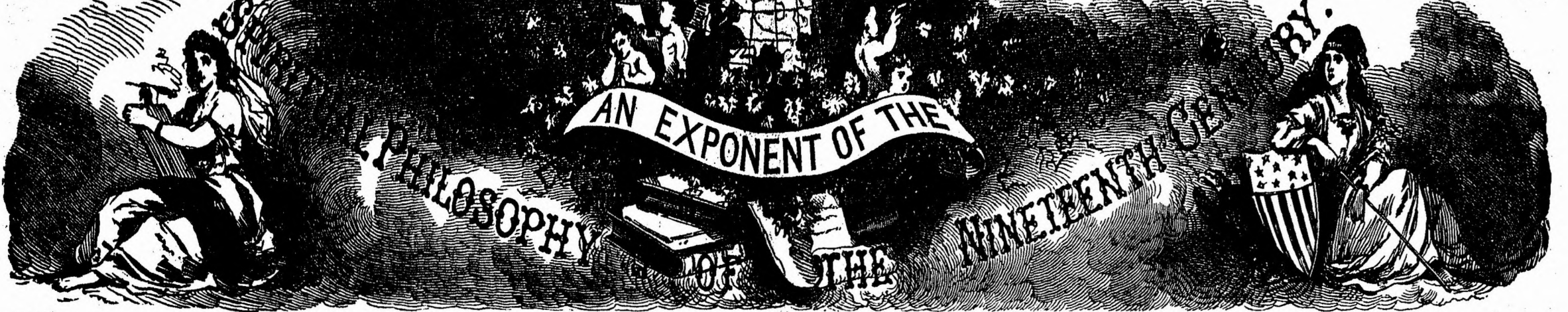


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## TWO ANGELS.

BY EVANGEL.

There was a time told in the legends olden,  
When Azrael appeared unto the sons of men,  
With scimitar in hand and clad in robes not golden,  
He clipped from them their souls and fled into the glen.

So fierce his face, so stern was his demeanor,  
That all affrighted stood as he drew near,  
Wondering for whom this unrelenting gleaner  
Had come to cause from them for aye to disappear.

He stood from all men much apart.  
Against them all they felt his hand was raised  
To still forever each fond and beating heart  
Ere it had told one-half its earthly days.

He cast his eyes upon all human kind,  
And noting those whose time to go had come,  
He softly raised his weapon sharp and kind,  
And to all pain and grief made them forever numb.

Men feared this stern-faced angel visitant  
Because his mission they but little understood.  
They knew that life below was only militant,  
And knew not that the one above was only good.

Men sighed and grieved, as years went flitting by,  
At Azrael's fatal visits to their homes.  
They tried to follow him with fear-dimmed eye,  
And yearned for those who never more did come.

Death seemed his only mission to the earth,  
And chaos reigned on hill, in vale and glen.  
Not then was known the spirit's royal birth,  
That through his magic touch all were made well again.

The land was clouded o'er by fear and grief,  
The air was filled with cries of blank despair,  
When Allah sent unto the earth one who gave them  
Quick relief;

Mahomet came, and joy was given in answer to his prayer.

Men no longer saw the angel of dread death,  
But only felt his sickle sharp and keen,  
And heard the sweet, low music of his breath,  
As he moved among them all unseen.

For ages then men thus lived and died;  
Joyed not to see the one who came to take them  
hence,  
And grieved that their dear love was never satisfied,  
Longing for peace with a longing most intense.

Mahomet heard their prayers and smiled to see  
The light to which all eyes but his were closed,  
Unfolded soon to all the earth would be,  
The glory of the realm where souls in peace repose.

## Address Prepared for the Paris Spiritual Congress.

BY DEAN CLARKE.

As a representative of the Spiritualists of America, and a delegate from the National Spiritualists' Association, I give you greeting. Though we are of various nationalities, we are all of the great Brotherhood of Humanity, and are still more closely allied by the kinship of a common faith.

On this most auspicious occasion, when all nations and races of men are met to compare the products of their industry, their art, their science and their civilization, we are assembled as representatives of the most advanced thought of the world pertaining to human destiny, to become acquainted with one another, to compare notes of progress, and to see what we can do to further the best interests of our own common cause.

I congratulate you all that we have come into the knowledge of the most sublime truths and the most stupendous facts evolved by the nineteenth century. I congratulate you that it is our great privilege and good fortune to live in an age of great marvels, and that we have become specially acquainted with the most wonderful of them all.

To know the phenomena, science and philosophy of Modern Spiritualism is to be acquainted with the most valuable and important discovery man has ever made, or that divine revelation has ever made known. It is to possess the key of all occult science, the "open sesame" to all spiritual treasures, to hold the magic wand of all mysticism, and to have spiritual knowledge that solves and settles the greatest problems of human thought!

In full knowledge of the inestimable value of our spiritual possessions, and of the great honor conferred upon us by the master spirits who have confided them to our care, what care we for the scorn, the derision, or the persecution from our less-gifted fellow-men, which have been the price many of us have paid for them? None of us have coveted social ostracism, nor financial martyrdom, nor religious exclusion, nor political debasement, but we can afford to have suffered them all rather than to be denied the glorious truth we have received, and which is yet concealed from its bigoted opponents who have derided us!

Though many of us, no doubt, have come unto a knowledge of this truth through great tribulation, let us prize it all the more, and have still more zeal to confer it upon those who, because of a lack of its soul-expanding power, have been our opponents instead of sympathetic co-workers. The truth shall yet make them free as it has us.

Modern Spiritualism, from its very outset in America, has presented its credentials in the form of both physical and mental phenomena, which, though often counterfeited, have, in ten thousand instances, established their genuineness by the most crucial tests.

These unique phenomena have, in all countries, demanded scientific investigation, and it is our great pleasure and satisfaction to know that every true scientist who has thoroughly investigated them, has been convinced of their reality and profound significance, if not in every instance convinced of their spiritual origin, which has generally been the result.

Distinguished scientists, such as Faraday, Tyndall, Huxley and Spencer, whose opinions of Spiritualism were mostly formed *a priori*, did not evince the true scientific spirit. Had they seen some of our most positive and successful phenomena at the beginning of their cursory investigation, or had they possessed the patience and earnestness for spiritual truth evinced by their worthy compeers, Hare, Mapes, Wallace, Crooks, Varley, Flammarion, Zöllner and many more of their ilk, they, too, would have been compelled to yield their prejudice, and accept Prof. Wallace's declaration, that "The facts of Spiritualism are as well proven as the facts of any other science."

Unfortunately for the cause of Spiritualism, the bigotry that misjudges and opposes it is not wholly monopolized by its religious adversaries. There are a few Martin Horkeys among the savants who refuse to look at a galaxy of spiritual facts even through a telescope. But "facts are stubborn things," and Science of the Twentieth Century will have to accept both the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, or "step down, and out!"

The scientific investigations of the Psychical Research Societies of both Europe and America have reached the same results as the individual researches of many of the foremost scientists who, from the days of Prof. Hare of the University of Pennsylvania, have vainly endeavored to explain these phenomena by any other than the spiritual hypotheses. The chief workers in these societies are now Spiritualists, made such by irresistible evidence.

We are abundantly justified, then, in concluding, with Prof. A. R. Wallace, that "The facts of Spiritualism need no further confirmation." Our efforts, therefore, may now be directed to a scientific analysis and classification of these established facts, to the end that a true spiritual science may be presented to the thinkers of the twentieth century, to displace the materialism, scientism now far too prevalent.

Furthermore, we have been taught, both by inspiration and observation, that Spiritualism is far more than a science. It has ulterior purposes reaching far beyond the significance of its fundamental facts. It has proved itself to be a New Dispensation of spiritual truth and power "for the healing of the nations," physically, mentally and morally. It has inaugurated a Renaissance of "Spiritual Gifts" that were in vogue during past dispensations, and its inspired prophets and oracles have taught, and are teaching, a new philosophy of life here and hereafter.

Aye, more than a philosophy, many of its American teachers and exponents claim it to be an eclectic religion, designed by its spirit promoters to supplant, in time, all other existing religions. Be that its true nature and ulterior purpose or not, it has already wrought wonderful changes in the religious thought of the world, and its rational tenets are now modifying the beliefs of the past at a marvelous rate. It has so much in common with Primitive Christianity, phenomenally and ethically, that many of its converts from the various churches have regarded it as being mainly a revival of pure Christianity, designed to spiritualize the churches, rather than to supplant them. Be this as it may, the churches have made a fatal mistake in arraying themselves against it, and trying to destroy its proofs of a future life, and its possession of "spiritual gifts" such as all religions are based upon.

Above all things the modern church needs these "gifts of the spirit," and the demonstration of man's immortality, which Spiritualism furnishes. One of two things is inevitable—either the churches must open their doors to Spiritualism, or the Nemesis of Justice will ultimately close them for want of goers therein. The free-thinking people of the living present will not long consent to be fed on husks, stale bread, nor canned fruit musty with age, when fresh fruit, new "manna from heaven," and the living bread of spiritual truth are so bounteously offered outside the consecrated sanctuaries, even upon their own fireside altars!

Spiritualism has come into this world to stay, and they that are wise will cultivate friendly relations, and seek to adjust their ideas in harmony with its divine mission, rather than to antagonize what is inevitable and irrepressible. The trend of the Spiritual Movement thus far has not been sectarian, but, rather, diffusive, as a cosmopolitan power whose primary purpose seems to be the widest possible spreading of the truth.

It manifestly is a benefaction for the entire human race, and its tendency is toward the leveling of all division walls, the destruction of all arbitrary caste, and the equalizing of classes in the possession of "divine rights," and spiritual privileges and blessings. It is therefore opposed to kingcraft and priestcraft, and emphasizes the commandment of the Nazarene Reformer: "Call no man master," but claim and exercise your own divine prerogative to think, speak, and act according to your own highest convictions and inspirations.

Thus far its work of segregation and individualization has been most in evidence, but when its iconoclastic work in demolishing "false gods," false creeds, and tyrannical institutions is fully accomplished, doubtless "the water will become the builder too," for reformation implies re-construction according to the principles of right and justice, and in accord with the social laws of human nature. Work of the scope and magnitude of the Great Spiritual Movement, requires much time for accomplishment.

It must be borne in mind that this Great Movement is not only world-wide but it is more—it involves the conditions, relations, and influence of the vast spirit-world, as well. Reform on earth must move slowly, while the contiguous sphere of spirits equally requires the same renovation and purification. Spirits "earth-bound" on account of undevelopment, have been "working out their salvation," by producing senuous phenomena so much in demand by "test"-seekers. While they have done a great and valuable service for men in the flesh in this way, it may be questioned if their immediate influence has not sometimes been more demoralizing than spiritualizing? At any rate, it stands to reason that while mortals continue to call for the labor of the lower, instead of the higher spirits, they will find that "the stream (of influence) cannot rise higher than its fountain."

The great law of demand and supply largely regulates spirit manifestation and spirit influence—we find *what we seek*. "Heaven helps those who help themselves," but helps most those who aspire to do most good to humanity. If then exalted spirits have not hitherto been foremost in the work, we have given the reason.

Undoubtedly the lowest sphere of spirit life is intimately interblended with earth-life, so those who glibly talk about "One world at a time," are totally ignorant of man's spiritual environment.

"Near about us lies  
The realm of spiritual mysteries,"

says a great poet, and we, who have communed with our near neighbors, know that the two worlds, or states of being, are so mingled that, as we have asserted, they must needs move together, and hence we infer that this Great Movement is as much for the benefit of spirits, as of mortals.

Undoubtedly the happiness of both worlds has been immeasurably enhanced by the present opening of intercourse, imperfect though it be, and attended with some incidental evils, though it unquestionably is. By it "the lost are found"; the so-called "dead" are "brought to life"; the ties of friendship and love are consciously reunited; mourners are comforted, and often brought to rejoicing; hopeless and despairing mortals are changed in thought and feeling; the dreary path of earthly experience is illumined by a knowledge of life's issues; the glorious truth of immortal existence is proven to the doubter; the end and aim of man's existence is revealed; a continued life of eternal progress is opened to human vision; much needed information concerning spirit existence, and its relations to earth-life is vouchsafed; in fact innumerable benefits and blessings are already its fruition.

If I am not mistaken, the object of this important Congress is to consider the benefits to humanity of this Great Movement; to study its phenomena and philosophy as specially adapted to the world's present needs; to learn, as best we may, its true genius, scope, and mission to the human race, and to adjust ourselves, as its earthly agents, in harmony, so far as possible, with its exalted projectors and promoters in the Higher Life. It behooves us to consider the mutual relations of the Two Worlds now in communion, that we may aid the Higher Powers in improving the means of this intercourse, so as better to cooperate with them in their great mission of inspiring, educating, and spiritualizing their undeveloped fellow-beings in both states of existence.

Fellow-members of this international Congress, let us rise to the dignity of our exalted Cause, and of this great occasion, and discharge our obligations to our noble spirit benefactors, and our duty toward our fellow mortals, who look to us for practical good to our Cause, which embraces the highest good of the human race.

## The Invisible Forces Operating Upon Man.

BY L. M. CUMMINGS.

Little the majority of men understand how manifold are the forces operating upon them, invisible to their physical range of vision. This does not imply altogether to disembodied spirits of men, but has reference to the influence of planets, as well as the power of thought of embodied man, flowers, animals, atmospheric conditions, magnetism of the earth and many more. It seems especially difficult to lead men's minds away from limitations of any kind, and to give them any distinct realization of infinite energy.

How many while proclaiming earnestly that what is called space is only a combination of various and manifold types and forms of life, representing every phase of unfoldment and development, from the tiny atom up through all the intermediate stages to planet and man, yet when you question them closely you find them clinging persistently to the idea that this small planet is the scene of the greatest importance in the universe. Most men, especially the ones so questioned, are acting entirely from the standpoint of personal judgment, and are far from understanding the complicated union of all life.

While each life reasons from its own range of understanding, all life is but the differentiated expression of the one life essence. Not one life, however high may be its development, can assert truthfully, "I am independent of all power and thought currents," for never can it stand forth from the one source of being. Independent of and above impressions, if he so desires to be, from all lesser or inferior thought-waves than he himself generates, he is as powerless as a newly born babe to change his

conditions and declare himself conqueror of all his surrounding environments, to set aside or escape those more powerful than his own; the greatest opposition he meets are those forces unseen and most times unknown.

There is not the tiniest and most minute life but what vibrates, and the magnetism generated and thrown off will produce some effect upon adjacent lives just in exact proportion to its own development and the development of the other lives. That you cannot observe all these lives in motion has no significance at all. The physical organ, called the eye, registers only a certain number of vibrations, this varying according to the development and health condition of the individual; one man may see distinctly and well what to a man close beside him is either indistinct or invisible.

The more potent the force or power, the more subtle and higher the vibratory rate; thus the strongest forces by which man, his physical body, his daily environments are governed, are totally shrouded or hid from his physical range of vision. The spirits of his dearest loved ones he does not see; he can only witness their bodies, which are but instruments for their spirits to manifest through. Then how can he be expected to see and believe in the influence exerted upon him by the thought of his brothers, the planets or a flower? Yet all exert a most potent force upon his life. His ignorance of these invisible powers has much to do with his many material disappointments and physical suffering, for, if any man knows just what he has to combat and meet, he has the privilege to prepare himself more perfectly.

Many men laugh derisively at and condemn the teaching that disembodied men are around them, coloring their thoughts, making conditions for or against an individual, and capable of helping a brother up or leading him down, through the instincts of pure selfishness and to satisfy their appetite for vice not satisfied or satiated while in the body. Let them laugh. They may think they can easily escape the law by ridicule, yet they must pay the penalty of their ignorance, which makes them negative to these same brothers, who will use them as simple tools many times. "It is the same with the influence of the planets, and the power of thought is being aptly demonstrated by mesmerists and hypnotists. Any life which Infinite Intelligence has chosen to call into existence is not beneath the notice or study of finite man.

It is remarked by all men and is a conclusive proof of the effect of thought upon other lives, that directly you bring a few to think you possess talent, beauty, or success, that much more you gain, and as the belief grows you manifest more and more of those same qualities. Thus, should only be heard to pass from your lips, words of your gaining and growing success, for if any man says to his brother, "I am constantly losing," he will eventually, by his own and their thoughts be brought where he will lose.

You, as you rise or fall, influence to some extent, every life you come in contact with, and there is not a life within the confines of your aura, but what produces some distinct influence upon your own. You are either attracted or repulsed by and to those forces, and just in proportion as you yield or wield, is your and their life changed.

Sometimes the apparently most trivial of circumstances will change abruptly the whole channel of a man's life; and yet it was not chance, even if so appearing, but simply the working out of the most perfect order of the infinite conception of justice, that just as a life approaches such limits, it shall be met by precisely the influence needed to help it onward in its progressive journey.

The material life is a very limited interval, and here are not always balanced up the records of an individual life. We are living in eternity, of which the finite mind can form little idea, and in that interval all shall be assisted; but they shall be compelled to travel that excessively difficult and long journey, from ignorance to knowledge, and to reach there they will be obliged to take notice of and study each and every one of those forces whereby a man is influenced, irrespective of whether it is pleasing to the man's preconceived opinions or not. The Infinite does not limit its scope of activity to gratify the finite mind.

## Does the Religion of Modern Spiritualism Teach Reverence, and Are Its Adherents Free from Superstition?

BY J. R. SNOW.

Reverence is opposed to superstition, but in some instances, superstition may be excessive reverence. Reverence for Spiritualism is to have faith in it and to respect its teachings. The purpose of Spiritualism is to establish facts and to apply them properly; it teaches reverence for natural laws, material and spiritual, showing that disobedience thereof, will surely bring punishment; it has solved the problem of life and teaches reverence for human life as well as animals.

Spiritualists should have more reverence for the school house than for military affairs; the study of human butchery is a disgrace to civilization. In our Spiritual Lyceums, children are taught to speak the truth, to respect and respect old age, to be unselfish, to respect each other's rights and to be fair in their sports, and all Spiritualists should teach their children to have moral courage to speak out bravely and boldly what they know is true regardless of consequences, and be ashamed to do wrong.

There are many kinds or degrees of superstition. A person who indulges in the belief that it is lucky to possess a black cat is super-

stitious, or that it is lucky to see for the first time in the month, the new moon over the right shoulder, to find a horse shoe, or a four leaved clover; that it is unlucky to commence a new enterprise on a Friday, or that there is bad luck in the number thirteen. The general meaning of superstition is excessive religious fervor carried to its extreme point and becoming idolatry; worshipping false gods, and false ideals which conflict with nature. The literal meaning of the word "superstition" is to stand by or to stand over, so if you ignorantly stand by a falsehood or tenaciously cling to a false notion or a false idol, then you too are superstitious.

In the Bible, Acts xvii, 22, it is recorded: "Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill and said, 'Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.' Perhaps if the ancient Spiritualist, Paul, should come to Boston to day and address some of the adherents of Modern Spiritualism, he would be justified in standing in the midst of Beacon Hill, and saying, 'Oh! ye citizens of the Athens of America, I perceive that in many things ye are too superstitious.'"

A person who has really carefully studied the philosophy and phenomena of Modern Spiritualism cannot be too superstitious, because he must deny that there is any such thing as a ghost, goblin, demon, devil, god, goddess, angel or spirit existing contrary to natural laws, which are both materialistic and spiritualistic; for matter and spirit are so closely blended that they cannot be divorced; any statement that really conflicts with nature, physical and spiritual, must necessarily be false.

Angels or decarnate spirits are human beings who have passed on to another sphere of the spirit-world in advance of the mundane sphere, and are existing strictly in accordance with the laws of nature, and are living in a natural world, just as natural to them as our earth-plane world is to us; and there is communication between us and these so-called dead, and it is scientifically proven.

It is inherent in the human soul to reverence and worship something that we conceive to be higher than ourselves, and man in his blind folly and ignorance has tried in the past, by force and cruelty, not having outgrown the savagery of his nature, to compel others to share with him a superstitious worship of idols. The inability to distinguish between reverence and superstition has been the great stumbling block throughout the horrible bloodshed and fanaticism of the past, done in the name of God and religion.

Men have rudely and ignorantly made with their own hands and their own thoughts an image or a representation of what they conceived to be the embodiment of a Supreme Being, or a God, and have compelled others so far as they were able, by cruelty and bloodshed to pay tribute and worship that image; but it seems to me absurd for any one to claim at the close of this nineteenth century, that the adherents of Modern Spiritualism, by their representatives at the late Chicago Convention are too superstitious because they have declared a belief in Infinite Intelligence, and that by so doing they are declaring themselves to believe in all or any of the man made gods that have been so superstitiously worshipped in the past.

Our representatives at Chicago did not formulate a creed for the adherents of Modern Spiritualism to subscribe to; and they did not threaten nor even hint at excommunication of those in their ranks who differ with them; but the majority of delegates have by their votes simply declared and published a set of principles clearly and definitely setting forth the religion of Modern Spiritualism, thereby giving its adherents a legal standing before the world as a religious organization in the National Spiritualists' Association, and I believe are laying a firm foundation for a Universal Religion of Peace and Harmony for the future.

Permit me, therefore, to most kindly suggest that a careful investigation and honest study of the science, philosophy, phenomena and religion of Modern Spiritualism, would result in causing an adherent to reverence the Universal Principle of Life that pervades all nature; and know that nothing can be developed or unfolded by mere chance; that there is Infinite Intelligence; that Nature, physical and spiritual, is an expression thereof; that a correct understanding thereof and living in accordance therewith constitutes the true religion; that the individual continues to exist as a personal identity after so-called death; and that there is communication between us and the so-called dead; that this fact is scientifically proven; and that the Golden Rule is the highest standard of morals.

It is certain, however, that humanity, which of course includes the adherents of Modern Spiritualism, must progress and further develop before we can be entirely free from superstition; and it is also certain that Spiritualism is opposed to superstition, and that a true Spiritualist tries to keep the mind free from superstition. A superstition that teaches an angry God is harmful to the minds of children. True religion is not superstition. Thomas Paine said, "Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true religion." Superstition is founded upon a lie and can be overcome by the truth. A lie is sure to be found out, then the truth will prevail. Superstition is ignorance of natural laws. Modern Spiritualism is knowledge of natural laws. An adherent of Modern Spiritualism, who has given the subject a careful study, cannot, in a religious sense be superstitious.

Superstition has filled the world with horror and bloodshed, but superstition and idolatry have fallen before the onward march of Progress, and Modern Spiritualism has brought the message of Peace.

## LOVE.

BY BELLE RUSH.

The outer and the inner life  
Doth lay aside its ancient strife  
In every soul where love is life.

And Nature fair, in every mood,  
Will wake our heart's best gratitude,  
And give us joy, when understood.

The heart that, like a trusting child,  
To all things here is reconciled,  
Hath passed thro' sorrow's tangled wild—

And gained a land whose skies are clear,  
With love's best sunshine all the year,  
Where nothing is to harm or fear.

Thus oft I hear the angels sing,  
"Tis love that makes our cares take wing."  
Such love doth always sunshine bring.

Seminary, Belvidere, N. J.

## THE SOUL DIVINE.

O children of earth, so weak and frail,  
Why strive alone to weather the gale?  
To each is given a Soul Divine,  
To lead and guide to the holy shrine.

Then clasp hands with that pure, bright being,  
And live a life that's more than seeming,  
Disclaim the false; be'd fast to the real;  
The angels can then their thro' reveal.

## Improvised Lecture

Delivered by the Guides of Mrs. Jennie Hagan-  
Brown, Sunday, May 13, at the Temple  
in Fort Worth, Texas.

O soul, confined by prison bars,  
Beneath the night's rich, pulsing stars,  
Disregard of freedom on the way,  
And naught of light and naught of day.  
O soul, confined by evil strife,  
The weakness of this human life;  
O soul, with all thy present pain,  
With all thy grief, with all thy shame,  
Thou, too, may see, though weak and small,  
The path that leads to freedom, all,  
Beyond the cares and shadows thrall  
Of earth's struggle and poor glory.  
And we who are in prison bars,  
Beneath the marks of sin's dark stars,  
We, too, may hear the song divine,  
From some sweet voice at some glad time.  
Our warders round their heads in prayer,  
Our faces grow more kind and fair;  
And through our hearts the glad refrain,  
Releasing us from sin's domain.  
And we against the flesh we strive,  
And that within us may survive,  
Which is so pure, so true, so bright,  
That it may lead our souls to light,  
Until at last, our being free,  
We stand forth in eternity,  
Beyond the night, beyond the stars,  
And far outside our prison bars.

## INVOCATION.

Thou Infinite and Eternal Spirit, thou who art  
the gift of wisdom, the fountain of knowledge in the path  
of light and ways of shadow, wherever our feet may  
wander, we ask that the consciousness that we are  
children of thy eternal truth shall stay with us, and  
like a light set upon the house-top, or placed on the  
mountain, like the light from the shores of the  
great ocean, the gleam of truth, the eternal glow  
of the knowledge of immortal and continued existence  
shall forever shine upon us. Help us to realize that  
in our weakness we may have the highest strength,  
and in the hour when our souls seem baptized  
the fountains of sorrow and pain may be receding,  
and the golden truth of promise by which our health  
and willing souls shall learn the method of shaping  
a seamless garment to be worn by our immortal  
selves.

Strengthen us when we are weak; give us patience  
when we are tried; and touch all our souls with  
humility and sweetness of intention which shall make  
us seek to do that which shall benefit our fellowmen.  
Instruct us in the great law of universal love which  
shall make us forgetful of self in the desire to uplift  
others, and through this we shall learn the great and  
perfect help that is the luminous soul as we dream  
not of. Touch us, we have sorrow, with thy sweet  
and tender hand of hope, and make us to see through  
the night stars of eternal glory, the light of the  
coming day. And when the storms and tempests are  
around us, give us strength to turn our faces heaven-  
ward, until at last our eyes shall see the glory of the  
rainbow of the eternal promise of love and our trem-  
bling feet shall walk its holy arch. Teach us the  
great lesson of the brotherhood of all mankind, the  
eternal fatherhood and motherhood of God, and make  
us to realize that the cup of cold water given, the  
bread to the hungry mouth shall be our key to enter  
the golden portals of the citadel of peace and love.  
Amen.

## "CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

In the beautiful song just sung of "Cast Thy  
Bread Upon the Waters," memory journeys  
back with me to the far-off hills of New Eng-  
land—to the little village of Plymouth, to the  
green of the mountain and the gray of the  
granite; to the time when many faces were  
young that are now marked by the impression  
of years; and the brows that were then  
wreathed with dark and shining locks have  
since been crowned with snow: back to the  
days of early Spiritualism, when the old Ver-  
mont Association sent its message into the  
neighboring State and the city of Boston, and  
asked that I. P. Greenleaf and Dr. H. B. Storer  
should lend their voices and strength to the  
State Association and Convention in Vermont,  
in the month of spring-kissed, flower-crowned  
June.

There, amid the hills of that wild and pictur-  
esque land, a little child, joyous and light of  
heart, with skipping step and merry laughter,  
mingled with the throngs of people about the  
hotel. The service was called, and, after the  
preliminaries of the Convention, it was sug-  
gested that a child should come upon the plat-  
form and sing a song; Dr. Storer was request-  
ed to give a subject for the little girl.  
Bright-faced and childish, she waited beside  
the organ until he gave his topic, and it was  
this: "We will sing a song, 'Cast Thy Bread  
Upon the Waters.'" She, misunderstanding  
the proposal and supposing that she asked for  
the suggestion of some well-known song. The  
little slender hands ran over the keys, the  
child began in plaintive, mellow notes a song  
the Doctor had not heard, but it was filled with  
poetry and sweetness, and pictured the hands  
of eager men and women toiling and laboring  
for the bread of life, and casting it upon the  
waters of the mountain streams and broad rivers.  
She sang on until she carried the story from  
childhood to manhood, through all the stages  
of life into the broad ocean, and then she had  
the people one by one gathering the bread that  
they had cast upon the waters of many lands  
and many streams, and lo! as they eagerly  
gathered it, it turned into beautiful flowers,  
white as the water lilies, golden as their yellow  
centers.

The people sat still for just a moment when  
the song-stress was finished, and then some-  
body said, "That child will cast the bread of  
life upon the waters for many hungry souls,"  
and Dr. Storer, rising from his seat, declared  
that he believed that such an inspiration had  
come to the people of Vermont as a benedic-  
tion for their faithfulness to the Cause of Spir-  
itualism. At that time, scarce measuring the  
words he said, he made a promise that every  
effort of his should be used to forward the in-  
terest of this strangely gifted child, and that  
the time should not be far distant when the  
little voice should be listened to in the largest  
halls of New England's cities. Only a few days  
passed and the change of a life-time swept in  
upon the voice of the little singer—a large au-  
dience in the same hall, an effort to sing, a  
something in the throat broken, fresh, young  
hope destroyed, a little head bowed in grief—  
when the promise came that there were other  
avenues and they should be open. From that  
time words of simplicity and beauty, rather  
than the song, produced the poetry of the  
young speaker's life.

The Doctor went on his way, forgetting not  
the "mountain flower," and gradually he made  
arrangements and carried out the details by  
which your speaker of the present time was  
again introduced into her native State, Mass-  
achusetts. From there the work went on  
broader and broader, until the waves seemed  
to reach across our country. The seed cast  
upon the waters of human affection and human  
hearts gradually unfolded into the white and  
spotless lilies of inspiration, and from the lips  
of the little girl came the utterances far be-  
yond her years. Dr. Storer's work led him in

many avenues, through prosperity and sorrow,  
through the praise and blame of his associates;  
like Walt Whitman, he lived close to Nature  
and loved Nature's God well. He heard the  
voice that continually said to him: "Love  
much; care for humanity; reach out broadly  
and generously." He sang the song of Em-  
erson, and revelled in the richness of friend-  
ship and affection.

Years passed, and at that beautiful summer  
home, Onset, which he had ever looked upon  
with delight, he was honored with its pres-  
dency, and there, with the silver on his brow,  
with the peace of years, he lived happily for a  
comparatively brief time. The passing years  
went by and sickness laid its hand upon this  
man who had learned to understand humanity,  
whose laughter was called genial, and whose  
words were ever kind. The hand of sickness  
laid him low, and then the tenderness of his  
children, those whom he had taught, not the  
children of blood, but of close affection, who  
were held in the bonds of friendship and kind-  
ness, brought back to him the subject of the  
little singer's song. The bread that he had cast  
upon the water years ago came floating, like  
the white lotus flowers of the East, like the  
pink and exquisite lilies of old Cape Cod, like  
the beautiful white blossoms of that same lo-  
cality, back in floods of sweetness and joy into  
his heart.

With all of this the sunset of life came, and  
when its rich splendor kissed, across the waters,  
the light of the last day, the Doctor said: "I  
have lived my life in its fullness; I have loved  
humanity well, and as far as I have understood  
it, I have stood close by it. I have not been  
unkind to the faults of my brother, nor have I  
sought to despise his weakness. I have gathered  
into my life that fragrance and sweetness  
from men and from women which have en-  
riched me and not impoverished them. I see the  
sunset of that last day when my eyes gaze  
through into the morning light of that never-  
ending day beyond the shadows and beyond  
the storms." With a look as peaceful as a  
little child whose prayers are said and whose  
white bed is close beside its mother's in the  
nursery of nature's life, the man, whose hairs  
had been whitened by the experience years in  
the teachings of Spiritualism, went to sleep  
awaiting to hear the song of a world beyond.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after  
many days it shall return to thee," not as the  
loaf that thou hast given, but as the sweet  
flowers of gratitude, love and affection. I am  
here this hour to picture that sweetest of all  
suggestions, that generosity of the human  
heart that offers its all without demanding in  
return. Give largely of the best that is within  
you; give of your mind's sweetest and most  
cherished thoughts; give of your soul's di-  
vine love; give with a grace that shall  
make men and women realize that they are the  
better because they have met you, and have  
something of you left with them. Be not the  
ohuri who counts the little received in return,  
but give largely and generously, and lo, from  
out the bounty that thou art bestowing, from  
some unknown source to thee, recompense for  
all thy good gifts shall be received, and when  
thy hand has gathered up the last few flowers  
in thy garden to give to some one whose weary  
soul is in the darkness of despair, thou shalt  
look back, and in the place of those thou hast  
gathered shall blossom more perfect flowers of  
sweetness and of beauty.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters" of intel-  
lectual food for humanity, and though they say  
they cannot partake of it though it seem but  
coarse to them, and they declare against it, let  
it float upon the great tide of mentality;  
some eager, hungry soul will at last devour it,  
and when his appetite is appeased, he, too, will  
grow strong, genial and wholesome.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters" morally;  
for every moral act and deed of courage against  
wrong is the strong white loaf of to-day, mak-  
ing the world better for those who partake of  
it and feel its invigorating force. The example  
of a man's life is the bread he casts upon the  
water, and I ask you, simple and few in num-  
bers as we may be, if you cannot look back to  
some one who has given you the sweet, whole-  
some bread that has made you a stronger,  
upright man. It may have been the white  
hand of a woman; it may have been the soft  
fingers of a little child; it may have been the  
sturdy hand of someone in the middle  
walks of life; it may have been the trem-  
bling fingers of old age; it may have been the  
weak and palsied hand of some good  
dame whose silvery hair and dim eyesight had  
made her waver as she passed the bread; but  
we all, by taking it, have grown stronger in  
our determination to do right, because we have  
had that bread cast upon the waters of our  
moral ocean, and have partaken of it in our  
soul.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters" relig-  
iously and spiritually. Not from the mouldy  
crusts of bygone ages, but from the new loaf  
from the Father's fresh and wholesome oven  
brought forth each day, when the sun's rich  
splendor kisses the morning of the east, and  
fashions and shapes the food, then out and on  
toward the silence of the night.

Cast thy bread upon the waters and ask for  
more; how beautifully the two go together—  
that thought of the beautiful song, "Cast Thy  
Bread Upon the Waters," and that prayer of all  
prayers uttered, "Give us this day our daily  
bread." How much it means! Not merely  
the loaf for our physical tables, but the spir-  
itual, the mental, the moral loaf that shall lay  
upon the plate of our soul's white table and  
that shall be wafted in to us over the current  
of the seas of time. Far off in India's land  
the people have cast their bread upon the  
water, and, though famine and deep sor-  
row are in their midst to day, there is a some-  
thing sacred and holy which surrounds that  
people.

Egypt hath sent her loaves across the streams  
of antiquity into the world of to day. From  
every land and from every country, from far-  
off shores of walled China, of enterprising  
Japan, of every country that the life of man  
may name—Spain, stained with her war-  
splashed banner, her humility and her sorrow;  
from proud England in her growth and  
strength; from the shores of Norway and  
Sweden; from that wondrous and mysterious  
country of great Central Africa; from every-  
where the sons and daughters of God have  
been casting their bread upon the sea of eter-  
nity for their neighbors and wayfarers to par-  
take of. Some have sent us the white loaves  
of purity; some have sent us the blood stained  
loaves of cruelty; some have sent us the black,  
strong loaves of toil and necessity; some have  
sent us the dainty loaf of their high and ex-  
quisite culture; some have sent us the plain  
loaves of practical life; but nations and peo-  
ples have cast their bread upon the water,  
upon the great sea for humanity, and we are  
bearing to our lips the morsel that we have  
selected. Some of us are sadly mistaken, and  
some of us are wise in choice; but over and  
through it all the rhythmic measure of ever-  
lasting Nature sings, and he who eats the bit-  
ter bread of to day shall eat the sweet and  
wholesome loaf of to-morrow.

There is the bread of error that injures the  
tongue with a burning of agony and fire;  
there is the bread of pride that makes the feet  
teetering wounds within the very life that it  
nourishes; there is the bread of falsehood that  
pollutes wherever it is taken, all cast upon the  
great, black sea where so many of us fall; on  
the other side, the white tide of truth bears  
on its waves the bread of hope, the bread of  
sacred truth, the holy bread of love, the bread  
of inspiration, the bread of spirituality, and  
of these, if our souls partake, we grow rich  
and strong and full of peace.

As I look across humanity's broad face, as I  
watch it daily, as I hear its song in undertone  
and loud chorus, I ask the question, "Do we  
appreciate the bread we eat and do we know  
its effect upon our souls?" I look upon this  
child of moral struggle; I see the little hands  
cast the crumbs of early effort into the river of  
everlasting effort; I see the growth and un-  
folding into the years of maturity and beau-  
tifulness of promise and the prayer of inspira-  
tion, and from my home in the citadel of light  
and life I feel to say, "Oh, child of the northern  
mountains, you have cast your bread across  
the broad hills and wide, level plains, over the  
low mountains, through the broad rivers of the  
West, until at last under the skies of this land  
thy patient hands shall bestow the food upon  
the streams and the food shall be the bread of  
life." This little temple, consecrated to truth  
and immortality a year ago, is the bread from

the fruit tree of purity and of love, and those  
who have worked and toiled and labored, who  
have cast their wondrous strength and their  
vast energy in the success of this Cause, have  
been feeding more of the multitude than they  
dream, and the bread cast upon the waters  
will return an hundred fold. Oh you toilers of  
the present day, you who have been the burden  
bearers, you know not how wisely or how well  
you have accomplished your work, and from  
the waters shall at last arise the blossoms of  
immortal hope, the sweet and fragrant flowers,  
the pure, fair lilies of the stream.

I feel incapable of uttering the words that I  
desire; I can only say to you who are men and  
women journeying on in the path that I have  
trod, meeting with the same temptations,  
stumbling over the old stumbling blocks, meet-  
ing the same snares and pitfalls, seek thou the  
bread of life, partake of it, partake of all that  
which is sweet, wholesome and holy, and know,  
as the song says, that he who casts the bread  
upon the water after many days shall receive it  
once again, and that the stranger we have com-  
forted shall straw lilies over us when the day  
shall come for us to lay down these worn out gar-  
ments and seek the rest that shall fill our souls  
with peace and glory. The gates of the eternal  
City of life open to us, and as we pass through  
them and raise our heads to him who judgeth,  
may it be said of each of us that we have not  
lived idly or in vain, but that we have gathered  
the wheat of effort, we have sown in sorrow or  
in joy, and we have from the wheat of our  
endeavor seeded the field of eternal life and  
cast our bread upon the waters for hungry  
humanity, remembering that we have done this  
work as the Master bade us, for the sake of our  
immortal souls. Amen.

Reported by Sarah L. Edmundson.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## The Principal Cause for Divorce.

BY E. W. GOULD.

It is apparent to every close observer that  
the application for divorce in the courts is  
much more frequent than formerly. There is  
evidently some cause for this.

Spiritualism is an organization claiming to  
be devoted to reform. If anything suggests  
reform, by which human happiness can be in-  
creased, it seems to be involved in this sub-  
ject. In the last forty or fifty years Spiritu-  
alism has done much to reform religious thought  
and practice. It is not time for them to ex-  
pand their efforts and engage in some philan-  
thropic work for the promotion of human hap-  
piness and the advancement of social and do-  
mestic life in our midst?

Common observation will convince any one  
that this is a growing evil—that there are  
many more unhappy marriages now than forty  
or fifty years ago in comparison to the number  
of marriages. It requires no argument to  
prove that much of the dissipation, the de-  
bauchery, crime and unhappiness arises from  
illegitimate marriages, and a large propo-  
tion of the suicides may be traced to this cause.

All will agree that if anything can be done to  
mitigate this great evil and insure the peace  
and the happiness of all legitimate marriages,  
it should be done. Is there any more laudable  
or commendable reform in which Spiritualists,  
as a sect, can engage, than the one above re-  
ferred to?

The exceeding modesty and sensitiveness on  
the part of parents and guardians of children,  
lest they should know too much of themselves,  
now renders it necessary that special care  
and education should be bestowed upon them  
in order that they may know their duty to  
themselves in after life, and how to protect  
themselves and their persons in all the rela-  
tions of life.

One of the most important lessons a girl can  
learn is that her person is sacred and belongs  
exclusively to herself, as much so after mar-  
riage as before. In engaging herself to marry,  
she should never fail to insist upon this right,  
and never relinquish it; even after the mar-  
riage ceremony that rule should be imperative  
and never violated without protest.

It properly understood before marriage,  
which should always be done, no man with  
proper respect for himself and the woman he  
has made his wife, will fail to recognize her  
demand and the justice and propriety of due  
moderation in all relations of life.

It is the unrestrained liberty, the over-in-  
dulgence, that so soon destroys the finer emo-  
tions, the sensibilities of the heart, and leaves  
the animal propensities unrestrained. Where  
the love sentiment is not strong enough to  
overcome the animal, the natural result fol-  
lows. Intensified by disappointment, false ac-  
cusations, cruelty and abuse, dissipation, de-  
bauchery and licentiousness often result, and  
very soon an appeal to the divorce courts is  
resorted to.

Thus ends the peace and happiness of a  
young couple who have just entered into mar-  
ried life, surrounded by kind and indulgent  
parents and friends—too indulgent perhaps to  
have paid proper attention to the necessary  
education before assuming marriage relations.  
They are now crucified by the society of  
which they so recently formed a part, simply  
from the fact that the knowledge of themselves  
and their rights had been omitted in their ed-  
ucation. This is no fancy sketch, but is fully  
illustrated every day in most communities in  
America.

Perhaps a still more to be deplored case is  
where the parties have been longer married,  
and are surrounded by a family of small chil-  
dren. From sickness or some other cause, the  
wife has lost her attractions, and the husband  
has become indifferent to her and to his plighted  
vows, and allowed himself to forget his duty  
to his invalid wife and little children, and  
seeks new associations, new attractions, and  
finds no longer pleasure in his own home or in  
the society of his family.

The result of this violation of natural law I  
need not point out. Perhaps the divorce court  
offers a release in this case that nothing else  
can.

While girls are being taught the practical les-  
sons of married life, boys should not be left in  
ignorance of the duties in which they are in-  
volved when they arrive at an age to marry.  
No one lesson, perhaps, is of more importance  
for a boy to learn in this connection than per-  
fect devotion to the opposite sex. He never  
should be allowed to speak disrespectfully of  
them, no matter what position they may oc-  
cupy, remembering that his mother and sisters  
are of the same sex. In selecting a wife he  
should be taught that it is her right and privi-  
lege to control all domestic relations, and de-  
cide all matters in which she is one of the prin-  
cipal factors.

A young couple starting upon the journey of  
life fully instructed and impressed with the  
importance of these rules will seldom have oc-  
casion to apply to the divorce courts, or to re-  
gret the day they became husband and wife.  
When this relationship is wisely and judi-  
cially established and maintained, there is  
nothing in mortal life that can contribute so  
much to real happiness and the pleasures of  
life as an affectionate, well-ordered family  
circle.

Comparatively few families are found at the  
present day who are enjoying all that is possi-  
ble for them to enjoy, and the question often  
recurs, "What could I have done to improve  
my condition or that of my family?" In an-  
swering that question, I remark that people  
who are not too prudish or sensitive to admit  
the facts that are developed in most divorce  
courts, know full well that the cause of most  
complaints originates in the abuse or violation  
of the sexual relations, or the disregard of the  
obligations implied or expressed in the mar-  
riage contract.

When people recognize this fact, and have  
the moral courage to express and denounce it,  
we may look forward to the time when educa-  
tion along that line will be considered a neces-  
sity, and the perpetration of the race a legiti-  
mate subject of moral reform and conversa-  
tion. When this theory is accepted and prac-  
ticed, we shall have better health, better morals  
and more true love, and less use for divorce  
courts. This may seem, at first thought, a  
Utopian theory, impracticable and impossible  
of execution. But, as before stated, it is a  
question of time and education. If the history  
of the race is taken as an example, and the

influence and position of women is considered,  
even greater reforms than this may be possible  
in the near future.

Reform is the watchword, and where so great  
necessity exists, and where so great results  
may be secured to those just entering upon  
the uncertain results of matrimony, the sub-  
ject seems a practical one, and ought to recom-  
mend itself to all philanthropists and lovers of  
humanity in every denomination.

It is not presumed that men who seek to  
marry for position, lust or money, will take  
kindly to this proposition of reform. But the  
man who marries for a companion, for a happy  
domestic home, and a refined social circle, will  
not hesitate to consider carefully the result,  
the advantages of this proposed system of re-  
form, and physical training, which means  
equal rights to both sexes, good health, pro-  
longed life, domestic and social happiness, and  
only the number of off-spring desired and that  
can be properly trained and provided for.

Whether Spiritualists, as a sect, can see in  
this great necessity enough to justify them in  
taking up the subject and making it a specialty  
in their reform work remains to be seen. It is  
evident that the subject involving so much hap-  
piness, and so important a factor in the cause  
of humanity, cannot much longer fail to at-  
tract the philanthropic reformers of the pre-  
sent age. As soon as they have the moral cour-  
age to attack so great an evil, it is presumed  
the simple, the natural remedy, will be shown  
and adopted.

## Letter from Australia.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dear Sir: From far off Australia I send a  
short contribution to your Question and An-  
swer Department, in which I still take a deep  
interest, though I am too far away from Bos-  
ton at present to be able to guarantee regular  
contributions. I hope your correspondents  
are aware of the immense distance their ques-  
tions have to travel over land and sea before I  
can possibly lay hold upon them, so they will  
understand that at least three or four months  
must elapse before replies can appear in print.

My four weeks' sojourn in Adelaide, the cap-  
ital city of South Australia, passed most pleas-  
antly and all too swiftly. I expected to be  
there only two weeks when I landed, but the  
work grew so rapidly, and invitations to lecture  
were so numerous and insistent, that even at  
the end of the month I had not responded to  
half the demands made upon me. I lectured  
on a great variety of platforms and on a large  
number of different subjects. Not only did I  
speak on spiritual and religious topics without  
limit, but the "Democratic Club" and the  
"Single Tax Society" made claims upon me,  
and in consequence of those popular lectures  
delivered to overflowing audiences the Ade-  
laide Herald gave me three and four column  
reports, and indeed its tone was so highly eu-  
logistic that, had it not been for my unshakable  
confidence in my faithful inspirers, I would  
scarce have ventured to take the platform  
subsequently, fearing my reputation had too  
far transcended my attainments.

Among a large number of truly liberal and  
progressive people living in and around Ade-  
laide, I found several very staunch Spiritualists,  
by whom I was most cordially received and  
from whom I received many tokens of sincere  
kindness. When I left Adelaide, April 10, I  
was forced by my friends to take an excursion  
ticket to Melbourne, good only for three  
months, so I am expected again in Adelaide  
within a few weeks from date of this writing  
(April 24).

Though no material offering can compare in  
value with the worth of spiritual friendship,  
it is but just for me to record with deep gra-  
titude the very substantial financial return  
made to me for my services in South Aus-  
tralia, though I gave my services freely on sev-  
eral occasions in support of good causes, the  
interest of which I felt it a great privilege to  
promote. As an acknowledgment of esteem, Mr.  
Went, the leading jeweler in Adelaide, with  
the cooperation of several distinguished ladies  
and gentlemen who had attended many of my  
lectures, presented me with a magnificent gold  
double triangle with a splendid sapphire at its  
centre. The sapphire at the centre is enclosed  
in a six-pointed star—six great words, Life,  
Love, Wisdom, Justice, Mercy, Peace—and  
two of the emblems of Australia, the Kangaroo  
and Emu, are beautifully engraved in an un-  
ostentatious position.

I am sure many of your readers will be glad  
to know that my lecture on the "Anniversary  
of the Hydeville Phenomena," delivered to a  
large and enthusiastic audience on Saturday  
evening, March 31, received a fine notice in  
the Adelaide Advertiser of Monday, April 2.  
Spiritualism is being investigated freely by the  
most intelligent elements in Australian society.  
Lillian Whiting's books are well known  
here and are very popular. The two Mel-  
bourne monthlies, the venerable Harbinger of  
Light, edited by H. Terry, and the Messen-  
ger, edited by Mrs. M. A. Redfern, are thor-  
oughly finding their way into the highest  
places of influence.

I think you in America will sympathize with  
the noble stand now being taken in Australia  
on behalf of birds. I subjoin a brief clipping  
from the Adelaide Advertiser of April 9, to  
show the friendly tone taken by the press  
toward the wise and humane spirit now preva-  
lent in the interest of the protection of birds.

"W. J. Colville, the English lecturer now in  
Adelaide, struck a happy note in his discourse  
at the Rochabite Hall, on Sunday afternoon,  
when he urged upon his audience the great ne-  
cessity for being kind to all of God's creatures,  
and especially for remembering the birds.  
Not only from a humanitarian standpoint  
should they be protected, but we could not  
afford to lose them on account of their use-  
fulness to mankind in helping to keep in check  
insect life. Moreover, without their cheerful  
song the world would be a desolation. He urged  
these points to set a good example by joining  
the local branch of the London Society for the  
Protection of Birds, which advise a number of  
both sexes did at the close of the service."

I also found Gawler a good field of action,  
though it is a comparatively small town, about  
thirty miles from Adelaide. I append an ex-  
cellent report of my first lecture in that enter-  
prising little city which only boasts a weekly  
paper, but a very good one.

On Wednesday evening Mr. W. J. Colville of  
America lectured at the Foresters' Hall under  
the auspices of the Gawler Metaphysical So-  
ciety on "Metaphysical Healing; Its Theory and  
Practice." Mr. John F. Mellor presided.

The lecturer, who is a fluent and forcible  
speaker, dealt with his subject in a masterly  
and convincing manner. He commenced by  
defining the relations of the metaphysical and  
the physical. Speaking of God, he said the  
word simply meant the all good, the essen-  
tially good one. And if God the good one was  
the author of all that is, all that is must neces-  
sarily be good. When we descended, however,  
from the realm of the absolute to the domain  
of the relative, we had the relative terms good  
and evil, harmony and discord, happy and un-  
happy, orderly and disorderly. In the relative  
state everything was either orderly or disor-  
derly. The essential substance was always good  
and unchangeable, but the outward manifesta-  
tion might be harmonious or discordant. What-  
ever could not be changed was good, was divine;  
but the conditions of the material world were  
ours to make or mar. The material substance  
was ours to do what we would with in the way  
of arranging, moulding, fashioning. The es-  
sence of metaphysical healing was the acting  
upon that plastic material, out of which all  
visible things were made.

The new school of physiologists held that  
the human physical structure could be entirely  
changed in less than a single year, and that  
parts of the physical structure could be re-  
modelled in thirty days. Yet we knew that  
ante-natal conditions affected us all through  
our lives, and a man might suffer for some  
act of his father or mother before he was born.  
But man had the power to control. He would  
be beginning at the wrong end, however, if he  
endeavored to control outside forces and left  
his individual one alone. There should be  
first self-control, then control of the world  
outside. The development of the higher  
thought was more than animal magnetism,  
more than anything which pertained to the

vegetable or mineral realms and could be oper-  
ated for healing purposes. The truth in this  
direction was stranger than fiction, and no  
novelist had ever yet realized the possibilities  
of human attainment in metaphysical or su-  
per-material influence. They had no word to  
say against medicine or surgery. The members  
of this honorable profession did a great deal of  
good, but where medicine and surgery could  
go no further, and in many cases pronounced  
patients incurable and incorrigible, the higher  
spiritual power came in and said "curable and  
corrigible."

Every one who was healed by faith was healed  
by his own hand, but the so-called healer was  
the one who stimulated the activity hitherto  
latent or dormant in him. Knowledge was  
necessary as well as desire. The belief in dis-  
ease was necessary as well as desire. The be-  
lief in disease was what kept the multitude in  
bondage to disease. There was absolutely no  
suffering in any normal natural process. It  
was something abnormal that caused suffering.  
Pain was friendly. It told us of mistakes.  
Suffering frequently accompanied getting on  
the right track again. People who needed  
mental education should learn the science of  
right thinking. We could by educating our-  
selves practice divine magic, perform miracles.  
There was never an age of miracles. They  
could be performed just as well to-day as in the  
New Testament times. God did not change.  
He did not do one thing at one time and an-  
other at another. The Christian church must  
demonstrate divine science or it would go by  
the board. The medical profession would  
either rise and accept the higher methods or it  
would become a thing of the past. Instead of  
saying greater things could be done in the past  
than could be done to-day, the truth was  
greater things could be done in the present  
than in the past, and greater things would be  
done to-morrow than were being done to-day.

The lecturer concluded with an eloquent  
peroration on the words "unity, benevolence,  
concord," the motto of the Order of Foresters  
conspicuous in the room.

Several questions were afterwards asked and  
answered.

Mr. Colville is also an impromptu poet, and  
it was suggested to him that he should com-  
pose some lines on "Australasian Sunsets,"  
"Wisdom," "Peace," and "Faith." He  
straightaway delivered without any hesitation  
a large number of verses of meritorious  
rhythm, occupying between ten minutes and a  
quarter of an hour in reciting at a fairly rapid  
rate. This feat was enthusiastically applauded.  
A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the  
lecturer on the motion of Mr. P. J. Marchant,  
seconded by Mr. John Jacob.

Since my departure from Adelaide I learn  
with pleasure that work is being carried on by  
Mrs. Benham in W. C. T. U. Hall, Pier street,  
where a great many of my meetings took place.  
Mrs. Benham is a lady of much culture and a  
deep student of spiritual philosophy; she is a  
great acquisition to the ranks of effective work-  
ers wherever she may travel.

## Children's Spiritualism.

### WEIGHING THE BABY.

How many pounds does the baby weigh;  
Baby who came but a month ago;  
How many pounds from the growing curl  
To the rosy point of the restless toe?

Grandfather ties the kerchief knot,  
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,  
And carefully over his glasses peers,  
To read the record, "only eight."

Softly the echo goes around,  
The father laughs at the tiny girl;  
The fair young mother slugs the words,  
While grandmother smooths the golden curl,  
And stooping above the precious thing,  
Nestles a kiss within a prayer;  
Murmuring softly, "Little one,  
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,  
Or the love that came with the helpless one;  
Nobody weighed the threads of care,  
From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth  
Of a little baby's quiet breath,  
A soft unceasing metronome,  
Patient and faithful unto death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,  
For here on earth no weights there be  
That could avail. God only knows  
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul,  
That seeks no angel's silver wing,  
But shines in this human guise  
Within so fair and small a thing.

Oh, mother, laugh your merry note,  
Be gay and glad, but do not forget  
From baby's eyes looks out a soul  
That claims a home in Eden yet.

### Little Tent Builders.

Most boys and girls know something about tent-building. They know that the canvas is hung from a central pole, and attached to the ground by means of ropes tied to wooden pegs. The soldiers' tents differ somewhat in shape, and Indians oftentimes build theirs of bark; but all tents are somewhat similar.

There is another kind of tent, however, that all children may not have seen. These are found in every apple orchard, and sometimes hidden in the trees of the park. One must observe closely to see them.

These tents are woven of a soft, silky substance, and they make cosy homes for many little brothers and sisters.

The mother of this little family is the delicate moth that one may see flitting about during July.

She is a pretty creature, with four wings covered with down and a soft, fuzzy body. She has a pale rose-brown color, with two bands of yellow across each front wing. When the sun shines on her she glistens brightly.

She places her eggs, which are thimble-shaped, in the forked branches of a tree, cementing them over with a kind of varnish, which not only keeps them dry and safe during wet weather, but holds them firmly to the bark. If this varnished coating is scraped off with a pin or knife, a soft, pulpy substance is found underneath.

This egg-mass looks very much like a swollen bud of the tree, for it has the same form and color. The wise little mother feels very safe that her children will not be discovered if they are so nearly like the branch where they are hidden. In this way, by means of imitation, many frail things in nature find protection.

Now when early spring comes, the little family begins to hatch out, but instead of the gay little moths, we find queer, fuzzy little bodies provided with many legs, and a very strong mouth.

It is with their strong jaws that they make an opening in the end of the egg shell in order to crawl out into the world.

Near their wonderful little mouths are silk glands which enable them to spin a fine, soft thread, which they proceed to do around and around the twigs where their home is.

We have said that the branch was forked, and this makes it possible for the web to take a good tent shape, and for them to crawl about under it in two directions, seeking food.

These queer little children change their skins several times. First, about three days after they come from the shell, then about four days later. They get their growth usually about the middle of May.

Next they begin to spin other little nests for themselves—soft, silky beds, called cocoons, and in these they sleep and rest until the following July when they come forth again—but this time not the wriggling, hairy little caterpillars, but bright, pretty moths that may sail away over the fields and blossoms, and dance in the sunlight all day.—*The Householder.*

### The Grateful Dog.

"Please tell me a story, Auntie May," said little six-year-old Florence, as she stood by her auntie's side one bright summer morning.

"Well, Flossie," said Auntie May, "there will be time before your lessons begin; so what kind of a story shall I tell you—a fairy story?"

"Oh, no, Auntie; something about yourself when you were a little girl like me."

"Then, Flossie," said Auntie May, "I'll tell you about something that really happened, dear, when I was only two years older than yourself—what you call a 'truly, truly story.' Do you remember the poor old dog that came down to meet us, last summer, when we went out to Cornville to see Grandma?"

"What?" said Flossie, "old Walf? Yes, indeed I do, Auntie; and how he jumped upon you and whined and tried to wag his poor little stump of a tail! Is Walf in the story, Auntie, and why is he called Walf?"

"Yes, dear, I told you he was in the story, and we called him Walf because nobody claimed him. A walf is something that nobody claims. Yes, Walf is the hero of my story. Now, Flossie, listen with 'bof your ears,' as you used to say when you were a wee little tot."

"I was walking across the Common one day, all by myself; for it was my sixth birthday, and I was allowed to go out alone on that account. Mama had given me a dime to buy some candy, and I was crossing the Common, because I was in a hurry to get to the shop and spend my dime. As I came near the pond I saw two or three rough-looking boys standing by it, and I heard a most pitiful little cry. I was afraid somebody was hurt, and asked one of the boys what was the matter? He said: 'It's this yer pup. He's squealing 'cos we're going to put him in the pond.'"

"Now, my dear mother had always taught me to be kind to all dumb animals. She said the poor things had to suffer enough at the best of times, and I must always be kind to them whenever I could. I saw those bad boys had tied a string with a big stone on it to the poor little puppy's neck, and they were going to throw him into the pond; so I ran up to the boy who was holding him, and said: 'Will you sell me that puppy? I want him.' At first he laughed at me, and said: 'Such a little kid as you haint got no money.' And there I was dressed in my new birthday dress and new kid shoes—such a pretty pair of shoes I thought they were."

"Well, when I showed him my dime and told him I'd give it to him for the puppy, he said: 'Well, yer can hev that pup—hand over the tin.' So I took the poor little fellow home, gave him some warm milk—for he seemed half-starved—and made him a nice little bed by the stove. Mother (your grandma) let me keep him, and there he is now. You saw how glad he was to see me. He always cries whenever I leave the house without him; but he is

too old to walk out anywhere except in the garden or down the lane, and he always sleeps at the foot of my bed at night. I imagine he thinks he is protecting me. He knows that I saved his life. Dogs never forget; and he tries to show his gratitude in every way possible. There, Flossie, is a true story."

"And, you didn't get your candy, after all, Auntie, said Flossie."

"No, dear, but I bought what was worth more than all the candy in the world—the affection and gratitude of a dog."—*Mary M. Clark, in Mind.*

### Answer to Enigma

In our issue of May 19:

Ulysses S. Grant.

"Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."—Proverbs xx. 11.

The enigma was correctly answered by J. L. Avery, Somerville, Mass., and Mrs. R.M. Shapleigh, Haverhill, Mass.

## Reviews and Clippings.

### The Greatest Thing Ever Known.

BY RALPH WALDO TRINE.

The author of the "Life Books" gives us in this booklet a clear and concise statement of our true relations with the Infinite Life and Power; asking the reader to take nothing from mere hearsay, nothing from the authority of some one else, all deductions are drawn from his own reason and insight. Starting with Being as the foundation upon which he builds, he leads along step by step until he arrives at the greatest fact of which human thought can become conscious, namely, the essential oneness of the human life with the Divine. The mere intellectual perception of this great truth is of but little, if indeed any value, so far as its results in every-day life are concerned, but to come into the full, conscious, vital, living realization of our essential oneness with the Divine life is the one all-inclusive fact, which all other things will follow. In the degree that one comes into and dwells continually in this living realization do the qualities and powers of the Divine Life manifest themselves in and through him. Very clearly he points out the fact that when we thus find the "kingdom of God" and live thus in "his righteousness," all other things necessarily follow in a perfectly natural and normal manner and all in full accordance with what the author terms natural, spiritual law. Then is seen the application of the sentence on the title-page: "The moment we fully and vitally realize our own and what we are, we then begin to build our world as God builds His."

Mr. Trine then makes an interpretation of the life and teachings and mission of Jesus along these lines, showing that his fully-realized oneness with the "Father's" life was, according to his own words, the secret of his unusual insight and power, and that all men can and shall enter into this same fully-realized Divine life was the great message he brought to the world; not the establishing of an institution such as the church, for with this he had absolutely nothing to do, but that the kingdom of God and his righteousness become actualized and hold sway in the minds and hearts of men here and now—something entirely different from the establishing of a material or organization. This is what, as he distinctly tells us over thirty times in the first three chapters, made his essential mission.

A few paragraphs of the ripest life thought of the philosopher Fichte are then used, which show that his thought was almost if not identical the same in regard to the great theme in hand, as was also his thought in regard to the life, the teachings and mission of Jesus.

The great central truth of the booklet will come as a revelation to many, to others it will serve to give renewed life to certain realizations of which they themselves have already been more or less conscious. It is written in a clear and simple manner and is designed for "the people," as all of Mr. Trine's writings are and as all thus far have so abundantly proved. (Price 35 cents.) T. Y. Crowell & Co. Order of Banner of Light Pub. Co.

### "Words That Burn."

A Psychic Novel.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Some of the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT may be interested to learn that a psychic novel from my pen is now being published, and will soon be on sale. I have been assisted in its production by invisible intelligences who seek to give, in novel form and in object lessons, psychic truths that will be more readily understood by the masses than in long treatises or by lectures.

The title of the book is "Words That Burn," and shows the effect in spirit-life of angry words and wrong actions done in earth-life. It is thoroughly constructive and antagonizes no system of religion. It gives lofty ideals, sets high standards of living, upholds many of the reforms of the day, is humanitarian in its tendencies, shows the effect of mind over the body, and how true love triumphs over all obstacles. The happy home and fireside, and the presence of joyous, healthy children therein are features which, coupled with the romances of both young and old, make interesting reading for all, no matter of what age.

The scenes are laid in the South of France, in London, and the ancestral home of the Percivals in Somersetshire, England, ocean voyages, in New York City, on the Hudson and in Chicago and Denver. The reader is taken in the story to the top of Pike's Peak and down in a mine. The descriptions of the country as well as the psychic experiences are vividly told, and make one feel that the characters are living, breathing people. It will entertain as well as instruct.

It is printed in large type on excellent paper, is neatly bound in cloth, and has my portrait and autograph in its frontispiece. The book is a large 12 mo, and has fifty chapters. It can be obtained by ordering through the BANNER OF LIGHT, or direct of me. The retail price is \$1.50, but those who will send me their orders now, before it is out of the hands of the binder, I will mail them a copy for \$1. It will be ready for delivery in a few weeks, and all orders will be faithfully and promptly attended to. Remit by postoffice or express, money order to Lida Briggs Browne, 34 Columbia street, Utica, N. Y., or to Banner of Light Publishing Co., 9 Bosworth street, Boston, Mass.

### "Lisbeth."

Carrie E. S. Twing has given in the book of the above name a work in fiction that will live as a part of spiritualistic literature.

It is a book about which a great deal had been said before it left the printer's hands and it was welcomed by many on the day of its issue.

The characters are strong and it is a story of the two worlds. As she says: "It came to me," and it is quite easy to see how the characters were woven day by day around the psychic aura of the author until they were living, breathing embodiments. It is essentially a revelation of New England character, the heroine passing through the horrors of orthodoxy, which is vividly portrayed, and finally blossoming into a rare medium. There is no blow at religion, but there are some sharp thrusts at bigotry and intolerance. Christianity without Christ is contrasted with the life molded by the Christ principle. The mechanical work of the book is a credit to the publishers, the BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston.—*The Light of Truth.*

### OUR AMERICAN CONTEMPORARIES.

Spiritualism is making good progress among the people of the United States just now, if we may judge by the Spiritualist journals and reports which they print. These indications of prosperity and progress make pleasant reading, but there is still much room for growth.

The enterprising *Progressive Thinker* of Chi-

cago, edited by Mr. J. Francis, recently came out with a twelve page issue, filled with a variety of extremely interesting articles. The veteran Hudson Tuttle is a constant contributor. As these pages are of the same size as an ordinary daily newspaper, the readers have a plentiful supply of food for thought for a week! Our lively contemporary is having a very prosperous career, and justifies its name by setting people thinking.

The BANNER OF LIGHT of Boston maintains the high level of general excellence. From it we learn that Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson, whose visit to this country two years ago is still remembered with much pleasure by many Spiritualists in London and the provinces, is meeting with great success in her work at Fort Worth, Texas. Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis, too, is reported to be well and hearty, and "serving his fellowmen in a most helpful manner; as a spiritual adviser his words are freighted with the wisdom of the ages." Mr. Harrison D. Barrett, the editor, is also President of the National Spiritualists' Association, and is an earnest, capable and willing worker, and a fine speaker.

The *Light of Truth*, published at Columbus, O., maintains its improvements upon which we recently commented both as to paper and contents, and as it has marked out a course of its own under the direction of Mr. Willard J. Hull, the vigorous and capable editor, it should gain a deservedly wide circulation.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, of San Francisco, has lately shared in the general "upward trend," if one may judge by its contents, and we congratulate the editor, Mr. T. G. Newman, who, by the way, is an Englishman, upon the growth and prosperity of his paper, which is doing a good work for Spiritualism upon the Pacific coast, as also is another energetic publication called the *Medium*.

In a recent editorial the *Journal's* position in regard to reincarnation was plainly stated: "Having studied the matter carefully, we are prepared to state positively that we don't believe a word of it. The entire hypothesis is based upon a premise that is untenable and inconsistent with the harmonious philosophy. We are able to give reasons for the 'faith that is in us,' and are absolutely imperative to the patronizing insinuation that 'we are not sufficiently developed to comprehend it yet.'"

Speaking upon reincarnation, the editor of the *Light of Truth* also recorded his views in a recent issue. He said: "We class reincarnation among the dogmas because it is not susceptible of analysis by the laws of reason."

The *Sunflower*, published at the beautiful "camp" at Lily Dale, N. Y., is the latest candidate for public favor, and although at present published fortnightly, the enterprising proprietor and editor, Mr. W. H. Batch, has promised to issue it weekly at an early date.

Canada, however, is slow to move. Although there are several *New Thought* or *Mental Science* journals, notably Fred Barry's breezy magazine, there is only one avowedly spiritualistic paper published in the Dominion, so far as we are aware, and that is entitled *The Sermon*, edited by the Rev. B. F. Austin, D. D., and is published at Toronto. It is a promising little monthly and deserves support, and we should like to see it develop into a weekly, as there is great need for spiritual illumination and liberalizing thought in Canada.—*London Light.*

### A YOUNG MAN OF ACTION.

LeRoy, Secretary to Dean C. Worcester of the Philippine Commission, has a faculty for meeting all sorts of emergencies in apparently impossible ways.

In '96, when he was captain of the University of Michigan track team, he sprained his ankle and had to break training. He went with his team to Chicago to attend the Western intercollegiate meet, but did not expect to contest, and did not even take his track suit. But a man whom he had counted on to win the broad jump got sick. LeRoy saw defeat staring his team in the face. He was entered for the games, and had the right to take part. He borrowed a suit and pair of spiked shoes, he walked to the track with a look of determination on his face that made his supporters prophesy success, in spite of his bad ankle and lack of training. When his turn came he tore down the field in a way that made the Michigan men hold their breath. He rose at the take-off and landed just twenty-two feet and seven inches away, breaking the Western record and defeating his nearest competitor by more than one foot.

When Commissioner Worcester offered LeRoy his secretaryship the athlete was in Detroit writing politics for *The Evening News*. He wired his acceptance, and then wrote another telegram. It read:

"Can I take my wife?"

"You have my blessing," wired the Commissioner, who knew that LeRoy was not married, "but I will have to get you permission from Washington."

Then LeRoy wrote another telegram. It was to Miss Mabel Pound, of Pontiac. Miss Pound had been in the university when LeRoy was a student there. This telegram read: "Will you marry me and start at once for the Philippines?"

The answer to this dispatch has not been made public. However, permission came from Washington for LeRoy to take his wife to Manila. There was no time to be lost. LeRoy had to leave for San Francisco on Friday. Superstition was laid aside and he was married to Miss Pound on that day. Now he and Mrs. LeRoy are on the transport bound for the Philippines.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

### CRONJE, THE TYPICAL DUTCHMAN.

Cronje was sixty-five years old when he surrendered. He had been prominent in all the history of the South African Republic as statesman and soldier. He refused, like Joubert, to take office under the British annexation of 1877. He was prominent in the war of 1880-81. Since then he had become a farmer on a large scale, owning over twelve thousand acres near Pretoria, which he ruled with military simplicity and with marked success. He kept a hospitable house, and with his quiet little wife entertained his friends. He was a member of the Transvaal executive government, and when the war broke out was second only to Joubert in military position. All the foreigners who saw him, speak of his pleasant manners, his courage, and his independence. The English writers have given numerous descriptions of him since the war began. Mr. J. B. Robinson said of him that he "has in him the best blood of Europe." When the edict of Nantes drove the finest subjects of France into exile, many of them went to Holland and from there on to Africa. Picture to yourself a little man, quiet-looking at first glance almost insignificant. When you first come in contact with him you might, for a moment or two, be inclined to dismiss him as a very ordinary man; but a few words from him will show you, by their grasp, their decisiveness, that first impressions are wrong. As you look longer at him the type of the face seems familiar, and in a flash it comes to you that this is the kind of head that is seen in the paintings of the old Dutch masters.—*From "The Military Leaders of the Boers," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for May.*

### THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG, IN THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO.

THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO is a translation by Bernard Bosanquet, M.A., LL.D., of that portion of the educational scheme which Plato sets forth in the *Republic* as a whole. The translator supplies notes and introduction in which he writes of Greek education in the best days of Greece; Education in Plato's Time; Education after Plato's Time; and the opening argument of the *Republic*. The Macmillan Company will publish the book in this country as agents for the Cambridge University Press.

### AFRO-AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

In the March issue of the *American Newspaper Directory* for 1900, twelve Afro-American weeklies get credit for actual average issues of more than one thousand copies, and three are rated above five thousand. The *Chicago (Ill.) Appeal* leads, with an average of 13,826 during

1899. The *Augusta (Ga.) Baptist's* average for same year was 8,376. The *Washington (D. C.) Colored American* showed no issue in 1898 less than 7,800. A later report, covering a portion of the year 1899, failed to satisfy the *Directory* editor that a higher rating than for 1898 had been sustained. The *Indianapolis Freeman*, from an estimate which exceeded 12,500 in 1899, has gone down to exceeding 4,000 in 1899.—*Printers' Ink.*

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE get an unusually valuable instalment of interesting "preachments" in the May issue of *Cram's Magazine*, from the pen of Editor Eugene Murray-Aaron. Dr. Murray-Aaron has for years been an adept in the art of presenting the weightier subjects of every-day import in language that will hold the attention of the young or the less studious, or in a manner that will please those who desire to be entertained rather than instructed. From the same pen a description of the wonderful case of Alexis St. Martin, "the man with a window in his stomach," and the lessons in every-day hygiene and food habits which were derived from it, are entertainingly set forth.

### A CASE OF

## Partial Dematerialization

OF THE

## Body of a Medium.

### INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION

BY COUNT ALEXANDER AKSAKOF,

Scientist, Philosopher, and Literateur, Ex Prime Minister of Russia.

Translated from the French by TBAO

GOULD, LL. B., Counselor at Law, Member of the New York Bar.

The well-known scholarship of Count Aksakof, and the pains-taking study he has given to the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, warrant the statement that this, his latest work will be an epoch-making book. He gives it, in plain terms, the results of his personal investigations under the most absolute test conditions possible, proving conclusively the verity of psychic manifestations. Count Aksakof never goes to any lengths to make something of it, as he has said it well, and his translator has given it English and American friends an opportunity to enjoy the distinguished statesman-scholar's richest and ripest thought.

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Chap. I. Theoretical Speculations—Materializations and Dematerializations.

Chap. II. Account of a Séance given by Madame d'Esperance at Helsinki, Finland, Dec. 11, 1893, at which the phenomenon of the Partial Dematerialization of the body of the Medium was demonstrated to Sigmund Freud.

I. Testimony of Mile. Hjel.

A. Letter from Mile. Hjel to Mons. Aksakof.

B. Letter from Mons. Aksakof to Mile. Hjel.

C. Copy of Mile. Hjel's letter to Mons. Aksakof.

D. Supplementary Letter from Mile. Hjel.

II. Testimony of Prof. Sellling.

A. Letter from Prof. Sellling to Mons. Aksakof.

B. Letter from Mons. Aksakof to Prof. Sellling.

C. Copy of Prof. Sellling's letter to Mons. Aksakof.

D. Supplementary Report of Prof. Sellling (illustrated).

E. Letter from Mons. Aksakof to Prof. Sellling.

F. Reply of Prof. Sellling to Mons. Aksakof.

III. Testimony of Madame Helene Sellling.

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V. Testimony of Mile. Fanny Tavastjerna.

A. Letter from Mile. Tavastjerna to Mons. Aksakof.

B. Letter from Mons. Aksakof to Mile. Tavastjerna.

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Chap. IV. Letters from the Medium concerning her condition after the Séance at Helsinki.

Chap. V. Personal Statement of the Medium as to her condition after the Séance at Helsinki.

I. Questions by Mons. Aksakof and Replies of the Medium.

II. Supplementary Remarks by Mons. Aksakof.

Chap. VI. Conclusions.

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### HISTORICAL REVELATIONS

OF THE RELATION EXISTING BETWEEN CHRISTIANITY AND PAGANISM SINCE THE DISINTEGRATION OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

By the Roman Emperor JULIAN (called the Apostate), Through the Mediumship of T. G. BUDDINGTON.

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### MEDIUMSHIP AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

By W. H. BACH. This book is written for the express purpose of instructing mediums, and those who wish to

☞ "Behold how good and how pleasant  
for brethren to dwell together in unity.  
It would be well for Spiritualists to try it  
and note its effects. In union there is  
strength and in harmony there is spiritual growth."

## Which Was It, Dream or Vision?

Having become interested in the study of occultism, I wanted to delve into it a little deeper than most investigators, for I desired positive evidence of the existence of intelligences outside of humanity. My efforts at first were a mere groping in the dark, with no guiding hand to direct, but I plodded on, patiently trying to work my way toward the desired end. Oftentimes I felt as though my surroundings belonged not to earth; but I wanted more, I desired to separate my soul from my body and send it into space. Did I dare do it? Yes; I was not afraid in the least. I dared to send my immortal part through the narrow path into the unknown region, through darkness and silence, through indefinite space and gloom, for I wanted to make an end of my everlasting doubts.

One day, being weary and tired, I fell into a deep slumber from which I seemed to be awakened with a start to behold the room flooded with a soft, golden light, the air filled with the sweetest music, while the form of a man, with commanding figure, enveloped in snowy drapery, addressed me with these words: "Have no fear! I come to you in answer to your cry for help, for whenever a child of earth sends out a longing thought for knowledge, he opens up an avenue for our approach. Long have we waited and patiently labored, until at last we can fulfil at least part of our mission. Here and there a seed has been dropped, has sprouted and blossomed. Your great desire is to go to the land of the unknown, but you are not yet prepared."

"Oh! I beseech you to help and assist me in my endeavor; you know that not idle curiosity leads me; I only seek the truth."

"Rash mortal! Know you not that you will have to encounter dangers from which the stoutest heart will shrink?"

"I have no fear; anything but this uncertainty."

"I tell you again, beware."

"But why? If the Divine Father or Universal Spirit is all powerful, I will place myself in his hands."

"It is well. God is love, but you are heedless and might go to your destruction. I will help you all the same."

So saying, he took hold of my hands. As his look encountered mine, I felt as though a lightning bolt had struck me. My nerves began to tingle, my blood stood still, could not breathe, and all grew dark. Darkness and nothing but darkness do I encounter. Whither am I going? Will this intense gloom last forever? Shall I indeed go down to destruction? What horrible phantoms assail me? Is this place peopled with nothing but imps and snakes? They leer and hiss at me from every side, right and left, before and behind, under my very feet. I see nothing but darkest danger threatening me. In my utter despair I think of him, our Redeemer, and cry aloud: "O God! In this hour of need I call upon Thee. Let not my despairing soul call to thee in vain; send me aid to guide me through this realm of darkness and terror, to the light, away from this horrible place!"

No sooner had I uttered these words than I felt myself lifted higher and higher, out of reach of my assailants, and led onward as if by invisible hands, while I heard a sweet voice whisper: "Have faith, thou venturesome mortal, and all will be well. The one thou doubtst has in his infinite mercy for one atom of true worth, desired that thou should be saved and behold some of the sorrows as well as joys of this, our world, which you call hereafter. The path through which you have passed, all mortals must travel, and was to him who hesitates, for he will lose himself forever. As thy liberty is but brief, we must hasten on. First, I am commanded that thou shalt see the place of everlasting punishment which you on earth call hell. Behold!"

I obeyed reluctantly, and saw in the distance a dark, air, in which many souls were imprisoned, while they were tormented by some who seemed filled with the greatest hilarity. Cries of help were greeted with shouts of derisive laughter. The clamors, the lamentations and moanings of those lost souls were awful to listen to, and still those dark phantoms, grim and tall, kept on dancing and shouting with malicious glee as still another soul was added to the already unaccountable number.

The victim with pale countenance, with shaking limbs, bleared eyes and despairing air, proclaimed his guilt in crime. His name he had trampled in the dust with degrading and unbecoming desires, a slave to sensual lusts, and at last, murder, which sealed his doom eternally. Next a woman, who with a fickle heart and cunning ways led youth astray, exerting all her art to ensnare all those who would enter to her vanity and at last make a slave to sin of her body, thus condemning herself to everlasting woe. Another one, a man of pleasure, who had betrayed a young, innocent and trusting girl by promises of love, then cast her aside, leaving her to sink down lower and lower through every degree of misery and shame until she was lost in the depths of her ruin. Here, then, in this gulf of annihilation he received retribution.

On still they came, but I had seen enough. This scene will forever haunt my brain. I shall never forget this withering of souls nor the sighing and bewailing of those exiled spirits. With pitying heart and depressed feelings, I turned to my guide entreating to take me hence, imploring him at the same time not to leave me, for I knew not where to turn.

"To leave thee I cannot, even if I would, for thou wert given into my care. I shall be with thee here and always, until thy time on earth is run out. I take thee now to a place called Limbo, or Retention. The beings who will behold are souls who love and long for God, but are not yet pure enough to enter a higher state."

I expressed my surprise at this, saying that a number of people on earth did not believe in a so-called purgatory. The answer was: "We know, and are sorry for their erroneous belief, but misdeeds must be atoned for. These spirits here have a mission to fulfil. They are often near earth, to watch and warn their loved ones against evil. Have you not often experienced a feeling to refrain from doing this or that? It was their promptings, and to some they can make themselves felt, and even seen."

My guide said all this while we were floating through a light mist and space, until we arrived at a beautiful valley surrounded by a forest of vivid green, lakes and mountains and such a profusion of flowers that it seemed to me as though all the bloom of the world was gathered here. The beings that floated hither and thither had human forms, but refined, although sorrowful, for they longed to be with others in a higher realm.

"Are you happier to know that such a place exists?" was the question of my guardian.

"Oh, yes," I exclaimed, "more than happy to know that those erring children of God will return to him in time. If only the living ones would know and believe it, what consolation they would have."

"There are enough on earth who know, and others find out through them, besides do not good Christians read the Bible, and does the good book not tell them that Christ himself came here? Still some do not believe because they have become so cynical. They scoff and sneer at everything, and try to be wiser than their Creator. That is why so many are restless, dissatisfied and perplexed, while a few even curse God for their very existence, forgetting that they themselves crushed every spark of light and hope. And now for the last vision of which a glimpse is granted thee."

The radiant angel guide took hold of my hand and we soared higher and higher, through dazzling light and splendor until I could hardly endure the brilliant and overpowering rays.

"This ends our journey. Behold some of the splendors of God's world."

If this was a glimpse of heaven, oh! how glorious and magnificent! In my wildest dreams I had not imagined anything so grand. All around me I heard soft strains of music. Beautiful forms roamed through space, weaving slender garlands of flowers. The light in the distance grew brighter and brighter. All around me began to sing, "Glory be to Him on high!" A majestic figure loomed up in the distance, and as I looked, I saw the form of Him

of Nazareth, with hand extended and beckoning to me; yes, even me.

My soul awoke to a calm and tranquil delight as I saw that glorious figure which no fancy could depict. This eternal life which no wealth can purchase, nor spirit corrupt with sin can inherit, is sublime. It is bright with a glory which can never fade. In it dwells the soul in an ethereal essence.

How did I deserve such a sight of this heavenly glory? Would that I could stay. Why should I return to the cold, chilling atmosphere of earth? Why not snap the thread that binds me to life? But no, I must go back to earth and earn a right to a home in this place. My time of liberty was at an end, and I had to return to my shell of clay. Slowly I felt myself sinking; an oppressive sensation stole over me; I knew no more until I opened my eyes to find myself in my room.

## Thy Faith and Mine.

BY MRS. SUSIE C. GIFFORD.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Thy faith, my friend; what does it do for thee, may I ask? Ask thyself, demanding a satisfactory answer. Does it satisfy thy innermost cravings for a spiritual life, free from racking, corroding care and strife? Does it raise thee above all the petty annoyances of every day life, which insist upon creeping into our human lives to mar and depress the spirit which faith would soar? Does it help you to turn all hindrances and seeming defeats into stepping-stones toward victory? Does thy faith cause thy heart to rejoice in the life that is given? How often the bitter word might term it? Is thy life transformed from one of worry and trembling fear for the future, to one of constant, abiding peace, and that "love which casteth out all fear, by thy faith?" Art thou able to walk through the darkest valleys of life with calm joy by the light of thy faith?

Canst thou truly say that "He leadeth me in green pastures and beside the still waters," and that thou "fearest no evil," even when the wildest storms assail and threaten to overwhelm?

Does thy faith throw light upon every problem of life however intricate, and solve it for thee, leading thee step by step from a labyrinth of dismal doubt and fear to a plane of light and joy and peace? Can thy faith keep a smile upon thy lips, and in thy heart, as well, though thy purse be empty and thy bin and larder, too?

Does thy faith prohibit all possibility of jealousy, bitterness and hatred lurking within thy bosom, although reviled, persecuted and slandered? Would it hasten thee to the side of a suffering foe to comfort and uplift in time of need? Is it sufficient to bear thee through all the volcanic upheavals of soul caused by blow upon blow to the afflictions? Hast thou proven it as potent to rob life of every sting? Does it give thee the knowledge that there is no death—only an entering into life more complete, richer and fairer than we know here? Does thy faith rend the veil and allow thee to live in the bright light which renders dazzling the city of eternal life and joy? Does it enable thee to grasp the sweet truth that there is no separation from loved ones—only a more perfect blending of soul through the emancipation from earthly form?

Propound these questions to thy soul, oh friend, and rest not satisfied if unable to answer each and all of them affirmatively, for there is a faith which will admit of such an answer; which wards off all shafts of poverty, loneliness and crime, and bears us above the darkest billows that would overwhelm and carry us on to certain destruction. Yes, faith in the highest spirituality leads from the depths of degradation, anguish and despair—leads onward, upward, into the realms of light, beauty, glory, joy, ecstasy. Faith, limitless faith in the Infinite Power (which lies folded deep within us), unbounded faith in Infinite Love, reveals the divine possibilities lying dormant in the soul of man, awaiting development through life's lessons of joy and sorrow, through its sunshine and rain, all requisite to unfold and expand the germ of divinity, as the sun and rain must unite in bringing seed and bud to perfect blossom. This faith in the Infinite, in the divine capacity embodied in human form, rouses to life and action that divine love which makes us one with God—which will enable us to say with Jesus, "The Father and I are one;" one in our yearning love for humanity, one in our broad, comprehensive reaching out to embrace, protect and to uplift the race, one in our recognition of universal brotherhood, one with the Father, because brought into harmony with all his plans, purposes and laws divine.

This is the faith we represent—the true spirit, which robs life and death of all sting, bears us upward on pinions of light, and wafts us beyond all wronging and jostling of earth's surging throngs, even while in the midst thereof; the faith that reveals the soul-inspiring, reason-saving truth of spirit communion of direct, soul-satisfying communion with our ministering angels—our beloved not lost, but transformed, lifted up, that they may draw us to them, and lead us ever onward.

What grander mission could the Father as sign his children than to endow each one as a ministering spirit to those about him while on this sphere, and to still use those who have advanced to life's higher plane, as instruments to minister to those yet struggling, often blindly, through their lessons on the earth-plane? Surely there has been no grander scheme of life advanced, admitting it to be true. And as the finite conception certainly cannot transcend the Infinite, even without the incontrovertible proofs, which we have, we must refuse to accept any less glorious and uplifting scheme. But the proofs which have existed through all time and are accumulating as evidences of things not seen by mortal eye, are converting faith into knowledge limitless, sublime, majestic.

That faith which takes us by the hand and leads us calmly, safely through the wildest attacks of storm and battle, envelops us with her veil of protection, that no slight nor scorn may wound a too sensitive nature, that shields as with an iron-clad armor which the most dangerous and poisonous weapon cannot pierce, is the faith I call mine.

By the light of this faith we may each understand our mission, and it becomes glorified. Conscious that our loved ones still linger by our side, loving and understanding us even better than before, we cheerfully pursue our lessons with smiles for the world which sadly needs them, until we hear the Father's call to "come up higher."

New Bedford, Mass.

## Biblical Spiritual Meeting.

There will be a Biblical Spiritual Meeting in B. T. Hall, 728 Westminster St., Providence, R. I., June 3. Music by Prof. McLauren. Devotional circle at 11 A. M., conducted by Dr. Mosia.

## If You Feel Irritable

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## The Sturgis June Meeting

will be held, as heretofore, in the Free or Spiritual Church, Chicago street, Sturgis, Mich., on Saturday and Sunday, 16th and 17th of June, 1900. These conventions, held to commemorate the dedication to religious liberty and freedom of speech of the Spiritual Church of Sturgis, have been kept up without a single interruption for over forty years. The building was erected at a time when every meeting-house door was closed against Spiritualism, and independent thought and a free religious platform were thus secured for the people of Southern Michigan. A cordial invitation is extended to all without reference to religious predilections. "Come, let us reason together," Dr. J. M. Peebles, Mrs. Sheets and other speakers will be present to advocate our principles and, once more,

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THERE is probably no physician living who is curing so many chronic cases and those GIVEN UP by the most eminent physicians, as this wonderful healer. He has letters from hundreds of those who had been pronounced incurable and had given up all hope of recovery, telling him of the rapid improvement and ultimate PERFECT RECOVERY his treatment had effected in their case.

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been cured say of his wonderful PSYCHIC AND HOME TREATMENT. Dr. Peebles' diagnosing is done by the aid of his Psychic Gifts. He reads the causes and their effects as accurately as if each organ was open to his view. He astonishes both physicians and his patients by his power to read disease. Why will you be experimented upon by those who do not understand your case? This great man can tell you your exact condition and give you treatment that will CURE you. If sick and discouraged, just write the doctor giving your age, sex and leading symptom in your own handwriting, and he will diagnose your case, telling you EXACT condition FREE. He will also send his valuable essays spoken of above, and other literature, giving some of the most REMARKABLE CURES ever performed. This offer is ABSOLUTELY FREE to the sick. Write at once.

Address,

DR. J. M. PEEBLES,

Battle Creek, Mich.

June 2.

## Testimonial Reception.

Having closed her very successful engagement with the First Association of Spiritualists of New York, a testimonial reception was tendered to Miss Margaret Gaul, the widely known test medium, at the residence of Mrs. M. E. Williams, 110 West 30th St., Thursday, May 24.

Among those present were a number of the most prominent Spiritualists of the city, and after some choice musical selections Miss Gaul proceeded to give messages, and it is needless to say that she gave entire satisfaction to the uninitiated as well as the initiated investigators present. On Miss Gaul resting from her labors, Mrs. Wallace delivered an inspirational address pregnant with sound spiritual doctrine and marked by the lady's usual lucidity of statement.

Another strong feature of the evening's entertainment was a number of recitations delivered with great dramatic power and elocutionary skill by Miss E. Nahar of Boston, a young lady of most prepossessing appearance, who contemplates an early stage appearance, and who, if her performance on Thursday evening can be taken as a criterion, is destined to attain a distinguished position in the profession she means to adopt.

Mrs. M. E. Williams presided over the meeting with her accustomed grace and dignity, and during the evening favored the friends present with a few remarks on the advantages to be derived from Spiritualists coming together and exchanging views on the Cause they are so deeply interested in, and that their presence in her parlors do honor to a worthy medium was an indication of their zeal and sincerity in the subject they all had so much at heart.

Dr. Henry Von Gomez embraced the occasion to speak most interestingly of the new spiritual camp, of which he is President, at Liberty Park, Port Jefferson, Long Island, N. Y., and which, according to the speaker, is destined to rank in time with Cassadaga and Lake Pleasant Camps.

The music of the evening was supplied by Mrs. Fannie Gray, Mrs. Dr. Henry Von Gomez and Mr. Herman Hiller. Taking it all in all, the meeting was a most successful one, and at its conclusion the friends present united in presenting Miss Gaul with a substantial token of their esteem in the shape of a most handsome donation.

J. W. T.

## Spiritualism—What Is It?

BY LEVI P. BARRETT.

Is it a belief that is to overthrow the many wrongs mankind is now living under, or is it to pass away like all other beliefs, as in the ages passed? To have this belief spread and always stand, the believers in Spiritualism must be enthused by the infinite spirit, take hold together, and help spread the truth of Spiritualism wherever a Spiritualist lives. The Spiritualists must unite their forces—not break apart—if they want to see the wrongs of all peoples overturned. A believer in Spiritualism should not be afraid to tell his belief, but speak it—live it—so that all will know he believes it. Spiritualism is a belief that is knocking at the door of each heart, and is destined to overthrow the many wrongs mankind is now living under.

Spiritualism is true, because it has proved "There is no death." "Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?" The victory and answer came when Christ arose from the grave two thousand years ago. The bands of death were forever overthrown when Christ came forth from the grave an immortal spirit. Spiritualism is true, because communications are now received in all parts of the world from those who have passed from our sight. Thousands of witnesses testify to this truth.

The belief in Spiritualism is spreading because every one who loses a friend is inquiring where they have gone. People now want to know where their friends are, and if they are alive Spiritualism answers this question, for it knows all are alive, though gone from sight.

Spiritualism teaches that all mankind are brothers and sisters, all born of the same God or spirit, and all go back to that power which created them. Spiritualism teaches those who sin—not a few but the whole—must pay the penalty for their sins either in this life or the life hereafter. Justice demands this, and will be justified in nothing else.

The true Spiritualists are happy in this life, for they know there is no death; their eyes are opened to see this beautiful world in a more beautiful light. They are glad they were born to live in this beautiful world; glad the Infinite Father created them to partake of the joys of this life, and are glad still to know there is a more beautiful life to come just beyond their sight. All nature is glowing in beauty, and our hearts should beat in unison with the glory and beauty our eyes behold. Our souls are lifted in joy and our hearts are made glad by seeing nature arrayed in such loveliness.

Spiritualism is now in its springtime of life; it is sowing the seed of truth; summer is to ripen it, autumn to cut with the sickle the grain for winter to winnow the chaff from the wheat. The spirit of man is now passing onward; it wants the truth, the whole truth, and the proofs for it. Spiritualism shows the way.

## Veteran Spiritualist's Union.

The annual meeting for election of officers, etc., of the Veteran Spiritualist's Union, was held at the Home in Waverly, Monday afternoon, May 21. It was a most enjoyable and harmonious meeting. The following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year: President, C. C. Shaw; 1st Vice Pres., Mrs. Battle C. Mason; 2nd Vice Pres., Mrs. M. L. Sanger; 3rd Vice Pres., Mrs. Elizabeth F. Truth; Clerk, Mrs. J. S. Soper; Treasurer, A. P. Blinn; Historian, M. S. Dole; Auditor, Helen Libby; Cor. Sec'y, Mrs. Charles Appleton; Director, Mrs. A. E. Barnes; Trustees, William P. Davis, James H. Lewis, George L. Clark, Abner Wheeler, Mrs. J. W. Wheeler.

The preparations for the Bazaar to be held at the Home the afternoon of May 31 and June 1

and 2, all day, closing in the evening with a social and dance, are progressing. The Sunday meetings will begin Sunday, June 3. All speakers and mediums are cordially invited to take part. The general public are welcome.

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

## Camp Progress.

Grove meetings will open Sunday, June 3. Miss Lizzie Harlow, who is well known as one of the best speakers on the public platform, will be present with other good talent. We cordially invite any one who may be interested in our beautiful Philosophy to visit us any Sunday, and we are sure they will wish to come again. Mediums and speakers are gladly welcomed and are requested to make themselves known to our President, L. D. Milliken, who will do all in his power to make their visit a pleasant one. We are very grateful to all who have helped us in the past and hope for their presence the coming season.

Those who can not leave the city during the week will find a visit to our meeting a rest and enjoyment, second only to that to be had at a regular camp meeting. Our grove is about ten minutes walk from Swampscott depot. Boston & Maine trains to Lynn leave passengers near Central Square electric car station, where they can take Lynn and Salem cars, which leave every fifteen minutes. Mrs. H. O. MERRILL, 53 Lowell street, Lynn, Mass.

## Notice.

At the request of many friends and former patrons, Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant-Henderson will re-open her office in the Banner of Light Building, on Fridays and Saturdays of each week. Friday afternoons for Public Circles, at 2:30, and Saturdays for private sittings, to accommodate those of her patrons who cannot visit her at her home in Darnham. Beginning June 1, 1900.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$2.50 per year, or \$1.25 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$3.00 per year, or \$1.50 for six months.

J. J. Morse, 26 Osnaburgh street, Enstow 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. B. White may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 7.

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J. M. PEEBLES, A. M., M. D., PH. D.

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## SPIRIT

## Message Department.

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MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

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

These Circles are not public.

## To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Séance held May 17, 1900, S. E. 53.

## MESSAGES.

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

## Ned Woodward.

The first spirit who comes to me is a young man. He is about eighteen or twenty years old. He has very light hair and blue eyes and reddish cheeks. His teeth are quite a little decayed, because when he smiles I can see them and I know that they are a source of annoyance to him. He tells me to say that his name is Ned Woodward, and that he came from Bucksport, Maine. His mother is with him in the spirit, and as she comes here to day she says: "Ned and I are so happy to reach out from the spirit and try to bring comfort to those who are left. My husband, whose name is John, is still alive, and he is anxious to get some word from the spirit, and that is why we make this effort to-day."

## Rhoda Burns.

Then there is a lady who comes to me. She is about the medium height, rather stout, and has dark eyes. Her hair is dark and combed back plainly from her forehead. She has prominent features, and she says the first thing: "My name is Rhoda Burns, and I belong in Newport, Virginia. There is not very much of this kind of work there, and while it may seem strange that I come from that place here to send my message, it is the best that I can do. I have a little boy with me in the spirit, and he is anxious to get to his brother, who is alive. His brother's name is Charlie Burns, and he is just about to start into business, and we thought if some word could be gotten to him it would give him an idea that we want him to be cautious and careful, that perhaps it would be better for all concerned. Anyway, we send our love and a wish for success, and whatever we can do will be done."

## James Gardner.

Now a spirit comes here, and he is quite a tall man, over six feet; has square shoulders, blue-gray eyes and gray hair, which is quite heavy, and he has a way of pushing it back from his forehead, as though he wore it long, and it dropped down and bothered him. His name is James Gardner, and he comes from Allston, Mass. He says:

"Give old Jim Gardner a place. I never had a chance to speak a word for myself when I was here, and I thought if I could come back from the spirit to tell what I know, that perhaps I would feel better for it. It seems a funny thing to me that a man has to wait to be able to give to his own the thought that is his from the other side. It looks as though we ought to be able to go to our own whenever and wherever we pleased, and speak loudly enough for them to hear us; but I tell you it is an impossibility, for I have tried it, and know. I would like to get to my wife, whose name is Annie Gardner. I hope this will reach her."

## Felix Steadman.

There is Felix Steadman, a young boy about seventeen years old. He has brown eyes and brown hair, and a terrible cough. It just seemed as though he could not stand it another minute, and when that time came he went over to the spirit. He says: "I did not think I would have strength to come to day, but somehow my sister, who is in the spirit has helped me. Her name is Nellie Steadman; and we want so much to get back to our people. I came from Woodbridge, Vermont; and while I have been able at times to go back to the old conditions, I have not been able to give the message that I would like because my people don't believe in this. Perhaps this will get to them, and then they will be better."

## Charlotte Burleigh.

Here comes a sweet old lady. She is about sixty years old and quite stout. She has a bright face, with blue eyes and soft gray hair, and her face is round and plump. She has a white handkerchief right about her neck, and just brings it round in a pretty way, and says: "My name is Charlotte Burleigh, and I come from South Berwick, Me. I did not know much about this. Oh! I am so glad to come, although I did not know much about it when I was here. Our people have always been the kind of people who spoke out what they thought; hit straight from the shoulder and made no bones about it. And so when I come to prove the truth of this return of spirits, I am sure if I can influence them they will strike out from the shoulder as of yore, and be firm for this truth. I want to go to Charles William Burleigh."

## John Benson, Jr.

There is a man who comes here by the name of John Benson, Jr.; he is short and thickset, with a grizzly beard. He came from Newport, Me., and he says, "Thank God that I can get back." He is one of those quick-tongued, abrupt kind of men, if he has anything to say, and he says: "Well, well, I didn't believe the chance would come to me so soon, but it is a comfort for me, indeed, to be able to speak; and if there is anything I can do to forward

this event in civilization, I shall be glad to do it. No; I have something besides politics to interest me now."

## Verification of Spirit Message.

Dear Mrs. Soule and Sunbeam: I wish to thank you for the message in BANNER OF LIGHT, May 8. It was a perfect description of my husband, Alexander Williams, and was correct in every detail. I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you and your little control. South Boston. Mrs. EMMA WILLIAMS.

## A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FOURTH.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Nearly half a century ago Washington said to mortals through Judge Edmunds that no wrong notion was more firmly seated in the minds of his countrymen than the notion that the chief end of government is to increase the wealth of the community. It is this opinion that has kept up absolutism in all ages of the world. The invasion of this principle has been silent, yet sure; and the far-seeing spirit of Washington urged us as freemen to be swayed by purity of principle rather than by the cravings of cupidity.

What was so evident at the middle of the century has been strengthened ever since, till now, at its close, there is scarcely a wrong, a pain or an injustice, that is not caused by the individual craving for more money and the determination of capitalists that the government protect them in the accumulation of still more.

I have not at hand the statement made by Lincoln that an evil even worse than the slavery that he led us to subvert, was growing rapidly—the power of the capitalists. He foresaw its growth to the point of threatening the very existence of the country, and his conviction is forcing itself to the front in the mind of every thinking man that does not make money-making the main goal of his efforts.

All the political parties that have in turn attained temporary supremacy have fallen in with this desire for money. "To the victors belong the spoils" has been the motto of each one of them, and it is impossible to have any bill pass either State or National councils, unless the capitalists have allowed it to pass because it will not interfere with their pecuniary accumulations.

The people of America are divided by the stern logic of events into two classes—the capitalists and the poor. The middle class, of which we used to be so proud, calling them the bone and sinew of society, are rapidly disappearing. Some of them made frantic efforts to rise to the rank of capitalists, and a very few of them succeeded. But the vast majority of the middle class now belong to the ranks of the poor, who plead with capitalists the pitiful cry, "Please let me work very hard for you, at low wages, so that I may save my children or my aged parents from freezing or starving to death!"

And it is not men alone who make this plea. Once it was the men who supported the family, and they could do it comfortably, too, for they owned the tools with which they worked. But now the women, and even the little children work an unreasonable number of hours out of the twenty-four to support the family. And yet, what the whole of them earn by uniting all their efforts does not give them as good food, clothing and shelter as their parents did who belonged to the middle class.

In previous times, the children could be educated, but now they feed machines. And the machines do not belong to the workers—they belong to the capitalists. They ought to belong to the government, just as all the machinery and the paraphernalia of the Postoffice Department have belonged to the government, and been developed by it, since our nation took its individual existence. That department of America, at least, has been worked for the benefit of the people, just as every industry in the country ought to be worked. The way it has been carried on for more than a century is a grand object lesson to the people. We have been very slow in learning it, but the lesson will at last be learned, and then we shall proceed to put it in practice.

When I was a young girl, we paid six cents for every letter. After a while we paid only five cents for sending a letter. Later, we paid three cents for many years, and now our letters can go to any part of the "U. S. A." for only two cents, and yet the Postoffice Department is a financial success. But if our letters had been in the hands of a private corporation, who invested their (?) funds in it, in order to secure large dividends, the cost of sending letters would not have diminished with time. On the contrary, it would have increased, especially if some selfish plutocrat desired to hoodwink the public by endowing some college or building some library or church.

When it becomes the object of any industry to benefit the people at large and to give them their money's worth, its aim will be a right one. While it is carried on with the object of swelling the dividends of plutocrats, the motive is wrong, and its workings produce tyranny and injustice.

We do not believe it wise to engage in strikes, though we are in full sympathy with the feelings of those who participate in them. If the capitalists had as much money as the capitalists, they might enter into them to advantage. But the capitalist has a long bank account, while the wage-slave has none or almost none. During the strike, the participants in it are out of work, and their families are suffering it may be for the bare necessities of life. Meanwhile, the owner of the building and machinery can use the surplus money saved by not having to pay the workmen, in going on a trip to Europe, or to Palestine where Jesus of Nazareth did not have a place to lay his head.

The capitalist whose men have struck is not troubled because the production of his goods has come to a stand-still, for he and his companions profess to be suffering from "over-production." By the way, do those who cry over production consider this point? Is more really produced than is actually needed by the people? Is it not rather that more has been produced than the poor man has enough money to buy. For instance, winter is coming on, and everybody in this climate needs good, warm underclothing. On account of "over-production," quantities of these warm clothes are stored away by the capitalist who had them made at starvation prices by poor men, women and little children. The latter are in painful need of them as winter bursts on them with its biting cold, but they cannot have them because they have not the money to pay the price demanded for them.

If these warm garments and all the other things needed had been made under the govern-

ment, just as our letters and newspapers are sent by it, then, there being no fat dividends to pay, they could all be bought at a small price, and all could have them when they needed them. No one is too poor to send a letter. It costs only two cents, even to Alaska or New Mexico. Of course it costs the government much more than two cents to send a letter to those latter places, but the thing is "evened up" by the wagon-loads of letters that go very short distances. The whole thing being under one great corporation—the government itself—whose object is the benefit of all, and not large dividends for the few, the result is what every one in the nation can see.

So we say to those who desire to engage in a strike that it is better not to do it. Your purse is too short. There is something else you can do. Inform yourself and inform those you can influence how you can use your vote when voting time comes, in order to further the consolidation of the trusts, which have become so gigantic, with the national government. That result will come sometime. It was with a view to that consummation that the powers above allowed trusts or monopolies to exist. They are stepping-stones toward the absorption of every industry by the government. But it cannot come only as the people vote for it.

We have alluded to the sufferings of human beings through the greed of capitalists. Horrible tortures are also inflicted on the lower animals by the same class of people. For instance, on Feb. 9, 1900, a bill was reported to the Senate by Mr. Chilton to amend section 4,386 of the Revised Statutes of the United States (Ed. 1878). This amendment, if passed, will make possible the confining in cars for forty hours, without food, rest or water, of live stock in transit. The present law, making twenty-eight hours the limit, is conceded by competent judges the utmost that decency could grant to the heartlessness of the shipper who deliberately calculates a percentage of cruel death in the animals shipped.

It is evident that the only ones who would want the time extended from twenty-eight to forty hours, are those who do not want their dividends lessened by the cost of furnishing food, rest and water at less frequent intervals than forty hours. The agony of the imprisoned beasts, if this amendment (!) is passed, is utterly beyond human comprehension, besides its affecting the health of the community by making the flesh of the tortured animals unfit to eat.

Allow me to give another instance. The paving of the principal thoroughfare in this town has been undertaken by a wealthy contractor of a city near by, where he has an elegant residence. The work involves the digging up of this long avenue by a large force of "hands," the carting away of the dirt by horses, the bringing of blocks of paving-stone in carts a distance of two and a half or three miles, and the reception and laying of these stones by another large force of hands.

The contractor is experienced and efficient; but, in order to make as much money as possible out of the job, to add to his wealth, he employed some horses to cart the loads of dirt away who were old, gaunt, feeble, with backs scarred by old sores. I plead with the contractor in behalf of the poorest horse. He made a show of tender feeling for the animal, and said he had owned him twenty years, but—he kept him at the same heavy work. Then the police of our town compelled him to take off this horse. I wish I could say that this poor "wreck of bones" is out at grass, but we are told that he is now doing still heavier work with the paving-stones in the adjoining city. All the carts of paving-stones go by my door. A few days ago one of the horses broke down. The driver went to its owner up town (I following) and he sent him back with a fresh horse. Many of the horses employed to bring the stones belong to this owner, who is a kind and judicious man. He told me he was going to take off all his horses that night, for the following reason:

He noticed the loads were very heavy, and he had one weighed. The weight was fifty-two hundred pounds, equal to two and a half tons, and two hundred pounds more. Each load contained one hundred and fifty paving stones. The contractor had a man count them when unloaded, and if a team brought only one hundred and forty-eight, it was compelled to bring one hundred and fifty-two the next time. The owner of the horses told me that one hundred and twenty-five of these stones was a very heavy load for two horses.

He appealed to the contractor, who refused to allow a team to bring less than one hundred and fifty of these stones. So he took off all his horses, and as rain made the roads very bad, the work has been at a stand-still for a few days. But it will be renewed, probably by horses who belong to less judicious owners. Those interested have advised the County Superintendents of the Society for the Prevention of cruelty to Animals.

In this part of the Letter, I have spoken of the animals. With regard to the men employed, the "hands," our readers are referred to Hudson Tuttle's article on the "The Hand of Toil," in the Cleveland Lyceum, in the issue of Sept. 30, 1899. Says Mr. Tuttle, "What does it mean? It means a damning wrong lying at the base of our political structure."

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,  
ABBY A. JUDSON.

Arlington, N. J., May 19, 1900.

## A View of the Drift.

Whatever militates against the natural tendency of society in the aggregate, or individually, to improve and better the common interests of mankind, must be set down as inimical of justice, and he or she who aids and abets such obstruction is an enemy to progress.

How far this truth is applicable to persons known as Spiritualists must be left to the immediate future to determine; and there is but one way of arriving at individual and communal responsibility, to wit: the searching of the soul, the retirement within.

When our Elder Brother admonished his followers on the subject of prayer, he told them to pray in secret, and their reward should be open. Here was the esoteric significance of the world's bondage to externals, to loud mouthings, to decaying methods of thought.

The time has come when the search light of investigation must be turned by themselves upon the soul forces of the Spiritualists of this country, else they are lost as a distinctive branch of human progress. Intellectual delving has reared a calloused household, the heart of which has well-nigh gone out. In vain and profitless inquiry upon the unfathomable we are come to an inevitable reaction, and to-day are weighed in the balance with heart and soul growth, only to be found wanting.

The crying need is the religion of the heart rather than the cold, calculating strife of the head. We are too heavy with cumbersome theses, analyses and vagrant hypotheses. The intellectual scalpel has stabbed the warm, magnetic love of the heart, and we are a sun-dried household.

These are no idle words. They are the result of observation and conviction, the view of an intellectual athlete upon a dwarfed and awakened spiritual conscience. It is the common conclusion of a score of trained observers of and workers in the field of our propaganda with whom consultation has been had by the editor of this paper.

Personally speaking, we have seen the situation now upon us for several years. We have seen the tendency of a too prominent and wholly useless magnifying of individual and collective wrongdoing. In a long train of disasters bunched in the one word apostasy, to the disgust of which an inquiring public ready for the truth (together with thousands of avowed Spiritualists) has been driven, are the quarrels and disputes of Spiritualists themselves; more properly speaking, the rostrum against the séance room, the continual magnifying of the weaknesses of our workers through the Spiritualist press, the rivalry of contending forces, malicious thoughts and uncharitable feelings and a vast mass of inoperative and impracticable effort which has brought us as a movement to the verge of extermination.

While we are fighting men of straw, the real wolves are devouring us. While our guns are belching their projectiles toward invulnerable nothings, we are cutting away our own base of supplies. We have moved away from charity, and without charity we are nothing. We have judged unjustly and we are judged in return. We have heaved stones at the motes in our brothers' eyes and have seen not the beams in our own eyes.

The situation is deplorably pitiful. Everywhere the stagnant waters of the river of life in which we dwell show our shortcomings, our incompetency, our dereliction to duty.

The confessional is a divine institution, debauched, it is true, for purposes of power and emolument, but nevertheless inexorable. Let our speakers, our mediums, our editors, our writers go into the confessional of their own souls and there read the record they have made. Let them go forth then to practice and preach the same thing. Let them magnify the good, the true, the beautiful. These alone are enduring. Let them teach the athletics of soul-growth in its oft-neglected sphere of prayer; not lip service, not house-top clamorings to be seen and heard of men, but in the inner sanctuary, where they invite only the sacred things of life, there let the soul culture be given liberty. Go forth as crusaders in the field of spiritual liberty. The spirit in chains, no matter how much freedom of the body, and we are slaves still.

Bear in mind there is no loss of vigor and purpose in the soul of the writer of this admonition and warning. It is written because of an intensity of purpose rather than a lack of it. Spiritualism is safe. It will grow where the soil is fallow. If we strew our portion of the field with stones and clubs, the seed will take root elsewhere, for husbandmen are everywhere. It is for us to clean our house. Criminality and recommitment will not avail in that cleansing, and the nearer we approach the divine gospel of the Christ of mankind the nearer we shall be to the cleansing of our house.

The awakened conscience is speaking everywhere to-day, and it heralds the dawn of the altruistic life. The prayer of two thousand years, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," is nowhere answered except in the ratio that men and women lift their soul forces toward the heavenly kingdom and apply its economics to the earth-sphere.

Coöperative effort in singleness of purpose to advance the movement of Spiritualism along this line is the hope now held out by the watchers, both spirit and mortal, on the towers of our house. Divided as it is, it can not stand.—Ez.

[To all of the above we say "amen."—En.]

## Life's Pilgrimage.

BY E. W. WALLIS.

"We spend our years like a tale that is told."

Imperceptibly the moments pass and the days merge into each other so quietly and smoothly that the months go by and year succeeds year almost before one is aware of, or ready for, the changes which accompany their passage. This is still more marked as our tale of years lengthens, and we become conscious of their added weight in the influence they have had upon our bodies and our minds.

It may well be true that a man is as old as he feels and thinks, but one's feeling and thinking are also imperceptibly affected as we pass swiftly across the narrow isthmus of the Present, which, bathed in light, links the misty past to the shadowy future. That past which has gone beyond recall—that future which is never ours, for only the Now belongs to any of us.

Spiritualism illumines the path of Life, dispersing the goblins grim and phantoms fierce which superstition and fear conjured from the shadows of the Valley of Mist—miscalled death; and by means of its search-light we discover that friends and comrades are just a little on before, hidden from us only by the thin veil of imperfect sight.

While it is true that we have "no abiding city here," still we need not repine, for though our years are few our life is never complete; and as silently as the Now merges into the Past, so we shall emerge from the ephemeral environments of this Sphere of Sense into the State of Soul, and the story of our Selves will be continued; for consciousness and love are indestructible, and the Thinker becomes the Seer, and the Seer is the Interpreter of the Spirit Divine.

To all my readers Greetings and Goodwill!

It is customary to wish each other a Happy Christmas, and with good reason, for the turn of the year and the returning light of day are sufficient grounds for rejoicing. We know that the deepest depths of darkness are part. The Sun—the life and light bringer of the physical world—is born again from the tomb of winter and the womb of darkness, and will grow strong and bless the earth and its dwellers with its vivifying rays—therefore let us rejoice and be glad. The World's Redeemer comes in power and glory to reign triumphant in the heavens, and his light shall make glad the hearts of men.

The pathway of humanity has been one of pain and travail. Stumbling out of ignorance and barbarism, through the long night of igno-

rance and purely sensuous existence, man has been blindly seeking the light in obedience to an indwelling impulse, and, rising out of the valley of the slavery of the senses, has heralded the coming of the day of salvation. With penetrating foresight the prophets declared the existence of the Millennial Golden Age. With intuitive insight the seers have revelled in the visions of a future Summerland of light and glory, and the race has marched on and up (ever onward and upward—with torn and bleeding feet, with weary limbs, aching brows, and often times with broken hearts, along the path of progress), each one contributing to the world's tendencies, and, even through suffering and tears, reaching forward toward the ideal. Hence, when the watchman cries "Day dawneth, the morning breaketh," we may rejoice and be glad for the monarchy of mind, and the emancipation of man in the Promised Land is drawing near.

But one tyrant still holds sway, and those who own the dominion of Death are legion. Fear of the unknown future freezes the fountains of their faith, and hell blights their hopes with its horrors. Mental and spiritual darkness reign in this realm despite the spread of knowledge and the increasing physical and intellectual light and liberty which have blessed mankind so liberally in other spheres. Yet even here the darkness of bigotry and the night of intolerance are breaking up, and the rays of the dawning day of spiritual freedom are piercing the mists and gilding the sky with golden glory, and making our hearts glad within us. We can rejoice because we know that "the Spirit of Truth" has come, and is giving comfort and strength to those who hear his voice and give heed to his words. In the deep darkness of the night of materialism the rapping signs which heralded the advent of the Spiritual dispensation were heard by a faithful few, yet to-day millions know the blessed facts of spirit ministry; that "there is no death," that across the valley of transition flash the gleaming signals of love, that tell of victory, of life's triumph and the soul's ascension, and of its progressive destiny of growth in righteousness and happiness.

But our seasonable joy is tempered with compassionate sympathy; our greetings of gladness are choked with pitying tenderness as the sad tidings of bereavement fall upon our ears, and the long and terrible death-roll of those who have fallen in battle or from disease lengthens and swells. While sorrow sits gloomily in the hearts, and darkens the homes, of so many in our land, how can we be "merry"? Most of us can tell of some near or distant relative, or dear friend, who has passed "through the mists"; or our hearts are trembling with anxious fears or faint hopes for some dear ones who are in peril, and the one touch of nature—mutual sorrow—that makes the whole world kin affects and unites us all. Surely even these terrible trials and tribulations must tend to soften us, must do something to smooth our angularities and remove our rugged roughness, and lift us to a higher plane of fraternal helpfulness.

In the presence of the woe and heart-break, bravely and heroically borne, with so much silent fortitude, by our women and children, may we not read a sign of promise of the better days to come; of the time which will inaugurate the reign of spirit, when we shall be less boastful and bitter, more brotherly and forbearing!

God help us! Possibly we all need the lesson, individually as well as nationally. Infinite patience, mutual trust, generous forgiveness, and kindly services to each other can alone ensure us peace and brotherhood. Still, the golden signs of progress gleam across the sky, and the spiritual watchwords are ever the same: "Love ye one another." "Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "Forgive your enemies." "Love your enemies." "The greatest among you is the servant of all."

The fruits of the spirit, viz., "Love, Joy, Peace, Long suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, Temperance, and Charity," do not ripen all at once. We cannot expect it; but we can try, individually, that they shall grow and have the opportunity of developing in our hearts and lives, and give grace to our characters, so that we shall strive to do justly, love mercy, and walk righteously; and recognize that it is better to suffer wrong and endure persecution and neglect than be guilty of injustice, cruelty or wrong. Unless Spiritualism can spiritualize and ennoble us, what benefit is it? What better is it than the creeds?

While we rejoice that truth is spreading, and humanity is becoming more and more free and tolerant; while we are glad that life is immortal, and that the loved ones gone before make their presence known, let us ever remember that happiness is as we make it. That it depends largely upon ourselves—upon our own attitude toward ourselves and our fellows—upon what spirit we are of. If we determine that we will be happy, cheerful, and bright, and find the good there is in all, we shall be happy, and find occasion for gladness, service and thankfulness all the time. If we are suspicious, envious, fault-finding, and cynical, then, as we look on the dark side, we shall see only the shadows, and grow mistrustful, intolerant and miserable. Let us cherish faith in ourselves and one another. Let the law of love, kindness, sympathy, and forbearance rule in our hearts and thoughts, and we shall be able to be happy now and always—aye, happy and wise; and in trying to lighten the load of sorrow, to comfort the bereaved, and carry the glad tidings of continued life and angel guidance to the sad-hearted mourners that they may know that though dead their loved ones live for evermore, we shall find our soul's true service to humanity, and be happy therein.—The Two Worlds.

## To the Liberal-Minded.

As the "BANNER OF LIGHT Establishment" is now an incorporated institution, we give below the form in which a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law, should any one feel impressed to bequeath something to assist us in carrying on the good work in which we have for so many years been engaged:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto the 'BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY,' of Boston, Massachusetts, or its successors [here insert the description of the property to be willed, and the manner in which the donor desires the same to be expended, which request will be faithfully carried out], strictly upon trust, that its officers shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

When a man holds his proper station in life, he does not gape after things beyond it.—Epicurus.



# Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1900.

## Spiritualist Societies.

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

### BOSTON AND VICINITY.

**Boston Spiritual Temple** meets in Berkeley Hall, Berkeley Street, every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. President, Geo. S. Lang, Secretary, 118 Oakland Street, Mattapan.

**The Gospel of Spirit Return Society**, Minnie M. Soule, Pastor, Assembly Hall, 200 Huntington Avenue, Sunday evenings at 7:30. Discourse and Evidences through the mediumship of the pastor.

**Edgemoor Hall, 616 Washington Street**. First Spiritualists' Church, M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Services at 11:30 and 7:45; also Wednesday at 3. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

**Home Rostrum**, 21 Soledad Street, Charlestown. Spiritual meetings Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Tuesday and Friday, 3 P. M. Thursday, 7:30 P. M. Mrs. Gilliland, President, 21 Soledad Street, Charlestown.

**Edgemoor Hall, 616 Washington Street**. First Spiritualists' Church, M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Services at 11:30 and 7:45; also Wednesday at 3. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

**America Hall**, 724 Washington Street, two nights—Mediums and public invited. Circle, 11 A. M.; Profits, 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. Mrs. M. Graham, Chairman.

**Temple of Honor Hall**, 591 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport. Meeting at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. Sunday, Mrs. Annie J. Banks, Conductor; residence 141 High Street, Charlestown.

**Edgemoor Hall, 616 Washington Street**. First Spiritualists' Church, M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Services at 11:30 and 7:45; also Wednesday at 3. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

**The First Spiritualists' Ladies' Aid Society** meets every Friday afternoon and evening. Supper served at 6 P. M.—at 21 Tremont Street, near Eliot Street. Elevator now running. Mrs. M. A. Brown, President; Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, 74 Sydney Street, Dorchester, Mass.

**Children's Progressive Lyceum—Spiritual Sunday School** meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont Street, at 10:45 A. M. All are welcome. Mrs. M. A. Brown, Superintendent.

**Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street**. Mrs. Nutter, President. Services Sunday at 11 A. M., 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., and Thursday at 3 P. M.

**The Helping Hand Society** meets every first and third Wednesday, 6 and 8 o'clock, 3 o'clock Place. Business meeting at 6 o'clock 8 upper at 6 o'clock. Entertainment at 7:30 A. M. Aldridge, Secretary.

**Boston Spiritual Lyceum** meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 1 o'clock, J. A. Brown, Hatch, Conductor; A. C. Clarke, Armstrong, Clerk, 17 Leroy Street, Dorchester, Mass.

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

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

**Ministry of the Occult Science—Health and Boston Institute of Occult Science**. Meeting every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. Lecture and psychic readings on Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M. Hotel Reno, 12 and 14 Windsor Street, Boston. Dr. F. J. Miller, Psychic Healer and Teacher.

**W. Scott Steadman** holds meetings at Red Men's Hall, Sundays, at 7:30 P. M. Banner of Light for sale.

**Mrs. Florence White** will hold a test seance every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, at 286A Commonwealth Avenue.

**Echo Hall—1 Johnson Avenue, Charlestown Dist.** Meetings Wednesday and Sunday evenings. Circles Tuesday evenings.

**The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists** meets at Cambridge (lower) Hall, 831 Massachusetts Avenue, the second and fourth Thursdays in the month. Supper served at 6:30. Ada M. Cane, Cor. Sec'y, 133 Auburn Street, Cambridge, Mass.

### MALDEN.

**Malden Progressive Spiritualists' Society**, Malden Building, 76 Pleasant Street. Meetings every Sunday at 1 P. M. Wednesday, 8 P. M. Dr. Barber, President. Mrs. Rebecca Morse, Sec'y. A cordial welcome is extended to co-workers in the cause of Spiritualism.

### NEW YORK CITY.

**The Spiritual and Ethical Society**, 74 Lexington Avenue, one door above 59th Street. Services every Sunday morning at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Questions answered in the morning. Improvised poems after each lecture. Mrs. J. H. Tuttle sings morning and evening. All are cordially invited. Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, speaker.

**The First Association of Spiritualists** holds meetings every Sunday at 8 o'clock, at the Tuxedo, 671 Madison Ave., cor. 59th St., New York City.

### BROOKLYN.

**The Advance Spiritual Conference** meets every 8 Sunday evening in Single Tax Hall, 101 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Seats free. All welcome. Mr. G. Delore, President; Miss Winifred Brown, Secretary.

**The Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn** holds meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 8 o'clock, at Hall 423 Classon Avenue, between Lexington Avenue and Quincy Street. ELIZABETH F. KURTH, President. Banners for sale at the Hall.

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

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

### PHILADELPHIA.

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

### NEWARK, N. J.

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

### CHICAGO, ILL.

**The Spiritualist Mission**, 421 W. 27th Street, near Wentworth Ave. Conference 2:30 P. M.; Sunday School 4 P. M.; lecture and tests 8 P. M. Singing by the Sunflower Choir. G. Thomas H. Bentz, Minister.

**Spiritualist Temple**, Fort Worth, Texas, Taylor St., between 7th and Jackson. Services for children, 2 P. M. for adults, 3 and 7:30 P. M. Mary Arnold Wilson, Assistant Pastor, leads singing. Jennie Hagan Jackson, Pastor, residence 116 Florence Street.

### Notice to Local Societies.

Hereafter all reports will be condensed in the same general style as given below. We respectfully request our correspondents to govern themselves accordingly. We shall deal fairly and impartially with all societies, hence must ask them all to conform to the same general rule. The addresses of all local societies in Boston and vicinity, as well as in cities and towns in other States, can be found above. Societies marked with a \* have the BANNER OF LIGHT on sale.

### Local Briefs.

#### BOSTON.

The Boston Spiritual Temple (Berkeley Hall) held its closing meetings for this season last Sunday. Being Memorial Sunday, the platform was most beautifully and profusely decorated with choice flowers, the contribution of friends. In the morning extra chairs were in demand to accommodate the audience. During the service the large congregation joined in singing "America." Prof. Schaller rendered excellent music upon the piano. Mrs. Pearl in three solos was never better and certainly pleased all present. Mr. Wiggins, the regular speaker of this society, delivered a stirring address of thirty minutes appropriate to the day, which elicited frequent and prolonged applause. The Boston Spiritual Temple being seventeen years old this month, Mrs. C. P. Pratt, a member of the board of directors, with well-known and for a long time recognized ability, was selected to deliver the Memorial address, having special reference to the old soldiers (workers) who have been and are still active in the work of this society. Her address was a most earnest and beautiful contribution to the work of those laborers for truth.

Mrs. Pratt spoke very earnestly and kindly of Mr. William A. Dunklee, who called the first meeting of this society on May 9, 1883. She said: "Mr. Dunklee was the first Treasurer, and I might here pay a just tribute to him, and to our present treasurer as well, by saying his spirit has manifested often through Brother Libby in his faithfulness and unflinching interest which has found him ever at his post in the interest of the Boston Spiritual Temple." Mrs. Pratt spoke very appropriately of the true worth of Moses Hunt, author of the "Hunt Fund," still held by the trustees of this society; of Daniel Farrar, Henry P. Trask, Jacob Bean, Adella Torrey, Lucy A. Miller and Charles Chittenden, who were among the early subscribers and officers of this society. Continuing her address, she said: "Andrew S. Knapp, Philadelph. Cray, Allen Putnam and William Boyce held the office of President, and we speak of them today with profoundest gratitude. I would not forget Dr. A. S. Hayward, whose cheerful, magnetic presence always gave renewed hope; Dr. Mayo and Jacob Edson, whose liberal contributions

lightened the load and carried hope to our hearts. There were John S. Rogers and Mr. Mayo, whose devotion cannot be spoken in words, who contributed much that will forever be prized by all who knew them. The friends who are helping to shape and carry forward the good work, both here and 'over there,' will not forsake us now, and in the name of these arisen ones, let us be faithful, knowing that, as we go on to join them, that which we leave will be carried forward, even as we are trying to carry forward the work which they began so long ago."

At the conclusion of Mrs. Pratt's able address—which, if we were granted the valuable space, we would report in full—Mr. Wiggins gave a short but very interesting seance.

In the evening every available seat in the hall, including both galleries, was taken, and it was found necessary to open the Annex hall to accommodate the people. Some idea of the enthusiasm felt upon this closing Sunday for the Cause, as it is presented at Berkeley Hall, can be gained when it is stated that the voluntary contributions for the day amounted to one hundred and ninety-four dollars and seventy-five cents. The meeting opened with a piano solo by Prof. Schaller, who was followed by a beautiful selection finely rendered by the Ladies' Schubert Quartet.

Mr. Wiggins read appropriate selections, following with invocation. Mrs. Pearl favored the audience with a charmingly-rendered solo with violin obligato. Then President Allen introduced Mrs. Lucette Webster, one of Boston's well-known readers, who recited a selection appropriate to the day. The Schubert Quartet favored the audience with another selection.

Mr. Wiggins then delivered a short and appropriate address. During the remainder of the evening he gave a very brilliant seance, and the quartet rendered two more selections. At the conclusion of the regular program Mr. Wiggins, who has been our regular speaker for the past year, and who returns to us as such next Sunday, was greatly surprised when Mrs. C. P. Pratt, in well-chosen words, stepped to the platform and moved a vote of thanks to him for his faithful work for the society for the past year. President Allen, in putting the vote said: "To this vote of thanks I wish personally to add my appreciation of Mr. Wiggins as a man and friend. I have been in close touch with him the last few months, and know whereof I speak. And officially I can testify to his worth as an exponent of the Cause of Spiritualism, both as to its philosophy and phenomena. In response to the vote of thanks, please rise and sing one stanza of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

The audience arose and joined with Mrs. Pearl and the quartet, heartily singing the old familiar piece. Mr. Wiggins stepped to the front of the platform and thanked the friends for their appreciation and pronounced the benediction. Our meetings will be resumed the first Sunday of October.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, held its closing session for the season Sunday May 27, in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont Street, Boston. At 11 o'clock the Lyceum was called to order by Mrs. M. A. Brown, the Conductor, and after the usual study of the lesson, the grand march was executed in a very pleasing manner, with eighty-eight in the line. It was certainly a most inspiring sight—the precision, care and interest, together with the new flags, which were used for the first time. At 12:15 the members of G. A. R. Post 200 and the Ladies' Relief Corps entered the hall, having accepted an invitation to attend the services (which were especially adapted to the occasion), and occupied seats reserved for them. After being seated, the President of the Association, William A. Hale, M. D., in a few well-chosen remarks, welcomed the guests in behalf of the Lyceum. The exercises following, by the children, were well calculated to call the attention of all to the sacred memory of the departed ones. Excellent recitations were given by Wilhelmina Hope, Rebecca Goolitz, Silas Jameson, Harry Greene, Irma Carlton and Florence Souther. Remarks of a very interesting character were made by J. B. Hatch, Jr., Conductor of the Boston Spiritual Lyceum, who, with several members of that Lyceum, paid a friendly visit, Mr. Albert P. Blinn, Dr. Hale, Mrs. M. A. Brown and Mrs. M. J. Butler. Songs were rendered by Miss Maud Head, Clara Weston, Esther Batts, May Burdett and others. Mr. Arthur Wallace, of England, gave with feeling "Why He Would Not Sell the Farm"; Carrie Engel also read an appropriate selection, as did Wilfred Welt and Miss Fern Foster; Master Charles Hatch, of the Boston Lyceum, rendered a violin solo, which was much enjoyed, while Miss Lillian Goldstein favored us with a piano solo which displayed marked ability; Miss Florence McNaughton sang a solo with which all were delighted. Dr. Hale then sang, by request, "The Vacant Chair," in a most acceptable manner. One of the special features of the day was the singing of "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner" by the children under the direction of Dr. Hale in the absence of Mr. Harold Leslie, who was much to our regret absent. At the conclusion of the service the children who had been prompt and assisted in speaking were remembered by little tokens of the Lyceum. That the season has been most successful one, all are agreed, and the year's sessions were brought to close with this service. Due notice will be given in THE BANNER of the re-opening, and it is the wish of the officers that all may spend a pleasant vacation, and return to the work with renewed energy the coming season. The last monthly meeting of the Association will be held Tuesday evening, June 12, at 8 o'clock at the residence of Mrs. Butler, 164 Huntington Avenue. All members are earnestly requested to attend. The annual picnic will take place at the Point of Pines, Saturday, June 23, (if rainy it will be postponed until June 30) Train leaves the Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn railroad station at 9:40 A. M., sharp. Tickets can be obtained of the members generally. Full particulars in next week's BANNER. An invitation is extended to all of our friends to attend. Mrs. M. J. Butler.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society, Mrs. C. H. Appleton Pres., held its regular meeting Thursday afternoon in Dwight Hall. The evening was devoted to dancing, with a large number in attendance. Thursday, May 31, Memorial Services will be held, with Mrs. C. Fanny Allyn, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mr. Frank Baxter and other prominent speakers in attendance. A special supper with strawberry shortcake will be served at 6:30. Thursday, June 7, Mrs. C. H. Appleton will give a Lawn Party at her residence, No. 4 Granite St., Cambridgeport, for the benefit of the society. Tickets 25 cents. Emma L. Hubbard, Recording Sec'y.

Commercial Hall, Mrs. Nutter, President. Sunday, May 27, each session was opened with song-service and prayer. Those assisting afternoon and evening: Mesdames Nutter, McLean, Western, Mellen, Backers, Peabody-McKenna, Knowles, Peak, Tripp, Bird, Butler; Messrs. Graham, Jackson, Baker Krasinski, Wesley, Turner, Dr. Bell.

**Massachusetts.**

The Ladies' Aid of the First Spiritual Society, Lowell, gave its monthly supper Wednesday, May 23, at the home of Mrs. Ingalls, 36 Farland Road. Some fifty members and friends, including the officers of the society, and Mrs. Chas. Brown of the First Spiritual Society of Salem as special guests, sat down to a most bountiful spread. Piano solos, songs, recitations and short speeches were given by Mrs. Bullens, Mrs. Charles Brown, Miss Pike, Miss Inez George, Baby Ruth Farr, Mr. John Jackson, Frank Sawyer and others. The merry party broke up by singing "Auld Lang Syne." Ella Favor, Sec'y.

Cadet Hall, Lynn Spiritualists' Association. Sunday, May 27, this society closed the most successful season since its organization. Exercises consisted of addresses by Miss Lizzie Harlow, music by Thomas's full orchestra, and Mrs. Bertha Merrill, and a season of social circles. Supper was served in the banquet hall to a large number. Miss Harlow will be present to assist in the opening exercises at Camp Progress next Sunday. Sec'y.

Lowell, First Spiritualists' Society.—Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock continues to draw good houses and has awakened much interest in our Cause in this city. In the afternoon she gave a first-rate talk on "Christian Science vs. Natural Science," which was pointed and instructive.

## FOR MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN.

Two Letters from Women Helped Through the "Change of Life" by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I first wrote to you I was in a very bad condition. I was passing through the change of life, and the doctors said I had bladder and liver trouble. I had suffered for nine years. Doctors failed to do me any good. Since I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my health has improved very much. I will gladly recommend your medicine to others and am sure that it will prove as great a blessing to them as it has to me."—MRS. GEO. H. JUNE, 901 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Relief Came Promptly

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I had been under treatment with the doctors for four years, and seemed to get no better. I thought I would try your medicine. My trouble was change of life, and I must say that I never had anything help me so much as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Relief came almost immediately. I have better health now than I ever had. I feel like a new woman, perfectly strong. I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound all the credit, and would not do without her medicine for anything. I have recommended it to several of my friends. There is no need of women suffering so much for Mrs. Pinkham's remedies are a sure cure."—MAHALA BUTLER, Bridge-water, Ill.

### Another Woman Helped

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during change of life and derived great benefit from its use."—MARY E. JAMES, 36 Ceydon St., Bradford, Pa.

In the evening she took for her subject, "The Trend of Modern Religious Thought." After each service she gave quite a number of messages, which were readily recognized. Next Sunday we shall have a memorial service for our members who have passed away this last year and also G. A. R. services. Mrs. Whitlock will be speaker. BANNERS and Thinkers on sale always. John S. Jackson, Pres.

**Progressive Spiritual Society**, Methuen, Mass.—Mrs. M. A. Whitehead, of Methuen, was our speaker for Sunday, May 27. Afternoon and evening meetings were largely attended. We can truthfully say that Mrs. Whitehead is a fine speaker and medium, and worthy of praise. George Nelson, Cor. Sec'y.

The Progressive Spiritualists' Association of Lynn held spiritual services in Providence Hall, 21 Market St., Sunday, May 27, at 2:30 P. M. After the invocation, a poem on "Our Flag" was given by Mrs. C. M. Whipple; music, Mrs. J. P. Hayes; remarks, Dr. E. F. Bates. Evening meeting at 7:30; invocation, D. E. Matson; solo, Miss Manerger; address, C. M. Whipple; messages, Mr. Jackson. The Woman's Relief Corps, No. 23, was present. This meeting closed the present season, which has been a harmonious one. We shall reassemble in this hall the first Sunday in October with C. M. Whipple as speaker. Mrs. J. P. Hayes will have charge of the music. Subscriptions taken for BANNER OF LIGHT. Della E. Matson, Sec'y.

### Other States.

Dr. G. C. Beekwith-Ewell closed a seven months' engagement at Toronto, Can., with the last Sunday in May, and left a society of earnest, spiritual-minded, substantial men and women ready to sustain the work. They have called Mrs. Barton from Minnesota to supply them for June. The recent mass meeting brought most gratifying results, though in the beginning fraught with disappointment in the failure of some of the promised speakers to put in an appearance. But Moses Hall and Rev. B. F. Austin are each hosts in themselves, and more than nobly held the fort. Mrs. Brewer of Belmont, N. Y., was present, reaching all hearts in her sincere and earnestness. Dr. Ewell himself is never lacking in ability to supply in lecture, test or improvisation for an absentee; but as mass meetings are for ex changes, the pastor likes to retire to the chair. May 29 and 30 he gives Mrs. Brewer's people at Belmont the benefit of exchange, en route to his Connecticut summer home, and through June will hold meetings at Bridgeport. Cor.

### "Personal Responsibility—Some Sound Advice."

BY ELISE STUMPF.

This is the heading of an article written by M. F. Hammond in THE BANNER OF DEC. 30. To this I would like to add a few words. I fully agree with what M. F. Hammond says, but would impress the importance of his words on all Spiritualists, particularly on mediums, or those who are to become mediums. Spiritualism will progress despite all that is against it; it is bound to progress, because it is a truth, and truth will succeed, no matter how much may be put in its way; truth will stand for itself. Therefore Spiritualism will stand for itself, even though those who advocate it may commit ever so many errors; but, if these errors are abolished, it will progress so much more rapidly, and will gain the recognition it deserves and should have among the people. Mediums, above all, must live up to the highest and best teachings! They must not allow themselves to be controlled and influenced by the low and ignorant spirits, as they do just as much harm to the spirits as to themselves, in allowing spirits to live out their depravity by being instrumental in keeping the spirits in darkened conditions and from progress. Mediums should deny the spirits the privilege to act through them immoral or base acts, foolishness, or whatever it may be. All persons know what is right and wrong; their own interior selves tell them. And mediums can resist if they want to! Each effort in that direction will make it easier for the next one to be successful; it will strengthen the will power, and will in time create a positive magnetism within that will be repelling to ignorant spirits, and that there will be no temptation, and it will be easy to resist.

I am a medium myself and know whereof I speak! I went through the school and speak from experience. I also know that it is harder for some than it is for others; those who have been too negative all through life have a harder struggle to learn how to become positive. But the power is within everyone; all that is needed is to bring it into action; call it forth, and the practical use of it will strengthen it, just the same as a magnet is made stronger by its use. It is and should be the duty of Spiritualists to help those who are trying by throwing a kind and benevolent influence around them and making the best conditions for them; but the main work must be done by the mediums themselves; they must make the effort and resist all that is detrimental; they must live up to the highest, then they will also have higher teachers who will not ask them to do anything but what is profitable and benefiting to themselves and others. The best satisfaction from mediumship will thus be realized, and I think such mediums will not be in need or destitute at any time.

The plan to have a fund to draw upon for struggling societies, and to give good mediums work, is a very good one and should be acted upon. If the mediums then take care of them-

selves out of that which they earn they will not be obliged to ask aid at any time, or only in rare cases. It is the work mediums need and not so much the charity. Charitable thoughts are often more helpful than charity itself to lift up, to get them into a condition to help themselves. Let us educate ourselves and the spirits—those who passed out in ignorance—and do not let us be governed by those who are yet in a darkened condition, even if they are spirits. They have no more right or power over us than a spirit who is in the body, unless we grant it to them, and we should not allow it. On the contrary, we must teach them the right way to live their spirit life as soon as we see that they are not doing the right thing, even if they give us a prominent name, for that name does not make them any better; it is only the deeds that we must judge them by.

I have had many spirits come back to me and thank me for the lesson I gave them by resisting them and not allowing them to do through me what they wanted to. I thus help the spirit, we help ourselves, and we are helping others by shedding a good influence over them. I do not speak against a fund for needy mediums; that is also necessary and should be provided by Spiritualists to take care of those who are not able to take care of themselves in case of sickness and so forth; but self-education and self-reliance are the most essential and should be taught and practiced above all to do away with that lame excuse, "The spirits or my controls asked me to do so and so; I cannot help it." The one who does anything that is not right is as much to blame as the one who advocated it; and if every medium, every Spiritualist, would recognize that and live by it, Spiritualism would soon command the respect of the people.

Believing and knowing of spirit-return and communication do not make Spiritualists unless we live spiritually and are better men and women to-day than we were yesterday, do each day the very best we can, overcome our shortcomings; hold till then are we Spiritualists. If we do live, Spiritualism will be of value to us, and we will reap the fruits of it in this life as well as in the next; we will realize all it promises to us right here and now.

436 East 84th Street, New York.

### Fruit of Heaven.

Dare we acknowledge that the title of Spiritualist belongs individually to us, unless we pledge ourselves anew with solemn earnestness, each rising morn, to consecrate our powers all to the service of the Cause so dear to us, namely the Cause of Spiritualism? Can the cause of Spiritualism and of Humanity be separated by the smallest fraction of one degree? We know that they cannot, for these are but different names for one and the same thing. Then with the mental or spoken annunciation of this solemn pledge of consecration, our mind must instantly fly to India, and there behold in spirit—not in imagination—the appalling picture of gloom, despair and death; while we in our comfortable beds are perhaps content to merely wish them well and to hope for better news next time!

We are secure in the confident feeling that this visitation of untold distress can never come to us. Judging from our actions, we recognize no responsibility as attaching to ourselves; while the truth is, the very horrors which they are now enduring will be yours and mine, and intensified a thousand-fold, when we wake up to the consciousness of our neglect of opportunity in this matter.

It is as though in our very household, our own brothers and sisters, our own fathers, mothers and children were starting to death by slow inches—actually dying before our very eyes, while we persist in nursing our apathy by living on in the midst of many comforts and some of the very luxuries of life, utterly neglecting—that is to say refusing—to lift one finger in the effort to relieve those stricken ones! Can such a course be less than savage? Is it not monstrous in the last degree?

True, distance intervenes, but this only serves to lessen the effect upon a certain class of minds. It does not change the principle one iota. Because we prefer to remain in the stupor of indifference toward this immeasurable array of human suffering are we therefore released from the corresponding responsibility?

Three years ago we were weighed in the balance, and as a reform body were we not for the most part found wanting? A generous response went out from our great West, as well as East, when that moan of death was wafted across the friendly bosom of the Pacific, calling for our aid at that time; but how much of this was due to the concerted work of many Spiritualists? No such work is recorded that I have seen. That opportunity was great, yet small in comparison with the present.

Much is also being done in the present crisis by the people of the nations who have not felt the famine. In the name of Humanity (that is, Spiritualism) I ask, what are we doing to electrify the world; to move on far in advance of all others in demonstrating to the stolid that the humanity impulse—a supreme desire to relieve and prevent suffering—is the chief cornerstone of all true reform? If indifference toward suffering humanity has hitherto been a crime, it is henceforth the unpardonable sin.

If we proceed at once to donate something—if each Spiritualist in every community outside of suffering India will appropriate so much money, from ten cents to ten thousand dollars—according to our means—to be forwarded there in the form of provisions, at the earliest possible moment, the effect will be like magic. The relief of those dying millions will be almost instantaneous. And this is not all; for we ourselves will be the greatest beneficiaries! Let me tell you why. Those sufferers will enjoy the food which this effort affords, but our erstwhile starving souls will literally feast on the fruit of heaven. This heavenly fruit is the gratitude of angels, expressed to us in no uncertain terms. I have tasted of this fruit of heaven. "I speak that I do know, and testify that I have seen" and felt and heard.

I ask you then, Spiritualists, one and all, let us fix a day—the first Sunday after this message is received, whenever that may be—and each and all donate *pro rata*, as nearly as may be, a sum for the relief of those dying comrades, whose mute appeal comes to us all from that land so near while yet so far away.

Yours in faith, hope and love,

T. H. B. COTTON.

### Spiritual and Material Ideals.

BY L. W. HOUGHTON.

"Ideals of wealth, of position, of intellectual greatness, of social influence" are often the main ideals of which youth is conscious; yet deep within each soul there are ideals in embryo—dim, but treasured and guarded until, alas! often so corroded by inaction and covered over by the superficiality of ordinary outward life that they become almost extinct. Only when the finer spiritual ideals are brought forth to the sunlight of loving acts and allowed to spring up and tower above all these outward things is the truly ideal made real. The ideals are the highest conceptions of which a mind is capable, but we have been accustomed to speak of them as something higher than ordinary living. Ideals do pale and recede, failing to satisfy, until the spiritual is recognized and wrought out in the daily living. Then they grow brighter in the light of a conscious spiritual progress, for to live in the atmosphere of the spiritual is a constant renewal of life and interest, the sparkling waves of energy ebbing and flowing in action and reaction.

The truly spiritual ideals of love are rarely comprehended even when possessed, because so imbedded in material customs and elements we fail to see them in their true boundlessness and beauty. When one is truly ready to perceive the truth the other half will recognize its own also; being parts of a whole, each must advance equally, else the wholeness vanishes. For two, thus perceiving time and distance are as naught, because no two can thus perceive until the spiritual becomes the real.

"And still did I pine for the perfect. Still found the false with the true. I sought 'mid the human for heaven,

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But I caught a mere glimpse of its blue. Then found me the cloud of the mortal. Velled not my spiritual view. Heaven was within and each ideal. "That shineth like a star on life's wave." Could be lived and be made the true real.

Should we seek to hide our ideals away because the unthinking would scoff and scorn and call it weakness to be honest, loving, kind and true? Is not the reward of sympathy worth the price? How many a tired soul goes wearily on, when, if expressed, their higher thought would often meet an answering chord from other souls attuned to that same note, and, blending, thus the music in each soul becomes truer, sweeter, and heaven's sacred anthems new joys repeat.

We think no one who wholly hide the high ideals, for being spiritual, the light must shine through the outward life, coloring in some degree each thought and act. Why are counterfeits so often accepted? Because of ignorance of true psychic law, and customs and false teachings resulting from that ignorance, together with an impure physical, which begets passions and disorders. To keep one's self unspotted from the world, physically as well as mentally and morally, is health, that serene power which walks calmly on, bravely doing each day's labor, loving to be able to put selfish motives aside—willing to accept just what is truly ours—then we, freely receiving, can freely give of that true "bread of life" of which Jesus is said to have given so truly and abundantly. As love often makes labor sweet, so a called duty may become a ladder wreathed with flowers upon which we joyfully climb to greater heights of wisdom, joy and peace.

### Spiritualist Camp Meetings for 1900.

The reader will find subjoined a partial list of the localities and time of sessions where the conventions are to be held.

As THE BANNER is always ready and willing to give all the Spiritualist Camp-Meeting proceedings free of cost to those interested in these pleasant gatherings, we hope the MANAGERS will bear in mind the importance of freely circulating it among the visitors as fully as possible, and that the PLATFORM SPEAKERS will not fail to call attention to its occasion may offer thus cooperating in efforts to increase its circulation, thereby strengthening the hands of its publishers for the arduous work which the Cause demands of all its public advocates.

Cambridge Lake, Free Association, Lily Dale, N. Y.—Opens July 12 to Aug. 26.

Onset Bay, Mass.—July 15 to Aug. 26.