

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 89

Banner of Light Publishing Co.,
204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1901.

\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 2.

RHYTHM.

BY W. S. HASKELL.

I'm Nature, I'm motion,
My number is three,
I'm Occult, and mystic,
And speak unto thee.

I move but in rhyme;
My voice is a song;
I live in Creation;
My days have been long.

I speak to men's hearts;
I speak to their souls;
They read by my signs,
As my tablet unfolds.

I'm Occult, and mystic,
And move every where,
I'm real and substantial,
Though thinner than air.

Diamond, Calif.

The Advancement of Spiritualism.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

The apparent decline of interest in organization and concert of action for advancement of the Cause, has become the cause of anxious discussion among those who are most interested in the promulgating of Spiritualism. How are we to account for it? What does it portend? Are there adequate remedies? Such are the questions that arise and the person that can answer them rightly is wise above others.

There is a similar declension in the "Liberal" religious bodies. Universalism, which commends itself to everyone, by its revelations of the character and goodness of God, has lifted itself into the privileged circle of respectability, but fails to make any extensive headway in the establishing of new societies, broadening its field of operation, and the maintaining of its teachers and literature. Unitarianism, which has always been genteel and not unfashionable, does little more than hold its own among well-to-do people. The distinctive ideas of both these denominations have won favor in the evangelic communions, till the old-fashioned meeting is quite generally going-out of style, and becoming "bad form." But this change does not tend to help the organizations that represent and originally promulgated the more liberal doctrines. They are virtually at a standstill, because the multitude whose true place would seem to be with them, hold aloof and give their money and influence to the religious bodies that have a higher social position. Church membership has become rather a matter of one's standing in the community than one of conscience and conviction.

There is a similar decay going on in the orthodox bodies. They do not keep up in proselyting and conversions with the increase of the population. It has been contemplated to have a general "revival" the present winter, and those who had been accounted to be especially gifted in such matters, predicted the uprising. But nothing of the sort is manifest. The congregations feel pretty sure of their own future and are not greatly concerned over those who are outside. Perhaps they suppose them safe in God's hands, and that so long as business is active they can support their church enterprises without new recruits.

The old appeals to impending judgment, the perils of endless war, the unnecessary wrath of God burning to the lowest hell, have become "brutum fulmen" or a "hill against a comet." The doctors, however, who are the real priestcraft of the present time, have taken this leaf from the discarded orthodox volume. They have set in operation a small-pox scare in the large towns, and by the co-operation of the political authorities, have gathered in a large army of vaccinates as the trophies of their zeal and activity.

It does not seem practicable to maintain unbroken and increasing interest in any movement that depends upon an excited imagination. The political history of our republic illustrates this. In politics, to be sure, the belly generally controls the brain. Even the conscience falls into subservience. The several presidential elections have been carried rather upon the excitements got up on the occasion, than upon deep conviction, and except with office-holders and candidates, the enthusiasm speedily falls toward zero. The "off years" are often examples of the decay of zeal among the supporters of a party.

The same thing is true in other matters of public importance. Our holidays are so many exemplifications. We stop business on the Fourth of July, but the anniversary is not commemorated, and the Declaration of Independence is unread and its principles considered unpractical and obsolete. Decoration Day is becoming merely a day of idleness; the soldiers' graves are often unvisited and without a garland. Thanksgiving is generally kept in the most unreligious manner. Fast Days are misnamed, and have ceased to command much respect.

Even the French, after the season of bloodshed, the pike and the guillotine had

passed by, instead of holding seasons of mourning over the slaughters, commemorated them by balls to which none were admitted except those who had lost some relative or friend by the Revolution.

There is always reaction when the sensibilities have been wrought to unusual tension. A season of severe pain, whether of body or mind, is succeeded by another of quiet, and sometimes of exquisite delight. Any exhilaration is succeeded by corresponding depression. The night follows the day, and just as certainly the day will succeed to the night.

Spiritualism encounters like experiences. Its advent was ushered in with the wondrous manifestations, supplementing and giving substantial support to what had transpired by clairvoyance, visions, etc. Multitudes were attracted. There were those who are always on the alert to see or hear some new thing, those never-do-wells who had amounted to nothing in anything else, and those who earnestly desired to know more of the actual realities of life.

It was the Parable of the Sower exemplified. The wayside hearers did not understand the real matter in the case, and some parted with it all, without anything taking root. They of the rocky places yielded to the dread of the social boycott and attendant loss of fortune, and so fell out. Those of the thorny ground were choked, as we have all seen, by anxiety about matters around them and by the false views engendered by the desire of wealth. Besides there were those of the good ground; but did they have the wealth or even the numbers?

There was wheat growing in the field, and also an abundance of tares, and a wise discretion dictated to let them grow together till they produced their seed. But then the tares should be gathered and burned.

In my first interview with William Tebb in 1889, we spoke of the progress of Spiritualism. He was of opinion that in the estimates of numbers there had been great exaggeration. He illustrated it by a talk that he had had. In a village in New York where he was sojourning, he inquired for Spiritualists. He was, after some hesitation, referred to an individual in the place, of humble circumstances and occupation. Mr. Tebb found him, and introduced the subject. "I used to be greatly interested in the subject," said the man, "and so were many others, but," lowering his voice, "Spiritualism is played out."

The same picture may be presented of other movements; but it is unnecessary to enumerate more. The test of Gamaliel is the one most reliable. The work which is of human beings alone is certain to come to naught by its own decay; but that which is really of God, cannot be overthrown. This apparent declension of interest portends no destructive result to Spiritualism. It is certainly, however, a test of endurance and fidelity. There will be a polarity manifest by which those of one character will diverge to the opposite extreme from the others. Those who have only an appetite for things extraordinary, those who are not willing to have Spiritualism a principle of living, those who are jealous and factious, will go to their own places.

If Spiritualism is to be esteemed as a religion and rule of life, or if the term be preferred, a philosophy, taking the place of religion as the latter is understood, then it must be judged by its works. It must disintegrate whatever it comes in contact with, but its normal state as a factor in moral life, is more than that. A disorganizing agency is as destructive to itself as it is to what it dissolves. I have no right to pull down a house except there is another for the inmates to get into. It is very agreeable to live reclusive and alone with none to intrude; but to accomplish works of use, there must be co-operation. We are most successful by working in harness. Several working in unison accomplish far more than they all can by working individually.

The nineteenth century has been a bringing of works to judgment. Conflict of opinion, conflict of nations, conflict of social and pecuniary interests have marked its history. It has decided nothing. It has reconciled no controversies. The twentieth century has this work to do. It must adjust the relations of man with his neighbor, the framework of society, and what is due to man as a spiritual being as well as a dweller upon the earth. We want the old heavens and earth to pass out of mind.

I have never set in store the frequent messages from beyond the veil, as many others do. I am not questioning their genuineness, but rather their utility. Many of them nevertheless are rather the result of influence from a hearer or spectator upon the other; and others may be fraudulent outright. I never sat in a circle or witnessed a seance, and therefore cannot judge as well as others. But I prize above all, the fact that there is demonstrated to those having eyes to see, ears to hear, and heart to understand, that we do not die when the life forsakes the body, that we have the same relations with one another afterward as before, and that because we are all denizens of the eternal

world whether in the body or beyond, we constitute a Brotherhood sustaining the most sacred relations of duty and fidelity to one another. We may call nothing common or unclean.

Yet in regard to remedies for the apparent declension I feel ill able to advise. Those who believe in Spiritualism whether as religion or philosophy, best prove their faith by living fraternally with others, carefully dealing justly and mercifully, and doing their best to promote the welfare of all. It is well, too, to do each a part toward making their belief and the reasons for it, widely known. The best agency for this is the public press. It can send its words where individuals cannot go, or be always present. They can be read, read again and again, and pondered, till their influence wanes, or they take root. The ideas which are brought forward in one generation, promulgated and contended for, become ruling principles in the next. The Koran declares that the ink of the wise is more precious than the blood of martyrs, and it speaks truly. But spirits do not furnish paper, set type, or operate a press. It requires human beings in the flesh to do that, and money to meet the expenses; and Pharisees who require the making of bricks without the necessary material, are very indifferent Spiritualists.

In order to hold the ground already possessed and to acquire new fields for activity, there must of necessity be organizations. In one respect the "Liberals" of various denominations are often sadly delinquent. They neglect the instructing of their children. They abandon this function to the schools which furnish so much education that does not educate. So generally, as a sequence, the children of such parents are indifferent to everything of a thoughtful nature, and pursue the callings, pleasures, etc., of the world about them, too often unmindful of honor, probity, or moral responsibility. The orthodox churches occupy a vantage ground in this particular; and in many places the Roman clergy are even ahead of them. It is the boast of the latter that when they have the training of a child for ten years, they are sure of him afterward. The Protestant bodies have their Sunday schools, and abundant literature for children, and so impart an influence that remains. The books and religious journals that are read influence the thinking and future action more than the oral teaching. As a result, the field is held. Older members pass away, but younger ones are made ready to take their places.

Spiritualism should be a heroism. It should make heroes, the sons and daughters of God, of those whom it feeds, nurtures and instructs. It may not be stationary. It is well to adhere firmly to the beginnings as convictions, but not to be all the while demonstrating them over. A true propagandism is to be carried on only by going forward to all the requirements of the time. It is well to hold meetings frequently. "Then they that feared God spake often one to another, and the Lord heard it." The person who believes with me strengthens me in the feeling that I am right; and certainly, we are to bear one another's burdens.

More I might say, but others will say it better than I. They who have borne the burdens and encountered the difficulties should speak plainly. I would urge active participation in every movement that is in favor of personal and moral freedom, and the maintenance of personal rights. There is danger that with the legislation that is attempted, many Spiritualists will suffer persecution. It is possible to prevent it, and it should be done. A wrong to one individual is a wrong to everybody. Let everyone insist upon just dealing, and the inflexible maintenance of the rights of persons. Let it become known everywhere that Spiritualism is no mere juggling and traffic in communications from the dead, but a living voice, an energy pervading every department of life, to bring all into closer fraternal relations, and resolute to oppose every departure from justice and every invasion of our rights as human beings.

The highest platform is moral sentiment; the truest speech the utterance of one who speaks from full conviction, and from a full and upright life. Place leaders at the front, of this make and character, and sustain them not only by financial support, but by being like them.

Parents! respect the rights of your children, and they will hold yours sacred. Surely the happiness and future well-being of your child is worth much to you. Malicious mischief should be kindly dealt with, even if some sort of punishment should be considered necessary, but I implore you, "Temper justice with mercy," better err on the side of love and mercy, than allow the child to imbibe the feeling that the parent punishes it in a spirit of revenge.—Ann E. Park, M. D., in The Suggester and Thinker.

The way to see the Infinite, is always to see good instead of bad. Thus the Infinite Father is seen.—Ex.

Spiritualism and Spiritualists.

BY THE EDITOR.

The question, What has Spiritualism done? is frequently asked by both friend and foe of the movement. The average Spiritualist at once answers that Spiritualism has done everything—that it has given the world every invention, every scientific discovery and every philosophical truth of modern times. He claims that phenomena and phenomena only have been the means to this end. The opponent claims that Spiritualism has done nothing worthy of credence, and that it has added little to the knowledge of mankind. Both of these statements are unjust, and have no foundation in fact. It is probable that many inventors have been acted upon by unseen intelligences in their creations. This will also apply to many scientists and philosophers, but to assume that Spiritualism as a movement, is entitled to all of the credit due for the great advancement in knowledge is most ridiculous and absolutely untrue. To say that Spiritualism has done nothing is equally reprehensible and untrue. Riddle is not argument, and abuse has not yet become logic.

The impress of the spirit sent Andrew Jackson Davis to this planet. His coming to earth was the dawn of a new era of spiritual revelation to the world. He came from a high order of souls, and was able to interpret great and important truths to mankind. He antedated the Hydesville rappings and laid the foundation for the harmonical philosophy of Spiritualism before phenomena made their appearance. It is a significant fact that no writer, spiritualistic, materialistic, or orthodox, has ever been able to add to what this gifted seer and prophet revealed to the world. In his works can be found the basic principles of all of the occult movements of the age. They embody the truths of Christian science, mental science, metaphysics, minus their errors, and are the cornerstones upon which rests the literature of Spiritualism. If Spiritualism can do so much, why have not its followers improved upon the writings of the great Poughkeepsie seer? Why has not his equal as a psychic been produced? Why have not other writers been evolved to advance the standard of the world's thought as he did nearly sixty years ago?

Art, science, invention and materialistic philosophy have done their greatest work in that period of time. Dr. Davis himself does not claim that his work is the finality of spirit revelation, nor does he feel that Spiritualism has given rise to everything that has been produced in the period named. In the absolute sense, all is spirit, and spirit is the primary cause of all things. But few of the great teachers of the past fifty years have been Spiritualists, nor have they reported to Spiritualism for their inspiration. The constant recurrence of the phenomena of Spiritualism made these men realize that they must investigate these manifestations, analyze them, and either prove their truth or falsity to the world. At once the Spiritualist asserts that his brethren had proved the verity of these manifestations for more than fifty years. Not so fast, good friend, if you please. A few scientists in the fifties did prove that the phenomena of Spiritualism were founded in fact, and that they demonstrated the continuity of life beyond the grave. This was also true of Sir William Crookes in 1879-1874. But none of these eminent scientists accepted inference for evidence, nor did they take guess work as the basis for their facts. They reasoned upon the manifestations they witnessed, and gave the world the results of their reasoning.

They compiled their facts, sifted their evidences, and demonstrated the verity of every step they took. They became outspoken Spiritualists, and earnestly advocated the claims of Spiritualism. Since 1874 very few Spiritualists have given the world scientific data. They have been content to play with phenomena as children do with toys, and have looked upon them as sources of amusement. Profs. Hare, Dodge, Mages, and Crookes, after months and years of painstaking study, proved that spirit return was a fact; then they set to work to find out what laid behind that fact. They did not stop to spend valuable time in trying with their facts; they used them and built them into the temple of revelation for the instruction of their fellowmen. Did Spiritualists thank them for their efforts, take up their work, and go on with their scientific discoveries? By no means; they wanted amusement, and drew upon the spirit-world for a menagerie of wonders whose meaning they did not comprehend, and whose origin they were too selfishly lazy to determine. Since 1874 multitudes of phenomena have been produced, but they have not been carefully studied nor have they ever been recorded for future analysis. The Society for Psychical Research record the evidences they secure, then they study them, and seek to determine their cause. After they have exhausted every possible hypothesis in explanation of the phenomena witnessed they are obliged to ascribe them to spirit agency.

Has modern Spiritualism done as much? It may be that many of us have known that spirit return was a fact for forty years, and that phenomena were produced through spirit agency. But have we systematized our facts, thrown out the chaff, and placed our truths in orderly form for investigation and study? In the worlds of science, invention and literature, it has frequently taken twenty years for men to prove the truth of their claims. If it takes ten or twenty years to scientifically establish the claims of Spiritualism, is not the world the richer because of the effort made? The Society for Psychical Research has taken up the work where the Spiritualists laid it down when they went to playing with their phenomena. Since 1882 they have witnessed, sifted and recorded more scientific evidences of life hereafter than have the Spiritualists taken as a body. The Spiritualists have produced more phenomena, and, in many instances, better phenomena, than have their Psychical Research brethren, but they wasted their energies while the latter conserved theirs, hence were able to accomplish something. No rational being can object to the production of evidence, nor can any seeker for truth refuse to accept truth when he finds it. This is what the Society for Psychical Research has done after the most careful study of the facts set before it. Spiritualism furnished the facts, that much must be admitted by all; but that which the Spiritualists refused to utilize, these men and women of the S. P. R. have taken up, and given valuable information to the world.

The arrogance and assumption of some of the S. P. R. leaders do not militate in the least against the truth they reveal. The fact that there are other psychics as good and perhaps better than Mrs. Piper, does not vitiate the revelations given by her. If Spiritualists would do as much as she and they have done, they will find mediums who are willing to submit to the rigid test conditions she readily complies with, and who will devote all of their time to the noble work of adding to the sum total of the world's knowledge. This they have not done, and this they seem to persist in refusing to do. They know—at least, some of them do, that such work costs money, hence they realize that they would have to give the mediums who undertake this work comfortable salaries. It is true that Mrs. Piper receives a large salary, and we are pleased to know that she gets it regularly. She earns it, and so would any medium who consecrated herself with equal devotion to the work as Mrs. Piper does. Even if Spiritualists have individually received evidences of like character for fifty years, have they built them into better lives, into a clearer knowledge of what produced them, and into a nobler and truer concept of the life hereafter? Some few have done so, but the many have been worshippers of wonders, and have thrown their chance away that stranger hands may take it up to give the world what they as Spiritualists so selfishly refused to do.

Spiritualism has done many things for the world, but it has done them in spite of many of the Spiritualists, and not with and through their aid. It has given the world the positive assurance of life beyond the tomb. Through its true mediums, it has revealed conditions in the world of souls, and enabled mortals to better prepare themselves for their inheritance in the higher spheres. It has also been the means of introducing the greatest seer and sage of all the ages, Andrew Jackson Davis, to the children of men. It is entitled to the heartfelt gratitude of all mankind for this one gift, for through his writings all of the glories of all of the worlds, the height and the depth of all joy, and the transcendent beauty of the true life in higher spheres have been revealed to the children of men. The Society for Psychical Research is now doing the work that Spiritualists ought to do. They have failed to appreciate what Dr. Davis and their other helps have made it possible for them to do, while the S. P. R. is taking up the work and is pressing forward to the goal of success. There should be perfect unity and harmony between the two bodies, and we hope that the same will yet be developed. The fault is with both parties, perhaps, that it is not so new. The Spiritualists have not been cautious in their selection of facts, and have felt chagrined when the members of the S. P. R. laughed at their alleged evidences out of court. The Spiritualists retaliated with veers and abuses of that body, and have not tried to affiliate with them. The assumed mental and spiritual superiority of some of the Researchers has widened the breach between them, and helped to produce the present condition of chaos.—If Spiritualism would have their Spiritualism do its real work, they must return to first principles and give scientific evidence to the world. Otherwise, the S. P. R. will reap where they have sown, and Spiritualism will fail in its mission.

No two persons see things just alike.—Ex.

LOVE SWEET LOVE.

(Adapted to John Howard Poppel's *Home Sweet Home*)
BY J. MARION GALE.
Midst pleasant companions and friends of my youth
In life's early morning, I learned this great truth;
That to live is to love and to love to divine,
That the heart-love I give finds an echo in thine.
CHORUS.
Love, love, sweet, sweet love,
To the beggar or prince there is nothing like love.
It beams in the light of glorious eyes,
It throbs in the music that floats from the skies;
That to love is to live and to live to divine,
And the heart-love you give finds an echo in mine.
CHORUS.
Of all the best virtues that human-kind grace,
The light of true love takes the very first place;
Through the darkest of clouds, its glory will shine;
For it comes from the fountains of love-light divine.
CHORUS.
O, life-weary mortal, there is hope for you yet,
Drink deep of that fountain, all sorrow forget;
For the fountain of life is the fountain of love,
That draws all souls to the heavens above.

The Rescue.

Robert Bruce, originally descended from some branch of the Scottish family of that name, was born, in humble circumstances, about the close of the last century, at Torbay, in the county of England, and there bred up to a seafaring life.
When about thirty years of age, to wit, in the year 1828, he was first mate of a barque trading between Liverpool and St. John, New Brunswick.
On one of her voyages bound westward, being then some five or six weeks out, and having rounded the eastern portion of the Banks of Newfoundland, the captain and mate had been on deck at noon, taking an observation of the sun, after which they both descended to calculate their day's work.
The cabin, a small one, was immediately at the stern of the vessel, and the short stairway descending to it ran athwart ships. Immediately opposite to this stairway, just beyond a small square landing, was the mate's state-room; and from that landing, there were two doors, close to each other, the one opening at into the cabin, the other, fronting the stairway, into the state-room. The deck in the state-room was in the forward part of it, close to the door, so that one sitting at it and looking over his shoulder could see into the cabin.
The mate, absorbed in his calculations, which did not result as he expected, varying considerably from the dead-reckoning, had not noticed the captain's motions. When he had completed his calculations, he called out, without looking round, "I make our latitude and longitude so-and-so. Can that be right? How is yours?"
Receiving no reply, he repeated his question, glancing over his shoulder and perceiving, as he thought, the captain writing on his slate. Still no answer. Thereupon he rose, and, as he fronted the cabin-door, the figure he had mistaken for the captain raised his head and disclosed to the astonished mate the features of an entire stranger.
Bruce was no coward, but, as he met that fixed gaze looking directly at him in grave silence, and became assured that it was no one whom he had ever seen before, it was too much for him, and instead of stopping to question the seeming intruder, he rushed upon deck in such evident alarm that it instantly attracted the captain's attention.
"Why, Mr. Bruce, what's the matter, 'what in the world is the matter with you?"
"The matter, sir? Who is that at your desk?"
"No one that I know of."
"But there is, sir; there's a stranger there."
"A stranger? Why, man, you must be dreaming. No one has ever seen the steward there, or second-mate. Who else would venture down without my orders?"
"But, sir, he was sitting in your armchair, fronting the door, writing on your slate. Then he looked up in my face; and if ever I saw a man plainly and distinctly in this world, I saw him!"
"Him? whom?"
"God knows, sir; I don't. I saw a man I had never seen in my life before."
"You must be going crazy, Mr. Bruce. A stranger, and we nearly six weeks out?"
"God know, sir; but then I saw him."
"Go down and see who it is!"
Bruce hesitated. "I never was a believer in ghosts," he said; "but, if the truth must be told, I'd rather not face it alone."
"Come, come, man. Go down at once and don't make a fool of yourself before the crew."
"I hope you're always found me willing to do what's reasonable," Bruce replied, changing color; "but if it's all the same to you, sir, I'd rather that we should both go down together."
The captain descended the stairs, and the mate followed him. Nobody in the cabin. They examined the state-rooms. Not a soul to be found!
"Well, Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "did I not tell you you had been dreaming?"
"It's all very well for you to say so, sir, but if I didn't see that man writing on your slate, may I never see my home and family again!"
"Ah! Writing on the slate! Then it should be there still." And the captain took it up.
"My God!" he exclaimed, "here's something sure enough! Is that your writing, Mr. Bruce?"
The mate took the slate, and there, in plain, legible characters, stood the words, "Steer to the North-west!"
"Have you been trifling with me, sir?" added the captain, in a stern manner.
"On my word as a man and as a sailor, sir," replied Bruce, "I know no more of this matter than you do. I have told you the exact truth."
The captain sat down at his desk, the slate before him, in deep thought. At last turning the slate over and pushing it toward Bruce, he said:
"Write down, 'Steer to the North-west.'"
The mate complied; and the captain, after narrowly comparing the two handwritings, said:
"Mr. Bruce, go and tell the second-mate to come down here."
He came; and at the captain's request, he also wrote the same words. So did the steward. So, in succession, did every man of the crew who could write at all. But no one of the various hands resembled in any degree the mysterious writing.
When the crew retired, the captain sat deep in thought. "Could any of us have been stowed away?" at last he said. "The ship must be searched; and if I don't find the fellow he must be a good hand at hide-and-seek. Order up all hands!"
Every nook and corner of the vessel, from stern to stem, was thoroughly searched, and that with all the eagerness of excited curiosity for the report had gone out that a stranger had shown himself on board; but not a living soul beyond the crew and the officers was found.
Returning to the cabin after their fruitless search, the captain said to Mr. Bruce, "What the devil do you make of all this?"
"Can't tell, sir. I saw the man write; you see the writing. There must be something in it."

"Well, 'twould seem so. We have the wind free, and I have a great mind to keep her away and see what will come of it."
"I surely would, sir, if I were in your place. It's only a few hours lost, at the worst."
"Well, we'll see. Go on deck and give the course north-west. And Mr. Bruce," he added, as the mate rose to go, "have a look-out aloft, and let it be a hand you can depend upon."
His orders were obeyed. About three o'clock the look-out reported an iceberg nearly ahead, and shortly after what was thought was a vessel of some kind close to it.
As they approached, the captain's glass disclosed the fact that it was a dismantled ship apparently frozen to the ice, and with a good many human beings on it. Shortly after, they hove-to and sent out the boats to the relief of the sufferers. It proved to be a vessel from Quebec, bound to Liverpool, with passengers on board. She had got tangled in the ice, and finally froze fast, and had passed several weeks in a most critical situation. She was stove, her decks swept-in fact a mere wreck; all her provisions and almost all her water gone. Her crew and passengers had lost all hopes of being saved, and the gratitude for the unexpected rescue was proportionately great.
As one of the men who had been brought away in the third boat that had reached the wreck was ascending the ship's side, the mate, catching a glimpse of his face, started back in consternation. It was the face he had seen three hours before, looking up at him from the captain's desk.
At first he tried to persuade himself it might be fancy; but the more he examined the man, the more sure he became that he was right. Not only the face, but the person and the dress, exactly corresponded.
As soon as the exhausted crew and famished passengers were cared for, and the barque on her course again, the mate called the captain aside. "It seems that was not a ghost I saw today, sir; the man's alive."
"What do you mean? Who is alive?"
"Why, sir, one of the passengers we have just saved is the same man I saw sitting at your desk at noon. I would swear it in a court of justice."
"Upon my word, Mr. Bruce," replied the captain, "this gets more and more singular. Let us go and see this man."
They found him in conversation with the captain of the rescued ship. They both came forward and expressed in the warmest terms their gratitude for deliverance from a horrible fate—slow-coming death by exposure and starvation.
The captain replied that he had but done what he was certain they would have done for him under like circumstances, and asked them both to step down into the cabin. Then turning to the passenger he said, "hope, sir, you will not mind trifling with me, but I would be much obliged to you if you would write a few words on this slate." And he handed him the slate, that side up on which the mysterious writing was not. "I will do anything you ask," replied the passenger, "but what shall I write?"
"A few words are all I want. Suppose you write, 'Steer to the north-west.'"
The passenger, evidently puzzled to make out the motive for such a request, complied, however, with a smile. The captain took up the slate and examined it closely; then stepping aside so as to conceal the slate from the passenger, he turned it to him again with the other side up.
"You say this is your handwriting?"
"I need not say so," rejoined the other, looking at it, "for you saw me write it."
"And this?" said the captain, turning the slate over.
The man looked first at one writing, then at the other, quite confounding with him. "What is the meaning of this?" said he. "I only wrote one of these. Who wrote the other?"
"That's more than I can tell you, sir. My mate here says you wrote it, sitting at the desk at noon today."
The captain of the wreck and the passenger looked at each other, exchanging glances of intelligence and surprise; and the former asked the latter, "Did you dream that you wrote on this slate?"
"No, sir, not as I remember."
"You speak of dreaming," said the captain of the barque. "What was this gentleman about at noon today?"
"Captain, the whole thing is mysterious, extraordinary, and I had intended to speak to you about it as soon as we got a little quiet. This gentleman, pointing to the passenger, "being much exhausted, fell into a heavy sleep, or, who so seemed some time before noon. After an hour or more he woke and said to me: 'Captain, we shall be relieved this very day.' When I asked him what reason he had for saying so, he replied that he had dreamed that he was aboard a barque, and that it was coming to our rescue. He described her appearance as rising out of our utter astonishment, when your vessel hove in sight she corresponded exactly to his description of her. We had not put much faith in what he said; yet still we hoped there might be something in it, for drowning men will catch at straws. As it has turned out, I cannot doubt that it was all arranged in some incomprehensible way, by an overruling Providence, so that we might be saved. To him be all thanks for His goodness to us."
"There is no doubt," rejoined the other captain, "that the writing on the slate, come there as it may, saved the lives of the crew steering at the time considerably south of west, and I had a look-out aloft, to see what would come of it. But you say," he added, turning to the passenger, "that you did not dream of writing on a slate?"
"No, sir. I have no recollection whatever of doing so. I got the impression that the barque I saw in my dream, was coming to rescue us; but how that impression came I cannot tell. There is another very strange thing about it," he added, "everything here on board seems to me quite familiar; yet I am sure I was never in your vessel before. It is a puzzle to me. What did your mate say?"
Thereupon Mr. Bruce related to them all the circumstances above detailed. The conclusion they finally arrived at was, that it was a special interposition of Providence to save them from what seemed a hopeless fate.
The above narrative was communicated to me by Captain J. P. Clarke, of the schooner "Julia Hallock," who had it directly from Mr. Bruce himself. They sailed together for seventeen months. In the years 1836 and 1837, so that Captain Clarke had it from the mate about eight years after the occurrence. He has since lost sight of him, and does not know whether he is still alive. All that he has heard of him since they were shipmates, is that he continued to trade to New Brunswick, that he became the master of the brig "Comet," and that she was lost.
I asked Capt. Clarke if he knew Bruce well, and what sort of a man he was.
"As truthful as ever I met in my life," he replied, "as ever I met in my life. We were as intimate as brothers, and two men can't be together, shut up for seventeen months in the same ship, without getting to know whether they can trust one another's word or not. He always spoke of the circumstances in terms of reverence, as an incident that seemed to bring him nearer to God and another world. I'd stake my life upon it that he told me no lie."

TO BE HEEDED NOW.

In the Spring You Are Always Run Down.
This Will Tell You Just What To Do For Yourself.
And Just Why You Should Follow Exactly This Plan.

In the spring everybody needs to think about taking a spring medicine. Not only is this a common practice, but a very necessary and healthful one. It is a fact which physicians acknowledge and the people recognize generally, that a spring tonic taken during the months of March, April and May is more conducive to the restoration of health, in cases of those who are sick, than any other course of treatment that could possibly be adopted.
In the spring there are a great many and important changes going on in the body. Perfect health cannot be maintained while the system is clogged and the organs sluggish, and the person has a languid and weakened feeling, with more or less nervousness and debility. Therefore everybody should take a good spring remedy.
The best spring medicine, indorsed and recommended by physicians, druggists and the people, is Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. In proof of this, thousands of testimonials



Mrs. ETTA SUMNER.

are being constantly published in the papers. The following is from Mrs. Etta Sumner of Goodells, Mich.
"I have been afflicted," she says, "with nervous debility for a year. My nerves were completely prostrated, and I suffered at the slightest excitement, with great headache. At times I was entirely overcome by this disease. I would stay in the house alone, and dread the sight of my own people. My entire nervous system was shattered, and my life was a worriment and burden to me. I was advised to try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and while on the first bottle began to recover. My friends were very much surprised.
"Before I had finished the second bottle, I could sleep with a quiet mind, and eat with ready and refreshing appetite. I have taken three bottles and am entirely cured of all my sufferings. I cannot speak half highly enough of it. I cheerfully and earnestly recommend it to everyone afflicted with disease. What gives people absolute confidence in it, is its being the discovery of one of our best known and most successful physicians.
"Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is, indeed, the greatest of all spring medicines, for it makes the sick well and strong.
"Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., has the largest practice in the world, and this grand medical discovery is the result of his vast experience. The great reputation of Dr. Greene is a guarantee that his medicine will cure, and the fact that he can be consulted by anyone, at any time free of charge, personally or by letter, gives absolute assurance of cure to all."

Practical Suggestions.

BY G. W. KATES.

The controversy about the conditions of local societies of Spiritualists cannot help but result in good. Surely we can discuss our frailties and shortcomings without being condemned for malice-magister. The Banner editor has only a strong desire to energize the slothful to activity, and not the least abuse for any one who struggles to achieve. A duty of an editor or speaker is to point out defects, as well as to praise good deeds. Let us each and all realize that the conservation of good is the duty of each and all. We should be willing that our defects shall be shown.
That there is a condition existing in our public cause not conducive of devoted adherence by a large number of intellectual aspirants for place and opportunity, is a positive fact. But, I do not think there are a less number of localities looking for intelligent men and women to serve them, than was the case a half century ago. The person inspired or entranced by the spirit then had precedence over the person who was self-dependent for philosophical pabulum. Such is the case now in no greater degree.
Previous to about 1870 we had no public platform mediums for messages and descriptions, but such spirit-controlled speakers as Mrs. Hardison, Mrs. Richmond, A. J. Davis, E. V. Wilson and A. B. Whiting were in great demand, because of not only merit, but for being spirit instruments. It is true that our platform greeted the logician and scientist with large audiences who were rapt listeners (and will do so now).
E. V. Wilson was about the first one to bring out the descriptive use of mediums upon the public platform—but was at first relegated to special meetings therefor. Whilst I was secretary of the Cincinnati Society, we placed Lizette Keyser upon our platform for spirit descriptions, about 1870. She at once caused packed halls. But, we did not forsake the lecture work.
It is true that the lecture platform, then, was more freely resorted to than now, and possibly better paid, for the societies seldom asked for terms, but generally paid one fee, viz., one hundred dollars per month, and entertainment to each speaker. There was then no price grade. Today there are more societies (many, more), and more mediums and speakers. The competition is greater. There are more local persons competent (perhaps some only fairly so), to occupy the platform. Thus the ability of field-workers to

OH! FOR STRENGTH!

Weak Nerves, Tired, Exhausted Bodies.
The Complaint of Thousands upon Thousands.
Health and Strength are Within Your Grasp.
Dr. Greene's Nervura Makes You Strong and Well.

It is the Great Restorative of Brain and Nerves.

Oh, those nerves of ours, how they do bother us! Weak, tired, and nervous is the complaint everywhere. We overwork, disipate, weaken our bodies, ruin our health, and finally break down. Sleeplessness and indigestion are early symptoms, for the nerves are too exhausted and irritable to permit rest, and the stomach too weak to digest food.
It is nerve and brain exhaustion which makes the brain tired, and the arm nerveless, the limbs trembling, the muscles weak, and the whole body without strength, energy or ambition. It is loss of nerve and vital power which is slowly but surely sapping the very life itself, and unless help is sought from the right source, the end will be shattered nerves, insanity with softening of the brain, nervous prostration, heart failure, paralysis or premature death.
Beware of such symptoms! A well known druggist, Charles W. Eggleston, 329 Park Avenue, Worcester, Mass., has cured from nervous prostration and all its terrible symptoms. He writes the following letter telling what he knows is the best way to get well.
"Some time ago I was taken with nervous prostration, I suffered terribly with my nerves and could get no sleep at all. I became fearfully exhausted, my stomach was in a terrible condition from dyspepsia, and I could eat hardly anything.
"I used several medicines but without benefit. Being in the drug business myself, and having had many customers speak in the highest terms of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, I determined to try it. After taking only one-half bottle I began to feel much better.
"I slept soundly all night, and my appetite was splendid. After taking three bottles, I ate three square meals a day, and had not the slightest distress. My nerves were perfectly strong and I felt like a new man, being completely cured of all my troubles.
"Out of the respect I bear the manufacturers of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and my desire to have the sick and suffering made well and strong, I unhesitatingly say that this medicine is the best and most wonderful remedy known to-day.
"It does just what is said of it, it cures disease. Don't hesitate to use it, sufferers, for you will never regret it. You will be made well and strong."
As this letter is from a dealer in medicine, his word is authority on such matters. Everybody knows that Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is the great leading medicine of the age. Take it and you will be made strong, healthy and vigorous. Doctors recommend it because it is the prescription of a physician, and because they know it cures.
Dr. Greene, the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, discovered it. He can be consulted free, personally or by letter, at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

ANCIENTS HAD SENSE.

Dated Beginning of Year from Opening of Spring
When All Things in Nature Start Afresh.
Some Other Things in Which the Ancients Have Given Us Points.

The ancients began their year with the advent of spring. How much more appropriate thus to begin the New Year with the new life of nature in the awakening spring. At this season all processes throughout the natural world start afresh.
The ancients also showed their sagacity and appreciation of the great changes and active processes of spring-time, by realizing that this is also the time for renewed life and energy in the human system. They well knew that the blood should be cleansed from impurities and the nerves re-invigorated at this season. Hence the establishment of the custom of taking a good spring medicine.
This most sensible and healthy custom is followed by almost everybody at the present day, few people of intelligence venturing to go through this trying time of change from winter to summer without taking a spring medicine.
The unanimity on this subject is a settled fact; the only question hereto-



MR. STOUGHTON L. FARNHAM.

fore has been in regard to what is the best thing to take. The people have now become unanimous in their decision that as a spring tonic and restorative, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is pre-eminently the best.
Year after year Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy has proved itself the surest, most positive and reliable remedy. Made from pure vegetable medicines, it invariably cleanses, purifies and enriches the blood, making the blood rich and red, and at the same time, by its invigorating effects, giving strength, power, vitality and energy to the nerves.
In fact, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy has proved itself the most perfect of medicines and just what everybody needs for a spring remedy. Try it this spring.
Mr. Stoughton L. Farnham of Manchester, N. H. says:
"Some time ago I was troubled with lassitude and a feeling of fatigue. I did not have the ambition to do anything that demanded unusual physical exertion.
"I was recommended by a friend to try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. I took two or three bottles and am prepared to say that it did me good. I can recommend it as a tonic, as I know it helped me."
Remember Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is recommended by physicians, in fact, it is a physician's prescription, the discovery of the well-known specialist in nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., who can be consulted free of charge, personally or by letter.

"Great is Diana."

And it came to pass in the reign of Roosevelt, Van Wyck being tetrarch of greater Gotham, that a strange delusion prevailed, and caused no small trouble to the people. There appeared in the streets and synagogues many, who having no reverence for sound doctrine, or for the chief priests and doctors, were persuaded that they had been healed of divers and sore disorders in a manner which is unlawful. Behold! they were fools and deceived, for they had suffered no illness, and knew not their own minds.
But the delusion spread abroad, and the number of those who foolishly sought to be healed by strange ministry rather than die in a good and lawful manner, increased exceedingly. And the doctors and priests, whose profit was despoiled, were sore dismayed and filled with wrath and envy. And some of them cried out, saying, "Sirs! This false doctrine hath turned away much people, and there is danger that our craft, which hath brought us much gain, come into disrepute. Behold! the temple of our sacred calling is profaned, and the silver shekels which are cast into our treasury diminished. Is not the health of the people committed into our keeping forever and shall not all other mouths be stopped? Peradventure this heresy will prevail, and many be led away, and made whole of their distresses unlawfully, instead of perishing in an honorable and long-suffering manner!"
Then certain of the chief doctors, lawyers, and priests gathered themselves together, and many counselled an appeal to the rulers. They said one to another, "Go ye! have we not power to persuade the Assembly? Behold! the deputies will make a decree that officers be sent out with swords and staves to punish heresy and sedition. It is meet that the malefactors be brought before the magistrates to show by what authority they do these unlawful works."

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.
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Remittances can be safely sent by Express Money Order, which will be issued by any of the local Express Companies. Books under \$5.00 can be sent in that manner for 4 cents.

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Frederic G. Tuttle, Treasurer and Bus. Man.
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The Art of Giving.

People are deeply interested in Spiritualism so long as it costs them nothing in dollars and cents. Many persons who pass for intelligent beings cheerfully pay hundreds of dollars each year into the coffers of the church, yet never give one dollar to Spiritualism. They are always anxious to listen to a Spiritualist lecture, but begrudge even a nickel when the baskets are passed to them. We have heard not a few Spiritualists remark that, as mediums receive their messages without cost from the spirit-world, so should they give them to the mortal world, without money and without price. Such persons have no thought of the cost of rent, fuel and clothing, all of which even a medium must have in order to exist. Strange, indeed, is it, but it is a sad fact, nevertheless, that many Spiritualists will get all they can out of mediums and speakers, yet will close their purses with a sharp snap when asked to contribute toward purchasing even a barrel of flour for a needy worker.

We know of scores of people who call themselves Spiritualists who refuse to give one penny to support Spiritualism, on the ground that they are doing all they can afford to do. These people go twice or three times per week to see a favorite medium, to whom they give a dollar for each sitting. Granting that they average three sittings per week during the year, they pay the medium exactly one hundred and fifty-six dollars in twelve months. This sum, they argue with great complacency, is for the support of Spiritualism. There was never such an absurd mistake. Not one dollar of the sum named was for Spiritualism's aid; those parties simply purchased one hundred and fifty-six dollars' worth of spiritual wares for their own use and enjoyment. It was a case of bargain and sale, with no reference whatever to the good of the Cause as a whole. The medium who received the money was paid for imparting information, amusement, and possibly consolation to his customer. The only use such media have for Spiritualism is the money they get by using its sacred name. Both the purchaser and the seller are equally reprehensible in the cases to which we refer. Spiritualism is as far removed from them both as the antipodes of the earth are distant from one another. We hold that every medium is entitled to compensation for his time and labor, but that compensation should never come at the expense of the very source of that medium's power.

The Spiritualist who purchases spiritual wares, under the delusion that he is serving Spiritualism thereby, is like the man of whom the Bible speaks: "If a man thinketh himself something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself." Such a person is only a seeker for selfish enjoyment and is too small in soul to

enter into the happiness that is born out of pure love for humanity. The men and women who come into Spiritualism and leave their pocketbooks in the church, deserve pity for their vicious conduct. They need a hell of fire and brimstone to make them even half-way considerate of the needs of their fellow-men. If these people were only made to realize that giving was a virtue, whose reward is exaltation of soul in this world as well as the next, we believe that they would be far more anxious to obtain. Giving is a divine art; the angels are perfect masters of it, and have given the world the noblest of examples in their efforts to do for mortals without the hope of reward other than the consciousness of having performed a pleasant duty. Too many Spiritualists want others to do all of the giving of money, while they receive all of the benefits in the way of results. That man or woman who expects everything for nothing, is unworthy of the proud name of Spiritualist, and deserves only the pitying contempt of mortals.

The foregoing paragraphs have been called out by the extravagant, selfish, and even heartless demands that are made upon the Spiritualist workers now in the field. The missionaries of the State and National Associations all tell the same story, and are meeting with the same experiences. They are frequently invited to places to hold meetings, with the assurance that they would surely receive something for their services if they came. Over and over again they have had to meet their own traveling expenses, pay their hall rent, music, advertising, and defray their own hotel bills. Cases have been reported where the receipts were not quite enough to pay the hall rent, and the speaker or medium has been directly asked to make up the deficit. If it was suggested that the people ought to do something, they have either said they could not afford to do more than to attend the meetings, or else have urged that the State or National Associations should pay the balance. Indeed, many persons have declared—in our hearing that the N. S. A. ought not to expect the people to pay out one cent of their money to support meetings, now that that body had a few dollars in its treasury. The worst of all is this, that they often insist upon meetings being held in their communities, then without any compunction of conscience, throw the entire expense upon the representatives of the State or National Associations. The art of giving is yet to be learned by many Spiritualists.

If the Spiritualists were one-tenth as devoted to Spiritualism as the Catholics are to their religion, our Cause would flourish as does no other form of faith now in existence. Worthy media would be protected and supported; local societies would have plethoric treasuries, with settled speakers to sustain them; the N. S. A. would have endowment funds of large proportions that would enable it to send missionaries into all sections of our nation to plead for the establishment of a higher and truer civilization. The puerile excuse of former years that well-to-do Spiritualists had no place to give their money, no longer obtains. The N. S. A. is a legally incorporated institution, and so nearly all of the State Associations rest upon a legal footing. The N. S. A. has been frequently tested, and has always proved itself firmly established in law. It now remains for Spiritualists to firmly establish it with funds. This they can do by each one learning the art of giving for himself. Let the laborers of the workers in the field be supported, and cash forwarded to the treasury to extend the same. The laborers are worthy of their hire, and are entitled to a share of the rewards of merit. The people should also share the burden of these toilers on the platform by contributing to their support. This they can do, not as acts of charity, but as expressions of their love for the truth as they perceive it. Media and speakers deserve well at the hands of the laity and no man or woman can have one valid excuse for refusing to bear his share of the load, when he has a full purse and means to redress the same when it has been emptied in well doing. Spiritualists, if you want Spiritualism to prosper, learn the art of giving according to your means, and then put it into practice.

How to Run a Newspaper.

This question is being agitated by the leading secular journals of the United States and the opinions of some of the most prominent clergymen, business men and scholars have been sought and published during the past two months. Very few have arrived at the same conclusions or have set forth a plan by means of which an ideal newspaper could be established. All seem to agree that the news should be attractively yet briefly told, couched in unobjectionable language and made to serve educational and progressive purposes rather than sensationalism and the methods now practiced by the yellow journals of the land. If we were to express an opinion upon this important subject it would be to suggest that all newspapers should religiously exclude all bogus and demoralizing advertisements from their columns and that they should purge their columns of all matter that would lay undue stress upon murders, arson and the great calamities that frequently take place in all parts of the world. Today modern journalism publishes the most startling headlines with regard to crimes of all sorts and seeks to make war one of the most attractive occupations that young men can engage in.

War is wholesale murder and at the present stage of civilization has absolutely no justification in fact. Let the story of criminal practices be given a few lines only and give to works of education, advancement in art, science, philosophy and religion the prominence now offered to crime. Better still—do away with sensationalism in all forms and make the newspaper a text book to the higher truths of the spirit. In conversation with the proprietor of one of the great dailies of the land, we were informed that he did not care whether an advertisement was moral or immoral, or an article true or untrue, so long as the insertion of the same would return money to his pocket and sell

his paper. This is the position of many newspaper men at the present time. Money is worth more than men and the glitter of gold blinds the eyes of millions to dishonor. Lawyers do not hesitate to take cases they know to be wrong, and they work with all their might to free the guilty wretch from the clutches of the law. They falsely reason that their first duty is to their client and not to justice as a principle pure and simple. Do we not know that doctors frequently use remedies in treating a simple ailment that will make their patient yet more ill, in order to prolong his sickness and enable them to visit the victim a greater number of times?

Journalism has evolved rapidly during the last thirty years, but there is room for improvement even now. Prejudice is yet to be overcome and all classes of people impartially treated by those who follow the "art preservative" in the management of newspapers. So long as a few lines only can be given to an unpopular assemblage of men dealing with great principles, and a whole page to an advertisement designed to debauch men and women, just so long will there be need of improvement in Journalism. Men and women must be taught to live from the soul side of life instead of in the externals only. Newspapers are pandering to the things of the senses, while the things of the soul, revealed to all of the children of men, are either unnoticed or are mocked at by the reporters and so-called editors who should be teachers instead of falsifiers and demoralizers to and of their fellow-men. When the religion of the soul is lived by all men, this higher Journalism will be established. A higher civilization will also come into being and the brotherhood of man thereby be established. Newspapers can make public sentiment and they are false to their trust, to their duty, to God and to man when they mislead and purposely betray honor and virtue.

The Whipping Post.

There has been a marked revival of interest in this important topic during the past few weeks, especially so since an attempt has been made to apply the provisions of this effective act, to women who beat their husbands. Putting aside this absurd and utterly ridiculous attempt to amend the law, its wholesomeness as a reformatory agent cannot be denied. The human brutes who beat their wives and innocent children, as well as the dumb creatures under their control, yield to no other influence than that of a sound whipping. A wife beater who is tied to the post and soundly thrashed, seldom returns for a second application. Since the law has been in force in one State, statistics prove that out of every one hundred cases not more than six return to be whipped the second time. This means that these worse than brutes have ceased to maltreat their wives and children. They have yielded to the influence of an argument they can feel, therefore thoroughly understand. In such instances the whipping-post has been a public benefactor, and has exerted a salutary influence over a class of people who could be reached in no other way.

Its wholesome effects in this respect has led many to question if its extension to minor offenses, such as petty larceny, indecent exposure of person, and kindred evils, might not also result in good. The idea of many well-disposed persons that the whipping-post is degrading, inhuman and barbarous, is a wholly mistaken one. It is rather an awakening to consciousness that shows the offender that there is a higher power than his own anger to which he must yield. It is a reminder of the fact that the weak have a protector against the assaults of the strong. It also shows the malefactor just how a sound whipping feels, and causes him to put himself in the place of the one upon whom he laid violent hands without just cause. We believe the whipping-post to be a strong support to morality and good government, and feel that it could be profitably extended to the many incorrigible petty thieves, tramps and the like that now make life so miserable to thousands of respectable people. We have no sympathy with the brutes who terrorize women and children, and render personal property everywhere unsafe. Those men who steal a coat for the sake of being sentenced to jail for three or four months, about December 1st of each year, leaving their wives and children to go to the poorhouse, or to be cared for by charity, should be given a good whipping and set to work. This is a means to a liberal education in the divine art of self-support. Of course, care should be taken not to injure the culprit, and every precaution to guard against the punishing of innocent men adopted. With these safeguards, the outcome cannot be otherwise than beneficial to all concerned.

Mass Meetings.

St. Louis, Missouri, followed St. Paul with another splendid outpouring of the friends of religious liberty in a grand mass meeting on February 26, 27, 28 ult. The addresses of the different speakers were of a very high order and the three thousand people who attended the six sessions of the St. Louis meeting entered fully into the spirit of the inspired utterances to which they listened. The mediums present did splendid work and gave the best of satisfaction. Ere this article sees light similar meetings will have been held in Kansas City and St. Joseph, Missouri. As we go to press a grand convention is in session in Topeka, Kansas. This will be followed by a similar gathering in Odd Fellows' Hall in Philadelphia, Pa. At the western meetings such able speakers as Moses Hall, George W. Kates, A. E. Tisdale, Mrs. Martha E. Root, Thomas Grimshaw, Miss Margaret Gaulé, Mrs. Zadia B. Kates and Mrs. Clara L. Stewart have taken part. At the Philadelphia meeting the speakers will be Mrs. C. Fanny Allyn, Prof. W. M. Lockwood, Rev. B. F. Austin, Dr. N. F. Ravlin, Mrs. May S. Pepper, Harrison D. Barrett and Miss Margaret Gaulé. Congressman Schirm of Balti-

more has been invited to address the meeting. The Spiritualists of Philadelphia and adjacent points in Pennsylvania, also those in New Jersey and Delaware, should plan to attend this meeting. Chicago will hold her grand rally of our forces March 25, 27 and 28. Speakers and mediums will be announced later. These gatherings are arousing a great deal of interest in our movement and should be held in every large city and town throughout the country. We congratulate the N. S. A. upon the inauguration of these meetings and the great success that has attended them. Let all readers of this article keep the meetings named in mind, and plan to attend them. We learn that there is a prospect of a two days' gathering in Washington, D. C., March 19 and 20. Watch the Banner for further information in regard to that city.

A Stray Thought.

"Man was made in the image of God" is a statement that we often hear and it is accepted in bald literalness by millions of human beings. Men do not pause to reason that before they existed there must have been a First Great Cause, whose creative energy threw universes and systems of universes into their relative positions in what is termed space, for the want of a better term. This creative energy is always in the realm of the unseen. An ancient writer says: "No man has seen God at any time," yet many men are there who feel that God is shaped like themselves simply because of the statement with which this article opens. Reason shows that the creative energy, the theistic principle, is formless and ever existent in the realm of the invisible. Man was created in the image of this unseen yet potent influence. "Spirit is God," says Jesus, and men as Spirit can be likened unto the spiritual energy that creates all things. This creative principle, this infinite soul, sent forth its soul-children to people the earth and all the other planets that move through space. In the image of their parents, therefore, do they exist. Spiritual in all things, the Soul is the only real, and Infinite Soul is the all-pervading essence that fills immensity. Men and women should permit their real selves, their soul-selves to control their physical forms. Today the physical senses dominate them, hence they are swayed by sensual things, and shut out the influence of their spiritual natures. Let the soul-self speak and it will tell its earth-child of its origin and destiny, and make it to know that it does truly exist in the image of its parent. This will help to establish the civilization of the soul and lead to the redemption of the human race from the bondage of sin, selfishness and suffering with which it is now chained. The recognition of the all-pervading, all-involving principle of life, without form, as the cause of all things, and the other recognition of the soul as the active principle in man unseen, yet potent for good, if rightly directed, will do away with the dogma of a man-God and will enthroned the Infinite in the universe and prove to man his own immortal destiny.

The Medical Question.

Medical bills have been introduced into the legislatures of not less than twelve states during the present winter. It is a sad fact that the majority of these bills seem likely to become laws. Missouri took a step backward by enacting a measure directed against all irregular schools of practice, more especially the Christian Scientists. Seventy-one votes were necessary for the passage of the measure in the assembly. Close watch was kept as the roll was called and as the last name responded aye, it was found that exactly seventy-one votes had been mustered in behalf of the measure. As soon as a number who dodged the first roll-call found the measure had passed, they appealed for the recalling of their names and some ten of them voted in favor of the bill. This bill makes some of the brightest and best citizens of the great state of Missouri criminals when they practice the art of healing within the limits of that commonwealth. No one can practice midwifery or administer domestic remedies in the case of light ailments without being subjected to a fine of fifty dollars or imprisonment of from six months to a year, or both at the discretion of the court.

The action in Missouri is liable to be duplicated in many other states. No right thinking person can fail to see that this is a step toward the barbarism of past centuries. It is a direct trespass upon the religious rights of thousands of honest men and women. The people in all these states have not asked for this legislation. It has only been asked for by the doctors, who are not making as much money as they wish, so seek to foist themselves upon the people against their will, compelling the people to pay them heavy salaries for the imposition. This concert of action in twelve of the great states of the land shows the trend of events on the part of those who seek to control the affairs of our government. Liberty never stood in danger of a more vile and treacherous foe than she does at the present moment. If a legislature can compel a man to employ a physician whom he does not want, that same legislature or its successor may arrogate to itself the right to say what preacher a man shall support and compel him to do so whether he wishes religious services or not.

Those who are in favor of monopoly in different states have conspired together and made a simultaneous attack upon the liberties of the people in order to divide the forces of the opposition. In some states they caught their opponents asleep and the friends of liberty were not awakened until it was too late to make their influence felt in opposition to the iniquitous laws designed to enslave them. Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish patriot and friend of liberty, wisely said: "A people who will be enslaved deserve to be enslaved." We do not counsel law-breaking, but we do counsel better law making, and if Spiritualists, Osteopaths, Metaphysicians and Christian Scientists will tamely submit to persecution

and prosecution for the high crime of doing good, then they deserve ten-fold more than will be given them. They walked up to the polls and voted for the men who have enacted these laws. The question of liberty and justice was as nothing to them as compared with the success of the Republican party or the Democratic party as the case may be. Many Republicans would refuse to vote for the wisest man on earth if he happened to be a Democrat. Per contra the same can be said of many Democrats.

If Jesus of Nazareth were on earth and was practicing today the noble art of healing, he would be imprisoned within twenty-four hours by the sapient doctors who would prefer to kill a man outright by their ignorance than to have him get well by the application of the divine power of spiritual healing by the great and good Nazarine. God help the American people when such tyranny as medical monopoly fastens upon mankind, is permitted to go unrebuked and unchecked in our nation! Palsy the hand and make silent forever that tongue that shall ever be raised or used against the sacred rights of man! These men of medicine have now joined hands with the infamous and notorious Anthony Comstock, who has forever stood against morality, liberty and justice ever since he gained sufficient power through the influence of his church to sway legislatures. Behind these movements against the rights of the people lurks the spirit that was embodied in the old blue laws of Connecticut and that is found today cloaking itself as a friend to freedom, under the guise of "benevolent assimilation," better known as Imperialism.

The rights of the people in Massachusetts are today in jeopardy in this same direction. We call upon our readers and upon all friends of the cause of truth to join the Medical Rights League in this state and aid its officers in their gallant fight for principle in the contest that is now upon us. It is not enough to say that you can trust the members of the legislature to represent you. You can do nothing of the sort. Prejudice and partisanship carry men beyond themselves and the political influence of many of the members of the State Board of Medical Examiners is sufficient to induce many well meaning members of the legislature to vote in favor of further restriction of the practice of medicine through fear of losing their elections next fall. You, who believe in liberty and justice, write your representatives and senators personal letters calling upon them to see that you are protected by their votes when any and all restrictive measures are placed upon passage. When you can do so, go to them in person and urge them by word of mouth to do you and your friends justice. Tell them that you will hold them accountable at the polls next November and then keep your vow. Any Spiritualist who will vote for a man who favors compulsory vaccination, medical monopoly and capital punishment simply because that man is a Republican or a Democrat is not yet converted to the gospel the angels gave to the world so many centuries ago. The time has come to vote for principle and to defend the right regardless of party ties. Citizens of Massachusetts, are you ready to do this at this crisis in the history of our state?

27 Milwaukee, Wis., wants the National Spiritualists' Convention in 1902, and St. Louis, Mo., is planning for it in 1903. We hope these cities will be successful in their efforts to secure the Convention. Great good always accrues to the local societies in the cities and states where these Conventions are held. The West is now greatly interested in the N. S. A., and is proving it by earnestly endeavoring to capture the Convention. Will Boston's turn come in 1904?

28 That Spiritualist who declared that he had discarded the science, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism, and risen to the sublime sphere of appreciation of the wonderful truth of Materialization, showed that he had more words than wisdom, and was utterly devoid of knowledge of the soul and its possibilities. Such Spiritualists dwell in the sense realm, and not in the realm of the soul. They are to be pitied, for they have a hard road to travel in the higher life when they have to face their own mistakes.

29 The value of having settled speakers is clearly proved by the results of the work of W. F. Peck and Thomas Grimshaw in St. Louis. The former has been at work in that city about three years, and the latter has recently been chosen for his fifth term of service. They are building strong societies, memberships are increasing, and the respect shown to Spiritualism by all classes of people goes to show that steady work tells. The itinerant system must go if Spiritualism is ever to become a power for good in the land.

30 In coming into touch with the thought of the Spiritualists throughout the nation, we are gratified to learn, from our reporter, Evangel, that not one Spiritualist in twenty now finds fault with the Declaration of Principles of the N. S. A. Those who opposed it two and three years ago now acknowledge its value, and while they feel that the wording may be improved, they yet recognize the intrinsic worth of the measure in both a legal and spiritual sense.

31 A man was hanged in New Jersey the other day for the murder of his wife. He admitted that he killed her, for he attempted suicide at the same time. He said that he wished the good people who tried to save his soul after he received his sentence of death, had begun their good offices before he committed his terrible crime. It would have been rather more reasonable, that is a fact, and it might have stayed his hand when tempted to do the awful deed. Unfaithfulness on the part of the wife with divers men was the cause of the crime.

(Continued from Mar. 2.)
Notes by the Way.

Hartford contains many Spiritualists. No less than eight small meetings are held in that city every Sunday, at all of which spiritual instruction is received by those in attendance. It will seem strange to the reader to note the fact that eight small meetings are held in a city where not more than one strong society could be supported, even if all Spiritualists were united with it. Hartford is no worse off than Boston; in fact, is favored in comparison with the metropolis of New England. Boston sometimes has as many as seventy-five spiritualistic gatherings every Sunday night. These divisions and subdivisions of our forces are sources of weakness to Spiritualism. The mediums who hold these personal gatherings make them means of revenue for themselves, and all too often are only interested in Spiritualism for the money they can get out of it. If these individual meetings were held on week evenings, they could be advertised at the large Sunday gatherings, and better support could be derived therefrom than the mediums and managers now receive from the small bodies of people they call around them each week. Mediums should live, and ought to be given every possible aid, when worthy, to obtain that living. But they should also be willing to do something for the Cause by refraining from holding meetings on Sundays to interfere with the work of making Spiritualism a tower of strength in the social, educational and religious life of the people in the cities where local societies exist. If mediums and managers of individual gatherings would but think of the Cause as a whole, instead of their own personal gains, the local societies could do a great work for them in return by helping them to have full circles and meetings on week evenings.

A report of the work in Meriden has already appeared in the columns of the Banner of Light. Meriden at one time had the largest local society in the State of Connecticut. Good work was done and the people were interested. Frequent changes of speakers, and undue emphasis upon phenomena that should only be produced in the home circle, or under scientific conditions, worked the usual result. The society went down and out of existence. The Cause in Meriden has been reformed, partaking of the nature of a close corporation. Some forty persons have agreed to pay so much money into the treasury, and thereby become stockholders in the society. These forty persons have elected a board of five directors into whose hands they have consigned all of the business of the society. These five directors employ speakers, mediums, musicians, and transact all business of the organization. This method has thus far worked well, and the outcome will be watched with interest by all Spiritualists. Wherever Spiritualists try to make investigators and curious outsiders pay for their Spiritualism for the sake of seeking to give them a penny themselves, the Cause always languishes and public interest in the movement ceases. If Spiritualists would have their religion mean something, and really do some good in the world, they themselves will have to support it. It is criminally selfish to ask or expect their opponents to do this work for them.

Willimantic, New Britain, New Haven, Waterbury, Bridgeport, Putnam, Winsted and dozens of other places in Connecticut contain many Spiritualists. Local societies could be maintained in all of these places upon the circuit plan, provided settled speakers were placed in charge of them, and proper missionary work done at the present time. Consecration and devotion are two essentials to the making of good missionaries. The towns named have all had Spiritualist societies in them in other days. With the sole exception of Willimantic none exist today, save perhaps in a dormant state. The people can be reawakened by an earnest, enthusiastic missionary, but he will have to stay longer than one day, one week, or one month to secure any results from his labors. The missionary must also love the Cause more than money, and be content with very little for many, many months. He must be qualified to teach, and able to lead the way to a better life. The people can easily find amusement at their opera houses, hence do not care to have Spiritualism presented to them in that way. Phenomena are wanted, but wanted only in the way of instruction. Phenomena and instruction ought to go together, with the former presented in a way that will give the leader a chance to explain them. Connecticut has scores of true and tried workers. A. A. Gustine, President of the State Association of Spiritualists, is an active business man and is devoted to the work he so ably represents. Mrs. J. B. Dillon is the Secretary of the State body, and faithfully does she discharge every duty laid upon her.

Many good mediums are found in various sections of the State. Perhaps the best known among them all is Mrs. Flavia Thrall of Poquonock, the well known medical medium, and devoted friend of organizations. Mrs. J. D. Storrs of Hartford is also a devoted friend of organization, and stands ready to go to any section of the State to labor for the Cause almost without money and without price. She is one of the State Agents of the N. S. A. for her State, and faithfully tries to serve the body she represents. Her sister, Mrs. Nora Dowd, is an excellent test and business medium, and a devoted friend to the State and National Associations. Madame Haven is interesting many people in Hartford through her Sunday services. Her platform is conservative in tone, and appeals directly to those who are breaking away from the church. Her work will surely tell in the future. Mrs. A. E. Colt Merriam is also doing a good work in Hartford. She opens her spacious parlors for public meetings, and tries to place the higher philosophical tenets of Spiritualism before those who assemble there. Her belief in organization first, last and all of the time. Miss Mary Hatch, George W. Burham, E. R. Whiting, J. W. Storrs, W. W. Wheeler, DeLoss Wood, Asa S. Parsons, Mrs. A. E. Pierce, Mrs. Lamberton and many, many others are all actively at work in behalf of Spiritualism, and are not named of their colors. If they could but find other in their respective communities as devoted as they are, local societies would spring up and be well supported in all sections of the State. Today one of the great problems in Spiritualism throughout the nation is how to build up and maintain local societies. Settled speakers, good mediums, and a division of the phenomena and philosophy in a just ratio are means to the end of a rational solution of this problem. Will the Spiritualists apply the necessary remedy? This question is yet to be settled.

Philadelphia has several live working societies. The two that are most active are the First Association, so ably presided over by Capt. F. J. Keffer, and the Spiritualist Association, over which that devoted friend of the good Cause, Hon. Thomas M. Locke, Vice-President of the N. S. A., presides with such signal ability. Visits to these progressive bodies were profitable to the half-discouraged missionary. Dr. N. F. Ravlin is the permanent speaker of the First Association. He is a host in himself. Pure, unadulterated Spiritualism, without prefix or suffix, is advocated by him, and he holds the closest attention of his large audiences every Sunday.

Young men and women attend his meetings in large numbers, and take a deep interest in everything the eloquent speaker says. A few more workers like Dr. Ravlin and the local society question is settled. This society has no phenomena on its platform on Sundays, and has not had for some years. Its work goes on just the same, and good audiences are the rule, not the exception. That indefatigable worker, Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, the medium's friend, and zealous supporter of the N. S. A., was confined to her home by illness, hence was not present to add zest to the meetings to which these lines refer. She has not lost her interest in the "good Cause," but is in temporary captivity through the scourge of the Eastern States, La Grippe. She was much missed by all. The First Association now has a lawsuit on its hands to defend the work of Alexander McElroy who bequeathed thirty thousand dollars to the society, out of his love for the Cause. The will is contested on the grounds of undue influence and unsound mind on the part of the testator, because of his belief in Spiritualism! This state of things will continue to exist until Spirits, possibly, support the organizations and prove to the world that they respect their own rights in all respects.

Vice-President Locke's society alternates phenomena and philosophy on its platform. The gifted speaker Prof. W. M. Lockwood was closing his engagement on the occasion of the missionary's visit. His audiences were large and very enthusiastic. He addressed teachers, students and scientists swelled the ranks of the Spiritualists at his every appearance. Young people were likewise present in large numbers. He did splendid work for the society. Mrs. M. S. Pepper, talented psychic from Providence, R. I., succeeded him. Pepper's address was a large hall to the very doors, and standing room is at a premium. Her addresses are excellent while her test work is straightforward, honest and direct. She is a host within herself and gives the message of truth to the world directly from the loved ones in the higher life. Since all of the time taken until the autumn of 1902, arrangements have been made for a grand three days mass meeting in Philadelphia, March 12, 13, 14, under the joint auspices of the local societies and the N. S. A. Auditorium Hall has been secured for the great event, and a splendid musical and oratorical program will be arranged. The speakers will undoubtedly be Dr. N. F. Ravlin, Rev. B. F. Austin, Willard J. Hull, Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, and Harrison D. Barrett. The platform mediums will be Miss Margaret Gaule and Mrs. May S. Pepper. The meeting will be an event in the history of Philadelphia Spiritualism, and all of the friends of the Cause in that city and vicinity should plan to attend the convention from the opening to the close. Watch the Spiritualist press for full particulars.

Rogersford, Pa., has become a strong Spiritualistic center through the influence of some of its leading citizens supplemented by the efforts of those devoted friends of truth Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague. Within the past ninety days, Mr. Sprague succeeded in organizing a local society there with fifty-six members, all of whom are enthusiasts in their support of the good Cause. Mr. J. A. Buchwalter is one of the leading men in the city, and is an outspoken Spiritualist, as is also his brother I. N. Buchwalter. The organization of this society stirred up the Methodist minister, and he began to attack him and the Spiritualists. When he announced the subject of his first attack, the Spiritualists resolved to listen to his sermon, and about forty of them, note books in hand went to the church in a body. The minister was worried and hurried when he saw them, but he made his assault, and sought to disprove Spiritualists by the Bible, and by quotations from a book he had open before him. The Spiritualists chanced to be familiar with many of his statements having already read the exact words in a tract sent out by the "Watch and Ward Society" of Allegheny, Pa. Copies of this tract were soon found, and the next day it was proved even to the Methodist minister that their pastor had simply borrowed (?) the language of the tract to overthrow Spiritualism! Now that tract admits that Spiritualistic phenomena are genuine, but says that they are produced by the Devil! Just think of it! A Methodist minister admits that the Devil is more powerful than his God! He quoted from a document that says Spiritualism is true, to prove that it was false, garbled, copied and twisted sentences were taken bodily, feeling that none of his hearers would know the difference!

The Spiritualists followed him up closely, and the only thing the minister could do at last was to abuse his opponents, which is the last resort of a cowardly, defeated man. But his unprovoked assault rebounded to the good of Spiritualism, and in the end will do much to strengthen the local society there. Large audiences greeted the missionary at both of his addresses, and much interest was manifested in his refutation of the unjust charges of the Methodist minister. He was called, no personal epithets applied, but the Bible was freely quoted to show that the clergyman was in error, and a succinct statement as to what Spiritualism really stands for, was made with impartial emphasis. The Baptist clergyman attended one of the meetings, and was heard to say that he endorsed every word the speaker uttered. This was in marked contrast with what the Methodist gentleman had said and done, and proved the progressive spirit of the Baptist pastor. He is an evolutionist, a truly philosophical Spiritualist, and a broad, comprehensive thinker. If the Baptist church rests upon the platform Rev. Mr. Dando stands upon, it is a Spiritualist organization from turret to foundation stone.

The Spiritualists of Rogersford are wide awake, and now begin to speak in behalf of their religion. Mr. J. A. Buchwalter and his entire family of eight children are charter members of this society. His good wife entered spirit life a little more than one year ago, and from her vantage ground in higher realms is keeping watch and ward over the loved ones she left on earth. The youngest daughter of this devoted couple is a tower of strength to the cause of organization to which she is devotedly attached. Miss Buchwalter is the young lady who collected one hundred and thirty dollars for the Mayer fund of the N. S. A. by personal solicitation last year. This family bears an object lesson of great beauty before the Spiritualists of America. The father and mother instructed their children in the truths of Spiritualism, and now have the supreme satisfaction of knowing that those children are loyal Spiritualists. This statement is a true one of the family of I. N. Buchwalter, brother of the gentleman above named. It proves that, where parents really think that Spiritualism is good enough for them, it is good enough for their children, they can readily impart it to their offspring. The Rogersford family were successful in all respects, and gave the missionary no little inspiration as he went forth on his pilgrim-way. Would that types of the Buchwalter families might appear in every city, town and hamlet in the land!

Wilmington, Delaware, was the next point of attack. Here three days were spent among the faithful few, and a local society of about twenty members was organized. A quarter of a century ago Wilmington was one of the strongest spiritualistic centers in the

United States, but since 1875 no local society has been in existence, and very few meetings have been held in the name of Spiritualism. The last such meeting was held in 1875, a large children's lyceum flourished here. It, too, has gone, and very little of its influence now remains. In the early days, Bro. S. D. Forbes was one of the leading workers for the cause of truth. When the burden of supporting the meetings was finally thrown upon his shoulders, he yet persevered until he had spent several thousand dollars out of his own pocket to push the truths of Spiritualism before the people of his city. When he could no longer do this with justice to himself, the society passed out of existence. A resurrection has now taken place, and a faithful few have once more raised the banner of Truth and Justice in the metropolis of Delaware. Richard F. Adams is the able president of the new society. He is devoted, personified, and puts his whole soul into his work. Miss Katie Conyers, the secretary, was born a Spiritualist, hence is qualified by inheritance for her important post. She is a young lady of eminent talents, and will prove a most capable officer. Mrs. M. C. Hartman, Mrs. M. A. Adams and Mrs. G. F. Gill, the vice-presidents, are all earnest workers and thoroughly alive to the importance of sustaining the movement. This is also true of the treasurer, G. F. Gill, and the trustees, Mr. G. W. Webster, Mr. S. D. Forbes, and Mr. W. H. Bradford. Good results may confidently be expected from the work in Wilmington. Sturgis, Mich., for three days, and West Superior, Wisconsin, one week, were the next places for missionary efforts. Of the results of the meetings in those places and their spiritual impress, another letter will have to speak. Our next point is St. Paul, Minn., and from that city will the story of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota work be told. More anon.

Evangel, "the Missionary."

Notes of Battle.

BY SUSIE C. CLARK.

One of the stock questions propounded by the honorable gentlemen of the Boston Board of Health, at its hearing of remonstrants to the Medical Bill, in the State House, last spring, was the query: "What would your healers do in case of poison?"

This recalled an incident which occurred at a popular hotel on our New England coast three summers ago, where an entire table full of ten people were severely poisoned by lobster salad. They were all made violently ill with acute cramps, vomiting, and a general feeling of discomfort. Five of these sufferers employed a homeopathic physician resident in the house, and recovered in the course of a week; four others appealed to an allopathic doctor from an adjoining town. Only one wise virgin wired a brief despatch to an unregistered healer in Boston: "Treat me for cholera, I have been poisoned by poison." Her illness continued with gradually lessening severity until midnight, when it suddenly ceased; she slept seven hours, arose, somewhat weakened, but able to take a light breakfast at the deserted table, where she daily awaited the slow return of her seat-mates, whose recoveries she was unable to see. For a fortnight. Does not this instance illustrate the incapacity of medical methods for reaching all cases of poison, and speedily removing its effects?

Another favorite, oft-repeated question of the Board was: "Would your healers make a doctor of the ill person?" And why should they not, since they have advantages for reaching such maladies not possessed by the medical faculty, as the power of the spirit command by observation, or by personal contact. As in the case of the centurion's servant of olden time, to whom it was not necessary the doctor should come in person, but through the spoken word-in that distant town he was healed, so the latter-day healer would not, like the "regulars," be obliged to visit the infected patient and thus run the risk of carrying contagion to other patients, not even to diagnose, or watch the progress of the case. For soul precedence does not need orbs of clay to assist its insight, and there is no bar or wall or distance that spirit with its healing potency cannot pierce. Is it any more difficult for the Creative Power to form a mountain than a pebble, and is Omnipotence any more severely taxed in healing poison or hydrophobia than a sore of disease? Healers recognize no incurable persons; there are no incurable conditions to the Infinite Power which accomplishes their work.

One amusing feature of the House Bill No. 863 is the clause: "Whoever, not being a registered physician, shall advertise or hold himself out to the public as a healer of disease, etc., shall be fined not less than \$100." The learned Committee on Public Health evidently not realizing that spiritual healing is in such lively demand among the enlightened public of the present day that it is not necessary its instruments should make any bid for patronage, or seek to attract public attention. True healers never advertise, or place their names upon their outer doors, as the "regulars" find it necessary to do. They do not have to invite work, it is thrust upon them. The swarm of hungry, needy souls who have sought relief for years under medical regimes in vain, swoop down upon the closest of friends and demand their aid. For the healer is not striving to remove disease alone; he seeks to educate the sufferer in the laws and possibilities of his own being, that he may be ill no more forever, that both doctors and healers may find their occupation gone, and disease become a thing of the past. Emerson has said: "If a man possessed of truth lived in the midst of a trackless forest, the world would blaze a path to his door." Similarly when the Infinite Intelligence prepares an instrument of service in the broad, beneficent field of uplifting humanity from physical bondage, he bestows a magnet to potentially attract all in need of his divine ministrations. No power on earth, not even legislative enactment, can prevent this divinely ordained supply from reaching the urgent demand. For if the needy ones did not come bodily, they would appeal for aid in spirit, and in truth would inevitably receive a baptism of healing.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

W. F. Peck will speak for the Washington, D. C., Spiritual Association during the month of March, returning to his regular charge in St. Louis the 1st of April. During his absence the platform of the Church of Spiritual Unity will be occupied by Oscar A. Edgar. Mr. Peck's address in Washington will be 1523 Corcoran St., N. W.

Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham, test medium, can be found at 603 Tremont St., Boston, for a short time; would like to make engagements for campmeetings in July, also for societies.

Mrs. McDonald served the Pawtucket Society Sunday, Feb. 24. Open dates for March. Address, 39 Hancock St., Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Jennie Darrell, speaker and platform medium, is available for engagements in Maine, Vermont and Maine. Address, Troy, New York.


Edgar W. Emerson has the following open dates for which he would like engagements: March 17, 31 and April 23. Address 138 Bridge St., Manchester, N. H.

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Nature of Religion.

Obsession.

Omni.

Peace, Not War.

Pre-existence.

Reason.

Sublimation.

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

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

These Circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seances held Feb. 7, 1901, S. E. 23.

Invocation.

With trust and love we come together at this altar, and our hearts yearn to speak the message of truth to all the children of earth. On days when we speak not, in hours when our word is withdrawn, we are not far distant, but our presence like a strength and a fortress is near to those who are in need and who ask. Not in our own strength do we come, not through our own wisdom do we feed you, but from the strength of the great source of all strength, from the wisdom of the spirit intelligences, supreme, divine, omnipotent, do we draw; and with the blessing of all spirits who are seeking to serve, to uplift, and to enlighten, we leave you. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Carrie Brown.

The first spirit who comes to me this morning is a girl about fifteen years old. She has a very fair skin, light brown hair, and brown eyes. She comes right up in such a pretty little fashion and seems to understand that her effort must be made at once so that she may give room for somebody else. She says: "My name is Carrie Brown and I used to live in Malden. Many times I go back there and find my mother, whose name is Emma; I strive to make her conscious that I am with her. She has no idea that it is possible for me to come and so it is very hard for me to break through that condition and give her any evidence. I was with her the other day when she took the picture out and made a definite decision on what she would do with it, and I was glad that it was so; on Christmas Day I was with her when she pushed her chair back from the table and said, 'It is of no use.' She didn't care to eat. I know what the matter was and so did those who were with her, but she didn't say, and I just felt if I could only speak to her so she could hear, it would be just this: 'I love you, mamma, just as much as I ever did and I can see no difference in this life I am living and the one I left, except that it is more beautiful and that you are not with me. I live and go to school and have friends and go to places where people meet, just the same as I used to and if it weren't that I grew lonely for you, I should be very happy indeed. Please take good care of my Kitty, because you know I was so fond of her.'"

William Brastow.

The next one that comes to me is a man who is quite tall, with square shoulders and a strong, sturdy looking frame. He has a ruddy, bronzed face and gray beard that comes all round. He has blue eyes, dark, heavy brows and hair that has just a little of the silver in it. He stands up here and says: "Well, well, little one, am I going to get my turn at last? It seems about a year since I first started in to give my expression. My name is William Brastow; I was well known in Boston and round about. I always made an effort to keep my word. If I promised anybody I would do anything, that was the thing I tried to do and so I am here because I promised to come if it were possible. I have brought Abby with me; she is so weak as she stands and leans on me, that it is quite a burden to help her to express herself, but she wants to get to John and Fred; we want to tell them that we are all right and glad we came so near together; if there is anything that we can do, they won't have to ask us. We shall do it because we shall know it even before they do. I was a hard working man and I liked it; never found fault with my business or my job, because I thought it was much better to work hard and be independent, than it was to have an easy life and have somebody else help to take care of me. There is a big family of us over here, and we all stick together just the same as we used to in earth life, and it is quite a pleasure to come in a little group and say that we are all together in the spirit land. That is all, and I thank you for your effort in taking it down so carefully."

Frank Miller.

There is a spirit comes to me now of a tall, thin, very light man. His eyes are blue, his hair light brown; it is combed smoothly and looks as if he took a great deal of pains with it. He comes easily and cheerfully and yet I can see underneath he is some worried because he is afraid he won't be able to tell all he wants to. He says first: "My name is Frank Miller; I lived in Attleboro, Mass. I wouldn't mind going back again to finish up some of the things that I left undone. As you can see, I was not an old man. I found when I first came over here, so many things that were left needing my care, that it just seemed as if I must pick them up some way and finish them. I didn't find it so easy, but if you will believe it, I did find it possible

in many ways to straighten out some of my own tangles through my own influence and the help of my friends in the spirit land. I wish that I could tell my people all that I have found over here, and the fondest part of it was, that it was all so natural; just seemed as if I had been here before. I didn't seem to feel a bit as if I was in a strange place, but as if I had run away from some duties that were pressing on me to a pleasant and a brighter condition. I want to get to Annie. She is fretting too much, and is nervous and seems as though the care that has come upon her has made her doubly so. I would give anything if I could just make her understand that her fretting doesn't amount to anything. If a quarter part of the time she spends in fretting were given to thought of me, it would help me in returning, and we could soon straighten out conditions and make them as they ought to be. Good-bye."

To J. F. Snipes.

Now I see such a jolly man. He comes with such a bright way, just comes right up to me and puts his hands out and says: "Well, well, little girl, I want to send a message to my boy Snipes. I have tried to go to him and make him conscious of my presence. I am so happy in this life, so strong in it, and feel such a desire to give him the same happiness and strength, that it seemed to me a message through this paper might help to bring about the result. If you will tell him for me that his 'Pa' is just as happy as can be to find this a reality, and to find that he can go with him in his travels and through his varied conditions in life. I appreciate what he has been doing, and although it has brought him some disappointment, I think it is all right that he kept on as long as he did. He is very meditative and if he would only sit as I would like to have him, I could come and write through his hand. Tell him to make the effort and see what we can do together." This is to Mr. J. F. Snipes, New York City.

Mrs. Matilda Jenks.

I see a lady about sixty years old. Her hair is snowy white; she has a round, full face and is quite tall and stout. She comes gracefully, as if she felt at home and would give the sweetest message possible. The first thing she says is: "My name is Mrs. Matilda Jenks; I used to live in Wellington, Ohio. I want to go to Elizabeth Jenks, who is my sister. I want to help her in her undertakings. She has been praying constantly that help would come to her and her faith has made me strong to help to answer her prayer. The thing she is afraid of—being imposed upon—will never be. Our mother and our father stand here in the spirit helping me and sending this word to her. The old house looks so changed. It is because she has been obliged to give up part of it; although I felt sorry to see it done, I now feel that perhaps it is as well, because it makes less care for her and brings in something to help support her. Tell her that all her days will be made as bright as it is possible for the spirit to make them, and when she comes over to us, it will be such an easy transition that she will hardly realize it has happened. She need have no fear of ever becoming dependent upon those about her, because she will have ample to take care of her until she is ready to come away."

George Abbott.

Now I see a man about medium height, with dark blue eyes and brown hair with streaks of silver in it. He has side whiskers just turned gray. I see his chin very plainly and it is strong and square. His mouth is rather large, with thin lips and his nose is prominent. He has a very clear and definite way of coming to me and he speaks right off as if he had his lesson learned: "My name is George Abbott; I came from Niagara, N. Y. I never was in this city before and I feel such joy in being able to come to this circle, to express myself to my family, that I can scarcely convey to you the fullness of it. My wife is alive and her name is Alice. I want her to understand that I was sorry to go. It was an accident, not what she thought, and if she could only be sure of this, I feel that she would be happier than she is now. I could never willingly go away from her and leave her without a word of explanation, and when she comes to realize and to look back over the years that I have spent with her, with no intimation of such a condition, she can scarcely believe that I would wilfully bring her to such grief. Tell her that I am sorry it is from the spirit I have to speak. I wish it could have been face to face; and the boy, I want him to feel that I am worthy of his love and regard; I don't want him to have to feel that no mention shall be made of me. I cannot tell you what this circle is to the spirits who are seeking some avenue of approach to their friends. I felt when I heard about it that it was a gift too grand, too precious to come into my possession, but I found that all conditions and all people could come if only they had the requisite strength and desire strong enough to make them clear in their expression. Thank you. Thank you so much."

Hattie Gordon.

Now I see a girl of I should think, seventeen years. She is rather dark, with dark brown hair and eyes, and a long, narrow face. As she comes up to me she says: "Oh dear, I have been trying so many times that it just seemed I never could get here. My name is Hattie Gordon and I used to live in Taunton, Mass.; there is no particular reason why I should come to this circle, only that there is no other way I can get back. My father's name is Henry Gordon. He is a hard working man and I don't suppose he will believe this when he sees it, but just the same I shall feel better for having tried to get to him. I think it has been almost too hard the way he has put me out of his life, as if I had never been there, shut the door right up tight the minute they had closed the coffin over my body. Doesn't it seem rather hard that they never make any inquiries or strive to find us after we have gone out? My

mother has cried and cried so much that it seemed I never could get any peace until she stopped it. If she would only go somewhere and try to get the word from me, I am sure I could make her feel better. I have a little brother over here. His name is Eddy and he has grown so in the spirit; he told me to stop thinking about them, and go on thinking about the things in the spirit and get my pleasure there, but somehow I could not do it. I was attracted by all the things in the house, all the things I had had, all the people who came there, only to see everybody sad and crying, until I tried to get away from it, and then back again I go on the same current of this desire to get to Ma. I don't need to thank you. You know I do without saying so, but if you can help me to get to my father and mother, they will thank you for me and themselves. Thank you."

Josiah Twombly.

The last spirit is an old man. He is infirm, has glasses, gray hair and a full, gray beard. He is as cross as two sticks, and comes in as if he were going to make everybody stand round until he got his message in. He says: "Come, come, come, hurry up. Let me say what I want to and then let me go. My name is Josiah Twombly and I came from Berwick, Me. I want to say that it is all true that we are alive and that although I haven't much use for this sort of business, I just feel that perhaps I better speak a word to let the folks know I wasn't lost. They often wonder, 'What has become of Josiah?' They had an idea that perhaps I had dropped overboard somewhere on the way, and could not reach a safe harbor where the good folks went, and so I give this word as an idea from me to them that if I could be saved, lots of others that they are sending off to perdition can be saved too. Good-bye."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FOUR.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As Spiritualists we are often taunted by the statement that the Fox sisters went back on Spiritualism, and have it suggested how foolish it is to cling to this faith, when its very originators and high-priestesses avowed that all the phenomena given through them were the product of fraud. To my thinking, these poor girls, chosen by their peculiar physical qualities as mediums for spiritual phenomena were victims of circumstances, and were as truly martyrs as were Joan of Arc and other sufferers who were burned while chained to a stake.

Poor Leah, Maggie, and Katie, ranging from twelve to perhaps sixteen years of age, were brought up by plain, God-fearing parents in rustic seclusion. In their little cottage home, "far from the madding crowd," they never dreamed of any other destiny than that of the children around them. They went to the country school, did the simple tasks at home of dish-washing, sweeping and mending, went berrying in the summer and coasting in the winter, while Sunday they attended the Methodist church and Sabbath-school.

From this home of quiet and content, they were through no fault of their own dragged into the glare of publicity, put under the scrutiny of thousands, tested by scientists, accused of fraud by the wholesale, and taken to luxurious homes of curiosity-seekers, where they were feasted on improper food, and plied with wine and other alcoholic stimulants, in order that the raps might still be produced through organisms already exhausted by excitement and overwork. While the children they used to play with in the country were abed and asleep, these poor girls were in the glare of the footlights, or dazzled and petted by those who were determined to get all they possibly could out of them.

The sturdy character of Leah rebelled against this life. Older, and with a bias towards a retired life, she withdrew herself more and more, and at last accepted the protection of a husband who forever guarded her from the temptations to which her younger sisters were exposed.

But it was different with the two younger girls. We have not space to review their entire career. With all the pliability and trustfulness that generally characterize the mediumistic temperament, they went to many places, were entertained in many homes, formed many acquaintances who seemed to be true friends, and easily acquired the habit of living luxuriously, of eating delicate viands and drinking choice wines in company with those who continued to pet them as long as youth and beauty lasted, and regarded the wonderful raps as the winning card of these impressionable girls.

Perhaps they did put in just enough fraud, under high pressure, to justify Maggie many years later, in telling how she used to deceive those who looked to her for these manifestations. At any rate, they both imbibed a taste for those stimulating drinks that made it possible for them to keep up the manifestations, when exhausted nature could do no more. Their physical constitutions as well as their mental and moral stamina were enfeebled, and when they at last married and assumed the responsibility of transferring their physical and moral qualities to their offspring, we cannot be surprised if their children showed some of the natural effects.

These poor young women, who needed the most thoughtful care, the most resolute guardianship, the most conscientious guidance, received the opposite. The remarkable powers with which they were gifted were abused, and even prostituted to gain admiration, luxury and money. Truly, it is a pitiful story, one calculated to make the heart bleed.

Katie, the youngest of the three girls, was the one whose quick wit led her to see if the invisible force operating in Hydesville could respond to signs as well as to the spoken word. In silence, she made five motions in the air, and when five loud raps at once re-

sounded, she ran delighted to her mother, shouting:

"Oh! mama, it can see as well as hear."

"Oh! never shall we forget, Katie. You brave, dear, twelve-year child. How one death had claimed, answered back, Katie."

To your question cute and mild. Oh! blessed indeed was the day, Katie. When you answered as bravely those knocks;

For the gate has since stood ajar, Katie.

Oh! loved ones to greet, Katie Fox."

Katie married Mr. Jencken, an Englishman, and their son Ferdinand is spoken of on page six of your issue of Dec. 8, by Dean Clarke, under the heading, "A Baby Medium." In this little article is stated the well-attested fact that when he was five months and eighteen days old, he wrote the following message from his grandmother:

"I love this little boy. God bless his mama. J. B. F. I am happy."

The persons present on this occasion were his father and mother and the nurse, and his father recorded the fact, with the date, which was March 11, 1874. His aunt Leah testifies that she saw him write the following message when he was one year old:

"Grandma is here, Boysie."

Ferdinand is now twenty-seven years old. It has been often queried by many why it is that one who showed such marked mediumship when only an infant, has not taken his stand before the world as a medium of the rarest quality. The answer can be found in what was stated in the earlier part of this letter.

What physical and moral stamina was originally possessed by his mother was frittered away by the most unwise treatment to which she was subjected when a young girl and a young woman. The consequence is that her son has a very weak constitution, and though he is truly lovable, gentle, cheerful and kind, he is deficient, no doubt, in will power. He has also inherited certain tendencies and tastes from his mother. These hereditary inclinations he has not always been able to resist.

But he has of late years found a powerful incentive to be strong against temptation in the love of a most true and devoted wife. He loves her and his two little girls so fondly that for their dear sake temptation has lost its power, and he has forced his poor, weak body to make a gallant stand against the encroachments of hunger and cold.

Mr. Editor, I know whereof I speak. I have several times visited that meagre little home—theirs while they can pay four dollars each half month. I know that staunch little woman, with her hand unconsciously pressed to still the darting pain in her chest. I have seen her aged father, who climbs up the long flight of stairs with a bundle of driftwood that he has gathered along the docks, and brought nine wearisome blocks. I have seen the little girl of two and a half, with fevered cheeks, but crying because her hands were icy cold. And I have seen the tiny Katie, one year old, with her wistful, true eyes. I saw the small fire, not hot enough to warm me, which she feeds sparingly with the coal which she buys a bushel at a time, when she has a quarter to use for that purpose. But I did not see Ferdinand, for he was always gone to New York, to get a job on the elevated railroad, on which he has some hold by being on the "extra list."

Today is Saturday, Feb. 23. This morning I received two letters from Mrs. Jencken. The first was written Thursday, and said that Ferdinand had a hemorrhage the day before while at work, came home, and had another so bad that he got to the hospital as quickly as he could. These hemorrhages are from the blood-vessels which broke in his nose last spring, and kept him in the hospital four months at that time.

The other letter was written Friday evening, after she had been to see him at the hospital. She learned that he had undergone four operations since going there. She says: "He just about knew me, and that was all. His first and only word was, 'Did you write to Miss Judson?'"

She says it breaks her heart to think of losing him. Poor people suffer as much in losing their friends, and they love as fondly, as do rich ones.

She hopes to be able to hold their little rooms, but of course his meagre pay is now cut off.

With her letters came one from a kind friend in Lancaster, Pa., who sent me two dollars for this family, who was moved thereto by Letter 162. A kind lady here gave me a dollar, so I was able to send four dollars by "special delivery," which will reach Mrs. Jencken this afternoon.

I feel that others will send me money for them, and this letter will show the friends how the case now stands. Whatever is sent me, I promise to use in the best and most useful way. There are rent, and fuel, and food to be paid for.

Since writing the above, I have again been to Brooklyn to see the little family. Mrs. Jencken had been again to see Ferdinand at the hospital. She shed bitter tears when saying that he asked her to take his clothes home. She well knew what he meant by that, but she did not take them.

He lies propped up, nearly as white as a sheet, with both nostrils plugged at the nose and in the throat, and is sustained by a little liquid food.

He is at the Methodist Episcopal Hospital, named the Seney, and has good care at that noble and charitable institution.

With money I have received since writing the first part of this letter, I have paid the rent up to March 15, and have promised the agent to pay him four dollars more on that date. I must do that, whether the money comes in to me or not.

Meanwhile the family needs to be fed and warmed, and with the husband in bed, nothing is coming in from him. She is small and feeble, and cares for the little ones and feeds them the best she can, while her old father picks up stray bits of wood. She never buys milk for them. They eagerly ate the bread a lady here sent them by me.

A kind mechanic here, the father of "the

four little girls," spoken of in a previous letter, is going to repair Mrs. Jencken's old Singer machine, and that will be a help to her, especially if Ferdinand goes soon to the spirit land, where "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more," and where the angels "shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

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

Arlington, N. J., Feb. 23, 1901.

Now We Build from the Foundation.

BY J. MARION GALE.

If the Universal brotherhood is a possible ideal, why should not Spiritualists find a closer affinity in the churches that have always recognized spiritual being, than in those outside who have always denied this to be a fact of nature?

Either organized spirit life is or it is not, and I apprehend that the crowning work of the twentieth century will be to prove that it is an unusual fact of nature. All the vagaries of the concept of spiritual being in the past, form no excuse for denying unheard the proofs of the present, that organized spirit life is just as natural a fact as organized animal life. In collecting, sifting and applying these proofs, I see no season to quarrel with those who accept them in part, while assuming a closer fraternity to those who deny them in toto. I know that fraternal feeling is in a great measure due to harmony of thought, but it can be so cultivated, by fairness and conventional courtesy, that in the end harmony of purpose will beg harmony of thought.

I am happy to believe that at the opening of this new century of our chronology, that conventional refinement of civilization has become so nearly universal with the more advanced thinkers of all nations of the earth, that it is now possible for us all to meet in fair and friendly discussion of any subject possible for the human mind to grasp.

Many of us believe that the question of the direct proof of spirit life as an organized entity, is with us now a clear, scientific possibility. That which remained but a theory up to the middle of the past century is no longer theory to those who have given that degree of intellectual investigation that scientific fairness demands. It is no boast to say that we now have the positive proof of immortal life. While Spiritualists have, perhaps, a larger volume of this proof deduced from incontrovertible evidence, all spiritual minded people still have it in some degree.

My observation has been that whenever a crass materialist, who feels that he must know or reject, pretends to investigate this subject of spirit, he never does it with that fairness that he gives to physics. In his case there seems to be an atrophy of the spiritual function of the brain. While I pity him, I cannot excuse his neglect of the higher law. And there is a higher law, based upon spirituality; and intellect must be guided by that higher law if it ever grasps the subject in its entirety.

Let us then begin at the foundation and prepare ourselves to know of the spirit life by living in consonance therewith. Thus will we be laying the basement of the temple of life which is to be so grandly erected in the twentieth century.

Shadows on the White House.

Washington, Feb. 7.—Several times in the last three years there have been published in the Sun descriptions of the various singular shadows that have appeared from time to time on the north or main porch of the White House. One of these shadows represented the profile and bent form of an old woman, with one hand resting on an indistinct object that resembled a spinning wheel. This shadow, cast by the sun's rays shining through the railing, which is a part of the Colonial structure at the top of the mansion, appeared daily at a certain hour for two or three weeks; and as it was about that time that President McKinley's mother died, the phenomenon made a deep impression on many superstitious persons.

Last fall another shadow appeared, and it required no effort of the imagination to recognize it as a human forearm and hand, with bent forefinger upheld in the attitude of warning or reproach. Superstitious folks who saw it every day for a fortnight or so again had a chill, while others remarked facetiously that the incident ought to be a comfort to the anti-imperialists who have so long been predicting calamity. If the public has regarded these publications in the Sun as being of a mythical order or mere "shadow" stories, the affidavits of all the messengers and guards at the White House can be brought forward to substantiate them.

The latest manifestation of freakishness on the White House portico appeared today. The sun was shining brightly, and at ten minutes before one o'clock a shadow of nondescript form appeared on the great pillar at the extreme northwest corner of the portico. It soon took on definite shape, and at one o'clock represented the face and shoulders of President McKinley in profile. The silhouette was so striking in its accuracy that many persons who saw it remarked that a more correct profile drawing of Mr. McKinley could not be made by any artist. The likeness was not a correct one for more than two minutes. It gradually changed with the altering position of the sun, and at ten minutes past one o'clock had assumed a remarkably perfect likeness to the face of the late Queen Victoria, even to an object on the head resembling a crown. This likeness lasted for two or three minutes and then gradually disappeared. Two hours later the same succession of shadow-portraits appeared on the northeast pillar, at the opposite side of the portico forty feet away.

—N. Y. Sunday Sun.

Co-operation is a law, but without honesty it cannot be lived successfully. Men must grow to it. It has ever been near to men—Ex.

Children's Spiritualism.

MARCH.

"The stormy March is come at last
Wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I bear the rushing of the blast,
That through the sunny valley flies.

"Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild stormy month! in praise of thee!
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

"For then, to northern lands, again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wearst the gentle name of Spring.

"And in thy name of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm
And heaven puts on the blue of May."

—William Cullen Bryant.

"Nickie."

I think I must tell the Banner children about a little boy who has several times of late entranced a friend of mine who is a good medium—but not known as such to the public—and who has told us a good deal of his earth life. His name is "Nickie," and he is a very bright little boy indeed. On earth he was a newsboy, and I am sure he must have attracted many a customer by his bright, winning ways, and "cute" sayings. He tells of one lady in the post-office here, who always bought a paper from him when she came from her work, and never took any change for the nickel she gave him.

When he first came from Spirit-life he wanted ten cents to buy some paper seven cents for papers to sell, he said, and two cents for food, and a cent for two cigarettes—said he could get oysters from the street carts whose owners peddle oysters, for the two cents, and that the cigarettes were good; if I had never smoked one, he would give me one of his, and I would see how fine they are. However, he convinced him after some talk, that he was done with selling papers—so see, he felt so much like he did before he passed away, this first time coming to talk, that he thought he must take up his old trade, and conditions again. We also told him how wrong it was to smoke cigarettes, and finally he became convinced that he was better off without them.

This little fellow—who is nine years old—has come twice since then, and each time has shown an improvement, and displayed a very bright nature; we are much interested in him; he says it is "Fun" being a deader, that "Heaven is a queer place; if you go in water there you can't drown. If you fall down you can't hurt yourself, and you don't walk on anything but just air." Nickie told us on his last visit, that he is now living with his "Ma"—that she "went to heaven" when he was a little thing, and she is so nice to him. He thinks he will go to school now, and learn about things, because he "had better do that than do nothing; everything is so still there, it's like Sunday; no hustling, like there is in Washington."

Twice when he came, he had a sweet message for me from one of my good Indian friends, which he gave all right, but he said he didn't like "being bossed by an Indian," said he was afraid of Indians; "Lukie"—whom we afterwards found out was a girl—where he used to live, read stories to him about Indians, and he didn't want any part of them. We told him the spirit Indians who came to us were good people, and he is now believing that. He asked if we had ever read "Mountain Bill," and "Hunter Out West." We said no, and he told us to read them, we ought to, "Cause they're great."

The good spirits have charge of this little walt, and they are going to train him to be a good and useful man, and to be ready and willing to do good works for everyone he can reach. I am sure he will become a helper to humanity in many ways, and I look upon him as my little friend. He seems to have taken a great liking to Nannie, and she is much pleased with his friendly ways. By the way, Nannie has been telling us how she and other little children in the earth—those who help for sick children and play with or sing to the little patients; some of them know it in their waking hours, others in their sleep; but the nurses think they dream or fancy it. The spirit children also carry flowers to the sick, which are seen by some, but whether they are really sensed or not, the patients absorb all the magnetism and aroma of these blossoms, and are benefited by the same.

But my letter is getting lengthy, and I must close, wishing the danner children all that is bright and good. Nannie had such a nice Valentine's Day, I think she will want to tell the Banner of it, but she can do that herself when Mrs. Barrett has space for her letter in the paper.

God bless! Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Speech.

One day last summer—about the beginning of cherry-time—we were out on the porch of our country home, sewing and talking and listening to the talking of the bees and birds all about us.

"I wonder if they really are talking," one of our company said; "and if they understand one another?"

"Certainly they do," some one replied. "The bees, of course, make their buzzing and humming with their wings—just as humming-birds do. But there isn't the least doubt that all these other sounds we hear, now have a real, personal, intelligent meaning, if only we could understand them."

"It is a pity that we have forgotten all the animal language, except the human, isn't it?" some one else said. "We have grown so into the habit of shutting ourselves up in these stone and wooden boxes we call houses and homes that we actually have forgotten the language of our brothers and best friends—the birds and winds and water and so many other beautiful things in the world about us. If we could only realize how much health and happiness we miss!"

Just then we noticed three young robins scampering over a big ripe cherry that had fallen to the ground. Two were quite well grown; but the other was much smaller, though taking part very manfully in the discussion. I don't suppose they were really fighting, but using the cherry, perhaps, to prove which was the strongest little bird—as boys use a punching-bag, you know.

We watched the three with great interest. Their little chirps grew louder and sharper as the trade went on, till, in a moment, we heard a loud, clear call from the top of the tree. The two bigger birds dropped the cherry instantly, and eyed each other in a quizzical way. They called loudly again. They hesitated for an instant, then flew straight up into the cherry-tree, where we could see them hopping briskly from twig to twig and chirping away, two at a time, in the liveliest manner, to the big robin that had called them.

Meanwhile the little one left on the ground pecked contentedly at the red side of the cherry, now that his noisy little brothers had been called away.

We looked at one another and smiled. Here was certainly a very good answer to

the question as to whether birds really understand one another. Of course, we didn't know the rights and wrongs of the case, as we hadn't seen the very beginning of it all. And besides—alas!—we couldn't quite understand bird-language. But it looked very much as if the mother-robin thought the two big strong baby-robins were being a little selfish and too hard on their little brother-robin, and so called them up into the tree where they could see their mistake and think it over and remember, if they would only look about, there were other cherries to be found. And it looked, too, as if the little robins were obedient, loving little children. Don't you think so?—Esther Harlan, in Mind.

Literary Department.

BY ARTHUR C. SMITH.

WISDOM OF THE AGES.—George A. Fuller. Cloth, gilt top, \$1.00.

If you were not one of the fortunate ones that early received a copy of Dr. Fuller's great work, a treat awaits you by getting it now. Having been very busy this week I have been reading the book on the car, on the boat, wherever I had a moment to devote to the reading, and I found "Wisdom of the Ages" more interesting than a novel.

In a way the book opens to the student a vista of a little known people, a race occupying Mexico here, the Aztecs, a people that may have built those monuments, those cities and temples, whose stone tongues speak to the searcher for truth something of the homes, beliefs and lives of that man long extinct, who here built the only monuments to his race.

Automatically, through the person of a well known spiritual worker, Dr. Geo. Fuller, has Zerkow, a teacher of that ancient time, a person whose office corresponded to that of the priest or preacher of today; the true minister, written of his belief, ripened and beautified presumably by long residence in the spirit world.

Scientifically considered, the work would have been answered by the advance thought of the day. Through the entire work evolution is taught not intrusively, but naturally, as a matter of course. Theologically, the work teaches a supreme unity, a central life principle, similar to the over-soul of Emerson; a kind of Deity believed in by the majority of mankind. Perhaps Force would be a better term for this principle. He supposes theologians must wrangle over it for a thousand years longer, and I am sorry to have added even a pebble to the monument wranglers have erected to their ignorance.

Ethically, the work sets no code of morals forth as the correct method of procedure. Individual conscience is made arbiter of action, and flagellant to the wrong-doer.

Zerkow writes outward from his own well centered self, and everywhere urges on the listener the worth of self, of a developed personality. At one time he says, "Let not thy heart be troubled. Thou believest in God, believe also in thyself. . . . Thine own self is changeless, deathless, and in expression, ever new." One is reminded of Walt Whitman at his best by some of the expressions of the ancient teacher. For instance, note the following: "I proclaim the gospel of myself. Be ye not copies of me, but instead, be ye first originals. . . . Let the light that is within thee shine out through all the windows of thy soul. . . . Speak out what is within thee, struggling for utterance. . . . Only speak out, but live out the thought within." High, noble, inspiring thoughts, worthy the utterance of the illuminated.

But when one begins quoting from "The Wisdom of the Ages," he begins a dangerous movement, for the study is not what to quote, but what to leave, for the whole work is worthy of place in review. It has not a dull line at the end of the line. Do you believe in the value of affirmations? The book is a mine of great wealth to you. "It is possible for the man who says 'I can,' to conquer and rule the world. . . . Inasmuch as thou art a part of the divine, all power centers in thee. . . . Thou art creator of opportunities."

One may be interested in labor reform, and looking for the expression of some helpful thought, you can find many such expressions in the book under consideration. Note this, "Man's labor becomes irksome only when he is forced to create that which is distasteful to him. Rest comes not in ceasing from labor, but from the doing of that which gives joy and satisfaction to the soul self." Should you be afflicted, no better way can you turn for solace, not only because of the sentiment expressed, but for their seeming weight as well. "The world declares, oh, Death, that thou art cruel and relentless. Thou art not as poets and artists have pictured thee: old, haggard and terrible. Thy cheeks have stolen the red tints of morn; thou art as graceful in the movements of the fawns, and thy features reflect nothing more terrible than peace and love. Beautiful, indeed, at thy gentle touch hath been the awakening into newer experiences."

And the ministrations of the departed are beautifully pictured. "From spaces inconceivable, from depths beyond human comprehension, from heights incalculable, voices call out to us and hands reach down, through and up to us. We are ministered to by all that is. Our way is not solitary and alone, even if our path is our own. Innumerable the throng that attends us."

If you are a healer, the volume is filled with heart-giving thoughts to assist you to affect a cure, or if you are not a healer, and require some good stimulant, I can recommend—for as yet the restrictive medical law does not prohibit that—I can, I repeat, recommend the reading of the book. Should you, like Tennyson, look for a time when

"The war drums beat no longer,
And the battle flags are furled,
In the parliament of nations,
A federation of the world."

You will find congenial substance in this book, telling of the "Universal Brotherhood." Auras and tones are dwelt upon, spiritual gifts are described and an estimate put upon the value of different studies and aims. Legislation, laws, powers, governments and people are considered, and upon whatever topic the author touches he casts the clear, steady glow of the flame of reason, tempered and softened, beautified and enriched by the beams of an all embracing love.

While I feel the incompleteness of this review, and any review of this work must be incomplete, for you will find new beauties at each reading and get but slight idea of the book unless you read it entire, I must close after mention of the pleasing manner in which Miss Susie C. Clark introduces the work and its transcriber to the public, with just a few words about the language used, to convey the thoughts lofty, pure, admirably clear reading and get but slight idea of the Poetic, musical and grand in its psalm-like songs of praise or its nature songs.

One of the chapters has inspired a poem, and the book could form the base for numerous sermons, for pictures and statues. From the vision of "The man that is to be," I take a portion, since it is the embodiment of my hope in the condition of earth's future. "Beneath his feet smoulder the fires, earthly lust, greed and selfishness; but over his head, like a coronet fit for an immortal

god, glow forevermore the stars of Faith, Hope and Love. . . . Blessed Trinity, whose light shall become brighter and brighter in the world, until the love of me and mine shall be lost in that deeper love for All, that shall foster in every human heart a sense of the brotherhood of all, that shall yet usher in the Golden Age, foretold by seer and prophet of every race and age the world has seen or man has ever known."

TOPE LEO AND EDWIN MARKHAM.

—Some time ago Edwin Markham wrote a poem that appeared in the New York Sunday Journal Dec. 9, and in it Pope Leo has written an ode to the new century. England's poet laureate translated it from the Latin, and The World of Monday, the 23th of January, published it.

The subject of Markham's poem, like his famous "Man With a Hoe," is one of Millet's paintings, "The Angelus," and of the man and woman pausing in their toil at the sound of the bell—

"They cease their day-long sacrament of toil,
The living prayer, the tilling of the soil!
And richer are their two-fold worshippings
Than fane of pontiff or the pomp of kings.
For each true deed is worship, it is prayer."

Sweeter are comrade kindnesses to him
Than the high harpings of the seraphim;
More than white incense circling to the dome
Is a field well furrowed or a nail sent home—
More than the halldrums of the choirs
Or hushed adornings at the altar fires."

So much for the American poet of labor, the democratic republican, associate of and brother to toiling man in all the ranks of life.

The other savor of the cloistered life, the narrow horizon, and the fettered, self-conscious being. God, not man, is the subject; faith, not life; greatness, not equality, the condition he seeks to maintain:—

"Red wars that reeked with blood of man,
Wide-wandering license, sceptres rent,
Pierce guide that threatens the Vatican—
These I lament."

Where is thy glory, stainless, free,
City of Cities, gleaming Rome?
Ages and nations kneeled to thee,
The Pontiff's home."

The Vatican, the Pontiff; Self is last mentioned—most important—quite the dominant thought throughout; with one exception, here following,—and it is a pleasure to publish it,—would there were more of equal or greater worth:—

"Sow Thou the seeds of happy peace,
All evil drive from us afar;
And bid the rage and tumult cease
Of hateful War."

MEDIUMSHIP AND ITS LAWS, ITS CONDITIONS AND CULTIVATION:—

Hudson Tuttle.

This admirable work of our most esteemed and respected friend should properly become the text-book of all Spiritualists and others who are seeking practical knowledge of the most important subject that can possibly engage the attention of mankind.

Let it once be understood that we are, both in and out of the body, who know us just as we are, and who praise or condemn us according to our actual worth, and we will all be inspired to live better lives, knowing only too well that as we sow, so, also, shall we reap, and that we, individually, are responsible for our acts.

Many wise quotations might be made from Mr. Tuttle's book, did space permit, but any fragmentary presentation would be an injustice to the author.

The work costs only a few cents, so that even the poorest among us can afford to buy it and study it. It is not a work to be superficially glanced through, but it must be studied and thought over daily.

Spiritualists, the world over, owe Hudson Tuttle a debt of gratitude, for this and other works, they will never be able to pay. The following words on page 2 should be written in burning letters of gold:

"The best spiritual facts at present are fragments, and the facts of science are conflicting. The teacher must hold his theories tentatively, and be ready to change his views on points held essential. All he has to do is to follow the highest and clearest light."

Los Angeles, Cal.

THE SPHINX begins the new year at a new price; for the year and a half of its life it had been published at \$3.00, and now to start on its fourth (IVth) volume with the new century it comes to the popular price, \$1.00 per year, 10 cents per number.

The American Sphinx at Mount Auburn is very well pictured for frontpiece in the January number, and the literary quality of the magazine seems rather improved, despite the drop in price.

For practical application of Astrology there is a table of "Best Days to Plant for 1901," there is "Birth Day Information," and, besides other pleasing articles, Heinrich Daath contributes the first installment of "The Complete Astrologer," wherein he promises during the year to furnish information enabling one to erect his own horoscope and to know something of the rudiments of the science.

THE BALTIMORE SUN has added to its Thursday issue a literary page under the able editorship of Dr. Gay Carlton Lee, of Johns Hopkins University. The opening essay by Dr. Lee is on "The Elements of Popularity in Fiction," and in the issue of the 14th inst., "Following Strange Gods." Instructors and students in forty colleges and universities will contribute to "Literature" in the Sun.

We welcome this paper, we read and enjoy it, and you would, too, reader, if you care for a critical review of the new things in the literary world.

BOOKS RECEIVED:—Evolution of the Individual, Frank Newland Doud, M. D., cloth, 100 pages, \$1.00.

The Christs of the Past and Present, Moses Hall, paper, 90 pages, 25 cents.

CLARA MORRIS, the famous actress, has developed to a story writer whose cleverness is conceded by every magazine editor. Consequently there is a place in readiness for everything that comes from her pen. She has just finished a story called, "The Little Acrobat Girl." It is a pathetic romance of the stage, and will be given early publication in The Ladies' Home Journal.

"Divine Teachers" and "Consistency."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the December number of "Immortality," we read that its editor, Mr. Grumble, has characterized one of the best known and most highly respected mediums of Spiritualism, as an injury to the Cause, to quote his own words, by her "vanity, jealousy, acrimony and selfishness." Surprise and indignation are expressed on all sides by this attack, so unwarranted and so ungentlemanly, but so defenseless necessary for this medium whom he has chosen to defame; the utter absurdity of his statement is its best refutation.

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JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

Proposed Legislation Relative to the Practice of Medicine and Surgery.

BY F. H. COOLIDGE.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

Section 1. Chapter four hundred and fifty-eight of the acts of the year eighteen hundred and ninety-four is hereby amended by adding after section ten a new section, as follows:—

Section 11. Whoever not being registered as aforesaid shall advertise or hold himself out to the public as a healer of disease, or as able to abolish disease or the symptoms of disease, or as competent to do surgery, or shall in any way treat or prescribe for the sick or injured, for gain, shall be punished by a fine of not less than one hundred dollars nor more than five hundred dollars for each offence, or by imprisonment in jail for three months, or both.

Section 2. Section eleven of said chapter four hundred and fifty-eight is also amended by striking out all after the word "services," in the sixth line, and inserting in place thereof the following:—"or persons acting as nurses or administering massage or electricity; but this act shall apply to clairvoyants, so called, and to persons practicing magnetic healing, mind cure, Christian science and osteopathy, so called,—so as to read as follows:—"

Section 11. This act shall not apply to commissioned officers of the United States army, navy or marine hospital service; or to a physician or surgeon who is called from another state to treat a particular case, and who does not otherwise practice in this state, or to prohibit gratuitous services; nor to persons acting as nurses or administering massage or electricity; but this act shall apply to clairvoyants, so called, and to persons practicing magnetic healing, mind cure, Christian science and osteopathy, so called.

See that every fault is eliminated from your own life.—Ex.

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