

THE ANGEL'S TASK.

A poor old man and a maiden fair,
Passed out of earth-life together;
Her forehead, white, crowned with sunny hair;
While his showed marks of rough weather.

Her pure young spirit all undimmed,
No trace of dark sin or sorrow;
His spirit, grieving at dawning wild,
Vainly striving peace to borrow.

An angel drew near, with queenly grace,
To lead her to shelter and rest;
But, seeing the woe on his worn face,
Stopped to soothe his spirit, oppress.

His life had been one of shame and sin;
His pathway had been dark and drear;
No light of love had shone over him;
No echo of truth floated near.

No one had given him kindly word,
Or helped him o'er life's stormy sea;
"Love one another," he'd never heard—
No man claimed his brother to be.

He had no rule to measure success,
Except the rule used by men,
"How many dollars do you possess?"
Not, where did you get them and when?

He couldn't compete with men who'd learned
How to get the best of a trade;
Whose sharpened wits had often earned
More gold than by toil could be made.

For no education this man had,
The big city's street was his school;
While all around o'erblown with bad,
Like slime on a dark stagnant pool.

So how could his soul "absorb" much good;
Or his face be "turned to the light?"
Ah, the angel spirit understood—
Her face was radiantly bright.

She took in her strong pure spirit-hand,
The hand of the man sitting there;
Then, with a step majestic and grand,
Passed on to the maid, pure and fair.

On, on they go; the sick man made whole—
His prayer for light answered at last;
The fair maid's purity fills his soul,
And blots out his unhappy past.

The maid finds charity fills her heart,
O'erflowed from the angel's supply;
The angel goes to his part,
Knows to God she's drawing nigh.

MINNIE MCKEY SOULE.

Man a Perfect Being.

Synopsis of an inspirational lecture delivered by
Mr. John W. Ring, before the Spiritualist
Society of Galveston, Texas.

Assuming the hypothesis that man is a living soul, externally related to Creative Energy, living in a tenement of flesh, composed of all substances, blended by the evolution of ages, we must seriously consider his possibilities, while thus incarnate.

Laden with experiences of the past, buoyant with anticipations of the future, he, like the Omnipotent, is constantly and forever in the present; experiences gone must yield their fruits and pass, and the future but, perchance, inspire, while the soul moves unceasingly, in the now, the here, the present.

MAN BORN.

Ages ago the woman failing to become mother was "put away" by her husband, and in many cases supposed to be under "divine displeasure"; today we often hear pregnancy referred to as a "mishap." Why this change? Because men are unconscious of the sanctity of the power of propagation. Children are deceived as to their origin, by superstitious falsehoods, grow to believe sexual passion natural and to satisfy it a natural sequence; while, in fact, it is not only abnormal, but animalistic. Over-indulgence, in or out of matrimonial bonds, is a sin against Nature and posterity. Sensuality and selfishness are the tattered rags of lower stages of life, stepping-stones which have led to our present state.

When children, in public education, are taught less of dead languages, and more of their latent powers, they will devote themselves less to cattle and horses with pedigrees, and developing more beautiful flowers (gathering from the latter an inspiration), and do something to advance the human race.

Maternity is the grandest word
That man may ever know;
And Motherhood, the sweetest heard,
As ages come and go.

Man cannot invoice his possessions nor claim his birthright until conscious of his innate forces; so it has been said, "Every man demands being rightly born." Nature never moves by chance and never makes mistakes. When the science of astrology (the influence of the heavenly bodies upon us) and phrenology (reading man's nature as pictured on his anatomy) are presented to the thoughtful, they see the reason for each peculiar characteristic in their offspring.

Alas, we find these "mishaps" (unwelcome guests into the world) going their way, according to Nature's law, in penitentiary, almshouse and asylum. Every deformity of mind or body is not a mistake, but a result of perverted law. Children should be taught the sacredness of their being, and filled with reverence for the power of propagation. Then will the influence of stars be studied, the power of prenatal influence observed, and men will obey the mandates of Nature.

MAN'S BODY AN INSTRUMENT.

The master of music must have a well-tuned instrument to display his talent; so the soul must have a well-formed and equally balanced body for successful expression. A clean, pure body, with every organ performing its respective function, will enable a sweet, impressive emanation of the soul within. Bound by magnetic ties of kinship to the stars in space, and to force and substance everywhere, it is possible to form an instrument of, almost infinite capabilities.

The properly constructed body is not a "thing" or machine which decays by use, or is destroyed by wear, but each organ tends to rebuilding; and if flesh is renewed, organs restored and mind led to predominate, surely earthly existence is to continue as man's WILL may dictate. This radical statement we trust will cause a ripple in thought generally. Why grow old? Why not speak of our advancing years as preparing us for extended longevity? If the experiences of eighty years have developed man's being, is it not best that he enjoy the fruits thereof?

Partake freely of pure, crystal water (the wine of eternal youth), of vegetables (Nature's nearest offspring), of sun-kissed fruits and nuts perfected in autumn's golden season, that the body may be invigorated with the elements which will not only sustain but rebuild; cease taxing the digestive organs with the grinding of flesh which does not contain sufficient strength to digest itself, and permit the form to renew, thus making existence of indefinite duration. "Men of old" lived much longer than now, because they walked in the sunshine of Mother Nature's laws, by obedience thereto, and from her broad, extended breast (sufficient for all to recline upon), beheld the forces of "new life sweet."

So why not we, like "men of old,"
Grasp Nature's holy law
And latent powers, for use, unfold—
Why stand in trembling awe?

This body "formed" with such adaptability is the Temple of the Living God. Let us clean it and make it pure. Let us relegate the heat of passion and demands of habit, to ages past, and live "day unto day" in the presence of rightful needs. Thus purged and cleansed, we may expect a clear mentality and the guidance of Intuition—the voice of the Soul. Then we are able to realize that thought force is mighty, that WILL is monarch. We will behold with rapturous ecstasy the tender silvery threads which bind soul to soul, and know that, like the mighty sea lapping the shore, the tidal wave of Divinity is swelling in upon every human life. As the incessant movement wears the bank away, so the continual influx of spiritual energy will bring a predominance of Love and Charity over Hate and Self, of Truth and Justice over Superstition and Bigotry, and Peace will spread her broad, protecting wings, in hallowed benediction, over every home. Thoughts sent out with the force of WILL, will hasten on their circular route, laden with good will, touching kindred minds with comfort and with strength, and return to us increased in size and power—reward of kindly thoughts.

O, let us keep a kindly thought
Forever on the way,
For mighty deeds are often wrought
By thinking Love all day;
And furthermore, they can't be lost,
They will return again;
Some time when we with woe are tossed
They'll come and soothe our pain.

Let us be tolerant, be just and noble;
"Hate sin, but love the sinner." How can the Soul, a spark of Infinite Life and Light, living in a Temple "formed" of indestructible atoms, so organized as to grow strong and be renewed by use, fail to read lessons of worth and beauty from Nature everywhere?

"THE LIVES OF GREAT MEN ALL BEGINNED."

When we listen to the dictates of the Higher Self, the vast family of human existence is our possession, and life is vibrating in us. We hear the Teacher of Galilee say, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more," and again, "Let him that is guiltless cast the first stone," and they become our own expressions.

We appropriate the beauty of artist and poet, the thought of Sages and Messiahs, the grandeur of Truth everywhere, for 'tis universal and belongs to us if we can use it. Ah yes, use is the object of the perfect life. To be useful makes one happy; and to be happy should be the aim of all. If we are strong, let us bear the burdens of the weak; if we are glad, let us share it with the sorrowing; if we are contented and peaceful, let us divide it with the restless and despondent. Let us walk in the ways of usefulness, spreading by word and thought the light of Love and Truth; let selfishness fade, be transformed, and error's darkness fade, as skulking shadows disappear before the morning sun. "Go (od) is Love," and all attributes are of similar nature. When man complains of error, sin and wrong, 'tis because he lives in shadows and perversions.

Assert thy WILL, of Soul within,
And live thy life aright;
Lo! error, wrong and fleeting sin
Faded out before thy light;
As one small taper drives the dark
From out the shadow's room,
The Soul, of God a tiny spark,
Dispelleth wrong and gloom.

Is this exposition of possibilities Spiritualism, and for Spiritualists only to enjoy? This is a partial enumeration of Soul properties and is for every man, woman and child who claims their rightful possessions. The first steps toward this Canaan is to recognize the harmonious blending of force and substance everywhere. Then no one will fail to see the handwriting of Infinitude in Nature; the pregnant kingdoms of Mother Nature (Negative) will deliver the lessons inscribed by Father God (Positive). With body clean and holy, the Soul will exercise every physical sense, and revel in the spiritual counterpart of each. This places man on the lofty summit of Knowledge, where he can view the grandeur of Nature and with keener perception see the prompting force of every expression.

Let us rise up, then, in majesty of spirit, to behold the birth of day when kissed by the sun. See the first gray streaks—heralds of the approaching monarch—grow into seeming extended arms, as if to embrace all earth in a clasp of maternal love. A murmur of rejoicing pervades, the lark bursts forth a jubilant lay, the morning-glory unfolds her petals, the waving grass and nodding branches free themselves of the nighttime dew, which, jewel-like, adds lustre to vegetation everywhere, and man in silence but adores. He is filled with inflowing magnetic waves, as day moves on apace, and stands touched with awe, at the stupendous unfolding. As noon approaches—the zenith of the monarch's daily pilgrimage—all Nature seems to lay so idly in the great extended arms, that they are no longer seen. In fact the seeming is, that sun and earth are still, in momentary clasp, and but the babbling brook and gentle breeze, through vale and o'er the field, move, and they bat as in playful laugh. But on they move—the reapers in the field renew their toil, the birds sing out again, the hum of motion everywhere rises, almost as vapor in the air; the throbbing soul vibrates in anthems deep and strong.

Too soon departing day speaks of repose. The sun, reclining as a monarch on his regal couch, canopied with royal hues, no artist's skill can imitate—the twilight shades descend as hallowed benedictions from above, and gilded clouds seem to be blushing with a farewell kiss; the day-bird's song is replaced with the shrill notes of the night-gale, the breezes seem whispering in tones subdued, lest they should wake the nodding flowers, and man bows in prayerful retrospect of a season so short and yet so full; he seeks his bed to renew his body with the harmony of the "stilly night," while the soul revels in realms of which it is not lawful to speak.

Any Soul that can drink in the inspiration of Nature and be filled with the elixir of everlasting life, can enjoy the possibilities enumerated, in their supernal degree.

Letter from Miss Whiting.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

You will permit me to state that the alleged conditions stated by Mr. Charles Dawbarn in his reference to Miss Kate Field and myself, in his paper on "Man's Aural Self," in your issue for Jan. 25, is entirely erroneous. I am not clairvoyant. I have never seen Miss Field since she entered the new life, nor have I ever claimed to do so. The matters communicated to me through the hand of Mrs. Piper, in trance, have been recorded, and that record differs so entirely from Mr. Dawbarn's statements that I am constrained, in the interests of truth, to beg to make this correction. Any individual has a right to his opinion regarding the possibilities of communication between those in the Seen and the Unseen; but I think we will all agree that a narration, in printed form, can be judged fairly only when accurately presented. It might as well be asserted that I had claimed to visit Mars as that I had claimed to see Miss Field since she entered on the higher life. One may—and frequently does—have the feeling that a friend in the Unseen is near, without in the least claiming that he either sees, or hears, objectively, the form, or the voice.

Regarding the "fatigue of an hour's conversation" on the part of Miss Field, the circumstances were these:

For three hours she had been writing to me through Mrs. Piper's hand. That—if the theory that her ethereal body was temporarily inhabiting Mrs. Piper's physical body, using it as an instrument, be true—it is perfectly conceivable that there might be mental fatigue. Her words to me were:

"I was tired of talking with you so long through that window," designating Mrs. Piper's organism as "a window."

It would seem that all searchers for psychic truth should feel a mutual sympathy

and mutual good will in the work. An honest difference of opinion it is always well to express; and in discussion is often revealed truth hitherto unsuspected. But this result can only be obtained by entirely fair representation and interpretation of the other's work. The gift of clairvoyance—the development of the psychic sight to that high degree that enables it to perceive the ethereal body in the ethereal world, seems to me a heavenly gift, and one that I should be very grateful to have; but it is also one that I do not possess and to which I have never, of course, made claim.

My own feeling, in the matter of any possible communication between those in the higher life and ourselves, is that it should always be, on our part, the lifting of ourselves—the lifting up of the heart to God—the aspiration and the consecration of life.

My own relation to Miss Field in this world was that of an admirer and ardent devotee, rather than that of an intimate friend, save in the relation of my intense devotion to a most gifted and exquisite woman whom I deeply loved and admired. It began with me, as a child, when she was writing brilliant letters to the New York Tribune and Herald from European capitals; and when later I came to meet her, she was too absorbed in her own work and deeper experiences of life to perhaps realize, as I feel that she does now, the depth and intensity of my appreciation and admiration of her, and of a friendship which had always, to me, been one designed more for heaven than for earth.

Lillian Whiting.

The Dewey, Washington, January, 1902.

Having Eyes and Seeing Not.

ELIZABETH W. F. JACKSON.

They were such a winsome looking couple, that the loungers upon the wharf gazed at them with undisguised admiration. The man was tall and slender, and there was a look of purity in his deep blue eyes. The woman beside him was petite, with hair as dark as a raven's wing; her eyes brought to mind the sad-eyed *Maria Dolorosa*.

After a short conversation with the old skipper, who had charge of renting the boats, they entered a small white yacht, and sailed away. The old skipper, shading his eyes with his rough, weather-beaten hand, stood watching the boat as it grew smaller in the distance.

"I wish I'd gone along with 'em," he said, turning to address his companions upon the wharf. "They're new comers here in Bermuda, and—his eyes scanned the horizon anxiously—"it looks like there might be a squall."

In less than an hour, the clouds gathered. The occupants of the yacht, intent upon pleasure, did not notice the approaching storm until the wind, shifting suddenly, caught the sail and made the boat lurch to one side. As soon as he had adjusted the sail, the man looked around; behind them the clouds had gathered, black and forbidding, while before them the sky was still blue and clear, and the rudder, he quickly turned the boat about, and, with sail full set, headed for the shore. It was too late—before half the distance was traveled, the storm was upon them. They hastily seized the ropes, and tried to furl the sail, but before they could do so, a violent gust of wind tore it from the rigging, and they saw it float away from their reach. Giving up all hope of getting to the shore, they sat down, and anxiously waited for the storm to abate.

The wind shifted repeatedly from one direction to another, then after an hour had passed, it blew steadily from the northwest, taking the unresisting craft many miles away from the home harbor. Darkness came before the wind abated.

"When daylight comes, we will hail some passing boat and go back to shore," they said. But daylight came, and no boat was in sight. Noon passed, and the first soft shadows of evening began to fall; still their anxious eyes could see nothing but the dreary waste of water upon every side.

Suffering from hunger and thirst, the occupants of the little boat began their second night upon the broad deep. As soon as dawn came again, they looked long and earnestly in every direction; no sail, no spot of green against the horizon, nothing but the wide ocean between them and—eternity.

The long, dreary day crept slowly along. It was late in the afternoon; the man had been working desperately for some hours, trying to pry a piece of board from the side of the boat, thinking he might convert it into an oar. Having no tool but a small pocket-knife, and being weak from want of food, his task had been a difficult one. At last he succeeded in pulling the board off, and sat down to rest. "Jeanette!" he cried. The woman turned and looked at him; an expression of horror came over her face, for blood was gushing from her mouth. Hastily dipping up sea-water, she wet her handkerchief, and tried to stop the flow, but in vain—on, and on, and on it flowed, and weaker and weaker

grew the voice of the man she loved. She sat down, and took his head in her lap.

"Maurice, darling, you must not go and leave me alone," she sobbed.

"Jeanette," he said feebly, "I know I'm dying, but I can't think that I shall leave you alone. If there is such a thing as life after death, let us love each other so much, to part us after such a little time. I will come back to you, dearest, I will." In a few moments the spirit had fled.

The sun went down in silent grandeur, and darkness came; still the woman sat, holding the dear head in her lap. She made no sound of grief, but often she would stroke the fair, wavy hair, and gently brushing it back from the forehead, she would lay her hand upon it, as if hoping to find a little warmth. Day dawned, a sea-bird, perched upon the mast, looked down, and saw her sitting so still, that it ventured to fly down and light upon her shoulder. She moved slightly, and it flapped its wings noisily, and flew away.

Noon passed and night came again; for the first time since she had been left alone, the woman slept. At first, exhausted nature made the sleep profound; but later on dreams came, and she murmured in her sleep. "I knew you would come back to me dear; yes, I see your hand resting upon the prow, and there is a radiance all around you. I shall soon be safely landed, with you guiding the boat."

The sky in the east was just turning gray as the woman sat upright. No longer did she care for the wind, or the burning rays of the tropic sun, nor did she anxiously scan the horizon for a sail. She was happy—why should she not be? For in her dream she was a bride again, sailing glad over a summer sea, with Maurice by her side. Oh madness, thou art sometimes welcome!

Sister Margaret, head nurse at the Convent Hospital, Buenos Ayres, was sitting in her cozy little parlor one evening just at dusk, when Senior De Castro, resident physician of the institution, entered. He seated himself wearily.

"You are unusually tired tonight, Senior," said Sister Margaret, smiling a welcome. "It has been a wearisome day for me," he replied. "There are some days when nothing seems to go right, and this has been one of them. Do you remember you promised to tell me a story, one day last week? Well, I've come for the story like an overgrown boy, because I'm tired, and want to drive the blues away. Besides, I'm rather interested in the case."

"What was it about?" asked Sister Margaret. "I'm afraid I've forgotten."

"About the nurse in the accident ward. Don't you remember the day she had an attack of hysteria, when they brought in the man who had been bitten by the mad dog? I didn't see any excuse for her taking on like that; she had taken care of much worse cases before. You said you would tell me a story that would explain it—don't you remember?"

"Yes, I remember now," she replied. "It begins back, four years ago. I was aboard a small steamship, coming from Lisbon. I had been doing hospital work there, you know. We were a little more than two days from here, when the captain, looking through his glass, saw a small open boat a little to the west of us. It was a sail boat; the sail was furled, so the captain thought. It was a strange occurrence to see such a small craft so far from shore—so strange that the captain felt justified in taking the vessel a little out of her course to investigate, and give aid, if the boat should prove to be in distress. As we drew near the little boat, we saw that the mast was bare, with bits of the rigging dangling about it. In the bottom of the boat sat a woman, foaming and cursing a swollen corpse. It soon became evident that the woman was insane, for when they tried to take her aboard the ship, she resisted, with all the little strength she had; it was necessary to use force to take her from the boat. She became quiet enough, as soon as she was once aboard; but she would allow nobody to touch her but myself. She took a fancy to me, for some reason, and so I took care of her for the rest of the voyage."

"When we landed I took her to the Convent, for I knew that the Sisters would gladly care for her. It took weeks of patient nursing, together with good, wholesome food, and the peaceful quiet of the convent to restore the wandering mind. But reason returned, at last, and with it came memory; then, for the first time, we were able to learn her name, and whence she came. As she had no near relatives, it seemed best to keep her with us, for we had learned to love her dearly. When she grew stronger, we put her to work in the hospital; she proved to be a good, reliable nurse, as you know. That day she had the attack, when she was helping you dress the wound—Senior she has never spoken of her experience in the little boat, and I have never questioned her about it; but you know the dog had bitten the man's finger—the captain and mate of the ship examined the body of the man found in the yacht, and found it

(Continued on page three.)

When the last shred of the personality is gone all that can thus suffer has passed away, and in the perfected Adept there are untroubled peace and everlasting joy. He sees the end toward which all is working, and rejoices in that end, knowing that earth's sorrow is but a passing phase in human evolution.—

HOW TO FIND OUT

...of him, his nature and control, had
now into largest realization of power, to be
in accordance with his highest ideal.
See #1.00.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Banner of Light.

Goethe, whose fame encompasses the planet, never wrote a line until after he was fifty years old. Spring is not nature's fruit-bearing season, and human plants require the

The Morris Pratt Institute has come to stay, and offers an excellent opportunity to every philanthropist in our ranks to do something for the work of removing the incubus of ignorance from our movement. Through that Institute, the student can gain a thorough knowledge of grammar, rhetoric, logic, and other essentials to correct speaking. He can also gain possession of certain facts in

Some there were who failed to learn by their premature fall from the Bridge, and they were those who were only seeking selfish attainments for themselves. Their journey was slower, and when they again stood at the entrance to the great Bridge, they were forced to stand aside to see those whom they once despised pass on before them. Their punishment was of long duration, for they could go no higher until the desire to do so was born within their own natures. Then, aided by their Soul-Selves, a new impulse

AS Prof. W. F. Peck is recognized by the secular press of St. Louis as one of the leading ministers in that city. The subjects of his Sunday addresses are uniformly mentioned with those of other clergymen, and a goodly share of space is devoted to the reports of his sermons. He takes high ground in regard to all matters pertaining to Spiritualism, and his lectures are always indicative of careful study and calm inspiration. His work is of a very high order of excellence, and the recognition accorded it is only the acknowledgment that intelligence always gives to merit.

Photographs of Mrs. Minnie M. Soule
are for sale at this office; twenty-five cents
each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Children's Spiritualism.

How the Leaves Came Down.

"I'll tell you how the leaves came down,"
The great tree to her children said:
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;
Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away."

So just for one more merry day
To the great tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced, and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung.
Whispering, all their sports among.

"Perhaps the great tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret."
But the great tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children all, to bed!" he cried—
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great tree looked down and smiled
"Good-night, dear little leaves," he said,
And from below, each sleepy child
Replied, "Good-night," and murmured,
"It is so nice to go to bed."
Susan Coolidge.

To the Children of the Brockton Lyceum.

My dear Little Friends—I think it was the sweetest thing for me to take up a collection to send to my little friends in the Temple. She was so happy over it and so were the spirits who are interested in the work.

A long time ago, we decided that the pulpit or place where the speaker stands when he or she is giving out messages to the people, would be bought with money given by people in memory of their little ones who had gone to the spirit; so when your money came, my little friends thought that she would add that to the pulpit fund, and so it has gone into a little box for that purpose and when the Temple is all built and the pulpit is placed and the loving spirit messages are being given out over it, you will feel that you have a part in every single service that is ever held in that place.

I think it is a very sweet thing for people who have little ones in the spirit to give things that will help other people in earth life in memory of them instead of putting up big marble monuments and building fences around their dead bodies and things like that. It seems to me that the thought of being constantly known and understood helps more than anything that is put around the place where the body lies.

I love you all and shall come to your Lyceum often, and if any of your mediums who help you in your work see me around there, you will know that I have just run away a little while to give you my love and to let you know that I am working with you. Sometimes I hope I may be able to come and speak to you again as I did last year.

Now, thanking all from all the little spirits who come around my medium and who are interested to see the work go on, I say good-bye.
Sunbeam.

An Epistle General.

To Banner Friends, Young and Old.

ELSIE A. HUNTRESS.

Some queer and wonderful things I have to relate, also something I wish to say to grown-up people, and so let old folks know what young folks think.

In my head there is a little bird's nest, which I suppose is my mind. In it there have been collecting some little eggs, or thoughts and ideas. A little bird called meditation, I guess, has been sitting on them, and now they are hatching out in this letter, a whole flock of them, and will fly away to you to try and produce other thoughts which, I hope may fly back to me like carrier doves.

I am a medium—a medium-sized little maid, I mean; not very little and not very large.

I am not sweet sixteen yet, though my mama says I am sweet, just the same; nay, I hope never to sour, as I would not care to be a sour old maid.

I enjoyed reading about Sunbeam's Christmas, and also the messages from "Brack" Susie, Rosebud and others, which have prompted me to try to write a little.

We had a beautiful Christmas tree at my home, with decorations, music and beneficial games.

My papa has prepared me an interesting game. In playing it we use a home-made cloth globe, stuffed with cotton and colored, a bank, a postoffice, and some imitation money. We play earning much money and spending some, visiting other countries, seeing kings and queens, receiving letters and doing other wonderful things. It helps teach geography and the three "R's" of reading, writing and arithmetic, besides handling money.

Solving problems in figures we call battles with Glant King Mathematics. The numbers given in the examples are his soldiers; while I am a queen and the figures I use in working the examples are my soldiers in order of battle or battle array. I do not intend to let the old king conquer me once.

Besides other studies, I am learning some about astronomy and the history of the world; and the other day I saw the beautiful planet Venus with the naked eye at noon.

In the Banner of Nov. 9, 1901, Rosebud tells about little Sir Galahad; so I will tell something similar. I learn that Victoria was called an Empress-Queen, ruling over a kingdom which was about as great and good as any in the world; while she had large, beautiful gardens, with an elegant palace and a great castle to reside in.

So when I am good my papa calls me an empress-queen, or says that a good empress-queen, which is my better nature, is ruling in my life, and that there is a castle or palace-temple for this empress-queen to dwell in, which is the body, with beautiful windows and gateways, such as the eyes, mouth and ears; and when the eye-windows are all illuminated by love-light from the oil of gladness they are very beautiful.

There is a kingdom over which this empress-queen should reign—a kingdom of subjects, servants and soldiers, which may be the powers, abilities and talents for literature, music, art and other things, with reason, voice, hands, fingers, feet, etc.; and the empress-queen should govern and rule them by good laws, with the golden rule as her

KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Mrs. Louise M. Gibson Says That This Fatal Disease Is Easily Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I felt very discouraged two years ago, I had suffered so long with kidney troubles and other complications, and had taken so much medicine without relief that I began to think there was no hope for me. Life looked so good to me, but what is life without health? I wanted to be well."



MRS. LOUISE M. GIBSON.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and made me well, and that is why I gladly write you this, and gladly thank you; six bottles was all I took, together with your Pills. My headache and backache and kidney trouble went, never to return; the burning sensation I had left altogether; my general health was so improved I felt as young and light and happy as at twenty."
—Mrs. Louise Gibson, 4813 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

If you feel that there is anything at all unusual or puzzling about your case, or if you wish confidential advice of the most experienced, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and you will be advised free of charge. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured and is curing thousands of cases of female trouble.

ceptre, and require them to obey and serve her, for he that ruleth his spirit is mightier than he that taketh a city. Also, this empress-queen has a garden with plants, flowers and fruit, which may be habits, thoughts and acts.

If I should not be good, papa says an evil princess, who may be a sister to the "black prince" of darkness, enters the castle, de-thrones the good empress-queen, takes captive her subjects and makes slaves of them, then takes the soldiers prisoners, spoils the garden and disfigures and sometimes injures the wonderful palace-temple.

I want to try and always have my soldiers on guard to prevent this princess from entering; so that the palace-temple may ever be clear pure and unadorned—a fit temple for good holy spirits, that they may delight to be with me, and bring me good messages.
(To be continued.)

Edna Pauline Hilbert.

My Dear Children:—

We have another Banner baby in spirit life. She lived on this earth only five years and then the angels took her away with them. And, oh, her grandmother and her father and mother miss her so much. But they have heard from her since she went away, and that makes it a little easier. You see, she was the only baby her papa and mama had, and it was very, very hard to see her go, even though they know she is well and happy now. We will all send them our love to help them; will we not?

Some of you know the little girl's grandmother. Her name is Mrs. A. Hilbert and she lives in Fall River, Mass. She loves the Banner children and always reads this part of the paper. Very soon we are going to show you a picture of one of her nephews, a cousin of Pauline. He, too, belongs to the Banner family.

Let us ask Sunbeam to try to find Edna Pauline Hilbert, and invite her to join the Sunday Club.
Your friend,
M. C. Barrett.

Is Cancer Hereditary?

Dr. Byr, the Eminent Specialist, on the treatment of cancer, Kansas City, Mo., states that in his long years of extensive practice in the treatment of carcinoma he has proven beyond a doubt that the disease is hereditary, having successfully treated as many as four or more members of one family suffering from the disease. The Doctor has printed a valuable book, profusely illustrated, which is sent free. Parties afflicted or having friends afflicted should write him. Address Dr. W. O. Byr, Kansas City, Mo.

Compulsory Vaccination.

House Bill No. 128—"An Act relative to compulsory vaccination, reads as follows: Be it enacted, etc.

"Sec. 1. Boards of health and other town, city or state officials shall not have power to compel any man or woman to be vaccinated against his or her consent; neither shall any official have the legal right to order any child to be vaccinated against the will of the child's parent or guardian.

"Sec. 2. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

"Sec. 3. This act shall take effect upon its passage."

In consideration of the danger to the public health by the wholesale vaccination of the people of this commonwealth, this hearing should be well attended, and a strong protest be made against the unscientific and murderous practice of vaccination.

East Bridgewater.
Geo. W. Allen.

Many people in the world in error think they could do better and be happier elsewhere than where they happen to be placed. They see only the thorns, the drudgery and the disagreeable things in their own vocation, and only the flowers and the pleasant experiences in the vocations of others. The seer or wise man knows that in each and every life there are struggles, sorrows and unhappiness, that out of all these struggles the soul eventually emerges victorious and joins God, its source.—Ex.

"When man becomes attuned to music of celestial spheres, his thought can beat at any distance."

The Vivisectionists.

THEIR HEARTLESS AND BARBAROUS PLEASURES.

Reading the following, which we clip from the Chicago Chronicle of recent date, impels one to ask whether we are really living in the twentieth century, when the humane feelings and sentiments are supposed to actuate cultured human beings; or is it all an illusion, a dream, and we are still existing in the period of Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition, with its cruel methods of torture, its inhumanity in the use of the rack, and for the sake of religion, purporting to act with a view to the best interests of man and the highest good of the church.

Read—and wonder with amazement at this illustration of modern medical fiendishness in the name and for the cause of science.

Read—and blush with shame that you are human. Read—and feel sorrow that you are the human kind of the class that expresses such heartless sentiments. Read—and fear that by some miscarriage of justice you may fall into the greedy, outstretched hands of worse than savage torturers.

Read the statement given by the Chronicle: "Vivisection is now the fate of the criminals who may be condemned to death in the near future if surgeons of Chicago have their way respecting the disposition of men and women sentenced by the law to die."

Scores of doctors in Chicago favor the vivisection of men who have incurred the death penalty through crime. The surgeons say that in this way the men who have been a damage to society and a menace to human life may be made to be of some good to posterity by submitting their bodies to the surgeon's knife, the specialist's inoculations and the psychologist's experiment. It is thought that the practice might tend also to lessen crime.

It is said that if the Anti-Vivisection Society can be kept from interfering a law providing for a national hospital under the control of the government of the United States and the health department will be introduced in Congress during the coming session with the hope that science may have the benefit of studying man in all his parts while he lives and can relate his sensations.

This is not an unheard of thing. In the sixteenth century human vivisection was practiced in Italy on condemned criminals, and it is but a few years ago that a man condemned to be shot in the Hawaiian Islands was inoculated with the virus of leprosy to demonstrate that the disease was infectious. This man died of the loathsome disease instead of from a bullet and his body was used by showing that leprosy was indeed infectious.

"Outside of these instances, however, human vivisection has never been practiced in medical science. Many persons in the United States are even opposed to the vivisection of dogs, rabbits, cats and other animals. It was not until Washington to prevent Congress from passing an anti-vivisection law in answer to the pleas of the Anti-Vivisection Society.

"Vivisection of men condemned to death is just right," said Dr. Charles G. Roehr, of Harvey Medical College. "What is the benefit of dragging men down to the gallows or to the electric chair? In this day and age? When once a man is executed by law he is of no use to anyone. He has lived a worthless life. He has taken the life of another or he has betrayed the country that gave him protection."

There is nothing so horrible in human vivisection if one but looks at it aright," said Dr. Charles J. Whalen, of Rush Medical College, when asked about the new movement. "I have openly advocated the scheme for several years. Even if we are not allowed to vivisection those who are condemned to die, we should at least be allowed to use them in experiments with as to the inoculation of certain diseases."

"It is time that we had some returns from the outcasts of society. It would have to be fixed so that no one condemned under circumstantial evidence could be thus used. Only those caught red-handed or those who confessed to murder would be taken to the vivisection hospital. The desire for human vivisection is quite universal among members of the medical and surgical professions."

"Dr. D. R. Brower, who has made considerable study of vivisection, said:

"I am in favor of anything that will advance the knowledge of science. Vivisection of condemned criminals is desirable, but I fear that it is impracticable at present. I am afraid we will stir up the anti-vivisectionists. It is true that it would be a grand thing for science if we were permitted to study the organs of living men, and it would doubtless make men hesitate more before they took life."

"Dr. J. B. Murphy fears that the idea would appear too inhuman for the ordinary man."

It is not time to inquire whether the education of the Medical Colleges should be to breed humane sympathies, harden or obliterate human feelings, and develop a cold blooded-thirstiness that would shame even a savage race?

Did anyone ever read in the annals of savage warfare of deeds of cruelty surpassing or even equalling the cruel torture these doctors would inflict upon helpless human beings delivered into their power?

There seems to be something in the regular course of study of medical science that tends to brutalize, not only, but also to beget an insane desire to cut and haggle the living human form, to perform "surgical operations," even to the risking of the lives of the victims.

In one instance, in Chicago, a husband, wiser than the "doctor," to protect his wife from one of these medical would-be "operators," threatened to shoot the physician, who was insisted that an "operation" be performed, even against the husband's will and wish. This happened years ago, and that wife, without any "operation," is still alive and well, and bids fair to live beyond the ordinary age.

How often we read of a "successful operation" having been performed—and if the patient speedily dies—why? It was a "successful operation," all the same—and it is blazoned in the newspapers and medical journals as such.

There is such delight to cut and carve in the name or for the sake of medical science! Leaders of the daily press recently have been regaled with accounts of the deaths of more than a dozen children in St. Louis, from tetanus, caused by antitoxin serum administered by "medical science" for the cure of diphtheria.

Now comes the following report: "St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 10.—The second session of the tetanus inquiry commission, organized to fix the responsibility for thirteen deaths following the use of city antitoxin, was commenced this afternoon in Mayor Wells' office."

Rayold's order. So I went ahead and carried out the order."

In view of the vivisection proclivities of the medical fraternity, as stated before, and the collateral case of the man in the Hawaiian Islands, who was "inoculated with the virus of leprosy to demonstrate that the disease was infectious," and who "died of the loathsome disease," and "aided science" by showing that leprosy was indeed infectious—in view of these and many other similar instances, the query naturally arises: Was this horrible affair of antitoxin poisoning in St. Louis, this wholesale slaughter of the children, the gratification exacted for the purpose of "aiding science"? The query is pertinent. Years ago the writer of this rendered some slight assistance to the surgeons who cared for a poor boy at Port Huron, Mich., who accidentally had his hand caught in the "scraper" of a planing machine. As the cylinder with its knives revolved, it drew him in and sliced his arm by degrees until it reached his shoulder and he could be drawn in no farther. The surgeons kindly administered anesthetics, so the poor boy might not be sensible of pain while they dressed his wound.

But vivisection—in the interest of medical "science"—must be done without the deadening influence of anesthetics. The victim must be in the possession of all his natural sensitiveness to pain, while he is lacerated or carved piecemeal, and the terrible torture may continue during several days. It is so in the case of animals—horses, dogs, etc., and, of course, "criminals" could not expect their agony to be shortened. The case of medical "science" demands the fullest quota of experimentation; the more prolonged the sufferer's agony, the greater the benefits to medical science, and the longer the miserable victim's life endures the torture, the greater the amount of cruel experimentation that can be practiced for the blessed sake of "science." The gratification of the merciless desires of the doctors.

Better were it to fall into the hands of Fiji cannibals, who kill outright, roast and eat their victims—they do not murder their human prey by the slow and exquisitely cruel process of vivisection. Hence the cannibals are more kind and humane feeling than these men of medical science? It would seem so. And be it understood that vivisection is but one of a dozen different forms of torture employed by vivisectionists.

It would be well for these scientific medical practitioners to devote a season to a study of the various methods of cruel and especially in modes of punishment. The statistics of present and past times show that cruel punishments do not lessen crimes, and English history proves that when harsh punishments prevailed most crimes were committed; and that when humane methods prevailed, crime decreased. And why? It is psychologically true that harshness begets harshness; hatred begets hatred; cruelty begets cruelty; and there you have the solution of the matter, the reason for the failure of cruel punishments to accomplish the result intended.

Would it not be far better in every way if such criminals as these medical professors desire to vivisection, were considered as morally diseased, and consigned to an institution where, under proper surveillance and instruction, they would work for the State, and pay the expense of their keeping, and be medically and psychologically treated for the renovation of their moral defects?

Humane treatment tends to humanize; brutal treatment tends to brutalize.

It is probable that, if any one of these medical gentlemen were to undergo just a modest—taste of vivisection on his own physical body, he would speedily come to the conclusion that, after all, vivisection of human beings is not quite the right and proper thing. But would it not smack of what is called "poetic justice" if these men who so glibly favor vivisection of criminals were compelled to undergo the process themselves?

Certainly, if these medical gentlemen are so eager to advance in medical science that they are "in favor of anything that will advance the knowledge of scientists," let them, by all means, practice vivisection, inoculation with the virus of leprosy and other diseases, upon themselves, let them undergo the same cruel experience, they do not know, that the vile serums be upon their own sacred persons! Perhaps even the Anti-Vivisection Society would not object to that.

It does not argue well for the observing powers of the practitioners of the "science," "art," or unconscionable humping of "medical science," that the writings of years of medical experience, they do not know, that the virus of leprosy is infectious, until they inoculate a healthy man with it, and he dies of the loathsome disease. They must demonstrate the fact by cruel experiment, before they know it. And so of other infectious diseases.

And not satisfied with practical observation of surgical cases from mishaps and accidents, they must needs take a sound and well human being, and cut and carve, dissect him alive, a long, cruel agony, so that these precious men of "medical science" may know something of the pain and the course of instruction in the medical school or college.

Naturally this practical experimentation on the bodies of living human beings must beget a cold, unfeeling indifference to human pain and suffering; just as the slaughter of animals at the stock-yards hardens the feelings of those engaged in the bloody work of slaughtering. Besides, there is the powerful incentive of prospective fat fees when it comes to performing "operations" upon unfortunate human beings, whether they live or die under the "operation."

It may be labor lost, but it is proper to remind the medical profession of the fact that the Dark Ages that we are now living in the Twentieth Century; that old savage notions of punishment are now outgrown by civilized people; death by hanging, as a penalty for

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petty stealing, is a thing of the past; and "cruel and unusual punishments" are contrary to the genius of enlightenment and progress.

Except as an unlawful outburst of passion, or of a spirit akin to hellishness wreaking its heartless gratification upon the defenceless unfortunate, cruelty is shunned in the infliction of lawful punishments.

The burning of negroes at the stake, for crimes committed, has horrified many people; but roasting to death in a quick and merciful punishment compared with the slow torture and long drawn-out agony of death by vivisection.

The spirit of kindly humanitarianism is abroad in the civilized world, and winning its way into the hearts and minds and laws of all enlightened and cultured peoples, and it is not to be supposed that the humane progress and humane sentiment of an advanced moral and intellectual people will allow itself to be cast aside and trodden under foot for the sake of gratifying the cruel, inhuman, heartless propensities of a coterie of worse than glaucous vivisectionists.

Jas. C. Underhill.

Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.—New Testament.

They who think on Me with unfailing love and devotion find all that they need at their very doors (lit., brought on My shoulders).—The Gita.

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