it, giving the salient points in the *Progressive Thinker*, *Cassadagan*, and I think also the *Religious Philosophical Journal*, and I used it in my reply to Robinson. I think I had never written anything of it for the BANNER OF LIGHT until this one that seems to have been "the straw that broke the camel's back." As I had reason to think that each of these papers has several hundred readers who do not see the others, and as I am personally known to many thousands in eighteen different States, and as I have abundant proof that many readers are interested more in the statements of those they know and in whose integrity they have confidence than they are in the reports of strangers, I interred that my testimony might be helpful to not only "some interested reader," but to several of them; and I have evidence that a good many have been led to the light, strengthened and comforted by my efforts.

If some others possessed of a sensitive "fancy" have suffered from nausea and disgust, they will get over it in time; and I do not think any unprejudiced, rational reader has ever found any "constant recital of one incident" in my writings; or seen without the aid of a super-normal "fancy," any indication in what I have written, that I "assume to be the infallible authority on the genuineness of phenomenal mediums." A similarly gifted "fancy" might suspect that "Veritas" is interested in some medium, or mediums, whose laurels are imperiled by the Bangs Sisters.

If these "scores of Spiritualists" whose "intelligence equals" my own, have reported their experiences in a way to reach the reading public, I have not seen them. Very few extensive analyses of these remarkable phenomena have come within my sphere of observation. Of what value to the public or the Cause is this superior class, if their experiences and observation, are "hidden under a bushel"? In this last sketch, the phenomena reported are quite different from any I have before noticed; but to make a connected chain, for a class of readers who had not seen the others, it seemed, to a dull intellect, quite proper to connect the phenomena of four years ago with the later, and, in some respects, strikingly new and wonderful.

The "words of a certain distinguished philosopher" are not axiomatic. It often happens that "much repetition" is the only means by which attention is secured; and when the repetition is to another class of readers, it is as new as if never before uttered. I have heard Robert Ingersoll repeat a lecture to an admiring audience, that had been hundreds of times repeated, and published in a book fifteen years before I listened to it. But I did not hear any one object because it was a repetition, nor did any "distinguished philosopher" attack it, or assume that it "depreciates with much repetition."

THOSE NAUGHTY PHOTOGRAPHS.

My critic seems anxious to invalidate my testimony! He seems quite familiar with the conditions obtaining at a séance which resulted in a picture of John Matlock of Owasco. In his anxiety to convict me of incompetence or dishonesty, he commits the same offense that he charges against me. Here it is:

"Mr. Howe forgot to mention that the young man brought with him two photographs of the deceased, and these he did not keep in his possession during the séance. In fact, in this instance not a word was said about any photographs." And because of this omission, "Veritas" assumes that my "testimony seems no more valuable than that of the novice."

This statement clearly implies that the photographs were in possession of the mediums, or some confederate, who used them, or might have used them, to perpetuate a fraud. Did "Veritas" know that the photographs were each enclosed in two envelopes, carefully marked and sealed, and were at no time in possession of either of the mediums, nor within reach of any possible confederate, and were not unsealed until after the séance? Did he know that the photographs were in my possession, and that I placed the canvas in position under the table, and then put the doubly sealed photos in with it and closed them in, while the mediums stood back with Mr. Matlock and looked on, and that no one approached within three feet of the table at any time during the sitting, in a brightly lighted room? If he did know these facts, did he forget to mention them when he was writing to disparage the testimony of a witness?

Because I, for the sake of brevity, to avoid unnecessary verbiage, and spare the sensitive "fancy" of my readers, omitted to mention the photographs, which could have no possible influence upon the one fact that exorcinate artists produced the picture, "Veritas" concludes that my "testimony seems no more valuable than that of the novice."

When he testifies about the photographs he tells us that they were not in Mr. Matlock's possession, but he neglects to tell his readers where they were, for that would spoil the impression that they were doing service to a fraud. By thus introducing the photographs, as having an important bearing on the integ-

city of my report, and then omitting the essential fact that, if they were not in Mr. Matlock's possession neither were they in the possession of any other incarnate being, and they were where I put them, out of all possible contact with any mortal, he is guilty of a worse omission than I was in neglecting to mention them at all, for my silence respecting the photographs has no possible bearing upon the integrity of my report. They were omitted because they were not important as factors to the phenomenon I was describing.

Mediums often require a look of hair, a letter, or photograph, as a connecting link, or magnet, to establish a spiritual sympathy, before they receive certain information. Just what office the photographs perform, if any, I will not attempt to explain, but they did not perform the office of fraud on the part of the mediums, because it was not possible, and therefore not essential to the integrity of my report. In my first, and only, exhaustive statement, the photograph and every essential detail was carefully described, and the presence of a photograph was no secret. But I have known of some pictures, claimed to be correct and true to life, where no photograph was in existence.

The fact that the spirit picture did not represent the pose or dress of the photo, is evidence that it was not copied from it. In fact, the picture was as unlike either photograph as the finest steel engraving is unlike the coarsest wood cut. "Veritas" disclaims the purpose of casting doubt upon the genuineness of the picture obtained. His object and aim is, as avowed, to cast doubt upon my testimony, and to reduce it to that of the novice. Whether he has succeeded or not is for our readers to decide.

First Spiritual Church of the World, Sturgis, Mich.

The meetings at the Spiritual Church of Sturgis, Mich., which are held every Sunday morning and evening, continue to be attractive, interesting and instructive, and are being more and more appreciated by the people of that city and adjacent country.

Dr. J. M. Peebles will lecture there on Sunday, Oct. 14. On the Sunday previous, Oct. 7, the desk was occupied in the morning by Mr. Thomas Harding, and in the evening by Mr. Herbert Arnold. Your reporter was unavoidably absent in the evening. At the morning service Mr. Harding's subject was "Providential Occurrences as Viewed from the Standpoint of a Progressive Friend," and he took his text from the words of Jesus, "I can of my own self do nothing." The subject was treated at considerable length and clearly proved that those opportune happenings which hitherto had been attributed to the direct action of the universal or "Holy Spirit" are, at least in most cases, brought about by spirit-friends and guardians, who, perceiving our extremities, interpose in our behalf. He admitted, however, the correctness of the plea that all good and merciful occurrences proceed primarily from the fountain of all goodness and wisdom, and that we are justified in giving thanks to "God."

The reading lesson which preceded the lecture was taken from Judge Edmond's work, "Spiritualism," and consisted of communications the Judge had received from the spirit of Mrs. Heman's, the poet of last century. The selections were very beautiful, and, as pieces of literary work, faultless. The lesson concluded with the accompanying poem, which illustrates the desire of the aged and unfortunate to depart from the scene of their sufferings and dwell with spirit-friends in that higher and better country. The poem is a production of Mr. Harding's pen. The choir, as usual, acquitted itself most creditably; the solo by Miss Cresler was fine and duly appreciated. Dr. E. H. Denslow, President of the Harmonical Society, presided.

WALKING ON THE STRAND.

He's lonely walking on the strand
Waiting for the boatman.
With drooping head and pained hand
Waiting for the boatman.
His day is o'er, his work is done,
His friends have dropped off one by one,
He's musing in the setting sun,
Waiting for the boatman.

With slow and feeble footsteps pacing
Up and down the strand,
Encouraging wavelets still defacing
Foot marks in the sand.
His thoughts recur to by-gone people
Whom he used to greet,
To life as life unceasing ripple
Breaking at his feet.

Faith across the water looking—
Looking for the boat.
Many disappointments brooding,
Taking note on shore,
Asking "Why bear young brothers
Reluctant from the land?"
While he longing, waiting lingers
Walking on the strand.

Still thinking, walking on the strand
Waiting for the boatman,
Still hoping for a better land
Waiting for the boatman.
Old man, your cares will soon be passed,
The morning's dawn is coming fast,
Ahi! may your sea-conveyance last
A welcome to the boatman.

Morning dawns across the water,
Clearer, brighter o'er the water,
Music (as of wavelets breaking—
And prophetic breathing on the strand—)
Wafted, as by zephyrs breathing
Whispers of a better land.

See those hills across the water—
Hills to climb, and hills to waver,
Growing brighter, sweeter, clearer
As the boatman nears the shore,
Here are well known faces dearer
Than they ever were before.

Ahi! there is joy across the water—
He knows it—feels it in the water.
Oh! the ecstasy in beaming
With a higher love than passion.
Oh! the restfulness of dreaming
Of a blotted-out transgression.

Strike your harp, angelic sisters,
Sing of sorrows passed away,
Sing of compensations, blessings,
In that land of cloudless day.

Sturgis, Mich., Oct. 8, 1900.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

Notices under this heading, to insure insertion the 2nd of week, must reach this office by Monday's mail.

Julia Steelman Nichols has closed a six week's series of lectures in Moline, Ill., and in Davenport, Ia. She has organized a society of twenty-two charter members. Mrs. Nichols fills her fourth engagement in Toledo, O., for October; has November and December ones for engagements. Address her at present, 618 Madison Avenue, Toledo, O.

Albert P. Blinn, inspirational speaker, is engaged at Norwich, Conn., the first two Sundays of November, and the first three Sundays of March, also at Waltham, Marlboro' and Lowell. Was obliged to cancel November dates at Norwich on account of ill health. Is open for engagements in December and January. Will attend funerals and perform marriages. Address 603 Tremont street, Boston.

Lyman C. Howe is free to answer calls for November, and the first four Sundays of December, and all of February, March, April and May. Address till Oct. 21, 1405 North Market street, Williamsport, Pa.

Dr. E. A. Blackden, inspirational speaker and psychometric reader, is open for engagements for platform work in places near Boston. May be addressed at 616 Tremont street, Boston.

Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham has returned from the Lake. Would be pleased to make engagements with societies for the winter as test medium. Please address 92 Whitfield street, Dorchester, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

J. J. Morse, 28 Osnaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of the Banner of Light Publishing Co.

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

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 7.



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

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Psychic Force, a Science That Nullifies Space, and in the Privacy of Your Own Home Disperses Disease.

ABSOLUTELY FREE! Knowledge Which Should be Possessed by Every Man and Woman Who Prizes Health and Happiness.

Dr. J. M. Peebles, the great scientist, who has given to the world his psychic science, which places in mankind a tremendous vital and MAGNETIC FORCE, and which not only DISPELS DISEASE of every nature from man and woman, but at the same time SO STRENGTHENS and FORTIFIES the constitution that DISEASE CANNOT EXIST.

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 ASFOUNDED 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.

Oct. 6.

HYPNOTISM

Anybody can learn to exert a magic influence over others. You can become proficient in curing diseases and bad habits of every nature. The acquirement of these powers brings happiness and health; develops will power, gratifies ambitions, gives one the key to personal and social success, and suggests many opportunities to make money.

If at all interested do not fail to write for the most wonderful book of the age, entitled "Wonders of Hypnotism," 100 pages, profusely illustrated. This work instructs you how to thoroughly master all the secrets of Hypnotism, Magnetic Healing, Personal Magnetism and all Occult Sciences. It is sent ABSOLUTELY FREE. We guarantee you success.

New York Institute of Science,
Dept. 1, 39 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.
Oct. 6.

20TH CENTURY EXPOSITION,

Under auspices of
Merchants and Manufacturers' Association,

MECHANICS' BUILDING, BOSTON,

Oct. 1 to Oct. 27, 1900.

10 A. M. to 10 P. M., Daily.

Stupendous Musical Attractions

For the closing week, Oct. 22 to 27. The biggest and best musical concerts ever held in Boston.

SPECIALLY DESIGNED SOUVENIR SPOONS.

Representing Spoons, Pencil and Victor Herbert. The first 500 ladies purchasing admission tickets are given three of these spoons, the second 500 two, the third 500 one each. 5000 spoons given away daily.

Sept. 29. Admission, 25 Cents. 4w*

The Higher Development

Instructions for the development of Consciousness, Knowledge and Power, in the material, mental and psychic planes. Part I, Vitalization; Part 2, Exaltation and Healing Instructions. 12 Lessons. St. Send stamp for information.

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Disciple of Life Science.

Needham, Mass. Box 297.

Myself cured, I will gladly inform any one addicted to

Morphine, Opium, Laudanum,

Or Cocaine, of a never-failing, harmless Home Cure.

MRS. M. H. BALDWIN, P. O. Box 1212, Chicago, Ill.
Oct. 20.

YOUR CHARACTER

Is indicated by your handwriting. Personal delineation and prophetic reading for 75 cts. Send specimen of writing with full name. Address

Oct. 13. 4w* S. WARD, So. Coventry, Conn.

Oliver N. Thomas,

HEALER AND PSYCHIC—44 Milford street, Suite 2.

Daily, except Tuesday and Wednesday. 2w* Oct. 13.

Mrs. C. B. Bliss,

SEANCES Thursday and Sunday Evenings at 8; Wednesday and Sunday at 2:30. 602 Tremont st. 1f Oct. 13.

Mrs. J. Chilton Boyden,

TRANCE MEDIUM—15 Sanson st., Dorchester, near Shawmut station. Sittings daily. 12w* Oct. 13.

Mrs. T. J. Piper,

MAGNETIC HEALER. Residence, 9 Broadway, East Somerville. Hours, 9 to 12, 1 to 4. 4w* Sept. 29.

Mrs. N. E. Colby,

MENTAL HEALER, Point Shirley, Winthrop, Mass. Aug. 4.

MRS. MARRINER—Business Medium—Magnetic Treatments; six questions, 25 cts.; Circles, Sundays, 7:30; Thursdays, 2:30. 616 Tremont st., up one flight. Sept. 29. 4w*

MRS. LYDIA H. MANKS,

Philadelphian, Pa., U. S. A. Psychic, will stop in London for the winter. 6 F. Hicknell Mansions, W. London. 6w* Sept. 22.

PER-SO-N-A-L-I-T-Y.

The Occult in Handwriting.

GRAPHIC delineation of characteristics, etc., for 50 cts. Send at least one line of writing and a line of figures with signature. Address "READER," care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass. 4w*

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GENERAL AGENT FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO. OF BOSTON, MASS.

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FLORIDA!

for Home-seekers and investors, is described in a handsome illustrated book which you can obtain by mailing a 100 cent stamp to J. B. FOSS, 1 Wabeno street, Roxbury, Mass. Jan. 4.

SONGS

For Spiritualists.

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 Sept. 20, 1900, S. E. 53.
Invocation.

Out through the mist of tears, out through the shadow of doubt, with a hope that is born of the Spirit, we reach to-day and ask that the blessing of Truth may rest upon and bless our lives. So often the heart desponds, because it cannot understand, is helped by this evidence of continued love and interest, and because of the good that is being done by these souls, we ask thy benediction of peace to rest upon them. May the loving messages so fraught with hope and love and tenderness go into the homes and hearts of those for whom they are intended like meteors of light. Amen!

MESSAGES.

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

George Hammond.

The first spirit who comes to me this afternoon is a very tall, slightly built gentleman with dark blue eyes, dark hair, and a very thin face. He coughs and coughs, as if before he went to the spirit he was constantly coughing, and he says, "Have patience with me a little. I did not realize that I should have to take on this old condition in trying to communicate, but I'm sure I'll get the best of it in a minute, and then I can speak plainly. My name is George Hammond, and I came from Newark, N. J. For a long time I have felt the need of expressing myself in some way to those whom I left behind, but have been unable until this time to do so. I am gaining in strength, and find so much to learn, and oh, so much to do, and do not find my interest the least bit lessened in all things concerning my friends. I found my mother over here; she was very glad to receive me into her life, and stands with me to-day, and says 'God bless Jennie; she will be glad to know that I have come with George.'"

William Anderson.

The next spirit is a short, stout gentleman, with dark eyes and gray hair. He has a full beard, and his nose is straight; his brows are heavy, and he has a strong character. He says: "Although I look so strong, the very manner in which I passed to spirit detracts from my strength at this time. I went out very suddenly by accident; did not seem to me that it was possible for me to be dead, but when I tried to communicate or make my presence manifest to my own, I utterly failed, and then I knew that something must be the matter. My name is William Anderson, and I came from Ipswich, New Hampshire. I want to say to those people there who are connected with me that, after all, one has to die to come into the knowledge of life and its opportunities. I did not understand the A. B. C. of life, and it's pretty hard to get my feet and go on as I would like to. I want very much to get to Mary. She needs my help and needs something done for her physical body in the way of medicine and care. It is so hard for her to do it herself, but if a word comes from me I think she will heed it."

Elizabeth Jefferson.

Now I see a tall, slender lady with blue eyes and soft gray hair. Her cheeks are fair, her lips are full, and she has such a gracious way of stepping up to me and saying "My name is Elizabeth Jefferson, and I have many times felt that if I could come it would be a help to more people than those in my family. I came from Portsmouth, N. H. My father followed the sea, and was lost at sea, and when I came over here it was such a comfort to find him waiting to receive me, and to know that he had known of everything that had come to me, and kept step with me. I left a child, a boy; his name is Fred, and I would like him to turn his attention to these things, and to know that his mother is able to guide and direct him. I have his child in the spirit, and shall take care of it as tenderly as I can, and teach it to love him."

Sarah Maxwell.

I see a spirit who gives me her name first, Sarah Maxwell from Biddeford, Me. She stands here in such a nervous way. Her eyes and hair are jet black. I think she is about thirty-five years old, and she seems to have had nothing but crosses and care and trouble all her life. She passes her hand quickly before her eyes, as if she would blot out the vision of the past and show to me only what she had attained in the spirit. The first name she speaks is Herbert, as though it was someone alive to whom she would go, and she says: "I would like to say to Herbert that poverty manfully borne is much better than great wealth with no possible growth coming from it. This I have learned from constantly looking into the affairs of people since I came over here. I want to help, and I am sure I shall be able to."

James Parsons.

As she moves away, I see the jolliest-looking old man. His head is bald, and his face is red as though it had been exposed to the weather. His eyes are blue like a bit of sky. He has no beard and I see his lips plainly. He says: "I just came in to day to see if I could not get satisfaction by telling a few things about myself. My name is James Parsons, and I came from Marblehead, Mass. When I was here in the earth life I took no more stock in this kind of stuff than I would in the veriest bit of non-

sense. Seemed to me that life was life and death was death, and that's all there was to it; but when I opened my eyes and found myself in the room with my friends who were mourning for me, and also saw those who had gone on before me—among them my boy—you can well imagine how surprised I was and how I just sat back and laughed, and said, 'If this is all there is to death there is nothing for any man to be afraid of; and so I have been laughing ever since and would like to send the laugh back to those who are mourning and weeping for their loved ones. Tell them that death is not death, but Joy and Life and Light. I have been to the old home and I have seen all the changed conditions, but I have not been able to do much to make myself known. Perhaps I can by-and-by.'"

To William Henderson.

The next spirit is a girl about eighteen years old, with light brown hair, blue eyes, and a beautiful skin. She looks like a flower standing here with the dew on her lashes, because she is weeping in her desire to get to her people. She says: "Will you please send to my father, whose name is William Henderson, and tell him that Allie has come, and that she would give anything in the world to just put her arms around his neck, and tell him that she loves him just as much to-day as ever; that while he lives she will ever come to him with comfort and love, and tell him that mamma met me, and mamma says that by-and-by I may be able to speak loudly enough for him to hear. I came from Elmira, N. Y."

Emma Bartlett.

Now I see a lady named Emma Bartlett. She's larger than the ordinary woman, strongly built, as if she could undertake almost anything, and do it successfully, too. She has dark brown hair and blue eyes, and her hair, such a mass of it, is all done up high on the top of her head. She sweeps up and down here with a little air of strength, and says: "To my people I would say that the thing that pleased me most when I came over here was to find that animals were in the spirit. Those who knew me best would know that I was always troubled to know just what would become of them, and it's a great comfort to find my horse and all the animals I loved over here waiting and knowing me. I want to reach Ned to tell him that I am as happy as I can be considering the changes that have come which would have troubled me anyway had I lived; that I am getting along as well as could be expected, and the future seems always to open up some new avenue of hope and strength. I have been to see him and have seen his depression, but it's all right. I'll help him as best I can. I came from Detroit, Mich."

Theodore Bartz.

There is a spirit comes now of an old gentleman. He's quite feeble, long gray hair, and rather a thin face, and dim, sad-looking eyes. He's bent a little with the weight of years. He has a cane, and he leans on that as he walks up close to me, and puts his face right down and looks into mine as if he would make sure that he was really talking to some one. He says: "I used to live in Milwaukee, and I thought it was a pretty good place to be in. I lived there many years, and saw many changes come up in the city, but when I got to the spirit I just said to myself, Milwaukee isn't half as big a place as I had always thought it was. My name is Theodore Bartz. If you will get this message through to those who are looking for it I am sure it will do much good. They have some circles, because I have been to them, but they don't seem to have much for the stranger."

Charles Whipple.

Now I see a nice-looking man, about forty-five, with brown eyes, brown hair and such a bright, happy way. He says: "Here I am, whistling as usual, and my name is Charles Whipple. I feel just as if I could speak plainer than I ever could before. I came from New Haven, Conn., and I want to get to Edith. She thinks it isn't possible for me to get there, so you can just understand how I make this great effort to day. We didn't know a thing about this Spiritualism; weren't very strict church members, but just lived along together as happy as could be, and never felt how dreadful it would be to have the shadow of death come between us until I came over here. If you will tell her that I can see her as she looks out of the window between daylight and dark, and looks at the lights as they appear, and thinks that Charlie won't come home to her, and then when she says it and finally draws the shade, that I just long to take her in my arms and say that I am home and that I am helping her and the children."

Cornelia Douglas.

Here is a very, very thin woman. She is very fair; her eyes are blue, her hair is gray, and her cheeks are white. She seems so feeble in coming, and says: "Oh, dear, help me! It does seem as if I never could say all I want to. We are so limited that the very things we think we will say the plainest and make the most of seem to slip away from us. My name is Cornelia Douglas, and I came from Wheeling, W. Va., and I think that all the people who know me will be much surprised to find that I have made an effort to return, for, some way, when I went, they all said, 'She has gone to her reward, and may peace be with her.' I couldn't settle it that way, and do seem to feel such an irresistible desire coming over me from time to time to get back to Henry, and to tell him that if he does as I told him he will never get the light; that it would be better to forget the promise he made me and to open up any channel where truth may come. I felt that by binding him to a promise I would be sure that he would be good and never get into any trouble, but it is too much to do, and I want to release him."

Bessie Gleason.

There is a spirit now of a little girl. She is about eight or ten years old. She has curly hair, dark brown eyes, a pretty face and a cunning little way. She says: "My name is Bessie Gleason, and I came from Everett. I am so anxious to get to my papa, whose name is Charlie. I can't say much, but I do want to say that I love them oh! so much, and I love to have them have the music just the same as they did before I went away. My grandma comes with me to-day, and says that it is all right that I came; that I make a bright spirit over here, and can help my father and mother just as much from this side of life as if I had stayed, only they won't be conscious of it as they would if they could see me. Tell them to open their doors and let some spirit power come, and they will find that I can give them messages."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY FOUR.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

How true it is that our existence is dual! None realize this quite so much as Spiritualists. A large share of our attention is taken up by the things of this life: the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the condition of our beds, our rooms, our houses, our stoves, our wood and coal for the winter, and what is more important than all the rest, in a material sense, the money by which all these necessities of life must be procured. The feeding and the entertainment of our minds by the daily and weekly paper, magazines and books, belong also to this part of our nature, for most of them deal with our existence here on the planet.

Most persons are contented with these subjects, and adopt for their motto the saying "One world at a time." But there is another part of our nature which has to do with the inner life, and with a future when we shall be divorced from these things of sense. Church people regard that coming change with fear, or at least with awe, and call the general consideration of it religion. Spiritualists think of the inner or superior life, and their coming liberation from material existence on the planet as quite desirable, and of life in that coming condition as being just as natural as this.

While here, we are interested in the matters enumerated in the first paragraph, and yet, underlying and accompanying our care and our work is the dear and blessed consciousness of a spiritual world about us, of the nearness of our disincarnate friends, and our joyous anticipation of reunion by-and-by. Also, though cares and anxieties regarding earthly matters may at times beset us, yet we always triumph in the knowledge that they are transitory, and that a very short sojourn in the spirit world will make us feel as if they had never been.

But well grounded though we may be in the present consciousness and in the joyful hopes of spiritual things, the judicious Spiritualist is as thoughtful regarding temporal matters that concern his own life and that of those dependent upon him, as if there were no spiritual world about him, and as if he were to live upon the surface of the earth forever.

I hear it stated that a very cold winter is to set in after the election. Whether that be true or not, winter is surely coming, and, as we do not live in Florida or Southern California, it is fitting that we make careful provision for fuel and garments against the coming cold. Some repairs need to be made to keep out the snow and the blasts. The out-houses want to be carefully examined and repaired during these fine autumn days, so that the helpless animals who are dependent on our care may not stand shivering during the first cold night. All these things need to be done before the cold comes, for it is not pleasant to do them later, with fingers bitten by the frost. The storm-doors want to be well fitted and everything made ready according to the old injunction, "Take time by the forelock."

When all this has been done, when the coal and wood are laid in, when the children's winter garments as well as our own are all ready for the first cold snap, when the fodder is housed for the animals, and they themselves well sheltered in barns, stables, coops and pens against the stinging blasts, then, Mr. Editor, we can sit down comfortably to commune with our spirit-friends. When I get into spirit life, do you think I would go anywhere near a séance held by mortals who tucked themselves into a warm room, while the horse was tied shivering out of doors, while the dog and cat were turned out in the cold, and the cattle trembling in a miserable shelter? No, I would not go near such mortals; or, if I did, I would get into communication with them and assure them that they would surely go to hell when they "passed out" for such thoughtless or criminal neglect.

But alas! for those who cannot lay in fuel and warm garments, because they have no money to pay for them! Some of us can pay for coal early in the season, while others must get it a bushel at a time, and pay an enormous price for it. What can we do for the latter class? Can the rich, when ordering ten or twelve tons to keep their own heaters going, order a ton of the same to be sent to some home where they know that the persons there have no money to pay for a whole ton of coal? Can others, when purchasing stockings and underwear for the children, buy some extra pairs for little cold bodies and feet that have none?

Some people say that the poor ought to be more careful, and save their money in summer, to buy fuel and garments for the winter. Of course some are careless, but I know personally families—owing to illness and doctors' bills and days when the man was out of work—who still owe the doctor, and have no money to get wood, or coal, or clothes.

I have a near neighbor who has four little girls, the oldest of whom is six years and the youngest seven months old. The man works, but has small pay, and many off days. The woman works all the time, washing, ironing, cooking, and tending the children. The baby has been very ill for three months, but with a good doctor and careful nursing she is now becoming plump again. They owe a large doctor's bill. Last winter I could not help lending the man some money. He cannot pay it, and the honest, hard-working mother proposed stitching for me on her machine. As I cannot see to sew as I used, I allow her to do so, and she has paid me in this way more than half, and I shall give her a receipted bill for the remainder. How very glad she will be when I give her that!

There is one thing that we can all do, even though we may have but little money to give away. It is this: When we are now looking over our winter garments, and seeing that they are in good order, we can surely find some things that we shall not use that will be very useful to some one else. There may be a gown too worn for us to wear, but there is enough that is good to make a dress or two for a little girl. It is the same with skirts, and with outgrown or worn men's clothes. If all would give away judiciously what they do not need, all the little boys and girls would have warm clothes for the coming winter.

Of course the anthracite coal trouble is the most serious one for the poor. It is serious for the miners who have had starvation wages in the past, and have no wages at all just now. And it is serious everywhere for the poor, who could not afford coal at ordinary prices the past winter. But perhaps before this letter falls under the eyes of our readers, the coal difficulty will have been properly adjusted. I will say no more here of what I think is the only right way in which all our products and

industries can be properly adjusted, because I spoke of that at some length in the previous letter. As Edgar A. Poe said through dear Lisette Doten:

"Oh! my mortal friends and brothers,
We are each and all another's;
And the soul that gives most freely
From its treasure hath the more.
Would you love your life, you find it,
And in giving love, you bind it
Like an amulet of safety
To your heart forevermore."

I feel impressed, Mr. Editor, to tell you something more of the poor family with the four little girls. Though they are Roman Catholics, they have attended séances and one Spiritualist camp-meeting, being led thereto by their own mediumistic qualities.

The woman's mother had been an invalid for a long time. After the baby was born seven months ago, word came to the man that his wife's mother had died. Fearing the news might depress his sick wife, they did not tell her that her mother had passed to spirit-life.

Two or three nights after, she lay in bed, alone, except that the little new-born baby lay beside her. Her bed faced the door into the entry and the lower part of the stairs. Suddenly she saw her dear mother, whom she supposed to be suffering as usual in New York State. She was floating in the air, in a soft, white garment, and smiling upon her with the sweetest smile. She wondered at the beautiful vision, and told her husband about it when they next had an opportunity to talk, and she then learned that her mother had passed from her bed of pain to the glorious life beyond. It made her very happy to know that her mother could find her way to her in Arlington, where she had never been in the mortal, and show her how tenderly she loved her, and that she was herself free from pain and radiantly happy.

I think she has not seen her mother since that time, though she has heard her voice, and also a chorus of angelic singing. But the knowledge that she is sometimes near sings a sweet song in her heart while she is diligently attending to the care of her household.

A lady said to me to-day that my belief is a most beautiful one, and that she would like to be convinced of its truth. So I told her some of the things that had come to me, and she said that she had attended séances by the Fox sisters, and had seen phenomena that she could never forget. Still, she is not sure that Spiritualism is true.

How true it is that mere evidence is not sufficient! A temper of heart that will allow evidence to have weight is also necessary. We often hear skeptics go on and narrate tests and proofs that are stronger than those we have ourselves received.

Some persons are so immersed in worldly business that they forget the very strongest proof until some chance conversation recalls it to their minds. But though the seed may long remain dormant, yet when some dear one is borne from their home to the spirit land, then they remember what they heard at a séance, and they begin to wish that these things were true.

Thanks to the heavenly powers, spirit return is true, and though one may not receive just the kind of evidence that he has set his heart upon, yet seeking for new avenues of approach and the cultivation of a spiritual, trustful frame of mind, will open the door a little wider, until, in some unexpected hour, the sweet assurance comes that our loved ones are often close at hand, and will gladly tell us more, as we become more receptive.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,

ABBY A. JUDSON.

Arlington, N. J. Oct. 4, 1900.

Wit and Humor.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

Several of our public men suppose that they failed to attain higher position with their countrymen because of their passion for wit and nonsense. Thomas Corwin was of that belief. After the defeat of Henry Clay, in 1844, he was the most available possibility of the Whig party for President. Yet in 1848 nobody thought of him. Mr. Corwin's wit was acute, and seemed to be always at command.

When a member of the House of Representatives of Ohio, he made an eloquent speech in favor of a bill for the abolishment of the whipping-post. A staid old member from the Western Reserve attempted to freeze out the effect by a "practical" reply. "In Connecticut, where I came from," said he, "we had the whipping-post. When a shiftless, good-for-nothing fellow infested the town we used to watch till he did something out of the way, so we could bring him to it. We never had any more trouble with him; he was sure to leave the place."

Mr. Corwin rose to a brief explanation. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "we have all wondered why there was such an extensive emigration into Ohio from Connecticut. We understand it now."

The bill became a law. Mr. Corwin used to advise young men to abstain from acquiring the reputation for wit. Roscoe Conkling was one of his favored circle; but it would be hard to suppose that he was ever jolly enough for a joke. Mr. Garfield made one humorous speech at the beginning of his career, and then carefully refrained from another. Mr. Lincoln entertained by the aptness of his anecdotes, but his stories had a purpose in them, and he was known to be a sad and thoughtful man.

Mr. Depew has now the crowning reputation of a wit, rivalled, I think, by Joseph Choate and General Porter. Many years ago I was very familiar with him, and, while admiring his readiness to perceive the weak or ludicrous point, I never imagined that he would blossom out in this character. He appeared like a thinker and one to achieve distinction as a statesman.

Mr. Blaine was as apt as Mr. Lincoln with a story that hit the point. One night, when a member of Congress, he spoke in Cooper Union. It was in 1848. "A colored litigant asked a Judge," said he, "an important question: 'Here is a man,' said Mister Johnsing, 'and he hasn't got nothing. And here is a woman, and she hasn't got nothing. They get married. Who is it owns the things? Do they belong to him, or are they hers?' And here is the Democratic party North, all out of office, and having nothing. The Democratic party South just out of the war, hasn't got anything. They have got married, and which is the owner?"

Miss Dodge ("Gail Hamilton") wrote sometimes with a caustic pen. A friend advised Mr. Blaine to caution her, as she might inadvertently prejudice him with voters. "The case reminds me," said Mr. Blaine, "of an oo-

urrence in Pennsylvania. A man and his wife appeared before the county judge or prothonotary in relation to the executing of a deed. The wife was taken by herself and asked if she had signed it of her free will and without compulsion on the part of her husband. 'Judge,' the woman answered, 'I reckon you don't know our family.'"

Yet I think Mr. Corwin was mistaken in regard to his own case. A speech made by him in the House of Representatives in 1840 brought him into conspicuous notice. It was a reply to the delegate from Michigan Territory, who had derided the military career of General Harrison, then a candidate for President. Corwin was mercurial in his satire and delineations. The man never came again into public life; while it secured for Corwin his nomination and election as Governor of Ohio, followed by a seat in the Senate of the United States. But in this last capacity he made a telling speech against the War with Mexico. He was right; but the military passion was rife, and he fell into disgrace. That speech did more to alienate admirers from him than all his buoyancy and boyishness.

Indeed, a person with no relish for humor is unfortunately constituted. It is the sweetmeat of every day life, that gives zest and flavor to our experiences. I have a grateful remembrance of the person who makes me laugh. It has more than once annoyed me, when confined to my bed of illness, I would attempt repartee or something lively and be misunderstood or checked by some serious reply. Shakespeare, or the one who wrote in his name, denounced the one who had no music in his soul. I would apply it to the person who has no sportiveness in his nature.

The unconscious aptness of young children amuses me. In a rural city of Western New York is an orphan of mixed parentage. His mother is an American, and his father the son of a Hebrew merchant in Baltimore. He of course knows all about it. His mother was reading to him and came across the name of Jesus Christ. "Oh yes," cried he, "that's the man my grandpa in Baltimore do n't like." One day he was called to account for some of his pranks. "Mother," said he, "if you did n't know of it, you would n't worry."

A burglar, last week, entered a house in New York and began rummaging. This awoke the parrot, who assailed him with a prodigious volley of oaths. They were in German and polysyllabic. They rolled from the shrouded cage in torrents. No burglar can be equal to the profane capabilities of the German language. The burglar fled in dismay.

This reminds one of the terrified clergyman on shipboard in a hurricane, who had been told by the captain that there was no danger till the sailors began to pray. He made his way to the fore-castle and listened. Soon he came back with the glow of relief vivid on his face. "Thank God!" cried he, "they are swearing."

I had never supposed Mr. Emerson humorous till I read it in *The Forum* some years ago. Yet I remember his mention of a lady who assured him that she derived more satisfaction from the consciousness of being well dressed than she did from religion.

Mr. Emerson was once told, by a friend, of a farmer that had an appreciation of philosophic questions. This induced him to look the man up and lend him a copy of Plato's works. Some time afterward, when meeting him, Mr. Emerson asked how he had enjoyed his readings. "Excellent," was the answer. "That Mr. Plato has got hold of a good many of my ideas."

The late Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson was greatly enraptured at the opening of the School of Philosophy at Concord, paying many visits, and actually giving the money to erect the chapel for its meetings. One day she came there by the Lowell railroad instead of the usual Fitchburg cars. There was no "barge" in waiting there. Mrs. Thompson had lost a foot by some injury, and could not walk down from the "Manse" to the village. A farmer came in his wagon, and she consented to ride with him. She was full of zeal about the School, then holding its first season. "I do not know," said the man. "I expect they are all learned men, but they say that they often do not understand Mr. Emerson. Now I worked for Mr. Emerson three years, and I understood every word I heard him speak."

We are often told that "life is made up of little things." But it isn't. You might as well say that a stupendous bit of machinery was made up of little wheels. But it isn't. The little wheels are there, and are very important. But the big wheels are there, too, and the big wheels count. The analogy between human life and a large set of machinery is, of course, imperfect, and cannot be carried into remote detail; but momentarily it will serve. In life, as in machinery, the small and the great things so intimately depend upon each other that you cannot remove the one without the other's becoming useless. But some people look at life as though it consisted wholly of little things. This comes partly from the incapacity to perceive and distinguish between the motives which underlie actions, some of these motives being great and others small, while the resulting actions may be equally simple.—*New York Herald.*

The other world is now and here; it is only to be seen by finites to make the Infinite will in the Lower as the Infinite will in the Higher.—*Brown*

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her home on Groveland street, Haverhill, Mass., on Sept. 30 Mrs. CHARLES A. DAVIS, wife of James Davis, At an early age Mrs. Davis united with the Methodist Church. Her daughter preceded her to spirit life fourteen years ago. While passing through this shadow her spiritual nature unfolded, and she became aware of the presence of her spirit-friends. She began to realize the mistaken conception the Church has and teaches in regard to the hereafter, and also of the truth of spirit return. For many years the spirit world has voiced messages through her organism, carrying comfort and joy to mourning hearts. She was of a kind, gentle, loving nature. No word of censure ever passed her lips, even for the crime; all found in her a sympathetic, loving friend. Many gathered at the funeral. The casket was covered with beautiful floral emblems, and the room also filled with them—gifts from those who knew and loved her. It can truly be said of her: "None knew her but to love her; none named her but to praise." She leaves a husband and one son, a daughter, Ellen, and two grand-children, also four sisters and brothers. Mr. and Mrs. Davis rendered three beautiful services. Services were conducted by the writer.

AMANDA A. CATZ.

The last sad funeral rites over the remains of CHARLES W. POOL, the only son of William W. and Eliza A. Pool, took place at the residence of his father, on Sept. 26. The services were conducted by Rev. Samuel Beane. The floral tributes were beautiful and appropriate. At the head of the casket was an anchor, a pink rose—a mournful reminder that he who had placed his trust so often on an anchor had himself cast his anchor. Many gathered to see the remains, for the sky was fair, the waters are clear, and the flowers bloom without deceit.

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

The Teachings of Mr. J. C. F. Grumbine.

BY S. LOUISE DOWNES.

In your issue of Sept. 29 your correspondent, signed "Immanuel Pfeiffer," in criticism of the teachings of J. C. F. Grumbine, claims to have questioned one of his enthusiastic students after this wise:

"Tell me one thing Mr. G.—has told you that you did not know before?" "She smiled, but was unable to comply with my request." Please, my good Mr. Editor, will you grant another student of the teachings of the Order of the White Rose, as given through Mr. Grumbine, the privilege of answering the question.

Had Mr. Pfeiffer been acquainted with the teachings of Mr. G.—he would have asked, if at all, What do you realize which you did not "before," not what do you "know?"

Mr. Grumbine is at the head of a College of Divine Science and Realization, the aim of which is individual unfoldment and realization and the promulgation of teachings which must compel a universal religion. "Realization" of what? Spirits? No. Realization of the eternal divine omnipotent SELF. God in man. What do we know which we did not or might not have known "before?" Nothing. What does the faithful student REALIZE which he did not before? HIMSELF. As the mightiest force in the universe to be known.

We are taught the privilege of all souls to penetrate the interior spirit of the universe, and grow potent and divine through spirituality.

We are taught but one form of control as essential to the realization of divinity—SELF CONTROL. And we are taught the culmination of the divine principle—"I am in the Father, and the Father in me, and the works that I do I do not of myself."

We are taught that spirituality, with or without mediumship, is the key to psychic realization. That consciousness is free to perceive the fullness of God. In it God is reflected and revealed, but the quality and intensity of the reflection depends upon the grade of spirituality.

We are taught divination (not fortune-telling) through a consciousness illumined and unfolded by spirituality, and that clairvoyance is of the unfolded consciousness, and its HIGHEST EXPRESSION IS THE PERCEPTION OF TRUTH.

Your correspondent quotes from Mr. G.—"In order to have wisdom we must follow our own light"—and objects. This teaching is perfectly clear to his students. This is the rock upon which he places us. The frauds, deceptions and dishonors of mediumship may beat upon this rock. The light never goes out. It is our own.

"Take away phenomena and facts from Spiritualism, and there is nothing left," says Mr. P.—"Take away phenomena and facts from Spiritualism, and EVERYTHING is left to the student of the system of philosophy taught by Mr. G.—He has acquired, if diligent, a spiritual penetration and power by which he has enthroned the voice of God in the kingdom within—the intuition, the infallible guide. Mediums may rise and fall. He has heard a voice. How to know it? Ah! "There's the rub"—to know it from the voices which confuse.

This is why we are students of divine service and REALIZATION; not that we may hear voices, but that we may hear and know a still small voice and enthrone it in our lives.

We are taught to penetrate the veil between ourselves and the beyond by building our own ladder and climbing up—with ONE desire, one longing, one purpose: a deeper knowledge and a fuller understanding of the Law of Being.

All this, Mr. P.—, is relative to the "things" which a student of Mr. Grumbine may "realize" through his teachings, even though he knew them all "before."

None can read the signs of the times without feeling the day of universal religion is come. Civilization has sent its missionary, its only missionary—Science (both civilizing and self-supporting)—to the civilized world. The work of this missionary is to be crystallized in a world's movement toward the establishing of a Universal Religion. Mr. Grumbine's teaching is come for "such a time as this."

Atlantic Highlands, N. J., Oct. 1.

Two Notable Irishmen—Lord Russell and Parnell.

The death of Lord Russell of Killowen brought forcibly to mind the characteristics of one of the best-known men in the British Empire. But to how many, I wonder, has the contemplation of the career of the Lord Chief Justice suggested the obvious remark that it is about time the public readjusted its conventional conception of the Irish character? In the last ten years two great Irishmen occupied foremost positions in the arena of British law and British politics. No two men differed more absolutely than Charles Parnell and Charles Russell; but both of them agreed in this: that, although they were the foremost Irishmen of their time, neither of them had even the faintest resemblance to the typical Irishman of the English populace.

Charles Parnell, silent, austere, commanding the obedience rather than inspiring the love of his well-disciplined legions, was the very antithesis of the Irishman of popular fiction and of the stage. Cold in aspect, more reserved than the conventional Englishman of Continental caricature, without even a gleam of humor in his eye or a flash of wit upon his tongue, Mr. Parnell was, nevertheless, as much as O'Connell ever had been, the unworried King of Ireland.

Charles Russell, a man genial, full of bonhomie, constantly mingling on equal terms with all sorts and conditions of men—a man who never moved his lips from the beaker of life until the vessel broke in his eager grasp—was quite as little of a stage Irishman as Mr. Parnell. He was not devoid of humor; but he was totally devoid of the rollicking carelessness with which the idle Celt confronts the world and its cares. The tributes paid to him at his death by the bench, the bar, and the press concur in attributing to him just those qualities on which the English particularly pride themselves. He stands before us the typical Chief Justice of England, a splendid figure of a man—stately, dignified, a worthy personification of Themis; a terror to evil doers, a praise to them that do well. His magnificent power of concentration, his unwearied industry, his impatience of rhetoric, his direct thrust to the very

heart of things, his intense practicality—all the traits which the English most desire to see in their great Judges were embodied in Charles Russell.

Yet he, the Lord Chief Justice of England, was not an Englishman. He was not even a Scotchman. He was an Irishman through and through—Irish in birth, Irish in descent, Irish in politics, and Irish in religion. But for thirty years Russell was almost as supreme in the English bar as Parnell was over the Nationalists of Ireland. From "A Great Lawyer and His Career: A Character Sketch of the Late Lord Chief Justice of England," by W. T. Stead, in the American Monthly Review for October.

LIFE-LIKE PHOTOGRAPHS OF HARRISON D. BARRETT,

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

No. 1.—An exact copy of the Oil Painting by Parks, presented to the National Spiritualists' Association by Mr. Barrett's friends as a testimonial of their high appreciation of his efforts in behalf of Spiritualism. This is an admirable likeness, showing Mr. Barrett in one of his most characteristic attitudes, viz., seated, with one hand upon his head, and looking directly at you. The picture is 24x36 inches in size, being mounted on an elegant panel, making it suitable for any parlor or library without framing. Price, \$1.00; if sent by mail, 20 cents extra for postage and packing.

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The above songs are in Sheet Music, Single copies 25 cents; 5 copies for \$1.00.

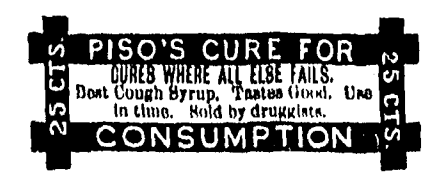
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TESTIMONIALS.

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Boston Advertisements.

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TROUBLED in mind or body will do well to consult DR. A. E. RICKER, 101er, Test and Business Medium, No. 312 Shawmut Avenue, near Union Park. Test Circle Tuesday and Friday, 8 P. M.; Sunday, 2 P. M. Oct. 6.

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TEST and Business Medium, 282 Columbus Ave., "The Albion," Boston. 1f Sept. 22.

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Mrs. M. A. Chandler,

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Mrs. Fannie A. Dodd,

233 Tremont street, corner of Eliot street, Boston. Feb. 17.

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New York Advertisements.

Fred P. Evans, THE well-known Psychist for State-Writing, etc., gives sittings daily at his office, The Occult Book Store, 181 West Forty-second, New York City. Send stamp for circular on mediumship. July 7.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1900.

Theodore Parker.

When a religious body is open to free thought it cannot honestly shut out the result of free thinking. That was the attitude of Theodore Parker half a century ago. In his day, Unitarianism had two spirits within its body, one was historical, the other was prophetic. The former had faith in what Unitarians had done. It took pride in the names enrolled upon its list of ministers. It boasted of the victories it had won. The latter had faith in what Unitarians had left undone. It felt ashamed that it deserted the field where the battle for truth was raging.

The spirit of liberty and free inquiry which Unitarianism stood for could not be suppressed. Men in the denomination saw the natural sequence of free thinking and feared that it gave the mind too much rope. But there was one minister who believed in the principles which Unitarians professed and who believed that religious liberty was dearer to the human race than any religious faith. A hundred Unitarian ministers left the opportunity of Unitarianism to Theodore Parker. A whole denomination waited for one man to do the work which it ought to have done.

It is ever thus. The work that helps the world onward is never performed by a sect or by a party, but by some great soul that cannot be bound by sectarian lines, that cannot be restrained within party limits. Theodore Parker stood and lived for the aspirations of humanity, not for the beliefs of Unitarianism. He was no churchman in the narrow sense of the word. He preached to extend the kingdom of righteousness, rather than to enlarge the borders of a sect. He wanted what was right and true to be foremost in man's desires, not what was simply best for the hour. He had no doctrine of expedience to which to sacrifice man. He saw but one thing to preach, and that was the truth, and no man was to be condemned for speaking the honest word on his soul. He knew that the inflexible text, and so the Bible divided in his hands to a volume of ancient literature written by men whose ignorance was not as holy as the knowledge of his day.

Theodore Parker was the apostle, not of a new Unitarianism, but of the new faith in man. His voice gave strength and inspiration to the young minds that chafed under the restraint of growing conservatism which had begun to sectarianize the Unitarian body. What a mighty sacrifice was demanded of him, and how bravely and cheerfully he made it. He could forsake men and the wrong; he could not forsake man and the right.

There is no grander figure in modern history distinctly connected with religion and the religious life of humanity than that of Theodore Parker standing on Music Hall platform. The times seemed to demand a voice to utter the changing opinions of mankind on religious questions, and the quarter of a century in which he preached and labored would be sadly deficient without this man's form.

We do not think he would be as conspicuous to-day, were he living amongst us. Mankind have gone beyond him, but the thought of the world would not be as far advanced without his life and words. He fills a large place in the history of Free Thought in America.

More than any other man Theodore Parker saw the drift of Unitarianism, and planted himself honestly and squarely upon the large, legitimate interpretation of its principles. He rejoiced that there was liberty enough in Unitarianism to keep it moving, and lamented and resisted every attempt to anchor the denomination to theological wharves and sectarian buoys. He stood alone among Unitarian ministers. He was an outside man, one of those men who are separated from their fellow-men by that wondrous element which we call greatness. His is one of the cherished names of our land. His brave, true life has made our country's name dear to thousands in other lands and more honored at home.—*Boston Investigator.*

By the Sea.

BELLE McDUFFEE.

Far off, behind the golden seas, lie sweet lands of hidden mystery, fainter far than earthly thought, shining far away. Where the silver violets climb close against the crumpled wall, known on earth as hopes unsung; where the echo never calls, falls and dies, but answers all—here in joy the soul would dwell, far, far away, where the gentle peace would come, clad in garments white and pure, sweetly smile and faintly die, far away.

There, in the sunset bright, a mansion I would build, close by the golden sea, where no sorrow floats to me, where the waves are all so bright, and the ships that I would see—not to dream, but truly be—and the walls should be of gold, unmarred with sin, but pure, and the golden waves would wash by the castle door.

In the dreamland far away, let us place the hearts, and say: "Be at rest; no pain shall come through the Gate of God, where the heart in peace will lie.

Letter from a Worker.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We had good success at Toledo, O., and also in Davenport, Ia., where I organized a good society—twenty-two charter members—and sent to N. S. A. this date for charter. The people there were at first greatly prejudiced against our Cause, but, after three weeks of four meetings a week, we had good audiences and were urged to return to them after our engagement here in Toledo. My work through eastern Wisconsin during the summer I feel sure will aid that State to organize, although eastern Wisconsin is very conservative.

Save the week at Clinton Camp, myself and husband devoted the five months of warm weather to general missionary work—renting halls and holding free meetings, depending on collections for expenses. We held meetings in Watertown, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Oakfield and Campbellsport, Wis., and in Molite, Ill., six weeks, where we left many new converts. Hoping the coming Convention may be another success, I am, fraternally,

JULIA STEELMAN NICHOLS.
618 Madison Ave., Toledo, O., Oct. 10.

Notice.

Mrs. Nellie S. Baade, 411 13th street, Detroit, missionary for the Michigan State Spiritualist Association, and one of its officers, is open for dates at any point in the State upon very liberal terms. Will serve societies, or when there is an interest manifested and no society, or when societies have gone down for lack of interest, will go to them and rekindle their work. She served the Lansing Society Oct. 7 with very successful lectures and messages, and with large attendance. For information, address her or Mary F. Ayers, Sec'y, Lansing, Mich.

A very prominent and powerful religious sect is organizing a movement to save two million souls during the year 1901. This makes nearly fifty-five hundred souls a day—a large number. The work of conversion is to be confined to two hundred thousand workers, each of whom pledges himself to save ten souls during the year, making nearly one soul a month. Praiseworthy as this endeavor is, one never knows what a man is until he is dead, and not always then. Any one's pledge to save even one soul, in the sense in which that term is usually employed, is rash when one remembers the allurements of that fashionable trivium, the world, the flesh and the devil. No wonder so many of the sons of Adam lie prone and powerless at the feet of the daughters of Eve.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Spiritualist Societies.

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

BOSTON AND VICINITY.

Boston Spiritual Temple meets in Berkeley Hall, 4 Berkeley street, every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. P. A. Wright, speaker and psychic. E. I. Allie, President; G. A. Lang, Secretary, 115 Oxford street, Mattapan, Mass.

The Gospel of Spirit Return Society. Minnie M. Sozio, 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 24 Tremont street. Business meeting at 4. Evening service 7:30. Mrs. Mattie A. A. Allie, President; Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, 74 Sydney street, Dorchester, Mass.

Holla Hall, 789 Washington Street.—Sundays at 11 A. M., 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. Good talent and music. Mrs. Nutter, Conductor.

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 Queens st., Elizabeth F. Kurth, President.

Local Briefs.

BOSTON.

Berkeley Hall.—The Sabbath morning, Oct. 14, once more dawned gloomy and overcast, but a goodly assemblage turned out to hear Mr. F. A. Wiggin in a masterly address that one should hear in order to best appreciate. The speaker took his text from the theme "And when he came to himself." Among the many timely and notable points in the address were the following gems of thought: "It is of paramount importance for all mankind to come to themselves. No one really comes to himself until he becomes properly related to consciousness to truth. This relationship reveals the true nature and potency of selfhoodness, which in turn most completely eliminates and eradicates all selfishness from the life. As soon as one comes to himself he is at once possessed with the spirit of determination to force all conditions and circumstances to lend their entire strength, and render gracious tribute to the furtherance of physical, mental and spiritual constructiveness. He does not forget the potency of conditions, but recognizes in selfhood his God given power to make all things subservient to that unfolding process connected with the law of divine destiny. A complete realization of one's true selfhood brings a recognition of the universal inherent God power. Such a conscious recognition is an armor against which the miseries of fear, disease, and even death, prove ineffectual." A short address followed the address. The hall commenced to fill up at an early hour in the evening, and vacant chairs were few when the meeting opened. Mr. Wiggin delivered a short address, and then, entranced, gave many messages to those present from their relatives and friends in spirit life, the same in nearly every instance readily recognized. The Ladies' Schubert Quartet was with us during the entire day, and rendered several inspiring selections in its customary pleasing manner. The BANNER OF LIGHT is always on sale at the door, morning and evening. George Sanborn Lang, Sec'y, 115 Oakland street, Mattapan.

241 Tremont street, Friday, Oct. 12.—The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society met, as usual, with the President, Mrs. M. E. A. Allie, in the chair. The evening session was presided over by Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse. Meeting opened with singing, Miss Gertrude Sloane presiding at the piano. Dr. Willis was the first speaker. He expressed his pleasure at once more being among friends. Mrs. Waterhouse spoke of this being the anniversary of Luther Colby's birth. She said: "I believe there was never a more devoted Spiritualist than Mr. Colby, and we should pay our respect to his memory. I think he was a hero, and it would be well for others to follow in his footsteps. We welcome him here to-night, and hope he will leave a benediction with us." Mrs. Chapman spoke and gave messages. Mr. E. B. Packard spoke briefly of the Lyceum work. Dr. Ballard related an incident that happened while he was coming here, and then spoke of interesting the young in our meetings. Mrs. Waterhouse sent out love, greetings and sympathy to the Convention of the N. S. A. held in Cleveland. Mrs. Cunningham sang a fine selection. Meeting closed with singing "America." Next Friday, public circle at 4 P. M.; the evening will be "Mediums' night." Come all! Friday, Oct. 26, we will hold a Whist party; admission, 15 cents. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

Holla Hall, Mrs. Nutter, President.—Sunday, Oct. 14, notwithstanding the unpleasant weather a large number were present at the morning circle. Reading and invocation by Mr. Arnold; remarks and readings by the President; those taking part were Messrs. Turner and Newhall, Mesdames McLane and Dade. Afternoon, the President opened with reading and invocation; music and singing by Mrs. Smith Mosier; remarks, Mr. Chase; readings, Mr. Howe, Mesdames Weston, Nutter, Mosier, Fernald, Webber, Fisher. Mrs. Cameron pianist.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum.—Sunday afternoon, Oct. 14, this Lyceum held a very interesting session in Assembly Hall, 200 Huntington Ave. "What Proof have we that there is an Infinite Intelligence?" was the question. Those taking part: Recitation, Mand Armstrong; reading, Master Willie Sheldon; reading, Mr. E. B. Packard; remarks, Mr. Forest F. Harding; recitation, Mr. J. R. Snow. Question for next Sunday, "How has our Moral Sense been Developed?" First Sunday of November will be devoted to the Band of Mercy. A. C. Armstrong.

Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1. "Good Thoughts" was the subject for discussion by the children. Dr. Hale gave a very interesting talk on the lesson, showing how good thoughts could be precious to both old and young. Mr. Harold Leslie, the Assistant Conductor, after a few remarks, took charge of the following program: Piano solo, Rebecca Goolitz; recitations by Eldon Bowman, Willie Sharp; Mrs. Della Sawyer Carahan, song; Messrs. Willis and Graham, remarks. The attendance, owing to the inclemency of the weather, was rather limited, some twenty-two visitors and twenty-nine scholars being present. H. Howe, Sec'y.

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont street.—Sunday, Oct. 14, services were well attended. Morning and afternoon, Scripture reading, prayer, conducted by Mr. Hall, in the evening, after song service by Mr. Hersey, remarks and messages by Mesdames Thoms, Gilman, Gutierrez, Chapman, Messrs. Cohen, Wittemore, Gilman, Hersey, Tuttle, Dr. Huot; musical selections Mrs. Hall, Sunday, Oct. 21, services in memory of Mr. Elliott. His friends are invited to join us. Mrs. Mack is expected. Mrs. Gutierrez, Pres.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington street.—Mrs. Deey, President; M. Adeline Wilkinson, Conductor.—Conference at 11. Those taking part were: Messrs. Hill, Simmons, De Bos, Howe, Lamont, Morse, Billings, Dr. Sylvester, Mesdames Brown and Clara Strong, Miss Sears; Mrs. Lovering, pianist. Afternoon, Scripture reading, prayer and spirit descriptions, Dr. Sanders; remarks, Mr. Liminus of Haverhill; spirit-messages, Mr. Woods, Mr. Hardy, Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Gilliland-Howe; solo, Miss William Fowler, Mrs. Strong; Miss Celia Fowler, pianist. Evening—A large audience present to greet the President, Dr. Deey, who has been very ill; music by the Lyceum Orchestra; solos, Mr. Fowler and Mrs. Nelly Groves; prayer and Scripture reading, Fred De Bos; opening address, Mr. Simmons; solo, Mr. Fowler; address, Mrs. Hattie Deey; readings, Mrs. Knowles, Mr. Ratzell; astrological readings, Mr. Matlock and Mr. McCulloch. Next Sunday evening, extra talent. Mrs. Wilkinson will give spirit descriptions. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

Massachusetts.

Worcester.—Oct. 7 and 14 our platform was occupied by Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, formerly pas-

A Woman's Mistake

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Pinkham has Fifty Thousand such Letters.

tor of the Independent Liberal Church of Greenwich. Her lectures were truly grand and inspiring, and to be appreciated must be heard. The usual supper and entertainment of the Woman's Auxiliary occurs Friday evening, Oct. 19, at U. V. L. Hall, 531 Main street. Business meeting, 3 P. M.; supper at 6; entertainment at 8. Contributions for the table solicited. Mrs. C. O. Frontiers, Cor. Sec'y.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Dr. A. Caird, President.—Sunday, Oct. 14, Mrs. May S. Pepper was with us and gave many most remarkable tests and messages. Although the weather was very unfavorable, large audiences were in attendance; musical exercises by Mrs. Bertha Merrill, pianist, and W. H. Thomas, cornetist. Mrs. Pepper will be with us again next Sunday. Sec'y.

Progressive Spiritualists' Association held services in Providence Hall, 21 Market street, Lynn, at 2:30 and 7:30. Mr. Walcott Brooks drew large audiences to hear his accurate messages given by "Rosebud." Test séance given by Della E. Matson was very satisfactory. Healing by spirit power, Dr. Quaide; solo by L. J. Quaide; Mrs. J. P. Hayes, pianist. Next Sunday, Arthur S. Howe, Mrs. M. E. Gilliland-Howe, Della E. Matson, Sec'y.

Temple of Honor Hall, 591 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport, Mrs. L. J. Akerman, Conductor.—Sunday, Oct. 14, we had a very good attendance, and a number of reliable mediums. Mesdames Pye, Stiles, Gilliland-Howe, Messrs. Howe, Johnson, Graham, L. J. Akerman gave many messages blindfolded, all recognized. Each one did his part well. We intend to have none but reliable mediums.

The Spiritual Research Society, of Salem, listened Sunday, Oct. 14, to two most excellent addresses by Dr. George Fuller of Greenwich, Mass., whose masterly handling of the spiritual thought proved a delight to his hearers. He was followed by Mrs. Butler, of Lynn, with numerous tests, all of which were recognized among the audience. A solo was given with good spirit by Mr. Rickard, and several songs were sung by the whole audience. Next Sunday the speaker will be Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, and a male quartet will render several pieces. H. J. Saunders, Sec'y.

Progressive Spiritual Society, Methuen.—Sunday, Oct. 14, the season's work was ably commenced by Mrs. E. I. Webster, of Lynn, who made two sessions very interesting. Our platform is open to mediums for the coming winter, and the outlook is pleasing. George Nelson, Sec'y.

Mrs. H. G. Holcomb of Cambridge, Mass., spoke for the First Spiritualists' Ladies' Aid Society of Springfield, of which she was formerly for many years President, on Sunday, Oct. 7, this being the opening of the fall season. In spite of inclement weather, the hall was well filled with old friends and acquaintances who were glad to welcome Mrs. Holcomb. The possibilities of life were earnestly portrayed in the evening discourse to attentive and interested listeners. She was also present at the social on Thursday evening and spoke words of encouragement. Miss Blanch Brainerd of Lowell spoke for the first time in Springfield Oct. 14. Although coming here a stranger, she has left many friends, and will be greeted by large audiences should she again speak in Springfield. The lectures on "A Glimpse of Heaven," at 2, and "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," at 7, were presented in a very pleasing manner. She urged the higher and purer life, both as a means to the betterment of this life and the life to come. Messages following the lectures were concise and to the point, being in every particular accurate and readily recognized by the recipients. On Sunday, Oct. 21, Mrs. Effie I. Webster of Lynn will be the speaker. Mrs. Anna Kelsey, Cor. Sec'y, 370 Union St.

Brockton People's Progressive Spiritual Association held its usual service Sunday, Oct. 14, 1900. Mrs. S. E. Humes of Providence, R. I., occupied time giving spirit communications in a very accurate and satisfactory manner. Mrs. Humes is a general favorite with the people of Brockton. Sunday, Oct. 21, Fannie C. Marriner of Boston, Mass., will be with us. Mrs. G. E. Morse, Cor. Sec'y, 919 S. Main St.

Malden Progressive Spiritualists held a very interesting service Sunday, Oct. 14, at their hall, 76 Pleasant street, Masonic Building. Despite the unpleasant weather, we had a very good audience, President Cowan in the chair. Messrs. Cowan and Morton gave messages from spirit life. All mediums welcome. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale in hall. Per Sec'y.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society, Mrs. C. H. Appleton, President, held its regular meeting and annual election of officers in Dwight Hall, Thursday afternoon and evening. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock; First Vice-President, Mrs. Chadwick; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Kellogg; Recording Secretary, Miss Hattie Eaton; Financial Secretary, Emma L. Hubbard; Treasurer, Mrs. M. J. Davis; Directors, Mr. Kellogg, Mr. Doty, Mr. Brown and Mrs. Morse. Oct. 18 it is expected Mrs. Effie I. Webster will be speaker, with other good mediums in attendance. Supper will be served at 6:30. Tickets 15 cents. Emma L. Hubbard, Rec. Sec'y.

Lowell.—In spite of the inclement weather during the past two Sundays, the attendance at the meetings of the First Spiritualist Society has been quite large. We opened our hall Oct. 7 with Dr. C. H. Harding, formerly of Boston, but now stopping at Lake Pleasant, who more than pleased the large number gathered to hear him. Last Sunday, Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham of Boston was with us, and held two very interesting services. We are glad to see that the interest in the glorious Cause has not abated since we closed our grove meetings. Next Sunday we shall have with us Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding of Somerville. BANNERS and Thinkers for sale at all meetings. F. H. Coggeshall, Acting Pres.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists, Mrs. H. M. Hartwell, President, held its first meeting for the season Friday evening, Oct. 12, at Cambridge Lower Hall. The meeting was one of the finest held during the whole year. Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. S. E. Hall and Mr. Scarlett made remarks; Mrs. Haydee Hall of Brighton sang, and Mr. Simmonds gave readings. Mrs. Conant-Henderson will be the next speaker, Oct. 26.

Fitchburg.—Mrs. Kate R. Stiles of Boston spoke for the First Spiritualist Society Sunday, Oct. 14, to good-sized audiences, considering the weather. No synopsis would do justice to the two able addresses. The many spirit messages were very convincing. The piano selections by Miss Howe, and vocal selections by Mrs. T. J. Becker, were pleasingly rendered. Mrs. Hattie C. Mason of Boston test medium and musician will be with us next Sunday. Dr. C. L. Fox, President.

New York.

The Spiritual Fraternity, of Brooklyn, N. Y., held its weekly meeting at Single Tax Hall, 1101 Bedford Avenue (near Gates), Sunday evening, Oct. 14. Although the night was rainy, an excellent audience gathered in spite of the storm. The subject of the address was "Jesus, the Ideal Spiritualist." Miss May Sicardi, our medium, was at her best in giving psychometric readings and spirit messages, and a large number of those present were made glad through her spiritual ministrations. Many liberal members of the various denominational churches of Brooklyn are visiting our meetings, where they find good congregational singing, services conducted in a reverential and religious manner, and various speakers of talent who clearly elucidate the truths of our Spiritual Philosophy, together with the psychic phenomena most agreeably presented and correctly interpreted. Every copy of the BANNER OF LIGHT was disposed of to interested seekers after the truth, and many words of commendation were spoken by appreciative readers concerning its valuable contents. Long may it prosper! Dr. John C. Wyman, Chairman.

The church of the Fraternity of Soul Communion held its regular Sunday evening services on Oct. 7 and 14. Last Sunday the church was crowded to overflowing, every seat in the main auditorium being taken before eight o'clock. This was on account of Mr. Courlis

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devoting the entire evening to his peculiar phases of mediumship, and it was indeed a treat and surprise to many strangers and investigators who were fortunate enough to receive a message. On Oct. 14 the audience was large, but many were kept away on account of the stormy day. Mr. Courlis again seemed at his best, and gave many spirit messages. At all these services the Verdi Quartet sing, and we hear on all sides praises for the spiritual and musical services we offer on Sunday evenings during the year. All our efforts are being used now for the Bazaar to be held in the church Friday afternoon and evening, Oct. 26. There will be plenty of entertainment in the evening for the young people, as well as the old, with refreshments to be served during the entire time. There is to be no admission fee, and great crowds are expected, and the Ladies' Auxiliary expect to swell our church fund.

The BANNER OF LIGHT is for sale at all meetings. W. H. Adams, Sec'y.

Sunday, Oct. 14.—At the Woman's Progressive Union Prof. Lockwood's lecture this afternoon on "What Shall We Instruct, and How Educate?" was listened to by many intelligent investigators. The musical program was finely rendered, calling forth prolonged applause. Notwithstanding the very unpleasant weather a good audience was present at the evening session; those who listened to facts will not soon forget the Professor's very able discourse. We missed from our platform the genial, smiling face of our loved President, Mrs. Kurth, who is speeding on her way to the great Convention at Cleveland, O. She carries with her the best wishes of her flock for the success and higher development of the Cause we so much love, and may she enjoy to the fullest extent the journey, the varied meetings she may attend, and return in safety to those who love her, fully able to give a glowing account of the doings of the N. S. A. at this season's meeting. Mrs. N. B. Reeves.

First Association of Spiritualists, New York.—Sunday, Oct. 14, Mrs. Newton opened each session with a poem rendered in her usual impressive manner, followed by words of welcome to those who failed to hear her cordial remarks of last Sunday. Miss Gaule was at her best, and the work accomplished for the spirit-world was phenomenal in quality. Miss Vesta's vocal numbers and Mr. Severn's violin obligatos merit the highest praise and were appreciated by the audiences. M. J. Fitz-Maurice, Sec'y.

Other States.

Richmond, Va.—A small society was organized in this city last winter, and we desire to correspond with some one who can lecture and give tests. As the society is small in numbers and limited in resources, we thought perhaps some speaker who might be in our vicinity or passing by this way, would, for a moderate compensation, give us a call, thereby helping us and also the Cause, which is one and the same. J. B. Kipstein, Sec'y, 501 W. Marshall street, Richmond, Va.

Norwich, Conn.—Sunday, Oct. 7, Dr. Louis Schlesinger, the noted medium of California, opened a month's engagement with the First Spiritual Union of this city. The Rev. S. G. Fillingham prefaced his work with a short address upon "Conversion." Sunday evening, Oct. 14, Mrs. F. H. Spaulding of this city delivered an excellent address from the topic "Death an Event in Life, Not a Finality," holding the attention of the audience closely from first to last. Dr. Schlesinger followed with many remarkable demonstrations of his mediumistic powers. Mrs. J. A. Chapman, Sec'y.

Providence Spiritualist Association.—We have had Mrs. Bruce of New Bedford, Mass., for the past three Sundays. She has given satisfaction, and we hope to have her with us again before long. At the close of her evening service she announced that she would remain over one more Sunday, and be present at the Ladies' meeting on Wednesday evening, and give spirit messages. D. F. Buffington, Sec'y.

The First Spiritual Society, Portland, Me.—Oct. 7, rainy day, and in consequence our audiences were smaller than usual; however, good-sized audiences gathered to hear Mr. Baxter, who gave us two fine discourses, that of the evening being especially so, as was remarked by many of the audience. Each lecture was followed by a séance, in which many spirits presented themselves and were recognized. Oct. 14 at 2:30 P. M. services in memory of Capt. Thomas P. Beals were held. The floral display was very beautiful. Remarks were made by Mr. Todd and Mr. William H. Sargent, old-time friend of Mr. Beal. They were followed by Mr. Baxter with a very appropriate discourse. Many of Mr. Beal's old-time friends and members of his family were present and listened with pleasure to the exercises. At 7:30 P. M. the subject was "The Spirit and its Emanation." It was one of Mr. Baxter's best efforts and was listened to with close attention by the audience. A convincing séance followed. Mr. Baxter occupies the platform next Sunday. H. C. Berry, Treas.

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE:

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

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

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

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