

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

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NO. 2

## TO EACH RESTORED.

Two souls upon the shiping way,  
Had left alike their forms of clay,  
And out into the azure went,  
On life's eternal searching sent.

For years they had not other seen,  
Yet each on each in love did lean;  
And here in shadow of the night,  
They twain as one had taken flight.

Each looked at each in pure surprise,  
And tears of pleasure filled their eyes;  
One said, "How dear, my love, is death!"  
"How sweet is life!" the other saith.

So hand in hand they went their way,  
To wander in the growing day,  
The world to them a world of morn,  
Wherein anew their souls were born:

And as the lily loves the light,  
They loved that region ever bright;  
And as twin stars together move  
So shone they in that land of love!

Willam Brunton.

## Infinite Intelligence, or God.

EMMA J. KNOWLES.

"The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.'"

It would seem in this day and age of the world, that to undertake to set forth an argument in favor of the existence of Infinite Intelligence, or God, would be a superfluous effort, a begging of the question as it were. But, strange as it may seem, it is a fact that there is quite a percentage of the world's people, and not a few who claim to be Spiritualists, who reject the idea of God entirely, and it is to these that I offer a few thoughts concerning the source of our being, and of the manifestations witnessed in what we call Nature. This is a large subject, and one upon which I hesitate to express my thoughts, because of my inability to deal with it in a way at all satisfactory to myself. But it is a vital question to every human being, and I am impelled to speak my word, be it ever so imperfectly expressed.

Judging from the view-point of the physical senses, there is comparatively little that man can know positively in this world. We are forced to take the testimony of others for the great body of our so-called knowledge, and admit much circumstantial evidence regarding things not seen, while we are every day brought face to face with the conviction that all such evidence is more or less unreliable, and that even our own senses sometimes deceive us.

However, we accept the testimony of our friends, our teachers, our travelers, historians, scientists and the press generally for a large part of our supposed knowledge, and think we know a great deal about this world of ours, and that larger world, the Universe.

But do we positively know all these things that we read about, and of which we are told? Do we not have to exercise a large amount of that much-abused, as well as much-vaunted quality of mind we call faith, in order to accept so unquestioningly the information we receive from so many different sources? If we may do this, when considering terrestrial things, matters pertaining wholly to the physical world, why may we not consistently rely upon the intuition, or soul sense, which is the father of faith, when we advance into the realm of the Unseen?

Science has discovered an unseen world of forces, and substances, and Spiritualism has proven that there is an unseen world, inhabited by disembodied intelligences,—men, women and children,—who have lived in bodies like ours, and who have simply laid by their bodies as we put off a worn-out garment, and are thus adapted to life in that unseen world.

Accepting the discoveries of scientists as fact, so far as they go, we are led on by the process of deductive reasoning, and that same intuitive or soul sense, to the acceptance of a quantity of what we may call circumstantial evidence. Accepting the teachings of exalted intelligences in the spirit world as truth, and relying here also upon our inner senses, to a great extent, we believe many things that cannot be proven to physical sense. And so, in our study of causes and effects, we come to know, as truly as we know many other things that we don't know, that back of and over all manifestation of life, is the life itself, and that that life is an intelligent, creative, all-powerful, all-inclusive, governing force, or spirit. And we may call this force or spirit, God, or Infinite Intelligence, or First Cause, or make use of any other of the many terms that have been used to designate this mysterious, unfathomable something that passes human comprehension, and yet compasses all things that are.

Since time began, man has had an intuitive perception of God. No race of people has ever been found who had not some idea of an invisible overruling power, and men have clothed their God or gods in personalities suited to their crude ideals.

That these conceptions have been crude, and limited to the measure of man's own undeveloped nature, is not surprising. The glass through which we look, colors or dis-

torts everything. If we look through a green glass, everything appears green; a smoked glass blurs everything, and makes even the sun appear dull, like a red disk on a black background. Now the mind is the glass, or lens, through which the soul, or real self of man, looks out upon the many manifestations of life in the world, and in primitive man the glass is so imperfect as to woefully distort the images transmitted, so that they are grotesque and fanciful to the last degree.

The Hottentot's God is a monstrous creation of ignorance and barbarity, seen through a darkened lens, too opaque to admit more than a ray of light to the imprisoned soul within.

The North American Indian sees the Great Spirit as the stern ruler of a host of nature spirits that inhabit lake, river, forest and prairie, and as the chief of the "happy hunting grounds" just beyond the mist-encircled mountain-top, at the foot of which his wigwam is builded.

The Hindoo worships the One,—the Pure One, that is all and everything,—an abstraction that the occidental mind can hardly grasp. The Hebrew law maker saw God through a mottled glass,—a glass bespattered with the blood of hatred and violence, and yet a glass through which some glimpses were had of a really noble creation. The materialist, looking through ground glass sees force without intelligence, law without a law maker, creation without design, while the Spiritualist, the spiritual minded, with clearer vision, recognizes Infinite Intelligence permeating all things visible and invisible, as the animating principle, the soul of the Universe, the Father-Mother love and wisdom, that has neither centre nor circumference, so far as we can comprehend, and yet which is the centre and circumference of all things.

That the narrow minds, the dull lens, of a crude people have used the name God, to designate their ideal, a personality of wrath and vengeance, of inconsistency and limitations, should not debar the enlightened soul from using the same name to describe his conception of all wise, all good, all powerful Spirit or Intelligence, in whom he lives and moves and has his being.

Many people who have rejected the idea of personality object to using the name God, but for my part, I love it, and fit it to my larger conception of Infinity, without any trouble. There is much in a name. Right here I want to digress for a moment from my subject, to say that when, at the last meeting of the M. V. S. A. I was ordained to preach Spiritualism, a friend who came to congratulate me, said:

"I am glad you are going into the work, but don't call it Spiritualism."

"Why not?" said I. "I am a Spiritualist and I shall preach Spiritualism."

"Yes," he replied, "but if you call your teaching by that name, you will not get a hearing, there is so much prejudice against Spiritualism."

"Then that is one very good reason why I should use the name," I replied. "I am not one to desert a friend, nor a cause in time of need. We must all stand by the ship and overcome this prejudice you speak of."

And let me tell you, friends, that much of this prejudice we complain of has been created by the prejudices and antagonisms of Spiritualists toward other religions, and the opinions of other people. Let us take the beam out of our own eye, and I really believe that the mote will soon disappear from the eye of our brother. In other words, let us lay aside our prejudices, and refrain from unkind criticisms, and if we can see no good in another, in a person, or a religion, let us not speak of the evil.

For myself, I propose to use the name of God to designate my ideal of Infinite life, love and wisdom. I propose to preach the Spiritualism that comes to us direct from the spirit world, and also that which I find in various Bibles, including the Christian's Bible, and in the inspired Scriptures of ancient teachers and seers, and modern thinkers. No one has a pre-emption claim on Truth. The supply is unlimited, always new and forever old. Truth is universal and eternal, and has been revealed to man in quality and quantity as he could receive and comprehend it, ever since the beginning of time. I have no time to quarrel with any one over matters of belief. I am too busy hunting for truth and bringing myself up to where I can comprehend and apply it, to waste a moment in dispute with my brother, because he differs with me in opinion concerning the nature of Deity, or the provisions of a creed.

To return to our subject. In the law of supply and demand, there is an unanswerable argument in support of our claim that there is intelligent design manifest in the Universe. In the economy of Nature there is a supply for every need of man. That man has other needs than those of his physical being, cannot be doubted, nor is it denied by anyone claiming to be a Spiritualist, no matter how materialistic may be the constitution of his mind. The fact that we live

after the death of the body, and in a world necessarily different from this one in which we require a physical body through which to operate, predicates soul needs, which are manifest here upon earth more and more as the individual soul unfolds its powers of expression.

The mind has needs as well as the soul and body, and wherever there is need, or demand, there is a corresponding supply. As I have said, there has never been found a race of human beings who had not some conception of God, some revelation of Infinite Intelligence; a universal hunger for the care and protection of the Father Soul of the Universe. This universal need, this hunger of the soul is a law of being as surely as physical hunger is a law of being.

Do we find anywhere in nature a universal need that cannot be satisfied,—a demand that has not a corresponding reply? Is there hunger in the world without food,—thirst without drink,—pain without remedy,—question without answer? Ah! beloved, think it not. In the economy of Infinite Intelligence there are no breaks, no waste places, no vacuum crying in vain to be filled.

The earth is especially adapted to man's physical needs, and in this adaptation we find evidence of Infinite wisdom and love. In the air, the streams and oceans, the fields, forests and mines, are to be found supplies for man's necessities,—the demands of his physical being. The atmosphere supplies the breath of life, and is adapted to many uses and needs. Abundant streams of water flow upon and beneath the surface of the earth at which man makes his thirst, and also turns the imprisoned power of water to various uses, while vast oceans boat his ships and give up their treasures for his sustenance, pleasure and comfort. Grain fields wave in the summer sunshine, and earth yields up her vegetable and mineral stores at his demand; fruits and nuts fall into his hands from tree and vine; flowers bloom and birds sing for his delight and upliftment; vast forests furnish timber for his shelter, and wood for fuel, while coal, oil and gas are drawn from the marvelous underground storehouses of Nature to supply man's needs for heat and light.

Can we look upon this wonderful provision for all our physical needs and believe it came by chance, or that it is the result of blind, unintelligent force? Surely not. We cannot conceive of the orderly arrangement of anything without intelligence as the director of arrangement. Thought brings into form the varied apparatus man has devised for his comfort or pleasure.

The house is always in the thought of the builder before it is materialized in wood or stone. Fair and stately mind pictures are the magnificent structures the ingenuity of man constructs before they grow up under the hands of skilled workmen, and become visible witnesses of thought force. The artist sees upon the untouched canvas the thought picture, the finished creation of his genius before he lifts a brush to make it perceptible to others, and the radiant form the sculptor carves from the block of marble, lives and breathes in his thought before it crystallizes into deathless form under his chisel. Everything about us, the houses we live in, the clothes we wear, the chairs we sit upon, are all the result of thought-intelligence. This is patent to all of us.

A pile of sticks never arranges itself into a table with four legs; wires, ivory, sounding-board and rosewood never group themselves together in the form of a piano, nor do iron and steam come together of themselves to make a locomotive. It is evident at a glance that chance has nothing to do with the construction of man-made appliances. Back of and over all this arrangement of materials is intelligence—finite intelligence that selects, prepares and combines materials, but which cannot bring into being material itself. Only Infinite Intelligence can do that. Evidently chance has nothing to do with this either. Back of and over the materials which man manipulates—back of and over finite intelligence itself is the Supreme, the Infinite Intelligence, God. This is the only rational conclusion, and come to it we must sooner or later.

Recent scientific research has shown that everything from a drop of water to the blazing sun is in a state of motion or vibration, and that even the rocks which we have looked upon as utterly dead matter, are instinct with life. What does this mean? It means that there is a motive force back of this manifestation, and the orderly arrangement of cell and crystal, of molecule and mass, indicates intelligence,—Infinite Intelligence as the governing force. Science furnishes a great amount of evidence to substantiate our claim, and instead of taking God out of the Universe, is making Him more and more apparent to thoughtful minds.

Can we conceive of mathematical calculation apart from intelligence? No, certainly not. It requires mind to arrange, and to solve mathematical problems. Well, then, the arithmetic of the Universe evidences the workings of Infinite Mind. The Law of Gravity, discovered and formulated by Sir

Isaac Newton, is a magnificent specimen of mathematical calculation on the part of Infinite Intelligence. This is indisputable law: "Every particle of matter in the Universe attracts every other particle of matter with a force directly proportional to its quantity of matter, and decreasing as the square of the distance increases." After many years of toil over this problem Newton solved it, and gave to the world a great fact in science and also a strong point in evidence of Infinite Intelligence.

Kepler's Laws furnish more indisputable evidence of the mathematical calculation of Infinity. I will repeat only one of them, the last of the three, which may be found in any text book on Physics. "The squares of the times of revolution of the planets about the sun, are proportional to the cubes of their mean distances from the sun." For example, "The square of Jupiter's period of time in passing around the sun, is to the square of Mars period, as the cube of Jupiter's distance is to the cube of Mars' distance from the sun," and this relationship of periods and distances exists throughout our planetary system. What a marvelous exhibition of Infinite Intelligence. It is reasonable to suppose from the evidence Science has already furnished, that everything in the Universe from atom to planet, including man, is related to everything else according to mathematical principles. Surely, "The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.'"

The orderly arrangement of the planetary worlds,—the movements of the starry members of our own and other solar systems, all revolving on their axes, and circling about central suns, as with inconceivable rapidity and exactness of motion they whirl through space, furnish magnificent testimony of marvelous wisdom and design.

The patient watchers of the stars in the centuries that have gone by, have revealed God to a waiting world, as perhaps no other agency has done, aside from the soul sense of man that always points unerringly to the truth, though this truth is obscured many times by clouds of materiality.

As the mind of man outgrows the crude conceptions of deity entertained by primitive man, there is often an irresistible impulse to go to the extreme of materialism and deny the existence of God in toto; but sooner or later, the pendulum of thought must swing to the centre, or truth of all things, and the well-balanced mind must admit the evidences of intelligence and of design in the visible Universe, and also in the soul realm.

Infinite Intelligence cannot be limited to form, since it is manifest in an infinity of forms. We could as consistently fancy that the moon, or the planet Saturn with its company of moons and rings, represent the form of Deity, as to think that the human body is the "image and likeness of God." This poor little frail body of ours, that is only a heap of dust when the spirit has left it,—a body that a breath of disease destroys, and which at best fades and withers in a few short years, and drops into the earth from which it came; this poor thing the image and likeness of Infinite Intelligence?

Let us be reasonable, beloved, and put away the childish ideals of a childish race. If there is God-likeness in man, it must be spirit, intelligence, love, wisdom, the spiritual immortal part that only manifests through the body. As we take the larger view of man's relationship to God, the outlook grows broader and more beautiful. The mind expands and becomes clearer from the upward pressure of the involved soul, and the true meaning of life dawns upon us. The sense of separateness is lost, all values are more correctly estimated, and the longing of the human heart for love and goodness is satisfied in the largeness of Infinite Love.

Only the love of the Infinite is all satisfying. The offspring of human love is the twin angels, Joy and Pain. They are never long separated. Wherever Joy laughs and dances, Pain lurks somewhere in the background, and tears soon follow smiles, but "I will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on me," saith the love of God. The love of God in the human heart prompts to service for others, recognizes "the brotherhood of man, binds up the broken heart, lifts up the fallen, heals the sick, casts out devils, abolishes war, slavery of every kind, poverty and vice, and brings to pass the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

Then may we entertain reverently the thought of God, and listen for that mysterious voice that speaks in every heart. W. C. Gannet has expressed so beautifully in verse my thought of The Voice of the Spirit, that I cannot refrain from closing with one of his exquisite creations:

"I hear it often in the dark.  
I hear it in the light—  
Where is the voice that calls to me  
With such a quiet might?  
It seems but echo to my thought,  
And yet beyond the stars,  
It seems a heart beat in a hush,  
And yet the planet jars.

"Oh! may it be that far within  
My inmost soul there lies

A spirit sky that opens with  
Those voices of surprise?  
And can it be by night and day  
That firmament serene  
Is just the heaven where God himself,  
The Father dwells unseen?

"O God within, so close to me  
That every thought is plain,  
Be judge, be friend, be Father still,  
And in thy heaven reign!  
Thy heaven is mine,—my very soul!  
Thy words are sweet and strong,  
Thy fill my inward senses  
With music and with song.

"They send me challenges to fight,  
And lood rebuke my ill,  
They ring my bells of victory,  
They breathe my 'Peace be still!'  
They ever seem to say, 'My child,  
Why seek me so all day?  
Now journey inward to thyself,  
And listen by the way!'"

[Discourse given Nov. 17, 1901, to The Philosophical Society of Spiritualists, Clinton, Iowa.]

## Thoughtful Hours.

PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

What a blessing it is to be able to think, when one is not able to act; and the magic power of thought, what can defeat it? Not even death, since death is but another name for a new birth, an introduction to a new life which we enter with every faculty raised to its highest power.

The range of spirit-thought is far greater than that of human thought, since it is free from the latter's inevitable limitations; it is boundless.

But, even with these limitations, the power to think is a precious boon, if used rightly; for, if its effect may be soothing, healing, elevating and instructive, it may also prove the source of pain, of error, harmful to the thinker and to others.

If we learned to think right we would, probably, not act wrong so often. But it seems right-thinking is one of the most difficult operations of the mind—foolish thoughts, selfish thoughts, wicked thoughts are daily launched on the vibrating wave to be picked up as useless or dangerous derelicts by unwise navigators on the mental sea.

My thought is given to roaming far away from my immediate surroundings: The realm of self has been explored time and again and does not prove very interesting. There is better occupation for my thoughts: the wide, wide world with its lights and shadows, its sterling worth and its crying wrongs, its size, its virtues and the mystery of its being invites study.

Then there is the unseen world—invisible to my physical eyes, but visible to my thought which, responding to the aspirations of my soul, leads it higher and higher in search of beautiful Truth; seeking in the spiritual solution of the physical life; learning, unlearning; dazzled by the celestial light; humbled by the lessons of wisdom which make it feel its own ignorance, and wish to return to earth to meditate on its experiences and labor anew to follow the true way.

As they traverse the ambient regions of thought, they meet with many other thoughts, the messengers of other minds from every quarter of the world. They mingle and exchange ideas and experiences. But while commenting on the beauty and happiness of spirit life, the burden of the conversation is always man, his folly and his ignorance, his present fate and his destiny. It seems that, observing the only true rule for his ascent, man must build a strong foundation upon which to plant the trembling ladder that is to reach so high; the crowning spiritual achievement depends on the solidity of the earth-work. We must learn how to deal with men ere we can deal with the angels is one of the axioms we learn in the region of thought.

I like to meet with the thoughts of other minds—whether these be discursive or incarnate. I find there is always something to be learned, though I may have nothing to teach. In return, we pause and consider, if the thought be adverse to ours, we are gratified and strengthened if it be analogous.

Here, for instance, are a few thoughts of a Frenchman—may he forgive me for forgetting his name—which deal with the ever troublesome economic organization of society; denouncing on luxury and poverty, he remarks: "He who spends restraints; he becomes an agent of monetary circulation."

"Every one contributes to the common prosperity in the proportion of what he earns and what he spends. The miser who hoards his gold and the able-bodied beggar who does no work, are useless—we may even say harmful members of society. They are drains in the bee-hive."

"The helpless victims of disease or of old age should not be considered useless or burdensome; they serve to entertain the sorrowing influence of sweet charity in the human heart, and may assist the mind to a true understanding of altruism."

"But the rich think also giving a duty which dispenses them from further concern in the fate of their brother-man. If the multi-millionaires who generously endow public

(Continued on page five.)



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Editorial Notes.

Life has more of joy than of sorrow for all

of the children of men. Their failure to ad-

just themselves harmoniously into their re-

spective niches causes them their mental and

physical agonies. Especially is this true of

those who look upon so-called death as an

ogre to be feared, repelled, shunned and

condemned. In reality, death is man's best

friend—life's twin—the solvent of the mys-

tery of existence—the revealer of life

beyond the tomb. Realizing this there should

be no grief at the departure of a loved one,

but only rejoicing that the dear one has

gained the boundless freedom of the soul

world to grow forevermore in wisdom into

the fulness of peace and everlasting joy.

These words apply to my friend, W. G.

Herbert, of Madison, Ind., who has re-

cently been called upon to part with the

physical presence of his beloved father. That

father was "a good man and true," one who

lived up to the highest possible ideals of right

and justice, and has graduated full of years

and spiritual honors into the larger life of

the soul. Francis Charles Herbert was

reared in the Presbyterian faith, but obedi-

ent to the heavenly vision, he followed the

light of the spirit, and came into possession

of the riches of spiritual truth. Without wit-

nessing any phenomena, he reasoned himself

into a positive demonstration of the truths of

Spiritualism, and has lived in the calmness

of spirit for many years in the enjoyment of

a knowledge of a life beyond the grave.

Such men are few in number, and they al-

ways make the world better from their av-

ing lived in it. This is what my friend F. C.

Herbert has done, and his four children

have the precious legacy of his noble life to

console them in their loss of his dear father

in their home. His age was seventy-nine years.

spirit was consummated in outward form according to the laws of the land. Mrs. Carrie E. K. Twing officiated in her usual happy manner, and all went merrily as the proverbial marriage bell. That this union of these two unselfish friends of our religion may bring them the refugent light of soul-felt joy is the wish of all who know them. They have united to do a good work for the Cause they love, and nobly will that work be performed. May joy exceeding abundantly go with them henceforth and forever be my sincere prayer.

I have been thinking ever since I was certain that Miss Stone, the missionary, had been released, how much joy she has experienced during her long captivity. She went to Bulgaria to labor for the Christ of Nazareth, at a good salary, and was, of course, very anxious to save souls. Her abduction gave her the best possible chance to labor with those whose souls were most in need of salvation. She was guarded by brigands, and has had ever since last September in which to convert her captors to her faith. No conversions are reported, excepting that of the gold given by Americans, which has been "converted" into the capacious pockets of her abductors. The reticence of those who paid over the money makes me suspect that there was a division of the spoils among the so-called brigands and some of the Christians who were interested in the case. In any event everybody ought to be happy now: Miss Stone because she is free; the brigands and their missionary allies because they got the money; the Christians of America because they have forced the United States' government to recognize their religion through this interference in behalf of Miss Stone; the donors to the ransom fund because they have bought a seat in heaven by doing so; the preachers because of their chance to get subjects for sermons, and the infidels because they can tell the people some plain truth, as the certain outcome of the theocratic tendency of our government.

I wonder why it is that Liberalists and Spiritualists could give their sanction to governmental interference in behalf of any set of missionaries. One of the amendments to the Constitution of the United States expressly provides that Congress shall make no law respecting religion, or restricting the free exercise thereof. Missionary enterprises in foreign lands do not come under this provision, yet many liberal thinkers wax wroth over the fate of Miss Stone and that of the missionary thieves in China, yet refuse to do one thing to carry the above wise provision of our national "Magna Charta" into effect. Our government sent none of these pious mendicants into the Orient. They went of their own volition, under the pay of the Board of Foreign Missions. They outraged the Chinese by "looting" their homes, their mercantile establishments, and their temples. They were so well paid that the Bulgarians wanted a share of their gold, and they got it by abducting Miss Stone, then divided the spoils with great joy. In the United States, Mr. and Mrs. Chesbro can be arrested, tried and convicted for teaching and proving the immortality of the soul; Mr. Proctor can be fined one hundred dollars for healing the sick, yet the sufferings of the "poor" (?) missionaries in foreign lands are more to some people than is religious freedom in America!

Still I find some comfort even in such facts as the above. I am taught that there must be constant watchfulness, if there is to be even a semblance of liberty left in America. It shows me that Mammon worship must be avoided, and that the service of humanity must be extended. I am also reminded, by these exploitations of the missionaries, to look into the conditions of everyday life in America a little more closely, where I find some very startling, even appalling truths. It makes me feel that American money can be put to a diviner use, to a nobler purpose here in America by relieving the needs of the worthy poor, by cleaning out and reforming the slums, by extending sanitary relief to all of the over-populated sections of our country, and by educating the progeny of the dangerous elements among the people into self-respecting men and women. In fine, it shows me that the minding of one's own business is a divine art, that should at once be learned by the people of the United States.

I am further led to believe that China is far better off with her religion of love of willing service, of respect for age, of recognition of real worth, than she would be with our modern Christianity, with its accessories of opium, whiskey, tobacco, implements of war and thieving missionaries. Bulgaria and Armenia were Christian long before the people of the Occident ever heard of Christianity. Certainly they do not need missionaries, and their shrewdness in abducting Miss Stone was only an evidence of their confined Christian character. Christians frequently endeavor to obtain money in precisely the same way here in the United States. They are good church members, too, and they hold, with David Hiram in his horse trades, that their religious standing justifies them in doing anything they please to gain an advantage over their neighbors. David's was the better rule of the two, however, for he limited himself to horse-trading as the one pardonable sin in taking undue advantage of his customer, while the church members make all of their dealings to conform to the law rule of self-advantage. In this respect, they have the company of not a few Spiritualists. They feel that there is no hell hereafter, and that they can in consequence do just as they please while in the physical form. I wonder if they realize anything whatever of what they are bringing upon themselves in the world of souls?

Speaking of Spiritualists, reminds me that many very generous souls are numbered among them. Some Spiritualists are millionaires, yet they are the ones who send their children to sectarian Sunday schools, and pay their money into the churches. But the rank and file of the Spiritualists are true-blue in

their devotion to and support of their religion. Many of these give beyond their means to the Cause they love, and are made happy by doing so. "Practical Spiritualism" is their rallying cry, and they earnestly try to practice the spiritual issue of their love. In this connection, I want to speak of the Mediums' Home that the N. S. A. has purchased in Reed City, Mich. It is to be repaired, fitted and furnished at the earliest possible moment, and opened to those who are in need of a haven of refuge. Two philanthropists offer to give seven hundred and fifty dollars each, provided the Spiritualists of the nation will raise fifteen hundred dollars to go with their donations, as an endowment fund, the income of which is to keep the home open. Here is a chance to do good, and it will only take ten dollars each from one hundred and fifty Spiritualists or one dollar each from fifteen hundred of them to raise the amount required. Such a sum is a mere bagatelle, and I hope it will be promptly raised.

The Veteran Spiritualists Union is also doing a good work in connection with its home in Waverley. A friend offered to give twenty-five hundred dollars toward paying off the mortgage, provided the Spiritualists of the nation would raise twice as much more with which to open the home to the needy. A day or two since a noble-hearted friend offered two thousand dollars for the same good purpose. This leaves three thousand dollars yet to be raised in order to make the first named donation a certainty. This small sum ought to be at once forthcoming, and will be if the officers of the V. S. U. do their whole duty in the matter. I feel that they will not be found wanting when they realize the importance of prompt action in the premises. The raising of the sum named, and the Banner of Light Endowment Fund will give the Waverley Home to the public, and make it possible for the Spiritualists to say that they are at last taking care of their aged and indigent friends. I know of no other religion among men whose followers do not take care of their own. It is high time that both the Home at Reed City, Mich., and the one at Waverley, Mass., were opened to the public. If they are ever going to be, and I hope every effort will be made to throw them open by May 1, 1902.

Talking about Mediums' Homes, I am led to inquire if they can be made just what they should be? Can all of their inmates be made perfectly contented and rendered truly happy? Mediums are so sensitive, some of them so notional, as to make it extremely difficult to suit them all. Some of them are vegetarians, others do not eat rice or fish, or very many vegetables. Not a few argue that their "controls" require them to wear clothing of a peculiar color and pattern. Others think pork-eating a venial sin, yet deprecate the flesh of sheep, fowls and cattle with avidity. Many rebel at the mere smell of tobacco smoke, while some declare it to be the aroma that is attached to the breath of the gods. Some require cold rooms in which to sleep, and to pass their time during the day, while not a few are so sensitive to cold as to be unable to stand even a whiff of fresh air. There are mediums who believe in Indian spirits only, while some of their brethren rebel at the very idea, and advocate only the attendance of ancient spirits, and the statement of the past century. Some are reincarnations of Plato, Zenobia, Seneca, Caesar, Hypatia and Napoleon. Others are sure that reincarnation is an absolute lie. Now, in view of all these radically divergent opinions, will it be possible to house all of them under one roof in perfect harmony and good will? Would not a pension fund, from the income of which the expenses of our people could be met in some private family be worthy of some consideration as a practical measure? In asking this question, I do not retract anything I have said in behalf of the two homes. Indeed, I want to see them duly endowed and opened to the people. I will do my part to aid in the work in this direction.

My pen is here called upon to chronicle the transition of Miss Lucette Webster, Boston's talented and deservedly popular elocutionist. She was a Spiritualist from conviction and was never at a loss for a reason for the faith that was within her. The Ladies' Aid of this city, the Helping Hand Society, the Boston Spiritual Temple were all objects of interest to her, and she faithfully served them all. Spiritualism to her was a matter for every day living and she loved it because of its influence upon her thought and soul life. Hers was a great talent, and she used it for the benefit of her fellowmen. I have seen her move an audience to tears with the rendition of some soul-stirring outpouring of a poet or philosopher, then provoke her hearers to bursts of laughter by her presentation of a bit of kidding humor. The one who adds even an atom to the happiness of mortals is to that extent a benefactor, yes, a savior of the race. My good friend has added many such atoms to the sum total of human happiness, and has saved many from sorrow, distress and wrong doing by her splendid interpretations of the world's great authors. I shall miss her from our public gatherings, but I shall know that her spirit is with us still. I give her a friend's glad greeting as she enters upon the life of the soul, and wish her every joy in her new found home in the "Great Beyond."

The mention of Miss Webster's name recalls to mind her interest in the young people, and her belief in giving them spiritual instruction in their tender years. To this end, she was always pleased to read for them at their entertainments, and took delight in giving them an idea of the beauty and grandeur of Spiritualism. I can almost hear her voice now as I write these words, giving forth the wonderful sentiment involved in that splendid poem "The Flag at Half-Mast." It was a poem that the young could grasp, enjoy and comprehend when rendered by her and was always an appeal to their nobler natures. Such appeals always tell, and I wish we could have more of them in every assembly of Spiritualists where chil-

dren are to be found. Something must be done to induce the young folks to come into Spiritualism. I was forcibly reminded of this fact the other day when I heard of the transition of Dr. N. U. Lyon. He was a Spiritualist, yet at least one of his children had no interest in Spiritualism, cared nothing for the papers her father loved, and did not want him to bequeath anything to the Cause to which he had devoted his whole life.

This case is by no means an exception. Spiritualists of all ages are indifferent as to the religious beliefs of their children. In some homes I have visited, I have been requested not to mention it before the children. In such homes the children never fail to grow up despising the religion of their parents, and viewing their devotion to it with contempt. I am led to believe that no true Spiritualist will ever permit his children to ridicule his belief, nor allow them to grow up in ignorance of its principles. In brief, that Spiritualist is a moral coward who sends his children to sectarian Sunday schools, and refuses to support the movement that has done so much for him. There is something lacking in the lives of those parents whose children enter the church, when Spiritualism with all of its beauty, could have been given unto them. It is nonsense to say, "I cannot control my children—they are beyond my influence." Such a statement is a pitiable confession of a lack of self-control, and is an exhibition of ignorance on the part of those who make it. The beauty and glory of soul communion should be talked beside the cradle, at the family meals, beside the altar, and on all legitimate occasions. To have a child grow up a persecutor of his parents is a crime against high heaven. That is frequently the case with the children of Spiritualists. They grow to maturity as Presbyterians in belief, Orthodox in their medical views, and seek to curtail the liberties of their own parents.

This reminds me that a hearing will be given on March 14 on House Bill No. 846, by the Committee on Public Health. This is the measure that is designed to restore to clairvoyants, magnetic healers, et al, the rights and privileges of which they were surreptitiously deprived by the act of 1901. This bill ought to become a law, and I hope that there will be at least ten thousand persons at the State House on that day to petition by the fact of their presence for the enactment of the measure. All magnetic healers, clairvoyants, massagists, vitapathists, et al are involved in this measure. If the manipulation of a muscle or the application of a mustard plaster means the practice of medicine, and makes the one involved liable to a fine of one hundred dollars, or imprisonment for ninety days, it is time something was done to protect the people from the medical monopolists who are seeking to tyrannize over the masses. Let us rally our forces, and present ourselves in a solid body on March 14 to assist in the good work of redeeming our people from bondage.

Not long since, I knew of a Spiritualist speaker in a western city who had a son who was the pastor of an aristocratic church. The father was engaged to speak for the Spiritualists of that city for two months or more. Suddenly he cancelled his engagement, whereupon it was found that the son feared it would affect his "standing" (?) were his eloquent, conscientious parent permitted to speak for even two months in the same city! This case is only equalled by one I came in contact with in Pennsylvania, where I heard a boy say that he would rather see his father and mother in their graves than to have them "disgrace" (?) him by becoming public advocates of Spiritualism! Yet both of these sons were born of Spiritualist parents, and grew to manhood in Spiritualist homes!

I almost forgot to mention the Mid-winter Conventions of the Michigan, Illinois and Minnesota State Spiritualist Associations that were held last week. It is said that good results were obtained in Michigan, and that the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars was placed in the treasury over and above all expenses. The lectures were good, and the test work abundant. Its quality in all cases was not mentioned. I wonder if it can be said that any meeting is truly successful when there is a well grounded doubt as to the value of many of the phenomena that are presented from the platform? Is not quality preferable to quantity? In this connection, I want to say that the State Spiritualist Association of Michigan has fourteen hundred dollars in its treasury for a Mediums' Home. It has occurred to me that the N. S. A. Home at Reed City should be considered as worthy of handling said sum. If the State Association will turn that sum into the N. S. A., two gentlemen will cover the amount and make the opening of the Home in question a matter of only a few days. Two such Homes are not needed in Michigan and the State Association can certainly afford to meet the N. S. A. half way. I am only a humble layman, and I do not offer this advice in any unkind spirit. I am pleased with Dr. Wilkins' report of the State meeting in Illinois, also with the editorial reference to it in the columns of the Progressive Thinker. President Warner is not afraid to speak out on the subjects of fraud and ordination. All of his speakers were equally frank, and much good was accomplished by the plain statements of fact that were there expressed. The financial results were satisfactory to the Association, and the sum of five hundred and sixty dollars was raised for the Morris Pratt Institute in Whitewater, Wis. The presence of that indefatigable worker, Mrs. Clara L. Stewart, President of the Wisconsin State Association, and Secretary of the Institute, was an earnest that this worthy feature of our work would receive attention. In another letter, I shall have something to say with respect to the Whitewater School. I must now say "Good Night," or the managing editor will throw my effusion into the waste basket.

By the way, I venture to remark in closing

that neither Tillman nor McLaurin of South Carolina is a Spiritualist. I fear no one would have mentioned it, so I venture to do so, lest an important fact be overlooked. I hope to hear good news from Minnesota before I write again. More anon.

## Of Things Seen and Heard.

BY S. GMA ZODIAC.

Are you a reader of fiction? Works of the imagination are universally attractive. Would you read the most thrilling productions in this direction? If so, then read the newspaper advertisements delineating the "marvelous cures" by certain proprietary medicines. The managers thereof secure the services of cultivated literary ladies and gentlemen. They may be clergymen, not successful in the pulpit, or feminine novel writers and suppressed poets. But their inventive literary faculties have untrammelled exercise, on very high salaries, in "writing up" the awfully nice cures, accompanied with startling illustrations, and vivid likenesses of the "cured," enough convincing to ensure the immediate sale of a thousand bottles. And yet, strange to relate, the medicine fails to perform the same wonders in your case!

It is related of Emerson that he would not read anybody's poem until it was five years old. He did not like bread just out of the oven.

The writer of this paragraph has been assured, on most trustworthy authority, that our martyred President, William McKinley, is constantly in rapport with this work-a-day world, in concert with a special combination of well-known Americans, and concentrating influence upon certain members of Congress, but to what end is not yet comprehended.

In this beclouded "vale of tears," who does not enthusiastically welcome the gladsome shine and warmth of the effulgent sun? Like a flash of brilliant sunshine, suddenly bursting through a high bank of rain clouds, is the innocent pleasantries of a mirthful soul. Who does not recall with delight the sorrow-dispelling stories and puns of the ever-bubbling (now departed) "Billy Emerson"? Or laugh again and again in memory of the irresistible drolleries of "Dan Bryant"? These, and many others, have done and are doing a cheering work for humanity. Is not a clean teller of good stories, or a singer of mirth-provoking songs, and a graceful dancer, a real missionary to mankind?

Members of the Salvation Army are achieving more than the Christian Scientists. The latter seem extremely talkative concerning curing most incurable cases (at the same time denying the existence of either matter or disease). While the former are lifting up the crime-laden, the heart-broken, the rum-poisoned, the sensually wrecked, and, while doing so much labor in the low down places, they cheerfully sing and play and preach, and simply take up "a collection." They sink theory in practice!

A Spiritualist training school is now threatened! The battle is to commence on Cassadaga Camp Grounds, Lily Dale, N. Y. I have seen Spiritualists who seemed to need the training now proposed.

It is reported that a gifted and cultivated Weaver, who is believed to be competent to spin the threads and to weave the garments of education, will "train" Spiritualists along the lines of logic, rhetoric, language, composition, and so forth. All these are fruitful branches of the tree of knowledge. But what will become of popular "evidences" that direct inspiration can only explain the wonderful discourses of Spiritualist public orators? A gentleman recently asked one of our platform wonders whether he had any knowledge of what his subject was to be, or how it was to be treated that day. The medium replied: "Yes, the subject is pre-impresed, and at times I know an outline of what is to be uttered." The gentleman replied: "Well, sir, I have outgrown all that kind of preaching. I only take interest in speakers who are perfectly ignorant of both subject and its treatment!"

Tolstoi seems about ready to emigrate to the celestial world. He has stood like the torch of Liberty, so that all the world might see the way into universal emancipation from all kinds of despotism.

Who will be the successor of the loved "Tomb's Angel," Mrs. J. A. Foster, who perished in the recent hotel fire in New York? She was a sister, a mother, a friend, a benefactor to those unhappy ones who had committed crime, or who were held awaiting legal investigation.

Who can see the future effects to be evolved from the fraternal meetings of Prince Henry and President Roosevelt on the American continent? Does it not foreshadow (what angels have said) that the "lion and the lamb" will associate in peace?

Congressman John F. Shafroth of Colorado has the thanks of the editor for a copy of his splendid speech on "Imperialism and the Philippine Tariff," recently delivered in the House of Representatives in Washington.

As the ocean leaps up to receive the kisses of the moon, so may the finite expression of soul-selves of men rise to receive the inspiration and encouragement of their protectors that the light of wisdom may be theirs and the shores of their belated refreshed by the living waters of the tides of spiritual truth.

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







## MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

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

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

### 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 February 6, 1902, S. E. 54.

### Invocation.

Like children reaching toward the dark for the hand of the loving father, we come to thee this hour oh, Spirit of Love, and reach for a firmer grasp of the hand that is stretched out to us. We desire to stand in confidence and trust that the light may shine down through the darkness of our conditions round about us. Where we cannot see, where we cannot hear, we would trust sweetly, assured that thou art still there, that thy power and love is still about us. How we yearn to speak to every thirsting hungry soul, to send the light as it is given to us down to the hearts that are reaching for some evidence of life beyond! We long to lift them to a better understanding of the conditions that are; we long to speak the word of comfort and cheer which shall help them through the misty way! Oh, bless us and keep us ever near to the exalted ones, ever near to those whose wisdom is mighty, whose love is strong; ever near to those who sanctify and tender guides, who would lead us ever by the still waters of peace and the cooling fountains of life eternal. Amen.

## MESSAGES.

### Andrew Hollister, Philadelphia.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is an old man who is very strong and firm despite his years. He is tall, broad shouldered, has a great nose, and hair, and large blue eyes, and wavy hair that is snow white. He stands here like a giant in the midst of conditions that might baffle and hurt a smaller person. He says, "All through my life I seemed to have so many things that tried my strength that I grew strong in my effort to battle and to keep the things that I ought to be. God walks over to me where I ought to be. I am one of those people who believe Spiritualism is going ahead rather than down; it is taking its stand in the place it ought as fast as it is possible, and we must not count numbers. It is not quantity but quality that will tell in this great Cause of Spiritualism in anything else. So I give my blessing, my aid, my every single word that I ever said that makes Spiritualism broader and still keeps it deep enough to reach the hearts of the people and lofty enough to reach to the throne where angels may dwell. God bless you for this effort to carry the truth through the printed page. God bless you all, those in the body and those in the spirit who are trying to make it the bright, clear message of truth. I, for myself, thank you so much for this opportunity to give a thought back to the people in whom I am interested and for whom I would make great effort at any time. Thank you."

### Bertha Cross, Milwaukee, Wis.

The next spirit that comes to me is a girl about eighteen years old. She is very fair, has light brown hair, blue eyes, and a delicate pretty way. She walks over to me lightly and says, "May I come? I did not know there was such a place as this until just a little while ago and now I want to tell you who I am and see if I can send a message. My name is Bertha Cross, I lived in Milwaukee. My father who is still alive and still lives there, is named Hiram. He has no more idea that I am near him than he has of anything so foreign to his past belief. I have been to his store and know that it is that is eating up his profits, because I know it is that and that and that and that. I who did it, that he would feel that I was I who did it. He will give me a chance I can make plain to him what is going on. I'd like to tell him too, that I have seen Gustie. She is over her with me; and she said if I could come she would try some time, but I didn't want to make the effort and be laughed at, so he can see that she is just as sensitive as she used to be."

### Hannah Kimball, Farmington, N. H.

The spirit of a woman pretty nearly seventy years old is here. She is a short, little bit of a thing, but it seems as if she had grown a big, big spirit in a little bit of a body, and that pretty soon the spirit escaped and when it did there was much left. She says, "My name is Hannah Kimball. I came from Farmington, N. H. This is a subject entirely new to me; and I want them to investigate. I am not troubled in the least, but I do believe that it is for their interests to investigate to see who is about them. I didn't die, I sit before I ought to. I don't mean that I died unaccounted, but I was old enough, had lived long enough, had done my work and so I feel quite content about the dying. I found my boy over here; I also found Clark; Clark keeps me supplied with flowers. I was so fond of them and I am today. Thank you."

### James Fox, Norwich, Conn.

Now I see the spirit of a man about sixty-five years old. He is broad shouldered and strong with heavy brown hair, with just a little of the white mixed in it here and there, eyes of a deep brown, and a strong beautiful face that seems so clear and intellectual and yet so spiritual. He says, "My name is James Fox; I lived in Norwich, Conn. I have been striving for a long time to get back through this circle. I felt that it would be quite an honor to be received in this place

where messages are being given from the spirit to those in the body and so I have come trying to have my very sweetest thought expressed to the people of earth. I want to tell you all that I am so much interested in the work—I am interested for my people. I'd like to send this word particularly to Rhode and then I want Alice to understand that I often come to her, but most of all I desire to express my interest in the spiritual work wherever it is being carried on. I am afraid that I can't say more this time for there are so many crowding in to get word to their own people. I thank you for being patient with me and giving me this opportunity. Thank you."

### Carrie Perkins, Lowell.

The next spirit is a girl about twenty-five years old. She is quite dark, rather tall, and not very stout. Her name is Carrie Perkins and she hurries as though she is afraid she will lose her strength before she has given me her message. She says, "I lived in Lowell and all my friends are there now. I want this to go to Nellie and to George; I want them to know that I am home; to hear constantly about them. Of course I do go to other places, but so much of my strength and effort is given out there that I am anxious for them to know it. I have been somewhat worried over George but I think he will find himself getting better now. Father comes with me," she says, "and I think that I too am glad to see to them. I am very happy in the new conditions because I am so free from pain." Thank you."

### Julia Gordon, Hudson, Mass.

Here is a woman about forty-five years old. She is very tall, very thin and light. Her eyes are as blue as the sky, her face is fair and she has a kind calm way as though she never hurried the least bit over anything but just took her time, quietly and sweetly, to do whatever she was asked to do. She says, "Will you please say that I used to live in Hudson, Mass., my name is Julia Gordon. I want to send this particular word to Charlie. I want Charlie to know that I know better than he can tell me what he needs and what he is reaching for. I see him reading, studying and striving to accomplish his life beyond. I have brought spirits from the other life where I live now to help him, too. He needs to be afraid. He has a long life before him, many days also to accomplish this that he is studying for and I promise him that I am as interested and always will be as I ever could have been in earth life. My love to him and to all. I will try to come to him when he is alone. Thank you."

### Frank Wadleigh, Wichita, Kansas, to Frank King.

I see a spirit of a man about thirty years old now. I know he is a bookkeeper by the way he comes. Long lines of figures seem to be before his mind all the time, and he has a pencil in his hand as though he is marking away and studying all the time on this line of figures. He is short, rather thickset and very fair. His eyes are blue and he has brown hair. He says, "If you can help me any, will be the most comforting moment to me. I have had since I came over here. My name is Frank Wadleigh; I used to live in Wichita, Kansas. I am familiar with the place and with the people there. I wish I could speak as plainly as I can see. You know there are some people in earth life who see, but can't hear or talk, and I feel like that as if I could see the people, but I can't hear them and can't talk to them, and I am deaf and dumb in this life, where I see so much. Sometimes the people look to me like so many figures on a stage moving about and then all at once, by a strange power, I feel myself among them, walking around them and seeing them, but I don't understand what they say because they seem to me like wood and I seem to be real. I don't know that other spirits have this experience. I have never talked to them about it, but to me it is very strange, and so I wanted to come back and see if there was any way that I could call attention to myself and get my friends to notice me and to address me and see if I could then answer. I'd like to send this particular message to Frank King, and see if he can send me a word back again."

### Jennie Harris, Goffstown, N. H.

The next spirit that comes is a beautiful woman, about seventy years old. She is not very tall, but what she lacks in height she makes up in making her face so very large, but has, oh, such a beautiful face, so beautiful smile! She says, "It is because I come filled with love for my people that makes me look beautiful. My name is Jennie Harris, and I lived in Goffstown, N. H. I was more or less interested in the phenomena when I was in the body, but I had no definite understanding of it, but I had received communications for myself, and so naturally when I came over here I made more or less of a study of this return of spirits, and I found that most spirits who are communicating haven't gone far away, but are held by love or sympathy or interest in some particular line of work to certain people. I keep in touch with them through a law that is very like your law of telepathy, and it is such a pleasant thing for me to know that I can influence my friends sometimes with a thought and sometimes they may be conscious of it. Will you please send my love to Etta and to that and that and that. I come as often as I can, that is, I am interested in some special work over here that may take me for a little time away, but eventually I will come with a stronger bond of expression and love to them and will bring the Indian that I have promised them so long."

### Lizzie Drake, Montana City.

The next spirit that comes is a woman about forty years old. She says her name is Lizzie Drake, and she lived in Montana City. She has children in earth life—one little girl that she is anxious to reach. She says, "I have come, hoping that my sister, who is taking care of her, will get this message and with the understanding of my close touch with her. I have found Her, and she is just as fond of her dogs over here as she was when she was in the body. It seemed as though that girl cared more for dogs than she did for people, and she has them over here. I also am with father. He is interested in the horse painting, and glad you had it done. Thank you."

### Samuel Hill, Wheeler.

I see a man way, way past the middle age. He is quite stout, has a great nose, round face and snow white beard and hair; his face is very red, as though he stayed out in the open air a great deal. He walks around with a bright air, and says, "Can an old man like me find his way here among so many ladies and express himself as he has? Well, then here I am. My name is Samuel Hill, and I lived in Wheeler. Most of the people there will remember me. They say when Sam gets back it is about time we began to look around to see what is going to happen next. I didn't have any interest in religion—no interests in

any kind of philosophy; hadn't any sort of use for the church people. I didn't know just why I should—they always tried to beat me out of a dollar whenever they could, and some of the people that didn't make half as many pretensions as they did just paid up to the last cent they owed me. It seemed anything they wanted for their church, to put a steeple or a bell on their church, they didn't have any more conscience than they got in that nothing at all. I used to tell them I didn't believe the Lord cared much about having steeples pointed up to his home that were gouged out of the people, and I still believe it, and I talk along this strain to have them know they are on the wrong track. I like a man, and I like a woman, when he owes a bill, whether it is for having his pew upholstered or whether it is for the food he eats he comes to the front and pays it. Nobody could ever say that I didn't pay my bills, and I used to say, 'See here, I will take care of my material conditions and pay my bills and trust to luck that the Lord will let me in when I get over on the other side, and you can pay the Lord and trust to luck to get what you can here, but you won't get anything out of me.' Now this may seem rather strange for me to come back and load you down with just the things I used to say, but I made up my mind that if I was coming back, I was coming back with enough of my individuality so that people would know who I was, and so what I have done. I thank the editor of this paper for opening his columns to such people as I am. If he only let in the praying kind, I'm afraid I would be shut out, but as it is we all have a fair chance and a fair deal, and I am much obliged. It is the only place I know of in this part of the country where a fellow can come and say just what he thinks."

### Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN.

#### To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have now one last word to say of the unfortunate family of Ferdinand Fox Jencken. Little Katie, two years old, after great nervous suffering, died about January 17th, 1902, and her mother, died of pneumonia January 19th. The long suffering wife and mother, Katie Reddy Jencken, the details of whose married life would draw tears if known in all their sad reality, died February 5th. Little Lillie, three and a half years old, the only surviving child, had been received into the family of a kind sister of the mother, and the dear and devoted grandfather, Mr. Dennis Reddy, has accompanied Lillie into her new home.

These painful occurrences leave Mr. Jencken entirely alone, with no one to support but himself. He has lost his home, and is boarding in one of the New York hotels, and he is now in a very poor way. I proposed to do no work and keep up a home for himself and his little daughter, attended by his kind, sober, and industrious father-in-law.

Weeks before the first child died, and when we knew well that the mother was not long for earth, we were all together. I proposed to do no work and keep up a home for himself and his little daughter, attended by his kind, sober, and industrious father-in-law.

Whether he has ever brought home the full amount I do not know. To my knowledge, he has at times brought home less than half, or sometimes none at all. To save his suffering family from starvation and cold, I have made these frequent appeals in their behalf, and none of us regret what we have done or sacrificed for that faithful mother and for those innocent children.

Three are in the spirit world, the one remaining is in another. Let us hope that the varied experiences of life may at last convince Mr. Jencken of the value and glory of work, and lead him to scorn asking support from other persons which he is able to earn for himself. I have been thus explicit, so that it may be understood why I decided to receive anything in future for Ferdinand Fox Jencken.

Those of your readers who are kind enough to be interested in this series of letters will remember that in No. 215, mention was made of two painful letters that came by one mail, and that the one from a man in an unusually frame of mind formed the subject of the foregoing letter.

The other letter was from an intimate friend of nearly twenty years' standing. We investigated Spiritualism together, and long before that she won my admiration and confidence by marked intelligence, great fidelity to her family, and her distinguished integrity and truthfulness. In addition, she will sacrifice more for others than almost any person I have ever known.

Her Spiritualism is of a broad-minded and intellectual type. She is very sensitive to psychic impression, and seeks the companionship of only the pure and high. Anything low, or sordid, or sensual, would revolt her to the last degree. She had originally a very fine physique, but it has been undermined by long periods of ill health, by painful and repeated surgical operations, and by mental and bodily sufferings and anxieties far beyond the ordinary lot of women. She is now about fifty years old.

Knowing all this about my friend, you will, Mr. Editor, appreciate my anxiety, when this letter from her stated the following circumstances:

She went with some friends to a circle where they sat at a table. A French gentleman, who was a materializer by her side. She had more than was forty years. Then his sister came, and in reply to enquiries said it was my friend through whom the mother had materialized, and that she herself was going to do the same.

The lady asked if it would be her any harm, and the spirit would not answer the first or second enquiry. My friend asked a third time, and insisted on a direct answer when the spirit admitted that it would do her harm to be used in this way.

Of course the circle was in an uproar of desire that she consent to be used as a materializing medium. But she wrote me that they were striving to her, that she knew little how to protect herself against disembodied spirits, that if I could be with her by the annihilation of the thousands of miles that lie between us, she would not fear

to commit herself in my care, and she entrusted me to let her know what I thought about it. And meanwhile she put the circle of the spirit world on the moon was on the moon should be on the moon. This is the letter that put me into anxiety regarding the interests of this dear friend, who guarded me from intrusion from I was writing "Why She Became a Spiritualist," and who has done more acts of kindness for me than I could recount in days.

Of course there were two sides to the question. One side was that though the materialization of discarnate souls is, in my opinion, nearly valueless as a means of communication between them and us, it is yet of value in proving to materialists that the so-called dead are still alive. On this account, to disuade her from allowing herself to be developed in this direction, might result in the loss of a good materializing medium.

On the other side of the question were the physical condition of my friend, her inability to protect herself (for her self-sacrificing nature would lead her to submit to anything at the desire of another), her remoteness from those who understand psychic law enough to protect her, and also the duty she owes to her husband and her two boys, all of whom are singularly dependent on her for guidance and for moral support, as well as for the household offices of daily life. In view of these facts, I did not hesitate, and wrote to her, Mr. Editor, to the following effect:

Though in the old days, before we had become as sensitive to psychic influence, we often attended promiscuous circles, and were unaware of any ill effect, yet I had abandoned going to them for several years, on the ground that my spiritual development was too dear to me to be endangered by such an act. Her delight in and profit from Mr. Trine's heaven-inspired book, "In Tune with the Infinite," showed that she, too, had gained a higher spiritual plane, a plane that carried her through the last and justly dreaded surgical operation triumphantly. Of course I brought up the point stated above, and begged her most earnestly to avoid those circles entirely, and not to consent to be used as a materializing medium. I will not recount in your columns the further reasons I adduced, grounded on what I know of nearly all the mediums for materialization that I have personally known. I do not remember all I wrote, but am sure that the receipt of my letter will leave her in no doubt of my position on the subject.

Mediums for any special phase are worked on by their controlling spirits in certain limited tracts of their being. This is in itself abnormal, and if long persisted in, induces physical or mental disease. In my very earliest development, some twelve years ago, I noticed that one spirit always reached me on the left side of the forehead, another on the top of the head, another on the spinal column, and so on. This illustrates what we mean. Discarnate souls, like those in the mortal, are fixed in their modes of expression, and can touch only the only certain points. If exaggerated impressions be confined to one limited locality, either physical or mental, as must be the case where there is one main control, the harmony between the different parts of one's physical or intellectual being will be disorganized.

For these reasons, I am far better for normal development to have no special phase of mediumship and no special "control." We are instruments of many strings, while it is likely that a discarnate soul can play on but one of them. Let him play too long on the one in which he can awaken vibration, and he will grow out of control. Let the spirits who use us as instruments be unlimited in number, but be limited in character only to the "good, pure, true, loving, wise, and strong."

The reason that these letters, so long continued, do not wear me out is that the spirits that come are of endless variety. Who they are, I know not, but they are welcome, so long as they can give the counterstrain required by my wise father, who seldom writes through me, but sees that the instrument be kept in tune.

And a still wider scope is given to the development of our natural powers, by seeking to be in tune with the infinite. When all our inspirations, as well as we are, are in perfect harmony with the boundless wave of melody that swells throughout a universe that is infinite, the result is an ecstasy that does not tire a single one of the component elements. All—the trumpets, the psalms, the strings, the harps, the timbrels and dances, the strings and the high sounding cymbals, which David combined in the temple service, accord with the modern instruments used by a Beethoven, a Chopin, a Wagner, a Strauss and a Sousa in later times, and the grander still, more perfect, is the soul harmony that will result when all finite souls are "in tune with the infinite."

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

Arlington, N. J.

### Beyond the Veil.

On Friday, February 21, Mr. Joseph Carr passed to the higher life from the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Clem, 25 Prescott street, Charlestown District, Boston, Mass., where he had made his home for nearly two years.

For three months previous to his transition, Mr. Carr had been confined to his bed by an exceedingly painful illness, during which he bore his sufferings with remarkable fortitude and patience. He was cheered and comforted by the knowledge of the constant presence among whom was his dear ascended ones, preceded him to the summerland about eighteen years ago. Although not anticipating an immediate change, he had long looked forward with joy and the utmost confidence to reunion with those gone before, and when the summons came it did not find him unprepared.

Funeral services were held at the house, Sunday, February 23, which, at the express wish of Mr. Carr, were conducted by Mrs. N. J. Willis assisted by Mrs. Hattie Ayer, the speaker and soloist respectively at the First Spiritual Temple, Exeter street, Boston. Mrs. Ayer read the exercises by a most feeling rendition of "Where the Roses Never Shall Withers," after which the guides of Mrs. Willis offered a prayer. The singing of "Only a Thin Veil Between Us" in Mrs. Ayer's sweetly sympathetic voice, helped largely to furnish the necessary conditions for the delivery of the eloquent sermon that followed, deep and impressive in its earnestness and tenderly consoling in its assurance of the happiness of the lately arisen one, released from the pain of disease and the weariness and loneliness of age, and having all his anticipations as to the future more than realized as far as he had been able to experience a joy of a continued existence. He was not a great man as the world measures greatness, but he was true; he had not achieved success by amassing wealth, but better than this, he had ever remained honest and sincere. He was a man of sterling worth, of strict fidelity, who had the courage of his convictions, and he not only accepted the teachings of Spiritualism but sought daily to practice them ac-

ording to his light. From the fact that his present state of joy and gladness in the spirit world toward which we are each and every one hastening could be attained only by virtue of a well spent life, the speaker drew the lesson that all were earnestly admonished to heed.

Mrs. Ayer closed the exercises with the appropriate selection, "Life, Beautiful Life." The body reposed in a handsome broadcloth casket, which was covered with white and beautiful floral tributes, and the features bore a peaceful and remarkably life-like expression. Besides relatives and friends of former days, many from the temple were present. The interment was in Woodland cemetery.

Mr. Carr was born at Cabot, Vermont, August 1, 1824, his father, the Rev. David Carr, being a well-known Methodist minister of that place. In early manhood Mr. Carr came to Boston, in which city and vicinity he had since resided. The new dispensation appealed to him as a truth that he gladly accepted not long after the "Rappings" had called the attention of the world to its claims, and he was ever after its earnest and fearless advocate. He and his wife were active members of the first organization in Boston, known as the "Children's Progressive Lyceum," and in 1850, he was elected as one of its chief officers. At the time of his transition he was a director of the Spiritual Fraternity Society, holding membership in the First Spiritual Temple, where he was long a faithful attendant and interested adherent. For many years he was a subscriber to, and an appreciative reader of, the Banner of Light, and was well acquainted with most of the best spiritualistic literature.

Mr. Carr leaves a daughter, Miss Gertrude A. Carr, who, as the only surviving member of the family, has the sincere sympathy of her father's large circle of friends.

Ida L. Spalding.

### Trip to Meadville, Pa.

FUNERAL OF A. K. ELLISON.

About 8.30 a. m., Friday, Feb. 14, a call from telephone hurried me to our nearest neighbors to answer the call; five minutes later a dispatch arrived calling for funeral services at Meadville, Pa., at 10 a. m., Saturday. A rush of preparations for the funeral, and a fast walk to the long distance telephone brought me voice to voice with Mr. E. H. Hall of Meadville. I had never met her. How strange, how wonderful, this experience! The voice of a strange woman a hundred miles away with all the intonation, inflections, and special expressiveness of feeling, as perfect and natural as if she had been but six feet away, in the room I occupied.

Her father, Allen Kennicott Ellison, had suddenly and without any premonitions of any kind, passed on to the other side of the veil, hope, fear, love, and a fearful, terrible sorrow were definitely expressed in that voice a hundred miles away! She was expressly earnest and anxious to be assured that I would not be disappointed, but come at once, by first train, assuring me that she would have every care and comfort possible to the bereaved. I realized that from Meadville I must drive twelve miles in a sleigh, across the snow-buried earth, to the home of the family, this assurance of warm rooms and abundant protection en route, was fraught with special significance.

There were two routes to take, one via Dunkirk and Allegheny Valley railroad to Jamestown, and thence by Erie line to Meadville, or the Pennsylvania railroad from Buffalo to Corry and thence by Erie to Meadville. But I could find no late time card of the Pennsylvania railroad in Fredonia, and even the ticket agent could not give me the needed information; but he assured me that the D. A. & V. would connect at Jamestown against late train. I felt a definite impression against that route, and a strong feeling that I ought to go via Pennsylvania to Corry, etc. But time was short. If I went to Dunkirk to take the Pennsylvania railroad and found no train, it would then be too late to get the other one via Jamestown, and a great disappointment would be the result. Here was reason and fact against impression and inward suggestion. I obeyed the former. When I reached Jamestown I found that the Erie train from Meadville had been gone about fifteen minutes! There was no other train until 2 o'clock in the morning.

I sent a dispatch advising my expected arrival at Meadville at 5 a. m., Saturday. I went to the Sherman House and to bed, with orders to call me thirty-five or forty minutes before the train was due. About 11.30 p. m. I awoke and could sleep no more. The call gave me so short a time (as they did not obey directions) that I (not being up and partly dressed it would have been difficult if not impossible to get the train) arriving in Meadville at 6 a. m. I had an hour and a half for rest and refreshments before starting on the journey. I had an open sleigh for a sort of guardian angel, and with Miss Werts for a sort of guardian angel, and with nothing, I was kept warm all the way and I was so glad I was there, for I realized the feeling and desire of the bereaved family to carry out the expressed wish of the father and husband and to have a life-long faith fairly represented at his funeral.

Such devotion to truth and justice and to Cause I love, deserves the co-operation and hearty support and approval of all true Spiritualists. It is in striking contrast with the timid, or indifferent, or selfish selfishness that employs either an Orthodox denomination, or a cold, comfortless, agnostic, materialist, Unitarian minister to dole out doubt, and darkness, and fearfully fabulous theology, to cover the sweet memories of the dead with spiritual apathy and ignorance of the life beyond the veil.

I do not mean to imply that all Unitarian clergymen are dead to spiritual truth and the evidence of life immortal; for I know there are many noble exceptions. But that is the ruling spirit of that church to employ its clergy to serve at a Spiritualist's funeral without a definite understanding that he will give the comforting assurances of the gospel of Spiritualism (which all of them may know is true, if they will), is an insult to the arisen soul, and a travesty on the religion they profess.

Such apostasy in the hour of greatest need, when of all times the blessings of Spiritualism are most precious and sustaining, gives the church a weapon to use against us, and they use it too, and enjoin us to live by but will not do to die by.

In that rural home where the consecrations of life had for many years woven a magic charm over all the associations and experiences incident to evolution of immortality, where love has stamped its benediction on every sentence and thrilled the psychic atmosphere with emotions that live after all mortal forms have faded into eternal silence, the last rites represented the wishes and life-long faith of the arisen soul, and bore cheering testimony to the bereaved family, and they all seemed to feel that Spiritualism was good to live by and blessed to die by. Nevertheless, there is a pang and deep sorrow at the parting, and tears are no sign of doubt or fear for the fate of the dead. They attest the loving interest and sense of temporal separation, and mortal loss.

From the home of this sorrow we returned to Meadville and enjoyed a visit on Sunday with Hon. A. B. Richmond, and A. E. and B. Gaston; but on Monday, Gaston, president of the Tally Dale Camp Association,







## Children's Spiritualism.

## Dorothy's Mustn'ts.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I'm sick of "mustn'ts," said Dorothy D.: Sick of "mustn'ts" as I can be. From early morn till the close of day, I hear a "mustn't" and never a "may." It's—"You mustn't lie there like a sleepy head!" And "You mustn't sit up when it's time for bed!"

"You mustn't cry when I comb your curls!" "You mustn't play with those noisy girls!" "You mustn't be silent when spoken to!" "You mustn't chatter as parrots do!" "You mustn't be pert and you mustn't be proud!"

"You mustn't giggle or laugh aloud!" "You mustn't rumple your nice, clean dress!"

"You mustn't nod in place of yes." So all day long the "mustn'ts" go. Till I dream at night of an endless row Of "mustn'ts" with great big eyes, That stare at me in shocked surprise. Oh! I hope I shall live to see the day When some one will say to me, "Dear, you may."

For I'm sick of "mustn'ts," said Dorothy D.: Sick of "mustn'ts" as I can be. —Southern Presbyterian.

## A Wonderful Dog.

Bozzie, a dog whose wonderful intelligence has interested and puzzled thousands, was in Baltimore with her owner, Mr. George B. Clason. Bozzie's home is in Chicago, where she is well known, but notwithstanding her high mental attainments she made the trip from that city to Baltimore in a baggage car.

Mr. Clason gave a private exhibition of the dog's powers at Rev. Dr. E. D. Huntley's. The animal added figures, multiplied, divided and subtracted them with a rapidity and accuracy that seemed incredible. The most wonderful performance, however, was the apparent feat of mind reading, the dog seemingly interpreting the thoughts of the spectators. Mr. Clason said that all except the mind reading was due to the dog's training. The mind reading, he said, had been explained on the theory that the thought in the human mind is transmitted to the dog's brain. Telepathists who have seen the dog say that is the explanation of the animal's wonderful performance.

At the exhibition a reporter for The Sun was told to think of a number and place his hand on Bozzie's head. Then Bozzie was asked what number had been thought of. The dog gave seven sharp barks. This number was correct. Then Bozzie and her owner were called back. The dog was asked what number had been thought of. Nine barks was the response.

A gentleman retired with Mr. Clason from the room, and behind the closed door the gentleman held up four fingers to indicate to Mr. Clason the number thought of.

"What number?" the gentleman thinking of Bozzie. Mr. Clason cried out.

The answer came in four barks from the dog on the other side of the door.

These performances belittled the spectators' eyes previous exhibitions of the dog's intelligence, which were also remarkable. There were seven persons in the room, four gentlemen and three ladies. "How many people are in the room, Bozzie?" Mr. Clason asked. Seven of the dog's sharp barks indicated that the animal had counted the number correctly. Then Bozzie in the same manner said there were three ladies and four gentlemen present.

In various other ways the dog's knowledge of numbers was shown. The figure 5 was written on a piece of paper, and when Bozzie was shown the paper and asked what number it was she barked five times.

"Subtract seven from it, and how many remain?" asked Mr. Clason quickly, and the dog as quickly responded with four barks.

"Divide that by two and what is the result?" asked Mr. Clason again, rapidly, and the response was two barks.

"Divide again by two and what is the result?" continued Mr. Clason.

The dog barked once.

Mr. Clason and one of the gentlemen together worked out an arithmetical example on paper. They took the number 3, multiplied it by 5, added 19 to the product, divided the result by 2, subtracted 2 from the quotient and divided the remainder by 2. The result was 7. Mr. Clason read out the example so rapidly that none of those present could follow him and work out the result in his mind. The dog, however, gave it promptly in seven barks.

"If you had been able to vote at the last Presidential election, Bozzie," said Mr. Clason, "which would you have rather done, vote for Bryan or die?" The dog lay down on her side, stretched out her legs and shamed death.

Bozzie went to a spot in the room indicated by Mr. Clason and lay down at his command.

"Turn over," said Mr. Clason, and the dog obeyed.

"Now turn back again," continued Mr. Clason, and again the dog obeyed.

It was not necessary for Mr. Clason to take part in order that the dog's intelligence might be displayed. For others than Mr. Clason she told the denomination of a bank-note and counted.

Mr. Clason walked with his visitors a short distance after they left the house, and on the street further remarkable performances by the dog attracted the passer-by.

"Put your front feet on that tree," said Mr. Clason, indicating a tree in front of the paragon. The dog did so.

"Now run across the street and lie down," was the next command, which the dog also obeyed.

"Turn over!" shouted Mr. Clason across the street. This command the dog did not follow. Apparently the pavement was so cold that Bozzie did not care to put her body in contact with it.

A number of people had been attracted by the exhibition and they gazed at the dog with interest. Two little girls were passing, and when Bozzie was asked to count them she barked twice. Then the dog came back to Mr. Clason. Near by were five children, one of them colored. The dog told how many

girls and how many boys, there were and that one was colored. Two more colored boys came up, and when Bozzie was asked how many colored boys were there then she barked three times.

Proceeding along the street Bozzie gambled and frolicked just like any ordinary dog.

"Come back here and walk behind me," Mr. Clason commanded, and Bozzie obeyed. Without looking at the dog, Mr. Clason said: "Now you may run ahead," and Bozzie shot out between Mr. Clason and a companion and was soon far in advance of them.

"Get on that stone and lie down," said Mr. Clason to the dog, referring to a stepping stone for carriages on a pavement some distance ahead. Bozzie ran to the stone and got upon it.

"Go up these steps, come down slowly and tell us how many steps there are," said Mr. Clason, referring to steps in front of a dwelling on Jefferson street. There were five steps. Bozzie ascended and descended them and then gave five barks.

Mr. Clason said that at one time a stranger who saw some of Bozzie's tricks for the first time said to an Irishman near by: "Look at that dog." It happened that the Irishman knew Bozzie well, and he replied: "That's no dog. It has a dog's hide and a dog's feet and tail, but it is not a dog."

"I am much better known because of Bozzie," Mr. Clason said, "than I could ever hope to be without her. Because of her I have been received into society," he added, jocularly.

Patient training. Mr. Clason said, had much to do with the development of Bozzie's intelligence. He taught her to count by first holding one finger before her and saying, "That's one, Bozzie," afterward giving an imitation bark. The same method was employed with other numbers, imitation barks being given to correspond to the number of fingers held up. Bozzie was rewarded with a piece of meat when successful, and proved an apt pupil.

Bozzie is a beautiful black Scotch collie, with white breast, white feet, white nose and white tail tip. She is the daughter of Fyran Crest and old Bozzie, the daughter of old Boz. She is 3 years old. Old Boz was a celebrated dog in his time. He was imported from Bracco, Scotland, and died about four years ago at San Antonio, N. M., at the age of 19 years. The celebrities among his female descendants have been called Bozzie at the family name.

Mr. Clason related an incident showing the dog's "mind-reading" power that is even more wonderful than any exhibited.

"I had returned home on one occasion," Mr. Clason said, "and while sitting in my library my feet commenced to hurt. I thought I would like to have my slippers, which were in the bedroom upstairs, not thinking of Bozzie, and had not said anything to her, when she surprised me by going upstairs and returning with one of my slippers. Then she went after the other slipper."

Mr. Clason said Bozzie has never been publicly exhibited except for charity and has made \$1000 in that cause. She is not what is generally known as a trick dog and was not trained, Mr. Clason says, to obey a signal, as trick dogs are.—The Baltimore Sun.

## Buying Trouble.

The property owner who buys paint, without a full comprehension of his needs and requirements, buys trouble. Of old it was said, "As a nail sticks close between the joinings of the stones, so doth sin stick between buying and selling." This is pre-eminently true of the paint trade—there is far more bad paint than good to be had—for a consideration, and the most costly paint is by no means the best.

Notwithstanding all arguments as to purity and the like, what the buyer of paint wants is protection and beauty for his property, and the better and the longer a paint will give him these for a given outlay, the better it is for the buyer.

To beauty, durability and economy it is now generally acknowledged by all disinterested authorities, zinc white is essential in paint. Good paint—good, as above defined—cannot be made without it; but, on the other hand, it must be admitted, plenty of bad paint is made with it. The whole question then resolves itself into a matter of honor among paint manufacturers. People do not acquire a reputation for honesty, nor do goods acquire a reputation for quality without substantial reason. Reputation is nothing but accumulated evidence become current.

It follows that the paint buyer can safely bank on the paint-makers' reputation. If a house has a reputation for making superior paints it is safe to accept that reputation as evidence of a fact. With such paint usually goes a guarantee of quality and service such as cannot be had with any other paint materials. It is thus possible to buy paint without "buying trouble."

Stanton Dudley.

## Announcements.

Mrs. Van Alvea Reed will hold a meeting at 3 p. m. Sundays for talks on spiritual themes. Different speakers. All welcome. Tuesday, March 11, 11:45 spiritual healing. We have had fine sessions in this house. Free will offerings. Teaching daily, in class or private, also readings. 116 W. Newton St.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Alex. Caird, M. D., pres. Sunday, March 9, Mr. Thomas Cross, late of England, will be the speaker. Subjects, at 2:30 "The Evolution of Theosophy," 7:30, written questions from the audience. Good music.

The well known speaker and medium, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, has been engaged for Sundays March 9 and 16 by the Boston Spiritual Society to speak and give readings at the Palace Hall. This is a return engagement for the good work done by this speaker on her last engagement by this society. H.

West Derry, N. H., Odd Fellows Hall, Sunday, March 9, Mr. Geo. L. Baker will be the speaker and medium.

Boston Psychic Conference, 605 Mass. Ave., Dr. Feiler, healing, Tuesday eve, Miss Josephine Webster, Wednesday 3 p. m.; seance; Wednesday eve, Mrs. Peabody, Thursday eve, Mrs. Strong, developing class; Saturday eve, Mr. Littlefield, psychometry; Monday, Boston Psychical Conference social seance, to which all are invited free; Friday eve, medium's seance, Tuesday, 3 p. m., palmistry, readings, Mrs. Kelley, Wednesday, 3 p. m., astrology, with readings and theories by Dr. Miller free to all.

The following Monday evening a reception will be tendered Mr. Conrils at 80 New York Ave. The public cordially invited.

Odd Ladies Hall, 44, Tremont St., Sunday, March 9, all are invited to listen to an excellent program consisting of songs and the exercise of spiritual gifts by special talent.

The Maiden Progressive Spiritualists meet every Sunday and Wednesday evening at 7:30, Masonic Building, 75 Pleasant St. The following speakers and mediums occupy the rostrum on the Sundays named: March 9, Mrs. S. Dix of Boston; March 16, Mrs. R. E. Hall of Cambridge; March 23, Mrs. M. A. Boomer of Boston; March 30, Mrs. Hattie C.

## WHERE DOCTORS FAIL.

To Cure Woman's Ills, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds. Mrs. Pauline Judson Writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Soon after my marriage two years ago I found myself in constant pain. The doctor said my womb was turned, and this caused the pain with considerable inflammation. He prescribed for me for



MRS. PAULINE JUDSON, Secretary of Schenherhorn Golf Club, Brooklyn, New York.

four months, when my husband became impatient because I grew worse instead of better, and in speaking to the druggist he advised him to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sensitive Wash. How I wish I had taken that at first; it would have saved me weeks of suffering. It took three long months to restore me, but it is a happy relief, and we are both most grateful to you. Your Compound has brought joy to our home and health to me."—Mrs. Pauline Judson, 47 Hoyt Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

It would seem by this statement that women would save time and much sickness if they would get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and also write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free and always helps.

Mason, of Chelsea; April 6, Mrs. Dr. Caird of Lynn; April 13, Mr. J. S. Scarlett of Cambridge; May 1, Mrs. Carrie Burt of Brockton speaks for the First Spiritualists Society, Fitchburg, Mass., Sunday, March 9.

## The Laugh Cure.

"Just a year ago a lady came into our office with a very disconsolate look; she came for consolation and advice; her face wore a sorrowful expression, she was 'down at the mouth,' as the saying goes; her husband was a drunkard. Knowing the power of the reflex action of all parts of the body on the brain, we advised her to assume the smiling attitude six times a day a few minutes at a time. She did it until she acquired the laughing habit. When her husband came home drunk she would laugh; when he came home sober she laughed; she laughed at her meals and laughed when she had no meals to eat; she began to see rays of light and sunshine in the house. Her husband became infected with the laughing habit. He laughed himself sober and they both laugh now because he drinks no more; he finds his home a veritable home, with a smiling wife, and now there is joy, peace and happiness in that home, and she declares with the Phenological examination and advice we gave her, her husband's and her own salvation. Reader, try this experiment; assume the smiling attitude; the corners of your mouth will turn upward; the reflex action of these muscles will press the psychic button of Mirthfulness in the brain, and you will develop into a laugh. Keep it up every day. Lighter starts of laughter and removes the impediments to the blood, improves digestion and will lift you out of the mough of despond. The remedy is scientific, it is—Phenological. We charge nothing for this discovery, it ought to be introduced into every home, it costs nothing, but the prescription will knock out the blues."—Human Nature.

New York State Anti-Vivisection Society.

The annual meeting of the New York State Anti-Vivisection Society was held at Sangerites on Feb. 26. The officers elected for the coming year are as follows: President, John Vedder, M. D.; first vice-president, Rensselaer Botta; second vice-president, Luigi Galvani Dodson, M. D.; treasurer, Philip G. Peabody, M. D.; secretary, Anna M. Turner. Dr. Peabody is at present traveling in Egypt, but his influence makes him such a desirable treasurer that the society refuses to hear of his resignation, and the secretary is attending to the financial business during his absence.

Throughout the past year the New York State Anti-Vivisection Society has carried on its old line of work, and also taken up others. Under this first head comes the general distribution of literature. Within a few weeks the society has sent anti-vivisection leaflets to the members of seventeen State Legislatures; the Blue Book of North Dakota furnished nearly a thousand names, and the Legislative Manual of Colorado almost as many. The society has in the past arranged for six hundred and seventy-four lectures, and distributed leaflets, so far as possible, to all audiences. A very hopeful new method of circulating literature has, this season, been taken up. Members of the society have visited poultry shows and other places where large numbers of people were gathered, and have distributed leaflets to those willing to receive them. It is earnestly requested that all interested in this work communicate with the New York State Anti-Vivisection Society at its headquarters, and apply for leaflets to be given out, personally, in this way. The society should also be notified, in advance, of animal shows and exhibits, in the immediate vicinity, that arrangements may be made for the distribution of literature at such places.

On Dec. 2 the sum of \$109.82, together with a quantity of anti-vivisection literature, was made over by Mrs. A. I. Barber and other friends of the cause, to the New York State Anti-Vivisection Society. The money has been used, already, for postage and express to send out leaflets, and it is intended to launch the distribution of the literature thus donated at a very early date.

The need for anti-vivisection work grows greater, every year. So few members of our race have the courage and philanthropy to offer themselves as subjects for scientific research, that investigators are constantly tempted to put their theories into practice by means of human vivisection. That is, they

experiment on hospital patients, lunatics and other helpless persons, not for the benefit of the subject, but for the advance of science, often to the disadvantage (even death), of such subjects. The practice of vivisection as regards the brute creation has continually opened the way to kindred experiments on man. If indeed we seek the good of mankind, physically, mentally and morally, we should totally prevent all forms of vivisection, except that practiced on human beings with their perfect knowledge and free consent. The New York State Anti-Vivisection Society should receive the encouragement and support which it needs, to carry on its philanthropic work.

John Vedder, M. D., President, New York State Anti-Vivisection Society, Sangerites, N. Y.

## Literary Department.

THE ARENA.—A feature that helps to make this magazine unique among modern reviews is its frequent publication of symposium on public questions. The March number has two of these joint expressions of opinion that are extremely interesting. The first relates to the Cuban problem, in which F. B. Thurber, president of the United States Export Association, discusses "Rascality," and V. de Abad makes an eloquent "Plea for Justice" to the American people. The second presents both sides of the immigration problem, John Chetwood arguing for total suspension and the Rev. R. C. Bryant deploring the probable re-enactment of the Chinese exclusion bill. Another clergyman, the Rev. F. D. Bentley, discusses "The Survival of the Fittest in the Coming Age." (25 cents at news stands, or mailed direct by the Alliance Pub. Co., Fifth Avenue, New York.)

"MIND."—The March number of "Mind," completes the ninth volume of that metaphysical review. It is a fine issue of the magazine, and has a half-tone portrait of Warren A. Rodman, who contributes the opening essay, entitled "After I Am Risen." This is followed by a biographic sketch of the writer by Editor Patterson. W. J. Colville, the noted inspirational orator, gives one of his recent experiences at the article of a summer school of the New Thought in Australasia. B. O. Flower asks, "Is the Church Awakening?" and Abby Morton Diaz considers "Character as Motor Power." Emily Wright Hood has an exquisite poem, entitled "Earth's Halo." Axel Emil Gibson contributes a most instructive article on "Propitium: Its Philosophy and Dangers." Frank Burr Marsh discusses "Berkeley and Christian Science," and Carina C. Eaglesfield writes upon "The Message of the Dreamer." C. G. Oyston asks, "Is Nature the Vassal of the Soul?" The editorial department contains the announcement of a summer school of the New Thought to be opened July 1 at Oswego, N. Y. The Family Circle has an article on "Moral and Physical Courage," by the Rev. Helen Van-Anderson, and five other contributions. "Reviews of New Books," by Editor John Emery McLean, covers the number. (25 cents at news-stands, or mailed direct by the Alliance Pub. Co., Fifth Ave., New York.)

HELEN KELLER, the remarkable deaf, dumb and blind girl, who has not only learned to talk, but enjoys every privilege of those who hear, presents her finished writing with her own hands the story of her remarkable life for The Ladies' Home Journal. In this she describes her first awakening to the realization of life and the world, and all that both contain; her first impressions and feelings and emotions, and the first rays of understanding that came to her. From that point she tells of the unfolding of her mental and physical powers, how she learned to think and act, how she received instruction, and finally became capable of acquiring an education which places her among the best educated women of her time. For instance, in one of her leading story, wonderfully told. It will begin in the April number of The Journal.

## A Startling Book.

LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

This book, being a spirit communication written through my hand twenty-five years ago, when I was mediumistic, is now out of print and I am desirous of bringing out a new edition. The present time seems very suitable; because there is an awakened interest in psychic phenomena and our mental science friends are flooding the country with their literature, and much that they are teaching is mistaken, simply because they have never studied the revelations of Spiritualism. For instance, in one of their leading papers, "Unity," for January, I am amazed to read that "Spirit is not sexed; and the spiritual body has no sex nature." Another enthusiast, "The Pathfinder," virtually denies the existence of the spirit spheres because he says that it is man's destiny to live forever on this earth in the married body, and that there is no need for us to die. The body can be spiritualized and live on forever. Another editor tells his readers that at death we all go to the Sun! This shows the necessity of mental scientists studying the literature of Spiritualism.

The following is an outline of the contents of my book. It contains an intensely interesting explanation of the immediate experiences after death of those persons (including the majority of mankind) who are not spiritually advanced enough for the higher spirit spheres. It explains in a practical and intelligent manner many of our mysterious questions touching the relationships between man and his spirit. Among other topics it explains the process of death, the condition of the spirit during sleep, the influence and origin of good and evil thoughts, the first experience after death of good men, bad men, drunkards, etc., the true day of judgment; forgiveness of sins; how prayer is answered; happiness and how to attain it; the physical aspects of the spirit world; spirit possession; the occupations of bad spirits; the spiritual value of scientific, religious or political pursuits; the sorrows of the unhappily married in the next life; how to secure marital happiness; the doctrine of married affluence; marriages in heaven; the future of married people; the power of will; chance, luck and destiny; inspiration and genius explained.

I propose to get out a new edition at once and invite your readers to send me orders, accompanied by P. O. order, for 75 cents cloth, or 60 cents paper covers. Should not enough subscriptions be received, no one will be disappointed, as the London publisher is getting out a new edition which he says is called for and it will reward the orders to him. This book has been translated into German by Professor Friese of the Breslau University, and Mr. W. T. Stead, editor, London, wrote me a flattering opinion of it and another reader said he found it so interesting that he read it three times. Address, Fred A. Binney, Helix, California, U. S. A.

Each truth is the presence of God. His omnipotence and omnipresence are in it.—Ex.

## "The New Thought."

A new departure, characterized at once by sturdy optimism, earnest purpose, and settled confidence, is the metaphysical movement of today. Essentially American in its origin, it has already made its way across the sea, with other American products, and claims an international scope, not losing its Americanism, however, in its transatlantic extension. There is reason to believe that what is somewhat vaguely known as "The New Thought" now numbers more than a million adherents, of whom more than a half a million are in the United States. To most of these, the cult stands for a practical, every day working philosophy that takes the place of a religion, and is, indeed, to these people, the only possible religion. At the same time, thousands of its followers retain their conventional affiliations, finding in the "New Thought" welcome aid to understanding and appreciation of the living spirit under the dead letter in all religions. Thus, the new teaching appeals equally to people in and to those out of the churches, emphasizing the essentials on which people of various beliefs, or of no beliefs, may very harmoniously unite. One reason for its rapid spread in popularity is here apparent, and makes interesting an examination of its development. The movement has for its basic purpose nothing less than a lively realization of the metaphysical truth at the base of all religion and philosophy, not as a mystical or intellectual abstraction, merely, but as a practical force in actual life, eligible to all men everywhere.—From "The Metaphysical Movement," by Paul Tyner, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for March.

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