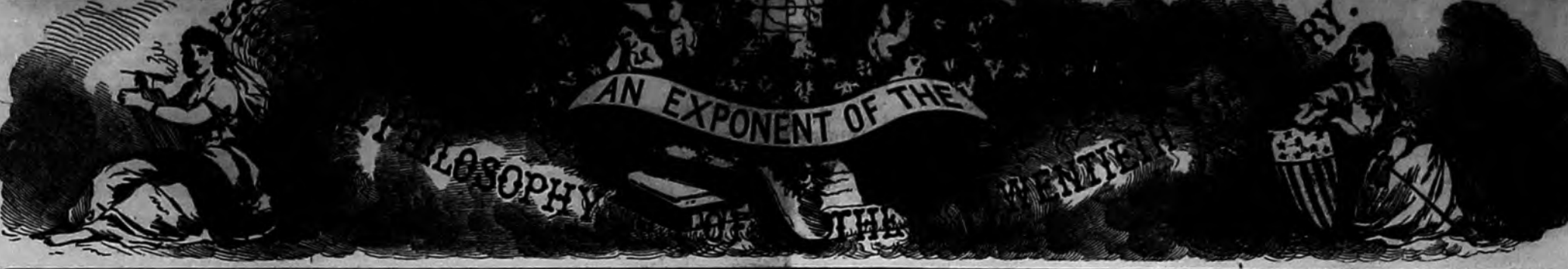


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NO. 10

WORDS OF PEACE.

To those "who in this transitory life are in trouble,
sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity,"
—Book of Common Prayer.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people."—Isaiah xl,
verse 1.

O Holy Spirit! Bear to the bereaved
Here on this earth a balm for sorrow's pain—
Enrich with Thy peace those sorely grieved—
Bless Thou the ripening harvest on this Plane.

Lifting on wings of love all lives to Thee!
O Thou Eternal Guardian! Father, bend
Thy pitying smile upon us, till we see
These steps but lead unto Thy Golden End!

Daily throughout our pilgrimage till death,
Bind us still closer to the Ideal Soul
Of Christ, our Elder Brother! Give our breath
Renewed and stronger hope, with faith made
whole!

Through falling tears we bless Thee; kneeling here
We know Thy everlasting arms soft hold
The saintlike buds of childhood, oh, so dear
Unto the gardeners in God's garden-field.

Sweetly those hearts that beat out loyal and true
Reciprocally through life make tear-dim eyes
Brighten with love. God rest His peace on you
With pentecostal blessings from the skies!

How earnestly from us "God bless you" swells
Like music; for, where heart is heart abides,
Outrings Heaven's message clear as vesper bells
That linger in old ocean's slaving tides.

Look upward to the Eternal Land of Rest!
"I will be with thee" saith the Glorious One.
Look upward. God is God. His Will is best.
Old Time's kind kiss will teach "Thy Will be done."

There is a God. So rest content; for He,
The playing Father-soul, will shine
"Hush! Peace, be still!" On you most wondrously
He doth outpour His healing Love Divine.

Devotion.

Sydney, Australia, 1903.

The Dream Piece.

It was the twilight hour, the time Fraulein Sellerth loved best, for it was at this hour when the discords of the day were brought into harmony and when she gathered strength for the trials of the next day. This was the one time when she could be alone in the warm, comfortable drawing-room and enjoy what she termed "her evening concerto." Tonight as usual Norma turned to the piano and seating herself before it sat motionless, looking intently before her, waiting, waiting, waiting for something that must surely come, nor was she disappointed for gradually there was distinguishable in the room a far-off melody so ethereal that it caused the tears to come to Norma's eyes. As the silvery strains became more distinct she raised her hands as if to play. Yes, there it was, the one piece which soothed her above all others. Every night she heard it, and now she began a soft running accompaniment in such perfect harmony with that other music that it seemed like one emanation from some divine source. Now it was a crescendo, now a pianissimo, until the end was reached, and the music from the piano was the only music heard in the room. Norma still kept on playing, now one selection, now another from the composers she loved best, but hark as she might she had never as yet discovered the composer of her "Dream Piece."

When Norma rejoined the family at the supper table there was no need for them to ask what she had been doing. There was a look of peace on her face that came from a higher help than they could give.

"Norma, dear," said her father, "you have not forgotten the concert tonight have you? I am sure Herr Kurschner will please you."

"No, father. I have been looking forward to it ever since the announcement of his coming," and Norma's eyes glowed in anticipation of the expected pleasure.

It was a happy face that Norma carried with her to the concert and its brightness was such that it could not help but be reflected on the people about her, but wholly unconscious of anything but the music, she listened attentively for every note that came from Herr Kurschner's violin. At last it was over and as if awakened from a trance Norma arose. Her uncle, who was one of the leading musicians of the place, had come to where she sat and was asking Norma if she did not wish to meet Herr Kurschner. Norma generally declined all such invitations. She used to say who did not wish to be rudely awakened from her dream of the ideal man to the real. Let me think of him as some one on another and higher plane she would say, but tonight she consented and taking her uncle's arm she was conducted to the room where Herr Kurschner was receiving the congratulations of his friends. Why Norma decided to meet him she herself could not tell. The stranger fascinated her, there seemed to be something familiar about him, yet she was sure she had never seen him before. When the necessary form of introduction was gone through with an inexpressible thrill went through her as she took his hand. She was as one in a dream and did not hear anything that was being said until at last she caught her own name and heard him asking if he

might have the honor of coming to her home. "I understand," he said, "that you are a pianist and I should like to try some selections over with you."

Until the day when Herr Kurschner was to come Norma was so restless that her people hardly knew her. She could not account for it. Even the twilight hour made her more so. The "Dream Piece" became more distinct than ever and awakened a responsive chord in her before untouched. It did not seem at all strange when the expected visitor had come, to see him there in the drawing-room and to be playing accompaniments to his pieces. Many selections had been tried over when at last Herr Kurschner said:

"Fraulein, I have a little composition of my own that I should like to try. It is only a little thing, but I have never been able to have an accompaniment for it."

"I will try," was Norma's reply, "but I doubt much if it will answer, but I will try," she repeated and she sat waiting for the first strain that would give her a hint of what she should play. She sat as she sat in her twilight hour and she sat with much the same look of expectation in her face waiting for the first tones and when they came she unconsciously began the running accompaniment. When it was finished she could hardly control herself.

"What is the matter, my Fraulein?" she heard some one whisper and a hand rested lightly on her shoulder.

"Why, Herr Kurschner, do you know you have just played my 'Dream Piece.' Every night I hear that played but I have looked in vain for the composer, until now," she added in a low tone, not trusting herself to look at the face she felt was bending over her.

"And, Fraulein, did you know that every time I played that piece, a fair, sweet face was always visible whose likeness I never saw until that night at the concert," and Herr Kurschner bent lower as he said these words and continued:

"Is it not a divination of what we two together can accomplish? That there will be only harmony between us, is it not so?"

He paused, waiting for her reply, which soon came.

"Yes, Herr Kurschner, I have always known that when the composer of my dream piece was found, he would be my lord, but I never thought to have found him in this life," and as she crept into his outstretched arms, again, and this time without any accompaniment, the "Dream Piece" was heard as if a heavenly choir was bestowing its benediction upon these two.

Mabel Frances Knight.

19 Moltke St., Leipzig, Germany.

A New Self.

When we see the miracle of a new earth all about us, and consider how the change has come from barrenness to beauty, we cannot but wish to partake in the blessing. It seems so easy for us to have and enjoy, for it is an open secret, if we have the eyes to see.

A day comes to our souls when we say, no more care and darkness for me. I will have the sunshine in my life, I will let it overcome all hindrance of growth of good; the seeds of love and duty shall put forth their fineness under its influence, and I will have paradise as a spiritual possession. What more can I ask for than the heavenliness of the days here and now? They shall yield me their blessing and delight!

When I say this, I affirm my real self. I gain a new self in appearance of grace, and the wonder is I was ever content to go through God's world as if it were bereft of His presence. Like the sun, He shines for me; like the seeds, I should reach up and flower in beauty for Him.

William Brunton.

Education of the Whole Being.

The first step in this direction is very simple. It is so simple and requires so little time that very few people are willing to take it. The majority of us like to be set down to seemingly impossible tasks. We have an idea that bad tasting medicines cure diseases, and that progress comes through the unusual and the marvelous, rather than through silence and repose. To obtain the knowledge of which I speak, begin with five minutes in the morning and five minutes at night. Take a comfortable chair in a quiet room, where you can be entirely alone. Choose as nearly as possible the same time, the same room and chair each day, yet if you are traveling do not be deterred from your exercises by change of location. Sit upright, with head, hips, and shoulders in line. Inhale deeply, letting your chest and abdomen inflate with fresh air. Count seven. Exhale, and let your chest and abdomen contract. Continue this exercise for two or three moments. As you inhale say, mentally, that you are drawing in with each breath a principle. For instance, love, health, usefulness, goodness, wisdom, success, opulence. As you inhale, think that all belief in pain,

poverty, ignorance, hatred, and failure are leaving you. Instead of mentioning these things, use the word "freedom" as you exhale—meaning that you are freeing yourself from everything unworthy. Use the last three minutes of the five in sitting quiet, with the eyes closed, and imagining that you are a human battery being charged with divine currents. Be as passive as possible—just abandon yourself to God's care for two minutes, with no concern of mind. Then proceed about the business of the day.

Fraser Fitzgerald.

DESTINY.

All my soul hopes; now I hold them here,
Shrined within a bitter cup; the sorrow
Of their sweet hauntings and a dread tomorrow
Are not more subtle than an anguish clear.

Are not more cold and still; in fortune's spear
Has pierced their mettle, still full wise
With words; yet a Holy love lies
Barred in their dimmed gleam, supremely dear.

Asbes of Destiny; Time greyed them one by one,
And flamed my pride, as sad I gather up
All their fair memories, tattered from the sun,
Yet shall I conquer! see the fond hopes bless
Silence within my heart, which is the Byre cup
Warming the frost-air of my loneliness.

A Seagull's Mission.

The night was tempestuous. The sky from the zenith to the line where the stars meet the earth at night-fall, black.

The great sea tossed its billows high and white against the naked rocks upon which was built the Cape Flattery light-house on the Pacific coast.

A search-light from Heaven at intervals flashed through the darkness, revealing some lone sea-bird winging its way to shelter.

Clear against the sky, twinkling like an automatic star, glimmered the only guide for miles around to aid the endangered mariners.

"Mither are ye all right up there? The storm is growing wilder and I must remain below for a time. Can ye keep the light a little longer without fear comin' to ye?"

"Yes, John. Ye know why this is me place on a night like this."

"God bless ye, mither. If all mithers were like ye, the storms of life wouldn't be sa-hard to bear."

"Just a year ago this night fortnight, the same wind was blowin'—me boy—me boy—how yer mither prayed for ye—and where are ye tonight? Lying deep down on the ocean's bottom, or on some land alone—forsaken?"

"Lack a day—God's way is strange."

Shading her sad blue eyes with a wasted hand, this faithful mother of John and Paul Waring, keepers of the light, moved toward the window and looked out upon the majesty of the waters.

A sea-gull clung quivering to a rail without.

"Poor bird, how came ye up here so high?"

A blast at that moment blew wide the casement and dead at her feet fell the wearied creature.

As gently she touched it, speaking a tender word, she saw that something had been bound around its legs.

A hush fell upon her spirit for a moment, then she called aloud.

"John, John, lad. 'Tis a letter from Paul. God has answered my prayer of the morning and the evening for nigh on to twelve long months."

A stalwart youth, clean and rugged, sprang up the stairs.

When he saw his mother bending with folded hands over the dead sea-gull and hearing her strange words, he said gently, "What is it, mither? Are ye gaing clean mad?"

"Nay, nay, lad, look," pointing to the legs of the dead bird.

Deftly his hard hands unbound the string. Two pieces of oil skin, fashioned into small bags lay before him. The next moment they were reading the scraps of paper they contained. One bore the inscription:

"Dear Mither:—The words you taught me at your knee, 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and earth,' make me sure I'll see ye and John again, for I am goin' to send ye a message by a sea-bird that was hurt in the wreck and couldn't fly away from us, and I have faith that it will find ye and ye will come for us. There are only three left of the twelve that were saved from the wreck; we see the ships sail by, away on this far island, but they may see us; to the South, mither, is all I can tell ye. With Paul's love."

The other oil skin contained a lock of soft golden brown hair streaked with gray.

The mother and son stood for a moment with clasped hands, speechless.

"Tomorrow, ye must sail away, Johnnie."

"But mither—the light."

"Then I must sail, lad."

"Ye, mither?"

"I, lad."

"Then God go with ye."

An island, luxurious, green, lonely. A brave ship moving steadily forward. Upon the sands of the shore, where the lazy surges of the Pacific rolled over shells of curious shape and color, lay a golden-haired lad, pale and al-

most lifeless. A curious animal with a bushy tail, came near him, sniffing the salt air; suddenly it gave a piercing howl which aroused the attention of the figure lying alone upon the golden sands.

"What is it, Ponto?" weakly.

Another howl and the silky, shaggy tail arose perpendicular like a fighting horse's.

The lad turned his eyes heavily toward the sea. Beholding the white speck, he glued his gaze upon it till it had grown three times its original size, then he fell back unconscious, with the words upon his lips:

"Me mither, 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and earth.'"

When those eyes again opened to the light of life, the sun was shining in upon him from the same window through which God's messenger had entered in the darkness of a tempestuous night.

"Out of the Everywhere into here" came the poem, "Destiny" and the story, "The Seagull's Mission," through a psychic student. In a trice they came all complete and not one word have we changed.

"Destiny"—a soul's history.

"The Seagull's Mission"—the Infinite power of Love.

O beautiful Mystery, explain thyself!

THE HEAVENLY VISION.

This is a vision to my soul befall;
Before the throne of God I wondering stood,
And saw how faces all the space did flood,
A multitude of which no tongue can tell,
The ones so beautiful who peaceful dwell
In sweet security of brotherhood;
Perfected souls, the wise, the great, the good,
Whose excellence appeals that we excel!
I saw and was clean washed of soil and sin;
Hope's sunshine filled my soul and bid it flower;
The grace of purity my heart did win,
And splendor and purpose and immortal power;
I felt that if I thus kept Love in view,
My spirit would be ever clean and true!

And shall such sight of glory make me weak—
In presence of the world's perplexing care?
Its wickedness and want, its dark despair?
Or shall I strength from such augustness seek!
O let my life divine devotion speak,
Because abashed, shall such splendor share,
It then shall voice itself in praise and prayer.
So be it now among the pure and meek!
My God, thou art in all thy universe,
And privity in all thy eyes do see,
This doth a hymn of hope in love rehearse,
And whispers peace and power and grace to me;
May I forevermore thy nature view
And be in spirit faithful, pure and true!

William Brunton.

Doing Greater Works than Jesus.

Jesus, in the wonderful conversation of the fourteenth chapter of John, reveals the inwardness of his power—it is God-given, it is his union with the Infinite in conscious love and readiness to do the work given him. His life was surrendered to this in a perfect, loving way, so that he felt he was empowered to do by the heaven-sent strength. To him the Father was working through him.

This is the highest religious consciousness. It is the saintly mood as an abiding fact. It is the glorification of simple service, it being taken up into the divine and losing his individuality in the largeness of the love from whence it is received.

It is a method of life that we have to thank him for, and yet which we have not followed as we might have done. Our religion has been offered to God instead of being in God. It is something we bring to him instead of being the inspiration of his very love. There is a difference between the two attitudes—a serious difference as far as life goes. One makes you a servant, the other makes you a son. One seems to have somewhat apart from God, the other knows nothing but the Supreme will and goodness.

Jesus had his cares and difficulties. The church marks his temptations by its keeping of Lent. How real this may appear to the church-goer, will depend on his reading of the life of Jesus by his own struggles and temptations. It is the same for all of us, this facing limitations, this sense of the pull of the circumstance, this appeal of the flesh as in the face of the insight of the spirit. The good man makes a choice, and he makes a final choice that he tries to live after battling with its opposite. But then he will have his trials, his disappointments, and his cares. He will in virtue of his righteous decision come in conflict with those who will think themselves to be hurt by his bearing, however innocent and lovely it may be. They see by the distortion of prejudice and not in the light of truth. It is inevitable but that offences will come, and bring woe as a consequence.

Yet the greatness of right living remains. The greatest of all work is the claiming of a divine consciousness of love. The soul surrenders itself to the Infinite. It asks to be absorbed in that which is Eternal and True. It puts itself under this culture by its everyday gift of love to the Love enlightening it. And it is beautified in growth as a lily is with the sunshine.

This is the greatest wonder or miracle or work of life. Nothing else is to be compared

with it for worth or influence. The perfume of it is of heaven.

And this is the great thing, if you please, in the character of Christ. It is his appeal to the ages, it is this which enthrones him in the affections of men, and makes him a Master to us. It empties the mind of selfishness and self-seeking, and trampling on others. It gives it purity of purpose and friendliness with all men. It makes it work in the place nearest at hand, and with all devotion. It is a transfiguration of life.

And wherein come the greater works? Not in the work itself, but in the spread of it in millions of lives. It is the rule applied to all and bringing all to work according to its law of brotherhood so that the dominant purposes of men shall be of this nature of justice and help. If men would obey the Golden Rule, if men would have the religion of Jesus in love to God and man, the greater works would follow as the day succeeds the night, and as the spring comes after the winter.

The helpfulness of this word is not to make men dream of miracle-working, it is to make men miracles of love and its divine service. It is the opening of the Kingdom to all believers in his spirit and method as the true method of life. It is full of encouragement as showing there are blessings in store for us that we might think could not be, since the perfect had come and done more than others might. Jesus teaches us to recognize the divine outpouring that is not impoverished by its giving.

Many of us would be nobly helped by seeking to get this conviction of the imminence of God, his breathing in us, and then clinging to it as the working power of the days. We should have fellowship with the Father as a living fact, and it would make our life patient, peaceful, and yet full of power for all the great undertakings of life.

William Brunton.

Beside the Still Waters.

The jeweled morns have sung me with their beauty, and the cascades of Thy silence fell athrough my soul.

Where words are not Thou speakest true.

Windows of my soul, your preaching views stand out across the All Eternities, and the withered days of Time go fainting down the littleness of themselves.

'Tis the meadows of Hell sweet the mouth for taste of this Thy greater sweetness.

The sun-go-downs of all my happy summers are wings where Thou dost spread Thy light, and the sweet embrace that silent stars do give are speakers of Thy love.

Morning hath morned not Thy song, and the chariots of the sky tell little of Thy road. Farewell is never known within Thy heart, for the vision of Thyself stretch from lowest Hell to highest Heaven doth see the tears of every soul as binders to Thyself.

The horses of the night that tell Thy coming are driven by Thy mighty hand. The sisters of the world go worshipping Thy beauty and the summer-hearted flowers wind it forth.

In the tangled strangeness of myself I see Thy throne, in the hell that speaks my darkness I see Thee still, and on the mountains of the great-to-be of all myself I see Thy wisdom.

Life-storms have shadowed Thee, and the purple clouds across Thy light have told Thee.

In the breath that breathes Thy presence I see the Human, and in the heaven-dreams of the all-dead-yesterdays Thou art mirrored forth.

Augusta Adams.

Character.

Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think.

Character is the centrality, the impossibility of being displaced or overset.

Heaven sometimes hedges a rare character about with ungainliness and odium, as the burr that protects the fruit.

Conversation is the vent of character as well as of thought.

He has not learned the lessons of life who does not every day surmount a fear.

Intellect annuls fate. So far as a man thinks, he is free.

The flowering of civilization is the finished man, the man of sense, of grace, of accomplishment, of social power—the gentleman.

He is great who is what he is from nature, and who never reminds us of others.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force, that thoughts rule the world.

Thought takes man out of servitude into freedom.

The firmest and noblest ground on which people can live is truth; the real with the real; a ground on which nothing is assumed.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.—Bacon.

IMMORTALITY.

By Spirit Nannie Gibson through Mrs. M. T. Long.

Life in a golden circle runs,
With no beginning and no end,
It flashes on from sun to sun,
And with all ideas of being blends;
Life is the product of the soul,
Without it nothing breathes or moves,
Life doth all worlds in space control,
And it, immortality, proves.

There is no end to conscious life,
It pulsates through all time and space,
With it the universe is rife,
By it, are all worlds held in place;
Forever stretching on and on,
Through mortal spheres to heavenly zones,
It sings the grand immortal song,
And it, Divinity, enthrones.

Sweet immortality, that glows
Like quenchless suns with vibrant fire,
Thou immortality, that knows
The ardency of pure desire
To rise forever, grand and free,
And by it, human spirits rise
To heights through all Eternity,
From realm to realm of Paradise.

The earnest hope, the grand desire,
And longing in the human breast,
To ever press on higher and higher
To holier mansions of the blest,
The precious faith, the craving true,
To live and live and never die,
The earnest wish, forever new,
To cleave the regions of the sky,

And dwell in sweet, supernal bliss,
Beyond the shades of earthly care,
To reach a higher world than this,
Where life is all supremely fair,
The quenchless fire to live beyond
The earthly years of toil and strife,
The cravings of affection fond,—
All tell of Life—Immortality.

The grand intelligence of man,
The conscious power and memory,
The power to move and act and plan,
Are attributes of Deity,
And Deity can never die,
For Life Eternal is its name,
Its attributes so grand and high
In Wisdom's light forever flame.

Man is the sweet epitome
Of all that Life can ere contain,
Heir is he of Eternity,
A link in God's immortal chain,
His is the quenchless force and power
That flames into a living soul,
He rises onward hour by hour,
E'en though eternal ages roll.

For God is Life, and Life is God,
And man, a child of Deity,
Beneath the grand immortal rod
He travels to Infinity;
Onward and onward, age by age,
He rises unto grander heights,
Guided for aye by Wisdom sage,
And led by Truth's eternal lights.

From land to land and zone to zone,
His soul may pass in Wisdom's school,
Gaining her precepts for his own,
And governed by Love's golden rule;
There is no death,—the flowers bloom
From spring to spring in beauty rare,
They fill the air with rich perfume,
And make all life so sweetly fair.

And though decay may blight them here,
Their sweetness is not lost to life,
They bloom in Heaven's supernal sphere,
Beyond all wintry storm and strife;
There is no death,—the soul renews
Its potency from hour to hour,
It never can its lustre lose,
It is endowed with noblest power.

To soar aloft on viewless wings,
Towards the source of endless light,
And as it goes it sweetly sings,
Triumphant in its noble flight;
Sweet immortality is free
To every soul that ere was born,
Its heritage, Eternity,
It holds the grand immortal morn.

Alike to poet and to sage,
Alike to peasant and to king,
It comes to all in every age,
And on its grand exultant wing
Each soul is lifted higher and higher,
Towards the throne of perfect Love,
Forever fed by God's own fire
The spirit rises far above.

The weakness and the cares of earth,
The trials and the sufferings,
For, gaining through its higher birth,
A mastery o'er all mortal things,
It reaches out and on and on,
In loftiest exultation grand,
And sweeping o'er worlds along,
Finds Destiny on every hand,
For God, eternal is within,
God, in the soul that's freed from sin,
Proves everlasting Life and Power
To be man's grand, eternal dower.

[The above beautiful poem was given, impromptu, Oct. 9, 1897, by Nannie Gibson, the little spirit who controls Mrs. M. T. Longley, and with whom the readers of the "Banner" are familiar. At that time Nannie was but four years old. The depth of thought and purity of style and diction clearly indicate that Nannie is herself a medium for the higher spirits and is inspired by them, just as she, in turn, influences her medium. The subject for the above was given by a sceptic and the poem is presented here, exactly as taken down, stenographically, by myself on that occasion.—Agnes O. Wink.]

Through the Law of Desire.

LOUISE VECCELIUS SHELTON.

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CHAPTER I.

In the province of Wurtemberg, on the banks of the Danube lies the ancient and fortified town of Ulm, whose streets at one time resounded with the strains of martial music and the tread of the armies of Napoleon I. It was in this quaint old town that Napoleon's forces were encamped on their way to Russia, and thirty thousand souls gathered in the cathedral to greet the Emperor.

The inhabitants of Ulm look with awe and admiration upon their great cathedral whose single lofty spire points like a finger to the skies, while from its smaller pinnacles the Swabian Alps are to be seen in the near distance.

The great Munster, four hundred feet in length, is a worthy temple for worship. Erected more than three centuries before Columbus set sail to try the fortunes of a western course, serene and calm it stands welcoming the hurrying throng with scarcely a mark from the hand of time to show the passing of the years.

It was a lovely day in May when the sound of a great organ pealed from the open door of the cathedral, while shimmering streams of light were falling on worshiper and priest, pillar and pulpit, from windows high in the vaulted dome.

On the air perfumed with incense which floated from the altar, rose the thundering tones of the great instrument uttering as it

were, its warlike commands to bitter foes in combat, then again changing to the pleading strains as from some distant angel choir, until the worshiper was barely conscious of the passing scene and the angel chime grew fainter and fainter, the eyes closed in rapt adoration of things sublime, the blood flowed through the veins with an added swiftness, the heart pulsed with a conscious throb, and the breath came slower through the lips, for the soul of the man at the key board was speaking through the instrument once more, telling the story of life, the life of the soul when at peace within itself, and the angel voices continued repeating the anthem of "Good Will on Earth" while the answering echo in every heart gave testimony that all men were brothers with the same sympathies and touched by similar emotions.

Who was this man that could breathe into the organ and make it a living entity to which the thoughts and heart throbs of the kneeling multitude responded? His shapely head covered with softly waving brown hair, was poised on high, broad shoulders; the pointed beard had been carefully trimmed; the eyes in outline were blending of the feminine and masculine, and yet there was a certain strength about the muscles of the throat. But it was in the dark blue eyes, with their long, drooping lids, veiled by black lashes, that the singular fascination of the man was to be found. Under deep emotion the eyelids would suddenly unveil an intensity of expression that illuminated the face, reminding one of "Hoffman's" painting of the man Jesus.

As the music died away in the gathering twilight and was lost in the dark recesses of the cathedral, the organist rose and lifting his head gazed through and beyond the arches above him. Presently a sigh escaped his lips as he regretfully turned from the instrument: his face lost that rapt look of the artist, and slowly descending the winding stairway, he passed out through a side door into a garden near by and strolled up a narrow path leading to the dwelling at the end. The strains of music still lingered in his ears and he stood a few moments looking at the great stone pile, as he had done many times before.

It is in the presence of strength outlined in noble structures hallowed by the devotion of centuries, that the best inspirations are often born.

Who knows what new motif comes to the soul of the musician who through solitary hours lives alone in the vaulted domes of these architectural wonders—frozen music?

As the organist awoke from his reveries and neared the porch, a sweet but intense face appeared in the doorway. He smiled as he saw his sister, the gentle Amina.

The green sward was covered with cherry blossoms and the evening air was laden with the delicious odor which arises from the earth in the early spring, while one of those rare, restful twilight falls over the land. Amina came and stood at Joseph's side and listened to the nightingale in the bushes as it sang its ode to the night, as if it would burst its throat for joy. When it ceased singing Amina softly crooned a lullaby. All nature was wrapping itself in repose, and she was assisting it.

When Amina looked out from those brown-lidded eyes, they asked so many questions, not of you, but of the stars, that it would have taken an eternity to have answered them, and when she spoke in that low feminine voice, softly murmured accents were but echoes from the gentle spirit within. She did not know that everybody loved her, when they touched her hand or her garments, or came into her presence. Amina's horizon was bounded by that one word written in letters of love framed in fire, "Brother." To minister to his wants and listen to his words and live in his music made life for her complete. He was the beloved "Joseph" of the community, for, as the capable leader of an orchestra he was the centre of an adoring circle of musicians. Joseph noticed a letter which his sister held in her hand.

"Oh, Joseph, sister Helena is coming home!" cried Amina with a blush of excitement suffusing her cheek, "and she may be with us at any moment."

A look of surprise swept over the organist's face.

"Helena coming!" he said, "After all these years? I can scarcely believe it." He began to pace up and down the walk with Amina by his side before resuming:

"Our sister Helena is a good-hearted and generous soul, but she does not understand our natures, yours and mine. Amina, I am certain that she will urge us to return with her to America, as she has wished us to go for many years; you especially, Amina, but I could never leave this house." Joseph looked over at the great Munster and continued: "When Helena left us to go to America as the wife of Carl Bauer, I was the poor student, struggling hesitatingly but slowly to the goal. She returns to us alone and a widow. She finds you, Amina, more lovely than ever, and me the Kapellmeister of Ulm."

"I shall be glad to see her," said Amina with a bright smile, "I have so often dreamed of her return and we shall enjoy her presence, shall we not? It has been ten years since we saw her. I wonder if she has changed and if we shall know her?"

With a peculiar smile on his face Joseph replied: "I think that we will know her. There will be the same bustle, the same nervous energy thrown out in all directions, never quiet, always demanding attention of others. Oh, I think that we shall know her very well."

There was no bitterness in Joseph's voice. He remembered his eccentric sister better than did Amina. He spoke tenderly of Helena's generosity as he remembered how she had made it easier for them to live and have many of the luxuries of life which otherwise they would have done without, and so concluded:

"Amina, we cannot realize what enjoyment one finds in the possession of wealth; we know that the forces of the ambitious have to be pushed to their limit to make a success in their world, and there is little time for aught else. Helena has had little to do with the accumulation of her wealth, but it will be interesting to see what change its possession has made in her character. When Helena went to America she was young and inexperienced and she was always looking for happiness in the objective, and in the case of many people I think that when all one's material wishes are granted they are apt to find life monotonous. She says," turning to the letter which Amina had given him, "I have been overwhelmed with the care of Mr. Bauer's affairs since his death, and have decided to close my house for the season and return to the old home in Ulm." The simple life here, Amina, has its attractions after all. We would not wish to give it up for all that the world possesses."

CHAPTER II.

As the evening chimes tolled from the tower, Amina's voice roused Joseph from the reverie into which he had fallen.

"Come, brother," she said, "we have the proben tonight. It is time to go," and they passed through the gate in the wall that surrounded the garden and walked down the quiet old street, to the hall not far away, where the sound of sweet discord drew to every music-lover greeted their ear.

The violins were being tuned to pitch; the softly melodious tones of the horns were dropping from their mouths; while the sweet voiced oboe, the flute and the clarinet were

merely caroling cadences and arpeggio preparatory to the evening's rehearsal.

Joseph took his seat as leader with more than his usual show of interest. Always self-centered, he was doubly so tonight, for a new work lay before him and he was eagerly alert to hear the interpretation of it by his beloved band. It was the score of "Tristan and Isolde." Joseph lifted his lute and as it fell, each instrument gave forth its signal tone, and the passionate undertone of the great love poem began slowly and tenderly to vibrate through the room. As their leader's voice was heard now and then calling attention to some new motif, each musician wrought out his part fully awake to the fact that he was assisting in interpreting a work in the world of music, the like of which had never been heard or played by them.

Human beings are like musical instruments in responding to and vibrating to the quality of certain tones. Intensity of expression in composition has influence only as far as the composer has realized that law of vibration. The Master understood this, and massed chords in order to blend the warm and cool filled the secret recesses of the hearts of his hearers. He literally tuned them up to their highest vibration. In this great work the Master appealed first to the lower vibrations of emotion and then passed on to the higher and nobler, from seeming discord to tranquility.

Amina was listening with rapt interest to the masterpiece led by Joseph as we have since heard it interpreted by the artist who has "laid for her laurels in advance through her heart's blood." The music exerted a peculiar influence over Joseph; the tender strains of "Isolde" had recalled vision of his own lost Ailsa. Ailsa, whose life had been his inspiration, his joy.

From early childhood the love between Joseph and Ailsa had grown slowly as a flower is born for time to cultivate and reveal its hidden beauties. They had never thought of asking love to love them for they belonged to each other from birth. She accepted his devotion as part of her birthright, and he never questioned hers. So as they grew up meeting each other with a daily hand clasp, it came like a bolt out of the blue when Ailsa with but a breath of warning, sighed her soul away into the limitless ethers, and left Joseph's sensitive nature shivered, and shaken, and maddened as by a passing cyclone. But for Amina's tender sympathy in fanning the burnt embers of his heart back to a vital spark of hope in life through his music, he would have been a wreck on the sands of time.

So now Joseph's heart throbbed in unison with the passion of despair as they played through the death scene; while "Isolde" was alone with her dead, so Ailsa's face rose between him and the score. It was as sweet as when she had lived and his heart grew large in his breast for he knew that it was only a vision of what he had lost. The notes of the score swam through a river of unshed tears and he would have had to lay down his baton were it not that he was familiar with the score. Finally the last note was struck, and with one hand over his heart, he dismissed the orchestra and joined Amina and walked home in silence by her side. No questions were asked and no word spoken. The name "Ailsa" as he dropped his baton was sufficient explanation for his noticeable pallor.

(To be continued.)

Plea for the Pharisees.

ALEXANDER WILDER.

There has arisen in later years a more generous and fraternal feeling between intelligent Jews and Christians, which is largely to the credit of both parties. There has been no good reason for the animosities of the former centuries, and the cruelties which have been inflicted upon various pretexts have been often simply diabolic. Men seeking to live a pure and upright life would spontaneously and conscientiously abstain from having a part in them. Murder, massacre, and fiendish torture are hardly legitimate modes to advance the kingdom of God. It is time that such atrocities as the Dreyfus persecution and the Jewish oppressions in Russia should come to an end.

Already intelligent Hebrews are speaking and writing of the Galilean Rabbi as a noble and upright man, who was most unjustly put to death. Many years ago, Dr. Isaac M. Wise of Cincinnati, in a conversation described Jesus to me as a teacher of the Pharisees, zealous and conscientious, who had been executed without any just cause, and was a man of great moral ground. To be sure this great apostle of Reform Judaism was a man of catholic feeling beyond others, but now there are many others following in his steps. Like the apostle Paul he did not hesitate to declare, that upright and sincere men, wherever they were associated, were genuine Jews, and he also affirmed that this country was the true Holy Land, the refuge for his people.

The publication of a Jewish Encyclopedia now going on by a prominent Christian house, the Waples Company, is an example of the reciprocity that is now growing up between Jews and Christian alike.

Dr. Adolph Dantzig has contributed a paper to The Open Court (Chicago) for April, upon "The Condemnation of Christ" in which a like breadth of view is apparent. He pronounces the trial and execution of Jesus "iniquitous." He adds another statement which may surprise and even startle many readers. The Gospel narratives and the facts recorded in Jewish history, he affirms, do not warrant the opinion "that the Jewish people of the time, as a body, were responsible for the crucifixion, and that the Pharisees among the Jews were the special enemies of Christ."

I have not myself been familiar with Jewish history except as I have gleaned from excerpts in other literature, and have read the accounts given by Josephus, for the accuracy of which, by the way, he declines to vouch, together with the Canonical Writings which were composed by unknown authors for religious purposes only, which may not be altogether authentic and genuine. Nevertheless, I have been convinced for a long time by their statements of the substantial truth of Dr. Dantzig's position. But I have never been a Jew-hater, and have often sought to learn from scholarly Hebrews, without any feeling or sentiment of repulsion or prejudice. Indeed, I have never known any person from whom I was unwilling to learn. I do not think, however, that either Israelites or Ishmaelites were ever included in just twelve tribes; that enumeration sounds too astrological and reflects an astrological shade over the whole Bible from Genesis to Revelation. Nor do I believe that the Israelites were a people specially chosen of God, any more than the Greeks or ancient Assyrians, who have put forth each a similar claim. But it must be observed that with all their persecutions and calamities, the Jews have preserved a wonderful integrity as a people, and that their talent and learning which they have possessed, have made them teachers, and after that the principal bankers of the Christian world.

It is stated by Josephus that upon the accession of the Hasmonean priests to supreme authority in Judea, the leading men had become divided into two parties. Politics and religion anciently were always bound in the same bundle. It was the current belief that a body of doctrine, kabala, or traditions, had been passed down by oral instruction from early times, and become authoritative

upon all. But Nehemiah and again, Judas the Hasmonean had promulgated the Canonical Scriptures, and now a party of the Rabbis adopted the notion that these constituted the entire and only rule of faith. They were denominated "Saducees"—Dr. Dantzig suggests from the term Sodac, righteous; and others suppose, from the name of a leader of the sect. But it appears more likely to me that as the line of high priests came by hereditary descent from the family of Zadok, and had exercised pontifical and vice-regal authority, the Saducees were so designated as belonging to the sacerdotal and aristocratic party. They were quite generally rich, haughty, domineering and supercilious, though ready enough to fawn and cringe when out of power and favor.

The term "Pharisee" signifies a teacher. It is from the verb pharis, to interpret, to make the meaning plain. See Nehemiah viii. 8. The appellation is given alike to Elijah and Elisha. These two prophets were also styled Rechab or chariot, as being the vehicle of superior knowledge. The "sons of Zadok" and the "sons of the Rechabites," and were also mentioned as a sect of "Kenites" or Canaanites. I. Chronicles ii. 52-55. Moses, it will be remembered, is said to have been the son-in-law of a Kenite (Judges i. 16) who was also a priest—Exodus ii. and xviii.

Accordingly, when Elijah was taken away, and when Elisha was on his death-bed, both were styled "Abi," father or abbot, and mourned by the dirge: "My father the Rechab of Israel, even his pharisee." Each in turn was the Rechab or vehicle of the Torah or law, and the pharisee, vehicle or expositor. The repeating of the idea in a sentence a second time by a term or phrase of similar meaning is a Hebrew mode of speech to make the expression more forcible. The Rechab and the pharisee signify alike the skilled teachers, the vehicles and dispensers of superior knowledge.

The early history of the two sects and their part in public affairs in Judea shows the peculiar animus and disposition of each. When John Hyrcan, the son and successor of Simon, the Maccabee took supreme authority in Judea, the Pharisees held that if he exercised civil functions, he ought to give up the office of high priest. This he would not do, but allied himself after that, with the Saducees. His sons Judas and Jonathan (Alexander Jannaeus) followed his example. The queen of the latter, Salome, succeeding her husband, gave countenance to the Pharisees, who accordingly exercised a strong influence in public affairs. Nevertheless, from their former career as Asideans or puritans, they were zealous of religious and philosophic matters, rather than of political influence. But they were very zealous for individual and political liberty.

When Antipater and Herod, the new-made Jews, became prominent in public affairs, they had the support of the Pharisees. Afterward when Herod became king, he recognized the Synedion or Supreme Council, putting forty-five Saducee nobles to death and appointing many Pharisees in their place. He also broke the power of the high priests by abolishing the hereditary succession, and then changing the incumbents at pleasure. Babylon was at that time the great centre of Hebrew learning, and he brought a priest from the schools of that city to install in the pontificate. The Saducees thus displaced from public positions, were probably now more disposed to give attention to theological and ceremonial niceties.

While they denied the resurrection and the existence of angels and spiritual beings, they nevertheless were captious in regard to the application of the law to affairs of daily life. Yet they neglected the teaching of the common people, and had no desire to make proselytes from other peoples. They set an exaggerated value upon being of Jewish race and directly connected with the Holy Land. It was pretext enough with them to reject an individual if he chanced to be born in Samaria or anywhere beyond the boundaries of Palestine. In the imposing and enforcing of penalties they were cruel and unrelenting.

The Pharisees, on the other hand, were gentle and forgiving. "You need not fear the Pharisees," said the dying king Alexander Jannaeus, to his sons; "they will not return the evil which I have done them to you or to your children." They were mild in regard to the inflicting of penalties and reluctant to impose capital punishment. The reign of Herod was for them a period of prosperity. Then flourished many of their most illustrious teachers, like Samens and Abtalion, Hillel and Shammai. Palestine now abounded with synagogues where the people congregated of Sabbaths, and children were instructed during the week. Scribes and Pharisees in Jerusalem often came to these places and took part in teaching and the religious services.

It is significant that many of the Rabbis were themselves foreign-born, and some of them only converts to Judaism. Hillel, the noblest among them, was a native of Babylon; while Shammai and Abtalion, his teachers, were Assyrians and reputed to be direct descendants of king Sennacherib. The welcome which Herod extended to newcomers evidently had the effect of bringing such men to the Partisan dominions to Judea. Nevertheless the Saducees were certain to regard them as interlopers not worthy of equal consideration with themselves, who were men of wealth and natives of Judea, of pure lineage and long descent.

The Pharisees had never been quite favorable to a kingly government, and hoped with its abolition, after the death of Herod, that somewhat of the ancient liberty would be restored. But the Saducees were able to purchase the office of high priest from the Roman Oratorians, and regain ascendancy in the Synedion.

Such was the condition of affairs at the period indicated in the Gospels. The civil affairs were generally administered by Saducees, and the priests of the temple were mostly of that party. But the Rabbis, the Scribes and teachers of religion, were Pharisees.

It is now usual to apply the term "priest" to the man who ministers at the temple, and takes charge of offerings. Anciently he was styled a consecrated person, a kadosh, hierous or sacerdos. He was simply a sacrificer, one who ministered in sacred rites. A priest on the other hand as the etymology shows, would be only a presbyter, who might take charge of public affairs by virtue of rank, but as such would have no sacred office. The function of teacher and sacrificer were kept distinct, although such a man as Simon the Just, the son of Onias, was both, and richly deserved the designation of "teaching priest."

In Palestine, the learned man was styled a grammarian or scholar, because his functions related solely to learning; in Grecian Egypt he was called a hierogrammatos, as being connected with the staff of a hieron or temple.

It was chiefly with the Scribes and Pharisees that Jesus is described as holding communication. They discourse with him as one of their own number. In the Gospel of John he is always addressed as "Rabbi." He was received as such in the synagogues, and his disciples were recognized in character as adherents to those of Hillel and Shammai. His utterances as recorded were largely repetitions of theirs, and the "Lord's Prayer" was actually taken from a formula that was used in the synagogues. He spoke in harmony with Jewish principles, and conformed to the ceremonial usages punctiliously. He ate the passover lamb in prescribed time and form; he broke the matza bread after repeating the blessing; he took the cup in due form and delivered it to the disciples, and after that he recited or chanted the offertory as the

most orthodox Jew does on that occasion every year.

In regard to the Sabbath, when his disciples were blamed for rubbing out the ears of grain, he only sought to show that their act was not a real breaking of the law. "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath," he explained, and the critics appear to have been satisfied. The Sabbath of the Ancient Assyrians which was in force thousands of years before the Hebrews existed at all, appears to have been arbitrary and exacting as need be, but the Hebrew divines had greatly mitigated that severity. "If the Sabbath may lawfully be broken for the service of the temple," said they, "then much more may it be broken when human life is in danger." Two ancient Rabbis add: "The Sabbath is given to you, but you are not given to the Sabbath."

Even in the matter of divorce, Jesus did not make a very violent change from the orthodox Jewish teaching. He did not approve of separation for all manner of causes, as was the custom of the Romans, but maintained the distinction expressed by the phrase "except for fornication." This was an exception that should be understood as actually signifying much more than simple contamination of body. We should understand the lawfulness as here mentioned, to mean what it implied in Hebrew and Biblical usage. In the several books of the Old Testament, the Pentateuch and Prophets, it signifies the holding of an alien religious faith, a "going after strange gods." See Exodus xxxiv. 15, 16; Leviticus xvii. 7; Judges ii. 7 and vii. 32; Psalm cvi. 39; Ezekiel xxx. Hosea ii. 2, 10.

Ezra and Nehemiah, under whose authority the Jewish religion and Scriptures appear to have been established, are represented as rigidly enforcing dissolution of all marriages existing under such conditions.

Emanuel Svendborg, in his treatise on Conjugal Love, explains the character of this unchristianity. He objects to the intermarrying of persons of different religion because there can be no interior oneness between the partners—the good and truth of the one will not correspond or interblend with the truth and goodness of the other.

The apostle Paul appears to view the matter in a similar light, but to be less arbitrary in his suggestions, if we are to regard the seventh chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthian believers as actually written by him and not interpolated. He counseled not to become yoked in unequal partnership with those of diverse religion, but also not to take the initiative of disrupting the relation. If the unbelieving husband or wife chooses to continue in the conjugal relation, he counsels the other to let the matter remain so. "But," he adds, "if the unbelieving one departs, let him depart. A brother or a sister is not under bondage in such cases."

It may be noted that in the Gospel according to John, the Pharisees are made prominent in hostility to Jesus. Such could not have been the disciples of Hillel, but individuals in the employ of the high priests, and subservient to them. There were many such, and they were styled "painted." It is more probable that the compiler and copiers of the Gospel were at fault. They seem to have had only an imperfect knowledge of affairs and geography in Palestine, and the statements do not harmonize with those of the synoptic Gospels.

It may be perceived also that the encounters of Jesus with the Saducees are never described as of a friendly character. They are all recorded as occurring within last few days of his life. The chief priests having bought their offices from the Roman rulers, had sought to amass wealth in their turn from the worshippers of the temple, and from heavy fines imposed on those accused of violations of the law. The Bazar on Mount Olivet connected with the temple by a bridge were stocked with animals and articles of merchandise, and abounded with brokers and money-changers. The temple was thus literally a "den of thieves," when Jesus drove them all away, the priests whose clients and partners they were, hurried to the place to demand his authority. He thwarted their purpose to arrest him as an offender, by putting them a question which they dared not answer, respecting the mission of John the Baptist.

Afterward there came to him a party of Saducees with an artful problem, the status of a woman in the resurrection who had lived with seven husbands. He refuted them by a quotation from the Pentateuch, the only collection which Saducees regarded as Holy Scripture. A group of Scribes who were standing by at once declared their admiration for his erudition and sound orthodoxy. One of them, however, ventured to ask him which was the first great commandment of the Law. He again cited the book of Deuteronomy, where it is affirmed that God is absolutely One, and that he is to be loved with the whole being—heart, soul, strength and understanding; "and" he added, "the second is like it: 'Thou shalt love thy name and thy self.'" The Scribe responded heartily, reiterating the sentiment of the Hebrew Prophets, that to do this was better than whole burnt-offerings and sacrifices. "Surely," replied Jesus, "thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

The arrest and condemnation of Jesus are as distinctly set forth as the work of the high priest and his Saducee relatives and associates. There are, however, so many improbabilities in the accounts as to create doubts of the actual occurrence. The statement of the twelfth chapter of Acts, indicates that capital trials and punishments were not usual in Judea during the week of Passover and the matza festival. Trials were held in day-time, and with Pharisee Judges, sentences were mild. It was a maxim of the Rabbis: "A court which dooms to death more than once in seventy years is a court of blood-shedders."

There are also astrological features which appear significant. The sun-god, Mithras, is said to be born on the 25th of December, and impaled on a cross at the spring equinox. The variation in time of the festival is still the day when the moon is at the full. The number of the apostles corresponds to the twelve months of the year.

It is possible that there is an internal or allegoric sense to the story, which may be given so as to account for the real purport. Compare Galatians, iv. 24.

As the narrative is given the priests compassed the death of Jesus. They bribed his recreant apostle and so were able to kidnap him at night, a little while after the passover supper. He was at once led to the palace of the high priest, who had assembled his brother priests, senators and scribes for the occasion. By Jewish law the night-session was illegal, but Sacerdotal men often are a little far from legality when they have a purpose to effect. Capital sentences in Judea could be given only in daytime, and even then if a new point could be offered in favor of the culprit, he had the right to a new trial. This might be repeated five times. Even the blasphemy which the high priest untruthfully declared had been spoken, was only the audacious declaration of an unjust man who in power meant to condemn the accused in a judicial trial. He might well shriek in alarm afterward: "We have allied Jerusalem with your doctrine, and intend to bring this man's blood on us!" Acts v. 28.

Emissaries had already attempted to entrap Jesus by a question relative to the paying of tribute to Caesar. They were partisans of Herod and disciples of the "painted Pharisees." It had not succeeded. The charge of blasphemy would receive no attention from the Roman procurator. So, the high priest, not having the law on his side, extorted a

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and done nobly, and as an assurance of appreciation for the managers, Misses Nellie Whipple and Catherine Dougherty, a public should attend this last performance, and fill the theatre to overflowing.

One word for the orchestra of Tech. boys, for they have done good work, as a whole, and earnestly co-operated with actors and managers to make the performances wholly enjoyable. Many thanks are due them, and it is to be hoped their gifted leader (violin), will go on with his musical studies, that the world may not lose sight of him. He has talent and real musical feeling.

"Eight Cousins" is the play, April 30 (at 8 o'clock) and a fine piece it is, full of color and action.

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

"We deem this truth self evident,"
So wrote our Fathers long ago.
"That all men were created free,"
Around the world this Truth should go.
This Declaration by the Band,
Including all "All should be free!"
Convinced, they boldly take their stand
Earnest and brave such men would be.
It need should be to meet the strife,
That man should no more toll in vain,
They'd pledge their fortunes and each life
A free man he should walk again,
In any land that gave him birth,
Throughout the length and breadth of Earth.

These thoughts this morning came to me,
The Times were not what they should be.
We see today throughout the land
No Brotherhood, No earnest band
Who give to all what they receive
From Heaven, Truth which they believe!
Thus free mankind from priestly rule,
From dogmas, creed and creed taught school.
The times are not as they should be.

The times are not as they should be.
Your land today! Is it now free?
From East to West in all this land
United as one you now should stand,
And meet the foes of Truth and Good,
Still looking above for strength and food.
A Spirit-brotherhood then would be
Ready to welcome both you and me.

That times are not as they should be
Is very plain. This you can see,
That men still strive for wealth and power,
And worship Mammon every hour.
For Truth and Good they will not seek,
Care not to hear good spirit speak.
Women and men still bend the knee,
And Mammon rules from sea to sea.
The times are not as they should be.

But times will be as they should be!
Old Time this Century cannot run,
Before your Spirit-friends you'll see
And clasp your loved ones in your arms;
Their voices hear, to them you'll speak
With them you'll form a Union Band,
You'll speak the truth to all you meet
No persecution in the land.

Again this Anniversary Day,
A mile stone stands for you and me;
For Spirit friends will show the way
To make the times as they should be.
And all will seek both Truth and Good,
Then man will love his fellow man,
The Soul be fed with spirit's food.

Now join with us your banner raise,
Pledge your gift to the Cause you love;
Look up, above, beyond the skies
For help will come from spheres above.
The year to come your duty do,
And by your Lyceum firmly stand;
Be to your children kind and true
Save them from proud priestcraft's hand.

Then when this Day returns again,
Glorious Anniversary Day,
Will prove you have not worked in vain,
And friends will to each workman say
Well done, brave Soul, you now can rest.
The fruits of labor you will see
Your efforts multiplied and blest.
The times are now what they should be.

Jas. H. Young, Medium.

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Briefs.

Boston Spiritual Temple, Chickering Hall, On Sunday, April 19, services were continued with the usual opening Organ recital by Edith Wiggins, the Ladies' Schubert Quartet; morning lesson and invocation by the Pastor followed with response of the Lord's Prayer. The address of the morning was "The Purpose of Spiritualism" and to understand the speaker's full meaning we cannot in these few lines do justice; suffice it to say that the purpose of Spiritualism in coming into the life of humanity was to declare in the reigning man is immortal; it came between intelligence and bigotry, enlightenment and dogma, the church and materialism with testimony conclusive of man's immortality. It was the new inspiration of the hour; it was the open door of spiritual communion as it gave positive proof from our arisen ones that God is a God of Love; it came not to destroy the spirit of the teachings of Jesus, the Christ, but to set aside all that cramps, in the creeds and forms of the church; it proclaims a more perfect truth, that angels and ministering spirits have not left the earth. Our salvation depends on a pure life and good, kind actions to all. Spiritualism gives to mankind rest—rest from the ceaseless turmoil of ages, peace from the storm of doubt which has kept it tossed as upon a tempestuous sea; it discloses a spiritual universe, broader and vaster than this material one which we behold and of which we form a part. The spiritual philosophy is one of the advanced steps in the orderly process of evolution and he is wise who investigates and receives for himself a knowledge of the comfort and love found in these sacred communications of soul with soul which prove the continuity of life—Alonzo Danforth, cor. sec.

Fitchburg, Mass. Mrs. S. C. Cunningham of Cambridgeport was speaker for the First Spiritualist Society Sunday, April 19. Pythian hall was completely filled at both services, to hear this most gifted medium. Nearly all the time was given to spirit messages, fully recognized. Miss Howe, pianist, pleasingly rendered several selections. The special song service was very much appreciated.—Dr. C. L. Fox, president.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society met Thursday, April 16, at the usual time and place, afternoon and evening. The regular order of the afternoon was pursued with supper served at 6.30 p. m. Despite the very stormy weather a good sized audience was present and a large delegation from the Waltham Society, with Mrs. Sanger, president. The evening session, the president, Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock, presiding, began with singing America, Mrs. Vanderlip at the piano. Mrs. Annie Banks Scott spoke and gave spirit messages which were very satisfactory. Mrs. Dix followed with remarks, closing with a poem. Mr. Fairbanks of Waltham gave several selections on his graphophone that were generously applauded. Mrs. Sanger paid high tribute to Paul Revere with a most excellent original poem, finely rendered. Mrs.

Wheeler, of Waltham, followed with several "communications" thankfully received. Mr. Wheeler, conductor of the Waltham Lyceum, told of his advent into the Spiritualistic ranks. A piano solo by M. Vanderlip, several more very pleasing selections on the graphophone, a few brief remarks by Mrs. Whitlock, a rising vote of thanks to our friends who had made the evening so pleasant closed the meeting.—Secretary.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street, Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor, Mr. Clifford Billings, assistant. Sunday, April 19, at 11, a conference meeting upon "Socialism and Spiritualism." The following took part: Mr. A. F. Hill, Dr. Brown, Mr. Thomas Scott, Mrs. Jennie Rhind, Mrs. Sears, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mediums and speakers during the day were, Rev. Geo. Brewer, Mr. Fred de Bos, Dr. Blackden, Mr. Dearborn, Mr. H. Clough, Mr. Billings, Mr. Thompson, Miss Sears, Mrs. Julia Davis, Mrs. Anna Burns, Mrs. Woodbury, Mrs. Whittemore, Mrs. Horton, Mrs. Mosier, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Carbee, Mrs. Ida Pye. Circle Tuesday, April 14, the largest of the season, Dr. Fowler of Salem, Dr. Clark, Dr. Hastings, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Brown, Mr. Blackden, Dr. many other healers, a king part. Testimonials were received from different cities and states from those who have sent their names in to be treated and all state they have been benefited. Jubilee singers Sunday evening, May 3.—Reporter.

Church of Living Truth held its usual Sunday evening service at 1256 Bedford Ave., cor. Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y., April 19. Congregational singing "How Gentle God's Command"; reading of Scripture by president, Mrs. Hopkins; invocation and spirit messages, Mrs. Carrie S. Thomas; solo by the organist, "The Angel's Presence." Our meetings are largely attended and we receive many congratulations for our psychic; she is doing a wonderful work for the spiritual cause.—John C. Mills, sec., 241 Kingsland Ave.

The Malden Spiritual Association, Odd Fellows Hall, Malden Square. The first Sunday of April, Mrs. Munroe gave accurate but reading, Eastern Sunday, our hall was crowded to the door, and the scene, greeted the audience, was one long to be remembered. The platform was profusely decorated with lilies, roses, and potted plants, many beautiful bouquets were sent from neighboring towns. Mrs. B. W. Belcher of Marlboro delivered a discourse that held the attention of the audience and gave many messages of love and comfort. Mrs. S. E. Hall, of Cambridge delighted the audience with her Easter discourse and messages. The venerable worker, Dr. Greenwood, formerly of Cambridge, honored us with his esteemed presence. Sunday, April 19, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason served us, and her lecture was both inspiring and instructive followed by messages, which were fully acknowledged. The musical program is always fine, rendered by our own quartet, and led by Mr. Milton of Malden. Visiting mediums are cordially welcomed and entertained by Mrs. Munroe. Sunday, the twenty-sixth, Mrs. Annie R. Chapman of Brighton served the society.—Mrs. Pollock, sec.

Christ's First Spiritual Church of Hartford, Conn., held service Sunday evening, April 19, with Dr. M. A. Haven in the chair. Mr. C. E. Brainerd's theme was "Things We Ought to Know." Death is simply the change that cometh to all things,—the resurrection of all alike; for the Progress or unfoldment. Miss Gertrude C. Ladd sang a very beautiful song entitled "Oh Morning Land." Dr. Haven spoke a few words on the organization of the society, a solo, by Robert B. Ratcliffe, "Where are the Reapers?" texts; by Dr. M. A. Haven were given very clearly. The audiences are increasing every week. We hope to have a strong society here soon. Dr. M. A. Haven holds circles every Tuesday and Friday evenings at her home, No. 187 Seymour Street. All investigators are welcome at any of our meetings.—Robert B. Ratcliffe, sec.

The annual meeting of the New Bedford Progressive Spiritualist Society was held April 1 and the following officers were chosen: R. F. Churchill, president; Gustavus Hall, first vice president; Sumner Chapman, second vice president; Eberhardt Rist, treasurer; Miss Frances E. Moody, secretary; Fred H. Eaton, clerk; directors, Phillip Traver, Henry O. Lyons, Charles E. Gardner.—Miss Frances E. Moody, secretary.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society of Boston held its usual weekly meeting in Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton St., Friday, April 24, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the president, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Albee, presided. Supper was served at 6.30 and the evening service opened at 8 o'clock with a song by Mrs. Hattie C. Mason. Mr. Albert P. Blinn referred to the successful works accomplished by the Ladies' Aid Society of Lowell, which has just celebrated its sixth anniversary, and in the six years of its existence has accumulated \$700.00 as a building fund. The Ladies' Aid of Boston has about the same amount in the bank and he urged the members to use every effort to increase it so that in four years when the fiftieth anniversary comes round we can celebrate in a building of our own. Mrs. H. C. Mason followed with remarks in the same line and Mrs. E. M. Shirley spoke in her earnest, encouraging way. Mrs. S. C. Cunningham made brief remarks, and Mrs. R. A. Lincoln, controlled by "Pat," spoke upon the organization and growth of the society. Several communications were given through the mediumship of Mrs. H. C. Berry and Mrs. Mason closed the meeting with a benediction. Next Friday, May 1, it is hoped that all the members will be present at the business meeting in the afternoon as business of interest to all will be transacted. Supper will be served at 6.30 and the first Friday of the month, the evening will be devoted to whist.—Esther H. Blinn, sec.

The Church of the Fraternity of Soul Communion held services in the Aurora Grata Cathedral, cor. Bedford Ave. and Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday evening, April 19, at 8 o'clock. After a selection by the Verdi Quartet, Rev. Ira M. Conrils, pastor, read a poem entitled "Not Changed but Glorified." Mr. Conrils then delivered a beautiful homiletic solo. Those who were to become members of the church were asked to step forward; the pastor read the motto of the church to them, after which they were received as members. The rest of the evening was entirely devoted to messages from the unseen world by the pastor. Each one that received a message was given a flower as a little token from some arisen friend who was present. The church was well filled and more and more its teachings bringing light and comfort to the world and proving beyond the shadow of a doubt the continuity of life beyond the grave.—Miss Emma C. Resch, correspondent.

Transitions.

On April 16th Mrs. Martha A. Daniels, wife of Charles C. Daniels, passed to the world of immortals, after a brief illness. Mrs. Daniels was a consistent Spiritualist, a loving, thoughtful wife, a kind and devoted mother, a generous neighbor and always most considerate of the wants of humanity. Mrs. Daniels was born in Hingham, Mass., July 4, and was therefore in her fifty-fifth year when born into the spirit-world. She attended the services of Spiritualism with the Boston Spiritual Temple Society, was a very good woman and medium. She leaves an only son, Mr. Charles E. Daniels and a husband, who will be in common with a host of friends, greatly miss her physical presence. The funeral services were held Saturday, April 18, at her late residence, 19 Belden St., Dorchester. Rev. F. A. Wiggins, pastor of the Boston Spiritual Temple officiated.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

To Prove What Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney Remedy, Will do for YOU, Every Reader of Banner of Light May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, fatal results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most and need attention first.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

The mild and immediate effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root the great kidney and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root will set your whole system right, and the best proof of this is a trial.

14 WEST 17TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR SIR: Oct. 15th, 1901.
"I have been suffering severely from kidney trouble. All symptoms were on hand, my former strength and power had left me; I could hardly drag myself along. Even my mental capacity was giving out, and often I wished to die. It was then I saw an advertisement of yours in a New York paper, but would not have paid any attention to it, had it not promised a sure guarantee with every bottle of your medicine asserting that your Swamp-Root is purely vegetable, and does not contain any harmful drugs. I am seventy years and four months old, and with a good conscience I can recommend Swamp-Root to all sufferers from kidney troubles. Four members of my family have been using Swamp-Root for four different kidney diseases, with the same good results."

With many thanks to you, I remain,

Very truly yours, ROBERT BERNER.

You may have a sample bottle of this famous kidney remedy, Swamp-Root, sent free by mail, postpaid, by which you may test its virtues for such disorders as kidney, bladder and uric acid diseases, poor digestion, when obliged to pass your water frequently night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, headache, backache, lame back, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness,

EDITORIAL NOTICE—If you have the slightest symptoms of kidney or bladder trouble, or there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, and a book containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonials letters received from men and women cured by Swamp-Root. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure say that you read this generous offer in the Boston Banner of Light.

In Rockland, Maine, April 21, Mrs. Irene Larrabee, a veteran and firm believer in the truths and realities of the spiritual philosophy, was summoned into the realms of the higher life at the ripe age of seventy-eight years, three months and twenty-six days. She leaves a husband, Mr. Nathaniel Larrabee, with whom she has journeyed in married life fifty-three years, and three children. The writer, Freeman W. Smith, conducted the funeral services.

Hold Fast

that which God hath given you. A wholesome stomach, prompt bowels, sound kidneys and active liver are your inheritance. You who read the pages of the Banner of Light are entitled to receive, Free and Prepaid, a small trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine if you need it and write for it. One small dose a day of this remarkable medicine cures the most stubborn cases of distressing stomach trouble to stay cured. Constipation is at once relieved and a cure made permanent.

Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine is a specific for the cure of all ailments of the stomach, bowel troubles and urinary organs. All readers of this publication, who need a cure for sluggish and congested liver, indigestion, flatulence, constipation and kidney troubles should write immediately to Vernal Remedy Company, 120 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., for a bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. It will be sent promptly, Free and Prepaid. In cases of inflammation of bladder or enlargement of prostate gland it is a wonder worker. For sale by all leading druggists.

Anniversary.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
For some years it has been my privilege, through the kindness of a friend, to have the reading of the Banner of Light. I have found many excellent things in its columns, and have enjoyed its contributions greatly. With its policy on most questions, I have been in full accord, yet have radically differed with it upon some points that may, perhaps, be considered non-essentials. Be that as it may, all Spiritualists and Liberals, especially those who really are what the term Liberalism implies—truly liberal, always concede to others the same right to conscientiousness in opinions that they claim for themselves. This being my own attitude of mind, I have no complaint to make of my dearest friend when he honestly views questions in a different light from myself.

As a Spiritualist of many years, and, I hope, a true friend to our Cause, I ask permission to occupy a little space in the columns of the Banner, to present a few thoughts that have come to me in regard to the observation of the so-called anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism. In view of its policy on most questions, I look to Boston for an example as to unity of effort and display of power that shall present to our opponents an idea of our strength and our devotion to our religion. But from your own columns, Mr. Editor, I find no such evidences to give to our opponents from the "Mecca of Spiritualism," as we of the West and South have learned to call Boston.

Instead of one grand gathering of our forces in some mammoth building especially engaged for the occasion, we read of thirty or forty little celebrations, at which a score or more of speakers appear, where they tell the same story, virtually give the same "song and dance" that has been their stock in trade for years. Such gatherings indicate neither unity of effort nor harmony of ideas, even to Spiritualists who reside at a distance. Let alone the opponents of Spiritualism. Why can't Boston Spiritualists, by whom anniversary is made so much of, come together on the 31st of March and give the world an example of unselfish devotion to our principles? The story of the rap is well enough, but it is known to every person who has ever heard the word Spiritualism spoken! Besides this,

heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, neuralgia, rheumatism, diabetes, bloating, irritability, worn-out feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion, or Bright's disease.

If your water, when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling, or has a

cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is the great discovery of Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist. Hospitals use it with wonderful success in both slight and severe cases. Doctors recommend it to their patients and use it in their own families, because they recognize in Swamp Root the greatest and most successful remedy.

Swamp Root is pleasant to take and is for sale the world over at druggists in bottles of two sizes and two prices—fifty-cent and one-dollar. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

It was not the origin of Spiritualism even in its modern form. Had it not been for Andrew Jackson Davis, the rap would never have attracted any attention. His great book "Nature's Divine Revelations" had educated the public mind to receive the rap and understand its meaning.

At the recent celebration in Boston, the same old straw was threshed over, the same platitudes advanced, the same spread-eagle oratory indulged in. In no instance was there a new idea presented or a reform advocated that would jar the set opinions of the people even an atom's weight. Perhaps this sweeping assertion would be modified, could all of the remarks of all of the speakers be published. As it is, they must be judged by the extracts given in the press, and a sorry impression will come of them conveyed to people who are not Spiritualists, but are favorably inclined toward it. Some Spiritualists in my hearing, after reading of the anniversary exercises in Boston and elsewhere, have said, "Is this all Spiritualism has to offer after fifty years of effort before the world?"

I was in Boston at the anniversary exercises on one occasion, and heard one speaker boast that he did not know the religious views of his children. Another said that he was thankful he was a Spiritualist because "he never had no obligation to any one save himself." Another had much to say of the "little girls at Hydesville," but could only sneer and indulge in worthy sarcasm at the Spiritualism of the Bible, and the phenomena of Jesus. A reporter of one of the Boston papers said to a Spiritualist who asked him why he did not give more extensive accounts of anniversary exercises, that many of the speeches were repetitions of the other, while some were so poorly constructed that he had to actually put words into the speakers' mouths after they had been made.

In view of the above facts, let me, an outsider, a "drummer" for a quarter of a century, who has picked up a few ideas through travel, offer a suggestion to my Boston brethren. My advice will apply to all other cities as well as to Boston. Abolish all individual meetings on anniversary Sunday. In their stead, let there be one grand rally of the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity in some mammoth hall or building where addresses would be given by representative speakers, presenting not more than two at each session. If messages were to be given, one address would be sufficient.

If there were sufficient interest to warrant it, these union services could be prolonged for four or five days. This would give the people a chance to hear a number of our best speakers and would prove to the world that our men and women of the platform have brains, and that they will compare at least favorably with the brightest minds of other denominations. Much more good can be derived from three or four brainy addresses than from a dozen poor ones. The effect of the former upon men and women who think is much greater, and far more lasting.

Would it not, then, be more spiritual, and educational, to hold this grand reunion meeting every year than it is to have the many side shows that now are paraded as "Spiritualist Meetings"? We would then have ideas advanced from the platform in place of the self-glorifications of many of the speakers of today. Then would there be instruction in things spiritual rather than the grandiloquent references to the "old, old workers," to "the great work we did forty years ago," to "what we had to suffer from persecution in the old, old days," and other similar platitudes. If a man or woman were ever a worker for Spiritualism, he is or should be today. It does not matter whether he is in or out of the body—there is yet something for him to do, and it is his duty to do it. Instead of lazily reclining upon the bed of memory and boasting of what was once done in bygone years, Anniversary can be made a help to Spiritualism, but the exercises in its honor as at present managed, are a decided disgrace to our people, and a stumbling block in the pathway of progress.

Yours, etc., D. Lavine.
New Orleans, La., April 18, 1903.

Cures Nervous Dyspepsia—

Horsford's Acid Phosphate, the ideal stomach tonic and nerve food, banishes the depression, dejection and disturbed sleep caused by disordered digestion. Builds up the entire physical system.

The Children's Theatre.

Before the season closes, I hope all who have not been to the children's theatre, 30 Huntington Ave., will make an effort to go, for it is well worth your serious attention and support. There you will find bright little people, with talent, and good training playing their parts as "professionally" as in our "grown-up" companies.

Saturday the play was "Beauty and the Beast." Beauty being little Beatrice Abbey, from New York. This dear child is indeed an actress in miniature. She has the charm of a true, guileless nature. No affectation, no show for show's sake, but plays her parts with the pure dramatic instinct of a refined, cultivated woman. If she is to make the stage her field of artistic work, may she ever, as now, keep her eyes and heart on the star of her highest being. Then she will shed the fragrance of Art and Life—which are ever one in the real sense—into the thousands of hearts who will hear her. May she be spared to bless the world, as she is doing now, dear little star—Beatrice.

The rest of the company have been here all the season, taking such parts as were assigned them in a most thorough and delightful manner. Each member should have special mention, yet to do this would fill a small though very interesting volume, and space will not permit.

In the play last Saturday, Doris Bramson was superior as Abon Cassim. All the work done by her has shown talent and earnestness, and we rejoice to see her fine opportunities so well used. Mollie Stovin, May Greene and Iona Stillings played their parts well. Little Inez Lotbier, as Molinko, was very funny and truly showed decided talent as a "character" artist.

April 30 all play-goers should turn out for the Benefit Performance to be given the children of this theatre. They have worked hard

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Banner of Light.

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EASTER.

Inspirational Poem by W. J. Colville.

The vision of Easter rises bright
In the glad springtime of the year,
With all the promise of new flowers,
And glory of the skies grown clear.

The winter storms have sped their course,
The ice and snow must melt aside
And the beauty of the world appear
As though it were high heaven's fair bride.

Yes, Easter comes with glad new birds
To sing their carols of pure joy,
And flowers which yield their sweetness now,
And all the exquisite employ.

Of those who sow the seed in hope,
While waiting for the harvest tide,
Quite sure that in due season bursts
That which within true hearts doth hide.

The joy bells ring, the anthems peal,
Bright carols sweet make glad the air,
For Easter comes with promise blest
That whatsoever we may bear

The world of suffering and pain,
Or toil of this external state,
That every suffering will prove
Eventually a crystal gate.

Which opens to the heavenly sphere,
And makes all life more fair and glad,
The very tears becoming pearls,
Rung from the heart once all too sad.

'Tis Easter speaks of empty tomb,
And brilliant angels, glorious band,
Young, bright and beautiful are they;
In immortality who stand.

In white and glistening robes appear
Strong messengers of love and peace,
Who bid the sorrowing weep no more,
They gently sing, "Let anguish cease."

"Thy friend is not within the tomb,
And not confined by icy death,
But in a brighter, fairer state,
Breathing forth new and glorious breath."

The Easter bell rings, "Look above."
The Easter carol says, "Let joy
Transfigure sorrow with its light,
Until life, freed from base alloy

"Of fear and doubt, shall rise aloft,
And leave the tomb and cross behind,
And forward to the heavenly spheres
Go on with heart renewed, and mind

"Made jubilant with new found truth,
With wisdom from eternal sphere."
For Easter says, "Death will transmute
'Twill not destroy; all reappear."

All brightness and all joy come forth,
Only the darkness and the grave,
Only the sorrow and the strife,
Are dissipated in the cave.

All that is beautiful abides;
All that is strong and sweet appears
More glorious for the transient cloud
Which every mortal spirit fears.

The Nature says, "We seem to die;"
Reality declares, "We rise;"
There seemingly is dark eclipse,
But the sun is ever in the skies.

And when the cloud is rolled away,
We know it never could destroy
One scintilla of heaven's light,
Or take from earth one true employ.

Then, Easter Bells, give forth your peal,
Glad Easter carols let us sing,
And with all nature now rejoice
This happy message still to bring,—

The message of new life through death;
The shadow but the semblance here,
Of the great reality of life
Which will abide through changeless sphere.

Clementina Brown, reporter.

Editorial Notes.

EASTER IN PARIS AND LONDON.

No two cities on the globe can be more decidedly dissimilar in all important particulars than Paris and London, and at Easter-tide there is an immense influx of visitors into the former and an equally vast exodus from the latter, though the several millions of people who are either unable or unwilling to leave the British metropolis during the spring holidays are by no means left without delightful music and many amusements both in halls and theatres, and when weather permits, also in the open air.

The religious side of Easter is always accentuated both in France and England, but nearly all the large churches offer such magnificent musical and floral attractions that crowds attend all the principal services who might remain absent if the festival season was not so gloriously observed. It is often said that churches are nearly filled with women; such has not been the case this Easter, as men have been nearly as abundant as their sisters in many places on several occasions.

Some of the Easter sermons have been beautiful homilies on the truth of immortality, though others have been of the old fashioned doctrinal type. There are now distinctly three parties, if not four, in the English church, and one of them is so very broad in general tendency that it is keeping the National Church in continual ferment, and at the same time is doing much valuable work and causing people to think out spiritual problems on independent lines apart from all traditions. Among singularly good English preachers is Rev. Canon Horsley who preached as follows on

NATURE'S EASTER LESSON.

Are there intimations of immortality to be found in Nature—in God's green Bible, the pages of which are legible to the unlettered, in the Cosmos, which is the tracing board of the great Architect of the Universe? To the hasty first glance it might seem that Nature negated immortality. "Change and decay in all around I see." "It is but the lapse of the larger years of decay," says Ruskin, "which in the sight of the Creator distinguishes the mountain range from the moth and the worm."

Raise three atoms of soil from the mountain's side. One proceeds from the dust of what was once a chamois full of life and force; another came from a withered narcissus now neither fragrant, nor beautiful, nor visible; while the third once formed part of the proud crest of the mountain which ever ebbs to its death. Races survive, but individuals perish. We own our brotherhood to be substances of animal, vegetable, and mineral natures, which dissolve and tomorrow are not.

But then our second thought reminds us that we think. Mind differentiates us from them, and Ubi mens ibi immortalitas is a conclusion to which by innate power we come. The cedar on the flanks of Lebanon had, like Hiram's woodman, its birth and growth, and both were created for a certain end. The cedar lived its life, attained its perfection, and then had nothing more to do. Its powers were fully developed; it had no hidden capacities for a higher life. But the woodman had a mind whose work need never cease, whose capacity was never exhausted, a mind which could bring forth more fruit in old age and be fat and well-living for ever. No one can maintain that the irrational, unspiritual, creature has the capacity of a progress without end; none can deny such a capacity, whether used or not, to the incarnate spirit we call man.

But Nature again warns us not to trust to appearances. To the ancients the ocean appeared barren; our explorations have taught us that even its abysses swarm with life. To the child the hedgerow in winter seems to have lost its life; we show the child how apparent death is but a pause, a hibernation and a rest. A first man may have shuddered and walked over the first sunset he beheld, but after a brief night of sorrow and fear, restored to the blessings of material light, he beheld the resurrection of what was not only light, but the source of light, and the promise that darkness should flee away. There is no department of natural history that would not supply an Easter text from which to expound the thesis that seeming death is but the way to a fuller life, and that of Christ as a forerunner, and not as, in this respect, unique, it was said, "It was not possible that He should be hidden off" death.

A WONDERFUL MUSICAL PRODIGY.

Not only his native France but also Great Britain is taking vital interest in the extraordinary development of a little boy who is called a new Mozart. This singular young genius writes musical compositions on his school slate in the intervals of marble-playing; he recently composed a fine setting to the old Catholic hymn "O Salutaris Hostia" which he wrote on a common school slate and dedicated to English boys to let them see what he could do. The composition is really fine and has already been performed with good effect in several churches. The entire instrumental and vocal score was published in London Daily Mail (the people's great paper), on Saturday, April 11.

A representative of that famous journal, which exalts all other London dailies for enterprise and retails at one cent per copy, recently visited the home of this precocious child near Paris and gave a long account of his interview with one of the brightest and most thoroughly natural little fellows one is likely to encounter anywhere. There seems nothing spiritual or mystical about the child, but his gift is certainly phenomenal and suggests decided inspiration of very superior order. The following is condensed from the article contributed to the Daily Mail headed

THE NEW MOZART.

There were tears in the bride's brown eyes, and the bridegroom and the guests looked worried, for the organist had sent an excuse to the cure of St. Maur at the very last moment, and there would be no music at the wedding, which, as everybody knew, was fearfully unlucky.

Then a wonderful thing happened. As the last solemn words were spoken by the cure, and the bridegroom turned to kiss the bride, a peal of joyful music burst from the great church organ, and the sun, which had been hidden all the morning, came out from behind its counterpane of clouds and warmed the old church through and through.

On and on the music pealed, now merry, now gloriously grand and thrilling, now sweet and plaintive, and when at last it stopped, a tiny boy trotted down the steps from the loft, and put his pink face up to the bride to be kissed.

It was little Pierre Chagnon, a child of nine, who, ever since he was a baby boy of four, has had the wondrous

GIFT OF MAKING MUSIC.

His father is a music master at the school in the little village of St. Maur (a tiny place upon the River Marne, within half an hour's railway ride of Paris), and on the day after the wedding at which Pierre had played so great a part I went down to see him and his parents.

When Pierre was two or threeabouts his parents noticed that he could distinguish and could imitate the different sounds that passed the house. He crowed in one note for the horn of the milkman, in another and quite different note when a tramway car passed tooting by, and so forth.

Then, on one never-to-be-forgotten morning, M. Chagnon took Pierre up into the organ loft and introduced him to the organist, M. Priard, who explained the two keyboards to the boy.

Soon Pierre began to play the organ, then M. Priard would leave the child to play the people in and out of church, and now he often stays away from St. Maur for weeks at a time (M. Priard is a busy man and has a great deal of work to do in Paris), and Pierre—who is so small still that he can only reach the pedals by means of a knowing wriggle—takes the whole service and plays it through with taste and brilliancy and earns a salary of 12s. every month (\$3).

Pierre, when I first saw him, was very happy, and as delightfully dirty as a boy of nine could wish to be. He is small for his age, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and wears the sweet ethereal expression which makes all ladies want to kiss him (he doesn't enjoy that yet). Just as his father and I came towards the marble playing group there was a rash, and Pierre was kneeling on the chest of a lad head and shoulders bigger than himself, and pummeling him with a will.

"This gentleman has come from an English newspaper to see you," said M. Chagnon.

"How do you do?" said Pierre in English. "I whacked him, and he is bigger than I am, n'est ce pas?" and when he saw that I approved and did not think it wrong to fight we two were friends immediately.

Pierre interviewed me mostly. He wanted to know all about the English boys, and whether they played marbles, and what the big glass-speckled ones were worth in little common stone ones, but gradually I drew him on to talk about his music. "I love it—the real music," said the child. "Not waltzes, polkas, and that trash," and when I laughed at this he added quickly, "Ah! there. You laugh at me because I'm little, like M. Delmas of the Opera did."

I turned to M. Chagnon for an explanation. "The organist brought Delmas, the great baritone, to see my boy," he said, "and Delmas at

FIRST LAUGHED AT HIM.

just as he says. Then they went up into the organ loft together, and Pierre played the great man's accompaniments at sight for him, and Delmas kissed him and sent him tickets for the Opera."

"Yes," broke in Pierre, his blue eyes flashing with excitement, and the color pinkening his cheeks, "and he was the devil, and he sang and sang. Oh, it was splendid. But I did not like the tenor. He was too fat and he sang flat three times. I told M. Delmas and he said I was quite right."

During this prattle we had reached the church and climbed the worn, wooden stairs into the organ loft—M. Chagnon worked the bellows, and Pierre sat down to play to me. "I won't play made-up pieces," he whispered, as his tiny, ink-stained fingers patted the yellow keys as though they loved them, "I'll just play soldiers to you."

The church disappeared. We were out on the village market-place, the bugles called to parade, and the men came running up and fell into line. They made a brave show in their blue and red and gold, and I caught myself marking time. Drums beat. "We're off," shouted Pierre, his eyes dancing, and we were off after the soldiers, the band blaring lustily a few hundred yards ahead.

Suddenly the music stopped, and I was sitting in the organ loft looking open-mouthed at Pierre, whose eyes danced with glee at my astonishment. "You look as stupid as M. Delmas did when I showed him how I thought the devil ought to sing," he said. "Show me," I asked, but this Pierre would not do. "No, I don't feel like the devil. I'll play the country to you."

And he played me out into the green fields by the river, where the daisies sang sweet baby-songs to me in a whisper, and the fairies

which, poor grown-up that I am, are always quite invisible to me except when somebody who knows is making music, were dancing over clover plants and running races in the upturned edges of my trousers. The sun was bright (whatever were the fairies doing in the sunshine? They only came out in the evenings when I was small enough to see them), but presently the weather clouded over and a slight drizzle fell. The sky was leaden now, and everything was sad, so sad that I could feel the heavy tears roll down, and did not care to stop them.

Then the storm burst, and we rushed for shelter, or I thought we did, and watched the lightning flashing, and listened in a tremble to the thunder. It rumbled off into the distance, the sun peeped out again, shyly at first and then quite boldly, a little bird began to pipe, another and another, and gradually I smelt the fresh, sweet smell of rained-on meadow land, the sun grew warm and then too hot, and my whole-being throbbled with the delight of living.

"Volla!" said Pierre, finishing with a final joyous outburst a hundred thousand million times as big as he is. "Volla, Monsieur l'Anglais, how do you like it?"

I snatched him up and hugged him, but the imp was out of my arms down in the playground again, and playing marbles almost before I could say "knife." "He's always like that," said his father. "The instant that the music stops he is a boy again."

HEALTH AND SUNLIGHT.

Dr. Crighton Browne and other very eminent English physicians are waging perpetual warfare against darkened rooms into which sunshine is rarely if ever freely admitted. The utterly senseless and altogether unwholesome practice of keeping shades or blinds continually down is now condemned by the highest medical authority, as it is being positively declared by the most influential doctors that all sorts of diseases multiply where daylight is excluded and it is also being conclusively proved that defective eyesight is largely due to shutting out of light. We all admit the effect of light on vegetation and we can all trace its influence on birds; plants grow up weak and pale, canaries decline to sing and flowers attain to no magnificence of size and color if subjected to the idiotic treatment to which multitudes of human beings submit themselves.

All varieties of enemic and neurotic disorders can be greatly reduced by living in accordance with the noble saying: "Truly the light is sweet and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun," and we are sometimes unpleasantly reminded of other words equally true but not quite so pleasing: "Men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil."

It is never unwholesome to enjoy the natural darkness which falls upon earth at eventide, and in the hours of peaceful gloaming we can often profit by delightful meditation and enjoy true spiritual communion. But to take advantage of natural night for mental and bodily repose and to employ some cool, restful hours for the blissful purposes of spiritual communion is in no way tantamount to deliberately banishing sunshine and affording conditions for the breeding of all kinds of noxious microbes. That must be a very morbid mental frame which shuts out the chief agent of our life and joy, so there is no refuge to be taken behind a metaphysical subterfuge. To be able to live cheerfully in dark places, if we are obliged to live in them, is to have achieved a triumph, but to deliberately banish sunshine is consummate folly.

IN MEMORY OF ABBY JUDSON.

In consequence of the extraordinary difficulty experienced in procuring the published writings of that noble woman who was for several years a faithful and regular contributor to the Banner of Light, a proposal has been made that a memorial edition of "Why She Became a Spiritualist" and "A Bridge Between Two Worlds" be issued by subscription. In some rather mysterious way, these books have gone out of general circulation and they are largely called for. As Miss Judson's experiences may prove of great help to many inquiring minds and her statements are clear and pointed, it would be a useful as well as graceful act to see that a new edition of these valuable writings of a singularly conscientious woman shall be brought before the public.

Spiritualists and others who have known and honored Miss Judson could do nothing to perpetuate her memory quite so much in accordance with her wishes as to give the widest possible circulation to the books into which her soul most truly entered.

THE NEXT STEP IN EVOLUTION.

A book bearing above attractive title by Rev. Isaac K. Funk, is now calling forth much comment. Though it is a very recent publication, it has already called forth considerable friendly criticism, for emanating as it does from the pen of a liberal minded minister of the Gospel, it is being read and discussed in many religious circles into which sceptical works on evolution are seldom admitted. Dr. Funk is no sceptic; he is full of faith in all that is divine, but his conclusions are far from orthodox unless we use the word as Lyman Abbott and others have used "new progressive orthodoxy." B. O. Flower in the "Arena" has styled it a companion volume to Henry Drummond's "Ascent of Man," and it does certainly bear many resemblances to that celebrated treatise on evolution from a scientific-religious standpoint.

Concerning Christ and Christianity, Dr. Funk gives utterance to well nigh the broadest possible views; he believes in a real coming of the Christ, and in one sense in a "second advent," his interpretations are so spiritual and so inclusive that the doctrine as he proclaims it bears scarcely a distant cousinly relationship to the old dogma as thundered forth by old school dogmatists. The following quotation gives the gist of his conviction:

"Christ came the first time into men's vision by coming on the plane of their senses; He comes the second time into men's vision by lifting them up to His plane of spiritual comprehension."

If that version be the correct one, it is purely a Gnostic concept and does away with all need for speculations concerning the external manner of accomplishing the spiritual illumination and regeneration of humanity, which is not brought about by any external catalysts, but through the movements of divine life within the human spirit.

The whole book (which only extends to 106 pages) is worthy of the most thoughtful perusal and it will prove delightful reading for all who are interested to watch the progress of contemporary religious thought and also to listen to a singularly able dissertation upon the unitary operation of law in the spiritual and material universe. One of Dr. Funk's most characteristic expressions reads: "In the lower kingdom it is a survival of the fittest, in the higher a survival of the fittest, the struggle for life for ourselves merging into a struggle for life for others."

Certain oriental and theosophic views find countenance with this author who considers the doctrine of reincarnation a by no means irrational solution of some perplexing theological problems. No hint of belief in the doctrine of everlasting punishment or of the annihilation of any soul is to be met with in the volume. "The soul may lose sight of God but God never of the soul" is a beautiful and expressive sentence affording a distinct key to the author's noble confidence in the complete beneficence of Deity.

All great thinkers and faithful scribes are today advancing into the broad pastures of universal religion versus petty sectionalism, and in the following sentences Dr. Funk has unmistakably voiced the spirit of the coming substitute for that pathetic Christianity which has so long been forced to struggle between the goodness of its heart and the errors of its head in the creed of many humane but never thoroughly logical believers.

"It is not necessary to have heard with the outer ear the words of God or the name of Christ. All that is necessary is within the reach of any man in any age or clime. Come whosoever will. God listens to prayer with His ear on the man's inner heart, not at his lips, and an answer to prayer is the growth of the inner nature into the fitness to receive the request. The heat and light which the plant absorbs measures its capacity, not the ability of the sun. Every soul gets what it is fitted to receive. He that willeth to do the will of God develops the nature that is the touchstone and the absorbent of spiritual truth."

With the sure decadence of whatever is depressing and degrading in theology we are witnesses to the uprising of a new statement of confidence in the All-Good never previously expressed with anything like such clearness and universality as at present. There can be no return to dying orthodoxy and no satisfaction can be gained from soul-stultifying materialism. It is a great mistake to imagine that people are giving up their faith in God; the world is only just beginning to catch glimpses of what true faith in Deity actually implies. Very often the reputed Atheist is simply one who has been brought up in an iron creed from which his highest impulses turn in furious revolt and in times of reaction the human intellect is apt to be extremely violent against all that was even nominally associated with a creed which it has spurned.

That annihilation would be better and less ridiculous than everlasting torment every sober thinker will admit, but because views of the hereafter have been caricatured and hideous superstitions have surrounded them is no excuse for denying that there may be truth in every view when it is seen in due proportion. The world is weary of denials and doubts; we need faith in all that is truly noble to encourage us upon life's pilgrimage, and it is not too much to say that every book which has a tendency to sweeten life and to enlarge its spiritual outlook comes as a veritable benediction.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

Another very different book than the one just mentioned bears the above caption. It is by Bolton Hall of Single Tax celebrity and is written in form of parable abounding with cunning satire. The satirical element in Mr. Hall's writing is not of the cruel or spiteful type, but of that more genial variety which, though cutting deeply, cuts with a good motive. This author is a justice-loving man to whom the sight of injustice in high places is intolerable, and as he believes that trenchant criticism of existing errors is a means of striking them a deathblow, he wields his facile pen as though it were a sword and he strikes to slay the adversary.

Many American politicians may wince and others may snort when they read Mr. Hall's fierce satire of some acts which have been permitted in the Philippines, and not only in those much lacerated islands, but in many other places also. We may doubt the wisdom of employing quite so belligerent a style when seeking to enforce great moral lessons as it is never certain that the higher sentiments of humanity can be touched by such uncompromising satire which always enables supporters of an existing system to cry out "Gross exaggeration;" still, as all kinds of minds and tastes must needs be catered for, a book of such decided power and frank outspokenness is sure to do something to aid the cause of righteousness. Only hypocrisy, and double dealing is satirized; no honest person's sincere convictions are assailed.

W. J. Colville.

LOVE.

O Love, that dost with goodness crown
The years through all the ages down!
'Tis in thy strength the mountains stand,
'Tis in thy strength the seasons roll at thy command;
And rooted are all things that bless
Deep is thy everlastingness.

—J. W. Chadwick.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.—Pope.

SPIRIT

Message Department.

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

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a 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 April 16, 1903. S. E. 56.

Invocation.

Oh, infinite spirit of love and peace, breathe upon us at this hour and bring forth flowers of truth and love and tenderness. Oh, may the aspiration after all that is good and beautiful, after all that is sweet and true, find expression at this time. May the dear hearts who are sitting in saddened homes yearning for the response to their inquiry, the eyes that are filled with tears because of loss and bereavement, the souls that sit and suffer because of the vanished hand and the silent house, may they be comforted through the coming of the loved one. We who live in this other condition of life, we who understand the upreaching of the human heart, we who know so well the need of love in its fullest expression would come as tender servants of the most high spirit to minister unto those who sit in the darkness. We would take their hands and lead them on and out and whisper the word of peace and truth, and we would falter not, but would ever look forward to the source of supply, drink deep of the fountain that is ever flowing and be filled with that inexpressible joy which comes from loving and serving our fellow-men. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Rufus White, Worcester, Mass.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a man about fifty-five years old. He has side whiskers, quite heavy hair, his eyes are blue, and his face full and round. He is a little above medium height and has a very kindly expression. He speaks to me as though he were earnestly interested in every expression from the spirit. He says, "Please say my name is Rufus White; I formerly lived in Worcester; because of my residence there I feel an interest in everything pertaining to the people in the place today. I was not actively interested in Spiritualism, although I can't say I was its enemy. It never appealed to me because I was too busy in other lines; when I came over here and looked back and saw Annie striving to bear the burden of my loss, I was so conscious of it that it made me feel I had neglected something when I did not take up the study of spiritual phenomena. I found that Annie was quite responsive to my thought and from that time I have struggled to stand near enough to her to give her impression and inspiration in her work. Tell her not to be troubled over the children. Her effort is along right lines and they will go forward better than she could have hoped for. I have seen Bert and he is doing pretty well and will be back before the summer is gone. With love and a hope that I may come again soon, I am glad to sign myself as Annie's father."

Mary Sinclair, Ottawa, Canada.

There is a spirit of a lady who walks over to me, about medium height. She has dark eyes and dark hair that is pushed back off her forehead, and she wears glasses. She is a nervous, energetic sort of a woman. She says: "I want to reach my brother, and I want him to know I can see his effort. It doesn't seem of much use to try to help a person unless he turns and takes hold of hands and helps with you. If I will only know that by sitting for me, I could come and give him a lift now and then, I think he would give me the opportunity. My name is Mary Sinclair and his name is Will. I want him to make a change as soon as he can. It isn't very good for him to stay in the present condition and he doesn't think anybody where he is will give him a better chance. He must do it for himself and the sooner the better. I lived in Ottawa, Canada. That is all I have to say now. I would like to have said more but I don't seem to be able."

Fanny Grover, Williamsburg, Ky.

Here is the spirit of a lady about twenty-five years old who is standing close to me and urging me to speak for her next. She is rather light and delicate and pale as though from a long illness. She says: "Oh, yes, I suffered so much that I was glad when it was over. I didn't want to die but it isn't much pleasure to live and suffer all the time. I suffered for the last five years of my life and underwent everything to get well and if I had given up earlier I guess I would not have been tortured as I was. I am glad to say to my friends that I haven't had anything like a duplicate of my sick experience. I found Aunt Ellen and she was so good to me when I first came, took me to her house and told me she would see that I got everything I could need, and now I want to go to Jennie and Ella, to tell them both I appreciate all they did for me, although I didn't seem to know how to express it when I was here. My name is Fanny Grover. I used to live in Williamsburg, Ky."

George Kennedy, Charlottesville, Mass.

A spirit walks up to me with a brave, strong air and says: "Here, don't stop to give me much of a description, but say George Kennedy of Charlottesville is here, and I will tell you just what I want to say about myself. I came over here so suddenly I didn't know what hit me. I didn't know for a long time just how it all happened, but since I have been able to get my head and I look around a little bit, I can see I was struck and killed, as people say, instantly. There wasn't very much to be done in a case like that, but I am anxious to go to Minnie; I wish I could speak to her with a voice of thunder and make her realize just what she is doing. She doesn't for one minute think anybody knows. Now don't go to thinking she is all astray. It isn't that at all. If it was that, I wouldn't have you put it in the paper, but it is trying to patch here and patch there and trying to

fix things up between this one and that one in the family until she has no life of her own, and I don't want to see her go on in that way. There is a future for her, something she can live for instead of being knocked about the way she is now. It would be a good deal better to go to work and be independent than to just try to please everybody and get nothing out of it. Father is with me and he is anxious to speak to mother, but he thought he would let me have this chance this time because of my great desire. I am not unhappy and I am not particularly happy. I don't feel as though I am in heaven and I certainly don't feel as though I was in the other place. I feel very much as I did when I was alive. I don't suppose I realize how good it is to be able to speak just the same as many people alive do not realize how good it is to be able to hear their voice, but if they were dumb for a week or two it would seem mighty good to be able to talk. It is quite a load off my mind to be able to speak today. I am much obliged to the head of this concern."

Maud Bird, Boston, Mass., to Lizzie Bird.

A woman about twenty-two years old comes here. She is very frail and small like a wee bit of a flower that just blossomed for a few years and then died. Her name is Maud Bird and she says she knew something about this and so do her people and they have wanted to have her come and speak, but it seemed such a hard thing to do she didn't know as she would be able to. She says: "I am often in the home and often see my mother and brother and often try to have them see me. I don't know just how to make the best manifestations but I try to speak to mamma and have her hear my voice. At night when she goes to bed, I always say 'Good-night' and stand over her, and whenever there is the least need of a word from me, I try to give it. Georgie is with me; he says that by and by we will be stronger but mamma isn't to think we are ever going far away. We will always be near. We haven't any desire to go and there don't seem to be any reason why we should. We are both studying and both trying to see how much we can learn before she comes over. You can say this is for Lizzie Bird of Boston. Thank you."

James Carpenter, Revere, Mass.

The spirit of a man about thirty years of age who says his name is James Carpenter is here now; he is from Revere. He is quite tall, not very stout, of a sandy complexion and hair, and seems to be a man who worked out of doors a great deal. He laughs as heartily as though he thinks this is a great event for him to come here, and says, "I desire if possible to go to Julia. I want her to give me a chance to write. Goodness, it isn't much fun to only come back once in a dozen or twenty years and just say you know your friends are alive, but if I can establish a line by which I can communicate right along it will be some pleasure. I have wanted for quite a long time to tell Fred that he needn't think he is the only praying one in the band; I can pray myself and carry out my prayers with a good deal of force and spirit. I met Eugene and he reminded me that I told him I was going to make an effort to return to tell the folks I was as busy as a bee trying to make some study of the stars over here, not theoretical stars as they might think, but the real constellations. I would like to send love to Jack and Grace. Thank you."

Red Feather to Thomas, Fall River, Mass.

There is a big Indian chief here who says he wants to go to his medicine. He says, "My name is Red Feather and I want to go to Thomas, Thomas, Thomas, of Fall River." He says it two or three times. "I will help him with the new development. I will help him give tests. I want to make him more work and so I give him this word of encouragement." With this Indian is a woman who is about sixty-five years old, with gray hair and kindly face who has a very strong interest in the work of the Indian. She says, "My name is Lizzie and I am glad the Indian has come."

Bessie Deland, Brattleboro, Vt.

The spirit of a girl about fourteen is here now. She has long brown hair braided in two braids and a very nervous manner as though she studied so hard and was so tired that she had this nervous and strained expression in her face all the time. Her name is Bessie Deland; she is from Brattleboro, Vt. "I want to go to my mother," she says. "She thought when she put me away that was the end of all; she would never see me until she went to heaven and that thought has been so strong in her mind I almost thought it myself, but Aunt Gusti told me if I would come here she would help me to say to my mother that I am her child just as much today as when I went away from her. Mamma blames herself for my coming and she needn't do that because it was not anything she did, and nothing she could have done would have kept me. That is what Uncle Ned says and Uncle Ned knows because he was a doctor. Tell mamma too that if she will stop fretting so she will be better; we can't get any strength while she cries and frets as she does. Her name is Elizabeth and I was named for her, but they called me Bessie."

To Abbie Burnham, Malden, from George Crosby.

I see now a spirit who says that he wants to reach Abby Burnham, the medium. He says he has been in her hand a good many years; his name is George Crosby. For a long time he tried to bring about a change in her work and it seemed as though he was defeated at every point, but there is a new force that is enabling him to make a better path than formerly and he will help her to do the thing she is so anxious to accomplish. It wouldn't be best to make any change at present, but let the things drift along and the change come gradually. That will bring better conditions. The father in spirit says, "Poor little girl, you have had to pass through stormy waters, but the poetry of your life has been intensified rather than dimmed by the surging billows and if you will put your hand in mine, we will go forward together and have a new baptism of fire and strength. Don't worry, don't worry, for brightness is about you."

Be Cheerful.

By enduring a hardship cheerfully, or by accepting discomfort without a murmur, we may be of more real service to our fellows than by performing acts of ministry while we appear to begrudge the required effort, or while we ourselves are in an unloving mood. The way in which we do our most generous deeds is sometimes as much important as the deeds themselves. Many a child or a man has been made more glad by the pleasant looks and words of one who had to refuse a requested favor, than by the reception of a desired favor from one who gave it with a sneer or a frown. The importance of the right way of doing good, in the line of giving or of withholding, should not be forgotten or undervalued. Charles Buxton says, in his line, "You have not fulfilled your duty, unless you have fulfilled the duty of being pleasant." How does that apply to our service of today?—Ex.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of day are numbered
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy, calm delight;

Here the evening lamps are lighted
And, like phantoms, grim and tall,
Shadows from the stifled freight
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life.

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spoke with us on earth no more.

And with them the being beautiful
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes the messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saintlike,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips on air.

Oh, though depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

—Longfellow.

The Other Side of Death.

C. W. LEADBEATER.

The first chapters treat of misconceptions about death and review the old (I might call them worn out) theories and church teachings about death and the after life. I know only one church, the Roman, which still clings to the old teachings, though slightly modified, and with this review, is shown the great superiority of theosophical teachings as the new plus ultra as it robs death of all its terror and much of its sorrow.

One fact puzzles me. I am not a Theosophist, but for at least twenty years before I embraced Spiritualism, death had no terrors for me as I looked upon it as the hour of birth into the only true life, and I cannot account for this feeling, unless it came through an earnest study of the Bible on this subject. As to the idea that death ends all, I believe that very few of our materialist brethren accept it even though they speak as if they did.

Treating the evidences of the continuity of life, a slight share of praise is given to Spiritualism, although its testimony is not always to be relied on, and a more certain method is offered by means of which we may acquaint ourselves with every detail of the life of this other world, that is as far as it is possible for us to comprehend it, while on this physical plane. We must realize the existence within our solar system of a series of perfectly definite interpenetrating planes or worlds, each having its own matter of different degrees of density, our physical world being the lowest plane of all.

In order to see and even share in this life beyond the tomb, all that we need is to learn how to use our astral bodies during our earthly life. The power of objective perception upon all the planes undoubtedly lies latent in every man, but for most of us it will be a slow and tedious evolution before our consciousness can function in those higher vehicles, if we ever do. With the astral body it is different, for in the case of all cultured people the consciousness is already capable of answering to all vibrations communicated to it through astral matter, and of using its astral body as a vehicle.

Theosophy looks upon death as of far less importance to the soul than it is generally supposed to be. Even when we have fully realized how small a part of each of our lifetimes is spent upon the physical plane, we cannot estimate its true proportion to the whole, unless we understand the far greater reality of the life in those higher worlds. As is the astral to the physical, so is the mental to the astral, except that the proportion is raised to a higher power, so that the time spent on these planes is far longer than the physical life.

We have a chapter on facts in which the claims of Theosophy to great knowledge are set forth. Some theosophical students have already unfolded their inner senses by means of which the unseen world can be directly cognized, and the whole life beyond the grave can be seen as clearly and as fully in detail as we now see the physical life around us. This is a considerable claim to make, such a claim as no Orthodox minister dares to make, but we know and therefore we speak. Then we are told that as our life is here, so shall it be there, and our progress there shall be according to the degree of the development of our spiritual faculties while on the earth plane, and the ties of love are just as strong as ever and as soon as possible the man will seek the society of those whom he loved.

Then follows a chapter devoted to examples of the astral life, cases of avaricious and jealous, revengeful people, even the case of a coquette, etc., not a very interesting matter almost like Dante's Inferno. Also a short answer to the question: "Shall we know each other?" To my mind, the old deacon gave the right answer. His dying wife seemed to be troubled. Being asked what the trouble was, she said:

"Oh, John, I would die happy, if assured that you would know me in the next world."

"Well, Sally, I have known you fifty years here, and surely I shall not be a bigger fool in heaven than here."

Let us hope that she died happy.

One interesting chapter is on the extension of consciousness. In our physical life we are conscious only of three dimensions of space, length, height and width, not because there are only three, but because only these three are normally within the grasp of the physical brain. We are really living in space of many dimensions, and the limits imposed upon our comprehension of it are within our consciousness and so are really subjective. We see what we can see, but there is an infinity more than we can see. On the astral plane, we are yet very far from the full realization of the divine faculties which exist in man, but we are one stage nearer to it, in that one limitation has dropped away.

Let us consider life on the astral plane and we shall see a great activity, those who have developed their faculties here, join at once the ranks of the helpers. Many are the souls just entering the astral plane who are as helpless as a new born infant on earth, and whatever may be the cause of their helplessness, however long that condition may last, they are under the constant watchful care of the helpers.

We are now told of the diverse phenomena,

such as astral visits, visits before death, thought bodies, apparitions announcing death, those who return to help, those who need help, those desiring to atone, the earth bound, haunting, apparently aimless apparitions, less frequent types, astral impressions, twelve chapters giving many interesting facts, either witnessed by the writer or taken from different books on occult science and phenomena. We are told how to meet a ghost, and that is without fear, as we would meet a stranger. How do you do? What can I do for you? as the ghost may need help which you alone can give.

We pass to spiritualistic phenomena and we are told that now that we know the facts from theosophical sources, we can see how all the types of apparition fall into place and are explained by them, so we may see how spiritualistic manifestations can be classified and comprehended by means of the same knowledge, so Spiritualists ought to welcome Theosophy, for much of the disbelief in their phenomena arises from the idea that their claims are in opposition to science. This idea is a mistaken one, yet Spiritualism does very little to dispel it. It insists upon its facts, but does not attempt to harmonize them with science. (Quotation).

Spiritualists, hide your heads in shame that you should not yet have acquired the esoteric science of Hinduism and Buddhism, but are satisfied with Western science.

The theosophical explanation as to the planes of nature and the existence of many varieties of more finely subdivided matter, with their appropriate forces playing through them, at once opens the way to a comprehension of the phenomena of the seance room. By the light of theosophical knowledge of the astral plane, and its possibilities we may classify the phenomena of the seance-room. He divides them into five classes, and after telling his experience, he devotes a chapter to each class. The Utilization of the Medium's Body. Clairvoyance. Partial Materialization. Miscellaneous Phenomena. Visible Materialization.

His remarks are too well known to Spiritualists to be enlarged upon, yet one cannot be too often repeated and it is a warning to be very gentle with the materialized spirits as a rough treatment may injure, even kill the medium.

Our attitude towards Spiritualism is good as the author, while assured of the superiority of Theosophy, has a platform on which we can all meet on a level, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, and he acknowledges that there is room enough and work enough for both in the world.

Published by The Theosophical Book Concern, Chicago; for sale by Banner of Light Publishing Co. Price \$1.50.

Fred de Bos.

Radiant Energy.

EDGAR L. LARKIN.

This book is the compilation of a series of articles published in the "San Francisco Examiner" on Radiant Energy and its analysis with its application to astronomy and astrophysics, the last being a new branch of research in the laws of nature.

He says: "Radiant means proceeding from a centre in straight lines in every direction. Energy is a condition of matter by which any definite portion may effect changes in any other definite portion, it is then a result of a particular state or condition of matter when any observed phase of energy appears."

The writer believes that all space is saturated with inconceivably minute corpuscles which are either electricity in its ultimate refinement, or closely allied to it, or its immediate carriers. From all recent discoveries it is seen that matter is radio-active and that the earth and the sun and all suns and dark bodies, in space, all granular matter more through the primordial cosmic mass of electrical corpuscles.

Then follow very interesting chapters on the instruments, and all experiments made to analyze energy by means of the spectrum. It will require a mind trained to scientific research to follow understandingly the writer in all his explanations and to grasp the meaning of the numerous cuts which help to throw light on the subject. It is really wonderful to see the progress made by science in discovering the laws which nature kept, as it were, hidden from her children during the last fifty years, specially the scientists all over the world have labored day and night so that now we understand many of the laws which govern the motion of the planets of the universe.

To sum up—the latest deductions of science all that evolution set its mighty grasp on all matter, existing when it was in an excessive rare ultra-aqueous or corpuscular state, filling all space now occupied by suns. Gravity was the only mode of energy and the first to act.

Nuclei formed and attracted adjacent corpuscles forming innumerable nebulae. These contracted and grew more dense. Electricity appeared and began the work of building a universe of rotating suns by induction. Heat and light came later on the primordial cosmic scene of turmoil. The heat and light evolved from contracting suns came far later. Gemination wrought also in nebulae as well as in gaseous and liquid suns, separating one into two, and that process of division continued in the planets and their moons as soon as gemination finished its work producing many two suns; then that mighty builder, the tidal, laid hold of the primordial masses, and fashioned them into suns and worlds revolving in regular orbits around their centre of mass. Through contraction, heat developed and light on small worlds, water came, and coarse life, then more refined, and lastly mind, towards the close of evolution. Mind contemplates the wonderful scene for a few moments and disappears. Each mind gets one or two impressions of the objects in view and then dies. Were it not for the custom of recording these fitful thoughts and ideas, in sculptures, on bricks, on cylinders or in print, and today by that wonderful process of recording graphic plates, ignorance would be supreme, for it is only by storing these fragments of knowledge gained by each, that a fund can be accumulated.

Coherent thought in modern times began in 1610, so that it is only three hundred years since men got away from the influence of the withering poison of the dark ages, and began to seek the mysterious truths of nature. The three centuries have produced the lens, the calculus, the heliostat, the grating and the graphic plate, four engines with which men are now wrestling new and long hidden secrets from nature. Beginning evolution in corpuscular conditions, the universe of matter passes all the stages of youth, adolescence, maturity and death, death resulting from the loss of heat.

The book cannot fail to interest and instruct all the earnest students of the wonderful creations and laws of the universe. It is written plainly and clearly so that the unscientific mind will be able to follow the writer understandingly, step by step.

The book closes with an interesting description of the Lowe Observatory, Echo Mountain, California, and pictures showing the buildings, the apparatus and the railroad going up to the summit.

Published by B. R. Baumgardt & Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Order of Banner of Light Publishing Co. Price, \$1.75.

Piso's Cure is an effectual remedy for Cold on the Lungs. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

The Science of Spiritualism.

Synopsis of a lecture delivered before the Spiritualists Society of Glasgow, Tenn., by John W. Ring.

The paramount point of discussion today is, "What moves the world?" None fail to recognize the fact that Law, unchangeable and immutable, sways Nature and her every kingdom, with unvarying exactness.

Man's intellect views the workings of Nature and notes her precision; and in mind he becomes cold and stern. But although nature is propelled by Justice and inflicts punishment for every transgression, she affords a healing balm for wounds and a possible restoration for each offender of her Law, thus manifesting the vein of Mercy which shows that Nature has a heart.

Now comes the question concerning Humanity: Is she moved by the cold, stern facts discovered by mind's intellect, or is she moved by the yielding tenderness of the heart's sympathy? Some there are who, having studied Nature's facts and Justice looking upon life with grim sternness, seem only the unyielding facts; others there are who observe the vein of tender mercy which runs through Nature and they live so in the sympathy of the heart that they leave duty, forget obligation and neglect the necessities of existence to live in the realm of tender sympathy and heartfelt fancy.

The men of old spoke of the heart as the seat of intelligence, possibly indicating that human sympathy seemed, to them, more essential than the cold facts discovered by the intellect. Be our observations as they may we can but conclude that man requires some of the facts which the mind alone can discover, and that in order to be properly poised he requires much of heart sympathy; his intellect comprehends worlds in space and conceives them peopled, but to convince his fellowman of his ideas he must give hearty expressions of sympathy. In fact, it seems that facts are the unmovable foundation to which man must sooner or later come to build the mighty structure of his heart's fancy, if he would have it stand the ages.

The problem of life then must be solved by the discovery of sufficient facts to form a sure foundation on which to rear the structure. Character with all possible warmth of heart sympathy. Science is the statement of certain facts; Philosophy is the key of explanation to these facts. So the science of Spiritualism is presented that we may realize that its philosophy which has attracted the attention of the entire world is based upon facts which will admit of demonstration at any time.

A religion whose philosophy lacks a scientific foundation must expect her walls to crumble before the gaze of thorough investigation. Spiritualism as a scientifically demonstrated philosophy is rapidly occupying the realm of Rational Religion. Its vast scope of scientific research grapples willingly with every department of human life, furnishing the investigating intellect with problems deep and profound, yet always possible of solution, with the light which science invariably furnished the earnest seeker; and supplying each craving heart with tenderest sympathy and most certain cheer and comfort.

From the many facts, each of which are rare jewels, may we select just three: All life evolves from the atom, the co-relation of atoms is responsible for the various manifestations and kingdoms, and therefore each step in the evolutionary stages of Progression is proper and necessary. These no doubt seem simple within themselves, but when elaborated upon they will assume most interesting and instructive proportions. Priests have prayed and idealists have fancifully pictured the Omnipotence of Deity, but where do we find it so clearly defined as in the fact that all life evolves from the atom, that thing something which we can define only by our observations of its many effects? Every age has endeavored to define the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, but where can we find them so demonstrated as in the co-relation of atoms? We know that the life energy which glitters in the precious stones of earth, that stands a living picture of splendor in the flower and tree, that speaks in solemn tones in whispering breeze and babbling brook, that same life energy which moves world in space, all, all is related to that same energy which prompts us to look with admiration upon these varied demonstrations and to move with sacred impulses of love and sympathy.

Who, looking upon Nature, fails to see the mighty tide of life energy which propels her every kingdom; and who with a second thought fails to see the strong vein of relationship which is manifest between her every department? Every substance which Nature holds from the pebble at our feet to the star swinging in magnificence above our heads is gathered for the formation of this temple, the body; every force which moves in each and all of these manifestations is accumulated in the forces of the Human-Soul. Wondrous relationship; grave responsibility, for having evolved to the stage of individuality, we are personally responsible. This fact is a stern obstacle in the way of religious based on atonement, sacrifice and forgiveness.

Man is born with certain prenatal tendencies, he is surrounded with certain environment and his education moves him; yet he is compelled to build that indestructible structure, Character. Like a sculptor he must work; prenatal tendency must be made a chisel with which to mould the outlines; environment must be the great hammer with which he plays the various tools, and education must be the tool with which to polish and move to completion the great image of his life-work.

With Hope must he go on, with smiles must he toil and many times with scalding tears wash away the filth from the careful forming of his character. Personal responsibility is so grave and yet so beautiful, so full of privilege.

The Christian bows humbly to his Jesus, the Mohammedan to Allah, the Buddhist to Brahm and each to the Messiah of his respective locality, even to the Chinaman with his graven image in his pocket; and yet each is living by his own light and with exactness building character.

How reluctantly mother sees her boy and girl lengthen trower and dress, yet she must console herself with the fact that "each step in the evolutionary stages of progression is proper and necessary," and that in losing her girl and boy the world is gaining a man and woman who will yield much to its growth; and through her tears she sees the vision of usefulness. Even so we come to the stage in life when we must lay off the garments of mortality.

Man has been taught to look upon Death as the end of life, the wall against which we must all come to an end. Or if it be not the end of being, the end of activity and progress which to the present age of extreme activity seems even worse than annihilation. Death does not destroy, it simply changes. The flower that blooms today fades, and the component elements go to grow another flower or to in some way yield something to the economy of Nature.

The body returns from the elements of which it is composed, the character which has been formed is unchanged; the mind conceives no more and no less until it unfolds in investigation; the heart still loves and is moved by the emotions common to its state of development. Why should it not be so?

Evolution points to ages gone through which life energy has struggled to individu-

ality, and this same prophetic finger points out the brief span of Time to the vast expanse of Eternity. So these three scientific facts which Spiritualism endorses are not altogether cold and unrelenting, but are possessed of such heart as will inspire the mind of man with hope and energy, and move the heart with confident cheer and gladness.

Death is the doorway in the midst of life which leads to fields of greater possibility and more extensive planes of growth; build well the walls of Time and they will reach to the heights of Eternity where with unhampered mind or heart man thinks and grows into the fullness of his highest and best ideal. Science is rapidly utilizing the ambient medium; not long will we find it necessary to make electrical currents by combining certain chemicals, but will draw it direct from the electrical currents of the atmosphere. Progression has led us so far that the scoffers have withdrawn and the most daring discovery is looked upon as not only possible, but probable.

The fifty-five years of modern Spiritualism measures the most wonderful epoch of scientific advancement that has blessed the world for ages, simply because the philosophy of Spiritualism explains the scientific basis of Life. Life, life, wonderful possession; to think, to reason, to discriminate! To stand in the midst of dissolution and see wondrous forms of beauty grow; to feel the vibrations which course through Nature, pulsating in our every vein and thereby realize that our relationship to indestructible Nature is from circle to circle unending. To tear away the rags of mourning with which ignorance has draped the gateway that leads higher, and through the dim mists of tears see gleaming beyond the portals of Death another phase of the self same life which promises even greater unfoldment.

The Gentleman from Everywhere.

"The most interesting study of mankind is man," and this fact accounts in a measure for the great popularity of the new book bearing the above named title and suggestive title. In the physical, moral and spiritual evolution of the hero of this story we see a vivid reflection of ourselves or of what we might have been. Nearly all novels picture but a few years of its leading character's life; but in this book we read with ever increasing delight the marvelous adventures of an eccentric genius from the "joys and sorrows of school days" through his thrilling, humorous, pathetic career as pedagogue, boy-preacher, emigrant, farmer, book-agent, town-builder, government official and tourist in out of the way places never before described in literature. The hair-lifting experiences among the Seminole Indians, who to this day own negro slaves in the vast Everglades, and among the funniest of mortals, the Florida "Crackers," are unique, entertaining, and furnish an entirely new departure in book writing.

The religious evolution from the "hard-shell Baptist" 15-year-old preacher through years of soul struggles for the light to Unitarianism, the fall into the darkness of "nothingness," the joy of the dawning of the glorious inspiration of our sublime philosophy through communion with the materialized loved ones—all these experiences are as President Barrett aptly says "painted like pictures by a master artist, the author." The opening lines of this book show the quaint originality of the writer. "Already there were more children than potatoes in the mother's hut of logs, and yet another unwelcome guest was coming for whom fate had ordained that it would have been money in his pocket had he never been born."

For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, and mailed post-paid on receipt of price, \$1.50.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus was born in Rome on the 26th of April, A. D. 121. He was a pure and just man, and at the age of forty (A. D. 161) he succeeded to the imperial throne. His life was filled with unceasing cares and labors up to his passing away (March 17, A. D. 180). Ruling a people who were corrupt and licentious, he was a perfectly virtuous man, and his real goodness saved his people so that they, sinful as they were, proclaimed him rather a god than a man.

The following few sayings show the great soul he was:

"Begin the morning by saying to thyself: 'I shall meet with the busybody, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsocial. All these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil.'"

"But I, who have seen the nature of the good, that it is beautiful, and of the bad, that it is ugly, and the nature of him who does wrong, that it is akin to me, not only of the same blood or seed, but that it participates in the same intelligence and the same portion of the divinity, I can neither be injured by any of them: for no one can fix on me what is ugly; nor can I be angry with my kinsman (fellow-man) nor hate him."

"For we are made for co-operation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another, then, is contrary to nature, and it is acting against one another to be vexed and to turn away."

"The soul does violence to itself when it is overpowered by pleasure or by pain."

"If thou findest in human life anything better than justice, truth, temperance, fortitude, and, in a word, anything better than thy own mind's self-satisfaction in the things which it enables thee to do according to right reason, and in the condition that is assigned to thee without thy own choice—if, I say, thou seest anything better than this, turn to it with all thy soul and enjoy that which thou hast found to be the best."

"But if nothing appears to be better than the deity which is planted in thee, which has subjected to itself all thy appetites and carefully examines all the impressions, and, as Socrates said, has detached itself from the persuasions of sense, and has submitted itself to the gods and cares for mankind—if thou findest everything else smaller and of less value than this, give place to nothing else."

"For if thou dost once diverge and incline to it, thou wilt no longer without distraction be able to give the preference to that good thing which is thy proper possession and thy own."

"Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, to hate any man, to suspect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, to desire anything which needs walls and curtains (darkness)."

"For he who has preferred to everything else his own intelligence, and the daemon (divinity) within him, and the worship of its excellence, acts no tragic part, does not groan, will not need either solitude or much company; and what is better of all, he will live without either pursuing or flying from life; but, whether for a longer or a shorter time he shall have the soul inclosed in the body, he cares not at all."

"For even if he must depart immediately, he will go as readily as if he were going to do anything else which can be done with decency and order; taking care of this only all through life, that his thoughts turn not away from anything which belongs to an intelligent being and a member of a civil community."

"If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason, seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately—if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this."

"Men seek retreats for themselves—houses in the country, seashores and mountains, and then, too, art went to desire such things very much. But this is altogether a mark of the most common sort of men; for it is in thy power, whenever thou shalt choose, to retire into thyself."

"For nowhere either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquillity."

"And I affirm that tranquillity is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind."

"Constantly, then, give to thyself this retreat (the Silence) and renew thyself; and let thy principles be brief and fundamental, which, as soon as we shall recur to them, will suffice to cleanse the soul completely and to send thee back free from all discontent with the things to which thou returnest."

"Take away thy opinion and then there is taken away the complaint, 'I have been harmed.' Take away the complaint, 'I have been harmed,' and the harm is taken away."

A Card to the Public—In Re Spiritual Facts.

It gives me pleasure, Mr. Editor, to inform you and the public, that we have now a good supply of spiritual tracts at this office for free distribution. We deny none who send for them, though we cannot spare thousands to any one association, nor hundreds to any one individual, as we have to send them to applicants all over the United States. All who can send stamps for postage on the tracts they apply for, are earnestly requested to do so, as the postage bills alone for this work are large. As before stated, we have no special tract fund, and expenditure for publication and postage must come from the general fund of the N. S. A., hence we cannot do as much in this line as we desire. A few dollars have been received from friends in aid of this special work, since my last explanation, and we most sincerely thank them for their help and encouragement.

Any friend who can spare a dollar to aid in the tract distribution will be sent copies of our tracts, and a copy of either—*as preferred*—*"Violets,"* a booklet of choice poems, or *"Leaflets of Truth,"* a cloth bound volume of spiritual thought.

Mary T. Longley, Sec. N. S. A.
600 Penna Ave., S. E., Wash., D. C.

New Photographs of Mrs. Soule.

So many requests have been made for photographs of our circle medium, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, as she appears in her Sunday work as pastor of the Gospel of Spirit Return Society, that we have persuaded her to take the time from her ever busy and useful life to give the artist an opportunity to photograph her in her platform dress. As a result of her kind compliance with our request we now have for sale three new poses of her—two in speaker's gown, and a new one, which we think are improvements over the former ones, representing her as she appears in her social life and parish work. The Banner of Light Publishing Company has the exclusive sale of Mrs. Soule's photographs, and has placed them, at the same low price as the former ones, twenty-five cents each.

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Children's Book.

WHY THE ROBIN'S BREAST IS RED.

Jesus thy life is beauty blest,
Beyond what human beauty seems,
Yet in our hearts it has its rest—
Discovered in our hopes and dreams;
We pity have for thy sad fate,
The deep despite thy love received,
Therefore what legend doth relate,
Of love, by love is well believed;
Our hearts are glad the tale to tell,
It rings its word like silver bell!

The little bird that flies in air,
The robin in the days of old,
Espied thee on the cross of care,
When thorns thy forehead did enfold;
And so with wings of mercy spread,
He drew to pluck the thorns aside,
The thorns that pierced thy holy head,
And working so, his breast was dyed;
The story has a meaning sweet,
We each to each might still repeat!

A sign of mercy is that mark,
A witness of compassion mild;
And when in spring the bird we hark,
It speaks to men and speaks to child,
It shows endurance of the good,
When on our nature 'tis impressed;
It brings us in the brotherhood—
Who do for others what is best;
It also might the spirit show—
Which links us with the Christ below!

William Brunton.

Nannie's Easter.

Dear Banner Children:

I guess you would like to hear about my Easter, so I am here to tell you, and Lady-Mother will write it for the paper. You know we don't pay any special attention to Easter in the Spirit-world as the anniversary of the arising from the tomb, of anybody, but sometimes the little folks like to have a celebration because their earth friends are having one. A great many spirit people do have a splendid observance in their homes on the 31st of March, because that is the anniversary of the coming of Spiritualism, though a good many others say that it came long before that to the Wesley family, and to other people. But I am going to tell you about Easter. Well, some of us little folks thought we would make a lot of sweets, like sugar candies, in rings and hearts and stars and crescents and other shapes, and hang or hide them in the trees, for some of the others to find—at the morning time when little earth children were looking for eggs and Easter toys. So we did, we made them out of the fragrance and honey of the flowers and formed them together by our magnetism, and they were lovely, and we had a great time getting them. After that we carried the sweets to the hospitals and to other places where little sick children were, and laid the goodies on their pillows, and they were absorbed by the sick children, and the spiritual food and magnetism did them a lot of good.

Every year my chum—on earth—Miss Agnes, has made me verses and pretty Easter things; but this year she thought at first I had grown too big to care for them. But I haven't, so she got me something real cute, that I am going to tell you about this minute. This time it was a nice round basket, the cover was a large hen made of something they call papier-mache. First came an envelope with a poem in it that had to be read before the cover was lifted from the basket. Here is the poem.

THE POETICAL HEN.

Did you ever hear tell of the fate that befell
A young hen of poetical mind?
Aspirations had she a rare rhyme to be
And artistic as none of her kind;
So, for this Easter day no white eggs would
She lay.

Just common white eggs like the rest—
But creations of art from the depths of her heart
Should make famous herself and her nest.
Hence, no grain would she eat, nor the tid-bits so sweet,
Nor a morsel of egg-making food,
For no longing had she, a fair mother to be
To a downy, soft, troublesome brood;
But all day would she scratch for a wee little patch
Of some paper with pictures aglow,
And the daintiest bite that could e'er come to light.

Was a scrap which some verses might show.
For she reasoned it out, that her eggs without
On a diet of verses and paint,
Would reflect on each shell all her tongue
Could not tell
Of her talents so wondrous and quaint;
And though hunger might pinch, not a bit
Would she flinch
From her purpose so novel and true,
But apart from the rest on her neat little nest
She reposed as a martyr might do.

Well, when Easter morn broke and all Nature awoke,
She had proven her art it was found,
For the eggs she had laid, of white paper were made,
And with pictures and verse did abound;
But her fame came too late, for most sad to relate
She had turned into papier-mache,
So the hen, nest and all, with their tale to appal
Do I give you, dear Nannie, today.

Under the hen—the basket cover—were a dozen pretty, showy, egg-shaped Easter cards, with pictures on them, and on the back of each, Miss Agnes had written a cute, original stanza—so you see, these were the eggs the old hen had husied herself laying, which the poem tells about. Under the Easter cards were a lot of cute little sugar eggs too, about the size of bird's eggs. Here are a few of the verses that were on the backs of some of the egg-shaped cards.

The face inscription—with a spray of pink roses—of one, is "Welcome, Easter Morning." My chum's lines on the back are:

"The Roses, Queen of all the flowers,
Give choicest perfume rare
To glorify the Easter hours,
And make the day more fair."

One has five robins—with red breasts—on a green branch. The lines on the back are:

"Welcome, Easter Morning,
Hear the birdsies sing;
Tree tops all adorning,
Making welkins ring;
Cherishes so cheery,
Carolling their lay,
Say, 'Good morning, Dearie,
Happy Easter day!'"

Blue Forget-me-nots make my chum sing like this:

"Forget-me-nots of boundless blue
For one I dearly love—
Her eyes the same sky-tinted blue,
As bright as stars above."

And Daisies, on a pretty card, have this written inscription:

An Ideal Woman's Medicine.



So says Mrs. Josie Irwin, of 325 So. College St., Nashville, Tenn., of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Never in the history of medicine has the demand for one particular remedy for female diseases equalled that attained by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and never during the lifetime of this wonderful medicine has the demand for it been so great as it is today.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and throughout the length and breadth of this great continent come the glad tidings of woman's sufferings relieved by it, and thousands upon thousands of letters are pouring in from grateful women saying that it will and positively does cure the worst forms of female complaints.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all women who are puzzled about their health to write her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Such correspondence is seen by women only, and no charge is made.

"The Daisies golden-hued and brown
Resplendent fields of green,
While other stars shine softly down
On these of lowly mien."

One picture is of two yellow and black ducks eating green peas from a bowl. Miss Agnes wrote on this:

"Two little ducks eating peas by the peck,
Rolling and pushing them fast down each neck.
One downy yellow, the other one black—
Best Easter wishes they give you, 'Quack, quack!'"

The others are just as cute and pretty as these, but I guess there isn't room in the Banner for all, so I cannot give any more—but I think all the Banner girls and boys will see that I have just the best chum in the world, and that she is always doing something nice to please us all.

Well, good bye for this time. I send you all my love.
M. T. Longley, medium.

The Justification of a Name.

Blackie Silas Julius Caesar Ichabod Ajax Didymus Tilden came in out of the wet and sat down by the fire in a very disgusted frame of mind. He had been out looking for mice in the damp November weather and coming home with wet feet and drops of mist all over his black fur coat he had been assaulted by a strange dog and driven pell mell through two puddles to the safety of the roof of the well-house and kept there for several minutes in the drizzling rain that had begun to fall, till the dog's master had whistled him away. Worst of all, John Calvin had seen the affair from the sitting-room window and blinked his large green eyes in cynical indifference to the whole matter. Not that he cared especially what John Calvin might think, but it had been a very undignified and humiliating experience, and Blackie Silas Julius Caesar Ichabod Ajax Didymus Tilden was a cat that liked to observe good social forms as far as possible and avoid making wild scrambles for inferior people to look upon. Then too, since the day he had been christened by the united efforts of his mistress and three highly intellectual children he had borne more than the usual portion of responsibility for the example he set for less noteworthy cats.

John Calvin had, indeed, been named by a vote of the family, but though a distinguished name had been given him it was solely because he was so in the habit of disputing with the large yellow and white feline called Martin Luther who resided at the house of Deacon Houghton just over the creek. The two had discussed points of doctrine for years whenever they met casually in their trips around the neighborhood and their ears had become ragged and torn, like well-thumbed hymn-books, from the occasional points they had scored during their arguments with each other. There was even a slight limp at times in the walk of John Calvin, which Martin Luther counted as a great proof of his strength in debate, but John Calvin always assumed that his front leg got caught by a slamming door.

However, in spite of his unhappy state of mind, Blackie Silas Julius Caesar Ichabod Ajax Didymus Tilden was ready for a chance to show his superiority, and for once he did not have to wait long. Calamity, the black shadow of all the cats that had ever loved the darkness, was impatiently pounding the front door-latch of the old farm house with her paw in an effort to get in, and soon the door swung inward and she jumped down and ran to the box where her two kittens were waiting for her, leaving the door to be shut by any one who might feel that they preferred it that way. Calamity had her name without a formal christening because she was so black that nothing but a calamity could seem darker, but her kittens were snow-white, as if nature were trying to average things in that family of cats.

Through the open door Blackie could see the whole yard without moving, and he gazed idly across the fields wishing that rainy days might never come. Suddenly his feet moved into position for a spring, and his ears and eyes became doubly alert, for from the knot-hole half way up the big oak tree by the piazza a little nose peeped out and two bright eyes surveyed the scene. Then there was a swift movement and a spry young chipmunk was climbing down the trunk toward the house. A moment later and he was across the few feet of lawn and up the pillar of the piazza. The distance had been too great for Blackie to clear at a bound and he had not stirred, but as the chipmunk vanished over the window sill of the garret where the

window had been open all summer for ventilation, Blackie was out of the door like a flash of light and snugly housed under the edge of the porch. Two minutes later, when the careless chipmunk came back with a piece of soft green paper for his winter nest-making, he had a short race for the tree with his old enemy, and instead of taking the paper to the hollow in the oak, he was carried into the kitchen between very cruel jaws in order that Calamity and John Calvin and the two white kittens and the folks might see what a cat could do if given a fair chance.

There Costella Gertrude, the daughter of the house, came upon the scene and rescued him, still unhurt, and there too, her brother Fred picked up the torn green paper with the remark that twenty-dollar bills were getting rather plenty of late. And sure enough it was an old piece of script, a genuine wartime "greenback," as Farmer John said when he came from the hill pasture where he had been after the sheep. But where it came from was a mystery for a whole week. Then, after much guessing, it was decided to take up the garret floor and see what could be found. And there, almost directly under the head of Aunt Roxana's bed, were a half dozen faded love letters, a blue ribbon with a little gold cross, some curious looking beads and eight more old twenty-dollar greenbacks laid carefully away where Uncle James had put them before he went for his last voyage in a ship that foundered off Turk's Island with all on board.

The family had always supposed that this queer bachelor uncle had saved something, but it could never be found, and though he had left it all to his sister, Blackie's cat-loving mistress, the brief will had never before meant anything substantial to her. In spite of the holes made by the chipmunk's teeth the bills were redeemed at the village bank and sufficed to pay the last remnant of the old mortgage on the place. From the nine dollars and thirty-seven cents remaining, all the cats were provided with unlimited catnip that winter; the chipmunk, restored to his tree unhurt, was given a full pound of mixed nuts and Blackie Silas Julius Caesar Ichabod Ajax Didymus Tilden purred contentedly on a new cushion all his own behind the sitting-room stove and lived happy ever after.

O. R. Washburn.

To His Excellency, John L. Bates, Governor, and the Legislature of Massachusetts.

The undersigned desire to lay before you the following facts, by which it is evident that a gross injustice has been done to the supporters of certain measures recently heard before one of the Legislative Committees at the State House.

On March 23, 24, 27 and 31, 1903, hearings were given before the Committee on Public Health on House Bills, 698, 699, 700 and 701, introduced by the Massachusetts Anti-Compulsory Vaccination Society, in the name of John F. Foster, for the annulment and regulation of the Compulsory Vaccination law. On March 31, the date of the last hearing, Attorney J. W. Pickering, Counsel for the Petitioners, was told by the Senate Chairman of the Committee, that time would be given till Friday, April 3, for Counsel to prepare his brief or summary of the Petitioners' case, and hand it in to the Committee. Notwithstanding this promise, on Thursday, April 2, the Committee, before receiving Counsel's brief, reported "leave to withdraw" on Bills 698, 699 and 700, representing the principal claims of the Petitioners. Not knowing of this action on the part of the Committee, Counsel on Friday, April 3, handed in his brief, as agreed. Thus it happened that the friends of these Bills, being thrown off their guard by the promise of the Chairman, as above stated, and supposing, of course, that not until after the time granted—April 3—would a Report be made, were either absent or unprepared when the Report came up for action in the House on Friday, April 3. The Report was therefore accepted without opposition and sent for concurrence to the Senate, which body, on April 8, accepted the Report.

We, therefore, as citizens of the Commonwealth, take this means to record our protest against a breach of faith on the part of a public servant, which we characterize as inexcusable, and to ask that, for this reason, measures may be taken by which the above-named Bills may be again brought before the house for reconsideration. Respectfully submitted.

W. F. Simpson, President Mass. A. C. V. Society.

J. T. Small, Vice President Mass. A. C. V. Society.

C. Asbury Simpson, Secretary and Treasurer Mass. A. C. V. Society.

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An Intelligent Horse.

Will Wadsworth owns a horse that children drive to school mornings, and upon arriving at the school house they all go in, leaving the horse to go home alone, which he does without accident or loss of time. At night Mr. Wadsworth harnesses him to the wagon and the intelligent animal goes after the children. If he arrives before school is closed, he waits patiently at the door until it is out and his charges are all aboard and then conveys them home. The distance that the unassuming brute thus travels alone is more than a mile. Such an instance of intelligence and sagacity in an animal is rare, and can hardly be accounted for on the theory of instinct alone.—Gibbertville Journal.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. Do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last year I sold directions to over 120 families in one week; anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and full directions to any of your readers for nineteen (19) 2-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc. Francis Casey, St. Louis, Mo.

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THY KINGDOM COME.

"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as 'tis in heaven,"
Yet when and how this kingdom comes, are thoughts but seldom given.
The earth itself is heaven, in part, a speck among the stars,
Yet kingdoms come and go, on earth, inscribed with human scars.
The poles of heaven and poles of earth move on by cyclic laws.
The suns and suns of suns whirl by with not the slightest pause.
Our breathings come, our breathings go 'tween e'en an effort given,
And still we pray, "Thy kingdom come on earth as 'tis in heaven."
Where is this heaven, in boundless space, to which poor mortals pray?
Where is this kingdom yet to come, from which we seem to stray?
All space is decked with wondrous signs, in constellations formed,
Yet plodding men scarce recognize these heavens with stars adorned;
With speed and might through space, by time exact, moves every star;
Yet man in mortal form perceives no motion, change or jar.
Still toward that kingdom in God's way, like on a ship at sea,
Man, on the earth as passenger, approaches Destiny.
The Aries of the Zodiac through Pisces will be passed,
And soon Aquarius will receive the Lamb of God at last.
The hopes and thoughts of man will change, "Thy will, O God, be done,"
The true Christ-cross will soon be reached and with it "Kingdom Come."

—C. H. Weber, in Astrologia-Sana.

Clairaudience.

From The Horoscope.

Dear Sir.—A propos of the interesting article on clairvoyance in your first issue, I think that a few experiences of my own with regard to clairaudience may possibly be of interest to your readers.

I am naturally of a religious turn of mind, having first discovered that I was clairaudient many years ago, when engaged in the act of prayer. In my case, I believe the horoscopol evidence of this tendency to be the Moon in Aries closely imprisoned between Mars and Neptune, all three receiving a strong sextile from Venus on the cusp of the ninth house. The fact, too, that Mercury is in Aries in sextile to Uranus in the ninth may also have something to do with it. I should be glad to know whether other clairaudient people have these or similar positions at birth? I think Miss Annesley is mistaken in thinking this gift is connected with the bodily ears. In my own case I feel sure it is not. It seems probable that every outer sense has its inner counterpart; that in most cases the fleshly envelope completely obscures these more subtle senses, at any rate in the waking hours when it is difficult for the spirit to communicate its experiences or impressions to the brain. But during sleep things are, I think, different, which may account for the surprising changes in our thoughts and purposes many of us have experienced after a short slumber.

The tolling of the bell Miss Annesley heard before she was otherwise aware of the death of Queen Victoria calls to my mind two things:

1. From the time I heard of the Queen's illness I was certain it would end fatally, as I could hear the "Dead March in Saul" distinctly played from morning till night, as well as whenever I awoke during the hours of sleep. When she died it ceased.

2. When living for several years at home with my people, I frequently used to hear the tolling of a ghostly bell. In every case shortly afterwards our verger would go up to the belfry to toll the bell. As in many cases those who died were people I knew nothing about and had never heard of, the coincidence was remarkable. Probably I heard the bell toll as the spirit left the body. But I am quite certain the sound was mental, not physical. The real bell would generally toll an hour or so afterwards. On more than one occasion clairaudience has saved me from serious injury or death. Once, when traveling to London by an express train, and alone in the compartment, I was leaning out of the open window enjoying the breeze and the scenery, when a voice said imperiously, "Sit down!" Being a somewhat self-willed individual, and reluctant to do so, I did not immediately obey. A minute or two after the command was repeated, which such vehemence, accompanied by such a dreadful feeling in my inside, that I was compelled to comply. A minute or two after, to my astonishment, I saw the door was wide open. I closed it at once, but owing to some imperfection in the fastening, found that it opened several times during the journey. The reader will understand that I heartily thanked my unseen protector.

On another occasion, when turning quickly round a corner so as to climb a steep hill, I had another narrow escape. A high wall ran along the road I had walked along at right angles to the hill. I always move quickly. As I turned the corner a voice said "Back!" and a power outside of myself seemed to throw me backwards, in spite of the impetus with which I was going. At that instant a runaway bull, coming headlong down the hill, shaved past me. It was all over in a minute, and I was safe and sound, though somewhat startled.

At another time, with my usual impetuosity, I was dashing round a country corner, fancying that I had plenty of time and room to pass between a lumbering cart, which was also turning, and an unusually thick palisade, when a warning cry, heard clairaudiently, made me spring backwards, just in time to see the huge cart wheel almost touch the palisade as the horse turned round the corner. But for that prompt warning I must inevitably have been seriously crushed, perhaps killed.

However, life is not all made up of excitements and escapes, and perhaps it is in the smaller details of existence I receive the help of clairaudience most. In nine cases out of ten, when I forget to do a thing, I am reminded of it by an unexpected voice. How often a sudden "Don't!" has arrested me when about to enter a room or turn down a certain street! But I'm afraid I'm very disobedient at times—a sad mixture of Balaam and Jonah! In these cases the disregarded "Don't!" invariably leads to more or less annoyance and trouble, sometimes serious, sometimes passing. Twice I have had a long

illness through refusing to obey when ordered not to pay an intended visit, though I was not aware in either case that the inmates were ill. Once a long friendship was completely broken up through spending a fortnight in a house against the wishes of my unseen guide. In another instance, when I could not refuse an old friend's importunity without rudeness, I went, and have regretted it ever since. Some years ago, when returning home from a walk in the country, my road branched into two—one direct, the other a long way round. As I was in a hurry, I naturally took the quicker route. "Don't go that way," a voice cried hastily, "you'll regret it!" But I argued there could be nothing to regret, as it was only a distance of a few hundred yards, and concluded it was an evil intelligence come to bother me. However, something very unexpected did happen before I had gone a quarter of the distance, which caused bad blood between myself and a certain family, although I was in no way to blame for it, the results of which seem to be never-ending. I consider clairaudience without clairvoyance to be a somewhat unreliable gift. If one could only see who it is that speaks to one, one could not be taken in by malignant spirits as one is sometimes. When pestered by a voice, as I am occasionally, I look at the daily astrological transits to the radical horoscope. By doing this I can generally tell whether my informant is reliable or not. As I write a curious instance of mingled clairvoyance and clairaudience comes to my memory. Many years ago I happened to meet a young girl dying of consumption. I had no conversation with her, and never saw her again. One day I was busy writing when I felt something touch my forehead. I looked up, and saw this young girl above me with a shining face. "I'm going to my own funeral," she said brightly. I looked out of the window and saw a funeral procession passing, and could distinctly see her father, whom I knew by sight, in one of the carriages. "How do you feel now you are dead?" I asked. "So happy," she replied, "but oh! so sorry for those I have left behind."

Fifteen years ago I lost a great friend, a lady I had known from childhood. She came to me a short time after her death in great trouble. I asked her what was the matter. She said that her two sisters would come to great poverty. Since then their father has died, and quite recently I have heard that the two sisters are beggars, trying hard to get into an almshouse. In this instance a recently dead person was able to see what would happen fifteen years after.

Once, when lying at death's own door through a prolonged attack of influenza, caused by a relapse, I suddenly found myself leaving the body. At that instant a bright being entered the room and stopped me, saying, "Your time has not come yet. The only thing that will save you is brandy." My sister came in just then. I could not speak, but pointed to a bottle of brandy my father had placed in the room, though the doctor had not allowed me to take any. My sister rang the bell violently for the servants, to hold me while she poured wine-glasses of nearly neat brandy down my throat, till I signed to her that I had had enough. From that moment I got better. Though not accustomed to drink intoxicating liquors, strange to say, that brandy did not affect my head in the slightest.

I was once led by clairaudience to do what completely altered a man's life.

One night I could not sleep for hours. I felt a strange influence over me, which I could not shake off. At last a voice said to me several times, "Thomas Lake Harris." I had never heard the name before, and wondered what it meant. The voice went on to say, "You will meet a man whose whole life you are destined to alter. Go next evening to hear Mr. A. lecture on phrenology. There you will see him." I knew Mr. A. fairly well, and called upon him the next morning. I took up a book lying on his table, and saw, to my surprise, on the title page the name of "Thomas Lake Harris." On inquiry I found that this and other books by the same author had been left by a young fellow for Mr. A. to read. I expressed a wish to see this book, and got a promise of an introduction after the lecture that evening. There were several men there. But the right man was pointed out to me clairaudiently directly I entered the room, and introduced to me afterwards. We became great friends. Thomas Lake Harris was an American Spiritualist author, with remarkable experience and powers. His works had led my friend to think of the other world, and to give up a career of deceit which must have finally landed him in prison.

I remember one night being compelled to get out of bed to pray for him. I continued to do so till I felt I had prevailed. The next day he told me that directly he began to pray before going to bed (at the exact time I felt so worried about him), he became clairvoyant—a not uncommon thing with him—and saw the room was full of serpents and other monsters crowding round him in a threatening way. He tried to pray, but was quite unable to do so. Suddenly, he saw me enter the room, stand between him and all these creatures, and give them a long harangue. He said I continued to talk till every one of them had left the room, and then myself disappeared.

Finally, I was the means of getting him into a berth when he much needed it, and arranged for him to lodge in a house, where he met and married a girl who makes him a good wife. But he cost me many months of suffering and prayer first.

I hope, sir, you will forgive me for troubling you with such a long letter. After all, I have only given a few isolated instances from a life full of similar events.

Yours faithfully,

Walter K. Lewis.

CITY OF BOSTON

POLICE DEPARTMENT

Notice is hereby given that every dog three months old or older must be licensed annually on or before the thirtieth of April.

Licensed dogs shall wear a collar marked with the owner's name and its registered number.

Any person keeping an unlicensed dog is liable to a fine of fifteen dollars.

Applications for dog licenses may be made at the several police stations on the divisions where the dogs are to be kept.

By order of the Board of Police,

THOMAS RYAN, Clerk.