



## GOOD-BYE FOREVER—FAREWELL.

W. J. COLVILLE.

Good-bye with ye forever more.  
This is the meaning of that song,  
Which often breaks forth through the tears  
Of those who dream that all goes wrong,  
When friends arrive or friends depart.  
No distance severs or can bind,  
Because the soul is far above  
The dreamings of earth's clouded mid.

Fare well upon celestial food;  
Drink ever of life's purest spring;  
Life in the consciousness sublime  
That every seeming change can bring  
Naught but experience which is best  
Thus good is found and all fare well  
Up in the fold of faith, hope, love,  
With satisfaction to angels ne'er tell.

## Astrology in the Light of Reason and Experience.

W. J. COLVILLE.

Whenever we stand face to face with the very ancient science of Astrology, we feel ourselves transported out of modern times into periods of remote antiquity, and away from our accustomed western haunts into the very heart of the deepest Orient. No matter whether the science of philosophy, or religion of olden times is up for investigation, astrology is found inextricably interwoven with all three, and it is safe to affirm that science, religion, and philosophy have always been and still are radically inseparable. Whether we turn our special attention to Egypt, Chaldaea, Persia, Hindustan, or any other far-famed historic clime, we are at once introduced to the Astrologer as one of the most important persons in every community, from the highest to the lowest and from the wisest to the most illiterate.

Among the Hindus who have since 1893 made a profound impression upon American audiences, not one has failed to admit that it is still the custom in India and elsewhere in Asia to have a horoscope cast simultaneously with the birth of every child. The Swamis, who have made themselves particularly fascinating to Western society during recent years, have all interwoven some Astrological teaching with their interpretations of the Vedanta Philosophy, and one of the best known among them (Vivekananda) often declared that his career as a preaching itinerant monk was foretold by the astrologer who cast the horoscope and made out the map of his nativity.

We are certainly not ignorant of the frequently attested fact that superstitions are world-wide, and that the long-time prevalence of a belief does not prove its truth; but while we are quite prepared to go as far as that admission may require in questioning the hoary claims to respect of the ancient science of Astrology, we are always equipped with a counter proposition, viz., the necessity for admitting some foundation in fact for the so-called fictions which have long possessed the intellects of whole races of mankind. A careful and impartial study of mythology and folklore leads every intelligent student to the inevitable conclusion that, underlying all the wild and seemingly ridiculous stories with which the literature of mythology abounds, every myth has a traceable origin in some fact of nature or some experience of human consciousness.

Astrology and astronomy are truly two in one, and though it has long been the custom in would-be educated circles to sneer at astrology while lauding astronomy, and many encyclopaedists have fallen into this flippant error, it needs only a very little intelligent consideration of the history of both sciences to so trace their inalienable connection as to find the fortunes of the one identical with those of the other. As there is a heliocentric and also a geocentric system of astrology, so there has been a geocentric as well as a heliocentric theory of astronomy, and only about four hundred years ago in Europe the geocentric view had taken such hold upon the minds of the masses of the population that the declarations of such illustrious men as Copernicus and Galileo were hooted and hissed by the popular rabble.

It is a serious historic blunder to suppose that Ptolemy, with his clumsy idea of cycles and epicycles was the father or founder of astronomy. The ancient Egyptians of more than ten thousand years ago, as plainly instanced by the famous Zodiac of Dendera, enjoyed an elaborate acquaintance with heliocentric astronomy, while the great Chaldean Astrologer, Berossus, seems to have known, thousands of years before the birth of Galileo or Copernicus, all that these noble and illustrious Europeans rediscovered and reaffirmed with such admirable boldness and sincerity. It is impossible to say when a study of the starry heavens first attracted the attention of mankind; but of one thing we may rest assured, viz., that all religions have a large

astronomical and astrological element within them, and this element is ineradicable.

Animal worship was never among the learned and the refined in ancient Egypt; the degrading superstition which its relentless opponents declare it to have been; but Solar worship was always the higher cultus, and it is quite in vain that some well-meaning but intensely ignorant writers in missionary papers attempt to prove that Solar or even Phallic worship was originally idle or impure. That the various religious systems of antiquity became degraded and corrupted as time went on, and nations fell from their pristine hardness into foolish effeminacy, gross licentiousness, and oppressive tyranny, as did the Roman Empire and Republic within the acknowledged historic period, is a fact which no free-minded student of history will ever attempt to deny, and that as nations and orders became corrupt, religious beliefs and practices were degraded and diverted into false channels, is equally self-evident; but notwithstanding all degradations the original status of Solar worship—of which astronomy and astrology combined formed the keystone of the arch—was as high as the human intellect could possibly attain.

This is a democratic age; we are verging rapidly upon a period of universal enlightenment, unparalleled in the annals of human history; therefore, we are engaged in opening seals and revealing to the masses what was formerly regarded as the exclusive property of the consecrated and gifted few. Knowledge in days to come must be so widely disseminated that no child on earth shall be compelled to remain in ignorance; in this respect the science of the future will differ widely from that of the past, even though no modern information can be proved absolutely novel. But though we frankly and gladly admit the widening enlightenment of this advancing cycle, we must in honesty declare that there are two kinds of knowledge—theoretical and practical, and while the first is open to all diligent listeners and readers, as it can be communicated in popular style by means of lectures and experiments in college theatres, the other can only be obtained by dint of the same painstaking personal investigation and experimentation which made its possession and accumulation possible to the savants of days of old.

Richard Proctor, whose works on astronomy are deservedly esteemed, though a highly gifted and studious man, shared a popular prejudice against astrology which effectually disqualified him from investigating its claims impartially; therefore, in his otherwise entirely admirable treatises on astronomy he introduced contemptuous slurs at astrology altogether unworthy the dignity of so great a scientist. Camille Flammarion, who is without question one of the very foremost astronomers of the present day, has no such prejudice to overcome, and we search in vain through his many delightful and fascinating volumes to find a single sneer at any of the psychic aspects of interstellar science.

Astronomy and astrology are twin pillars in the temple of science, and though we can study the former apart from the latter, the two are so closely related that every fearless, unprejudiced examiner soon comes to trace something of their logical inseparability. The heliocentric idea, which is certainly correct so far as all universal teachings are concerned, is based upon the theory of the Sun being the Parent Orb of all the planets in this Solar System, while the Sun itself, instead of being the centre of the Universe, revolves in company with other suns around Alcyone of the Pleiades which the ancient Egyptians regarded as the centre of the Sidereal System and toward which the towering apex of the Great Pyramid at Gizeh was made to point directly at the time of its erection, according to the calculations of several eminent astronomers, including Piazzi Smythe, of Scotland, LeGrange, of Belgium, and others who have visited that stupendous monument which unquestionably contains the key to the mysterious truths of universal Astro-Masonry with which modern freemasons may or may not be familiar.

The cold, blind, materialistic fallacy which makes this little planet—Earth the only inhabited world in space is too ridiculous and presumptuous to deserve attention or respect, yet, despite the testimony of Emanuel Swedenborg and all seers and sages before and since his period, many seemingly well-instructed people are still heard to prate stupidly of the other planets in this system as "those material bodies." Certainly all the other planets have a physical, material, or outward side or aspect even as this planet has; but every planet is psychical as well as physical, and while inter-planetary disturbances of atmosphere and much else may be fairly attributed to ostensibly material causes, it is all in vain to strive to overlook the distinctly psychical influence which one orb exerts upon another.

As we are often asked whether we advise students to take up the study of Astrology,

our invariable reply is: First, ground yourselves thoroughly in the root principles of practical Psychology, then when you have thoroughly grasped the necessary fundamentals of a reasonable system of anthropology, you are ready to take up the study of anything and everything that specially attracts or interests you. Volumes could be written profitably with a view to correcting prevailing fallacies concerning every subject which entrenches upon the much-disputed domain of human destiny and fate, and until we have some rational idea of the difference between the former and the latter, we are not ready to profit by so intricate a study as that of Astrology if we seek to apply it not only to public or general, but also to private and particular matters and interests.

Such truly optimistic as well as transcendental writers as Ralph Waldo Emerson, appear to have outdistanced popular views concerning Astrology when they have told us broadly and boldly that "Man is his own Star," and have laid claim to ownership of the Universe. To the thoughtful reader of Emerson's Essays they appear for the most part singularly well-balanced, for though the philosopher of Concord has on the one hand emphasized human sovereignty and individual freedom, he has on the other hand given great emphasis to the doctrine of Destiny very much as we understand it. For the sake of unmistakable clearness we present a few pithy, forcible sentences which may serve to condense elaborate class-teaching for the benefit of those who need a mental outfit before entering upon the wide domain of astrological investigation.

First, Destiny can be well defined as the sum of our capabilities; it is reasonable to teach that Generic Man or The Human Race can fulfil its destiny only by unfolding its infolded capacity, while concerning any individual member of the human family it is equally reasonable to affirm that he can only fulfil destiny by unfolding in its entirety what is infolded in his particular individuality.

Second, Fate may be employed as a word to designate the sum of our opportunities to meet and triumph over extraneous conditions, consequently The Mastery of Fate and the Fulfillment of Destiny are equally correct expressions. Though we could easily add a large number of valuable statements in this connection, upon all of which we might wish to drill our students, the foregoing two afford ample food for preliminary thought and study, and the two together will furnish sufficient mental equipment to the average investigator who is wondering how astrology and human freedom can possibly be reconciled or shown to be other than at mental variance.

The third chapter of the Book of Ecclesiastes furnishes a good introduction to the study of astrology, as in strong, concise language the author of that many-sided document has announced his conviction that everything is good and beautiful in its own season, and that success in life depends upon doing things at the right moment as well as in the right way.

Let no gifted seer or highly intuitive person who is safely guided by an interior light imagine for an instant that we are counselling any such to discard satisfactory inward revelations and run off in pursuit of any external lore. Our present words are intended for the average man or woman who has no developed consciousness of anything approaching infallible inward guidance, but we are prepared to add that should our highly intuitive friend study astrology with a practical exponent and demonstrator he would before long be marvelously impressed with the perfect agreement shown between the discoveries of the efficient astrologer and the findings of his own deep spiritual intuition. Astrology rightly regarded introduces us to a homogeneous universe, therefore it is not difficult to perceive that a true understanding of this venerable science can direct us to no conclusions in any way at variance with the latest and plainest inferences of modern science.

The twelve signs of the Zodiac, through which the Sun passes during the Grand Cycle of nearly twenty-six thousand years, and through which the Earth passes in every common year of a little more than three hundred and sixty-five days, have been not only fancifully but purposefully named to suggest twelve distinct types of humanity and twelve great sections into which human anatomy can be divided. For a popular treatise, "Our Places in the Universal Zodiac," we purposely adopted a title completely consonant with our pronounced views of Destiny as opposed to Fatalism, and we would respectfully request every intelligent reader to bear in mind the suggestive import of that title before proceeding to a more elaborate study of Astrology. We are all included in the unity of the whole and as "members one of another," we properly constitute a harmonic confraternity or co-operative commonwealth. It is entirely erroneous to think and speak of other planets or even

of other solar systems as though this earth were of different nature from the multitudes of other orbs which the telescope reveals and the spectroscopic minutely analyzes.

Spectrum analysis has already been carried quite sufficiently far to dispel the illusion that other worlds are made of different elements from those which compose the globe on which we are living, and this demonstration made by physical science agrees exactly with our insistent declaration that physically and psychically all systems and planets are closely correlated. Let the student who is now for the first time turning his thoughtful attention to Astrology refuse to employ any such misleading terminology as "under the stars" and all similar expressions which are radically irreconcilable with all the proofs and deductions of demonstrative science. We are no more under other planets than they are under us; we are a family of worlds and sustain brotherly and sisterly relations to each other. All such terms as malefic and a whole brood of medieval scarecrows should find no place in the vocabulary of the intelligent modern student of astrology, because they are without exception misleading and depressing even though susceptible of explanation by trained astrological casuists. Let us first remember that all influences of Sun, Moon and Stars are good though all are different, and the province of beneficent practical astrology is to teach people to "take time by the forelocks," "strike while the iron is hot," and do all our business in an intelligent manner recommended by the wise whose sayings mean far more than the unthinking masses usually suppose.

Such publications as Raphael's and Zadkiel's astrological almanacs, though not devoid of useful information, are very imperfect setters forth of astrological doctrine, because they print annual hieroglyphics depicting all possible disasters unrelieved with predictions of any bright events which can be foreseen and because in their daily directions to readers they give advice which it is impossible for all to follow. Take as an example, "Thy, but do not sell before 2 p. m." on a certain day. A buyer necessitates a seller and vice versa, therefore simple common-sense suffices to expose the inaccuracy of so impossible a direction. In reading individual horoscopes such recommendations are in place, and it is quite within the bounds of reason to find one person who ought to buy but not to sell, and another who ought to sell but not to buy, between particular hours or at certain seasons. General advice, to be salutary, must be of a character which makes it possible for every one to follow it, though personal private readings may properly supply information adapted only to the individual.

After clearing away the debris it is not very difficult to start out upon a voyage of astrological investigation, rationally resolved to extract from Nature some of those open secrets which she is ever willing to reveal to all who will earnestly and faithfully interrogate her. If any fanatical religionists declare astrology to be impious because no one is permitted to peer behind the curtain which veils the future from our eyes, all we have to say is, let legislators who entertain such narrow views attack the top of the prophetic ladder first and then climb downward; but if they do so the meteorologists in the employ of the government will be the first to be dismissed from their positions, for in common logic no lawyer can possibly prove that, if it is impious to predict a coming event, it can be other than impious to foretell the weather weeks or days ahead.

Bigoted fanaticism is the greatest foe to genuine religious progress, and because this foul weed is often cultivated in pietistic gardens, many noble-minded, pure-hearted people are alienated from religion altogether, and prefer to drift into tolerant agnosticism rather than be bound in the relentless shackles of canting, ignorant, religious slavery. If the Bible be searched, the Bible has no word to say against prediction in any of its legitimate phases, but that venerable volume does certainly contain anathemas hurled against black magic and all those phases of sorcery and witchcraft which have for their object the injury of any member of the human race.

To feel that we are in the midst of the stars, not beneath them, and that we are all so inter-related that we can by the aid of the starry scriptures of the skies learn something of our destiny and true position in the universe is elevating and sublime, but fatalism with its pernicious and depressing fallacies could exert no other influence than to rob Astrology of all its power to aid the navigator in successfully steering his bark across the agitated waters of terrestrial life. Business men everywhere are turning their attention to astrology today, and many of the most successful heads of firms, managers of theatres, and others in elevated and responsible positions declare that they learn much from their consultations with honest, well-

informed astrologers. This could not be if we were so bound in the iron chain of inexorable fate that we could not take advice, or by increase in wisdom change our attitude to an inevitable environment.

Just here we are ready to ponder well the helpful axiom of mental science. "Though environment be inflexible our attitude toward it is subject to change in accordance with our will." The Talmudists have spoken well when they have handed down the saying, "All is regulated by Divine Providence, except the conduct of man," and Alexander Pope spoke truthfully regarding the operation of the Eternal Mind when he wrote those memorable lines:

"Who binding Nature fast in fate  
Left free the human will."

The metaphysical theory of astrology is that of the wisest among the ancients, all of whom taught that man contains within himself all that corresponds with the solar system without; therefore, when we know how to regulate our own nature we cannot be controlled by any influences from without, though we are of course perpetually in communion with them.

The Sun is always the significator of man's spiritual being, and from the Latin, Sol, we derive the English, soul. The Solar Plexus, which is at the very centre of the human organism, and according to electrical physiology in direct communion with the most vital centre of the brain, is so named because it expands or contracts with spiritual expansion or depression, and as deep, regular breathing is the supreme test of spirituality among the Yogis of India and other distinguished teachers of practical occultism, we may reasonably say that, according to our breathing, must be the evident unfoldment of our highest or most interior selfhood. Sunstroke and all maladies occasioned directly by solar pressure upon the human organism show the subject of such afflictions has not attained a state where his own solar life is sufficiently unfolded to enable him to bear the intense action of the exterior solar ray. Sunshine is the best of medicines; sun-baths will cure more distempers than any other external agents or all combined, and we may safely state, that if the science of chromopathy were studied and practiced as it deserves to be, an immense improvement would soon be obvious in average human conditions.

The Moon, which is antithetical to the Sun in signification, is typical of the entire animal nature of mankind, and from its Latin name, Luna, we derive all such words as lunacy and its associates. Lunacy is directly traceable to inordinate regard for material things. The three chief causes for lunacy are inordinate sensual indulgence; grief induced by material losses; and the mad pursuit of external wealth, place, power, or honor, regardless of spiritual or moral consequences; and to the above classification may be added the false and grossly materialistic methods of competitive training substituted for normal education in a vast number of homes and seminaries today. A lunatic being one who has little or no control over his animal impulses and whose intellectual development is seriously impaired, or else abnormally arrested, needs to be treated by a calm, serene, high-principled and spiritually-minded person whose constitution is diametrically opposed to lunacy. Paracelsus, in his enigmatical work on initiations into occult mysteries, declared that the neophyte who would fain become at length a hierophant, must take his moon out of the sky, give it a bath, and reinstate it in his heavens. This hieroglyphical direction when translated out of cipher into common English, means no more than that perfect mastery must be gained by the candidate for honors over all carnal appetites before the state of the adept or master can possibly be realized.

The various planets, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, are all said by astrologers to contribute their especial quota to the influence exerted by the whole. Neptune, the remote orb whose journey around the Sun occupies about one hundred and sixty-five earthly years, is said to be so remote that its influence is well suggested by its universal connection with the ocean; Neptune with his trident in mythology described as well as possible the almost incalculable tendencies of the native who has Neptune for his guiding star. Genius is denoted by a prominent position of this planet in a nativity.

Uranus, the mysterious orb which often bears the name of the great astronomer, Herschel who rediscovered it for the modern world, takes eighty-four earthly years to fulfil one of its own. The influence of this planet is universally described as erratic or peculiar, and the native in whose horoscope it is found rising in the upper hemisphere, shows a distinguishing taste for novelties and is always apt to take his friends by surprise.

(Continued on page 4.)



## OF REST.

In the silent watches of the night, calm night that breatheth thoughts, When the task-weary mind disporteth in the careless play-hours of sleep, I dreamed; and behold, a valley, green and sunny and well watered, And thousands moving across it, thousands and tens of thousands; And though many seemed faint and toll-worn, and stumbled often, and fell, Yet moved they on unceasing, as the ever-flowing cataract. Then I noted adders in the grass, and pitfalls under the flowers, And chasms yawning among the hills, and the ground was cracked and slippery; But Hope and her brother Fear suffered not a foot to linger; Bright phantoms of false joys beckoned alluringly forward, While yelling grisly shapes of dread came hunting on behind; And ceaselessly, like Lapland swarms, that miserable crowd sped along To the mist-involved banks of a dark and sullen river. There saw I, midway in the water, standing a giant fisher, And he held many lines in his hand, and they called him Iron Destiny. So I tracked those subtle chains, and each held one among the multitude. Then I understood what hindered, that they rested not in his path; For the fisher had sport in his fishing, and drew in his lines continually. And the new-born babe, and the aged man, were dragged into that dark river; And he pulled all those myriads along, and none might rest by the way. "Al many, for sheer weariness, were eager to plunge into the drowning stream. So I knew that valley was Life, and it sloped to the waters of Death."

So I woke, and I thought upon my dream: for it seemed of wisdom's ministrations. What man is he that findeth rest, though he hunt for it year after year? As a child he had not yet been wearied, and cared not then to court it; As a youth he loved not to be quiet, for excitement spurred him into strife; As a man he tracketh rest in vain, toiling painfully to catch it. But still he is pulled from the pursuit, by the strong compulsion of his fate. So he hopeth to have peace in his old age, as he cannot rest in manhood. But troubles thicken with his years, till Death hath dogged him to the grave. There remaineth a rest for the spirit on the shadowy side of life; But unto this world's pilgrim no rest for the sole of his feet. Ever, from stage to stage, he travelth wearily forward. And though he pluck flowers by the way, he may not sleep among the flowers. Mind is the perpetual motion; for it is a running stream from an unfathomable source, the depth of the divine intelligence. And though it be stopped in its flowing, yet hath it a current within. The surface may sleep untroubled, but underneath are whirlpools of contention. Seekest thou rest, O mortal?—seek it no more on earth. For destiny will not cease from dragging thee through the rough wilderness of life; Seekest thou rest, O immortal?—hope not to find it in Heaven, for sloth yielded not happiness; the bliss of a spirit is action. Rest dwelleth only on an island in the midst of the ocean of existence, Where the world-weary soul for a while may fold its tired wings. Until, after short, sufficient slumber, it is quickened unto deathless energy. And speedeth in eagle-flight to the Sun of unapproachable perfection.

—Tupper.

## Through the Law of Desire.

LOUISE VESCELIUS SHELTON.

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## CHAPTER III.

As Joseph and Aminta opened the gate leading to the house, a carriage drove up and the light from a lamp flared full in their faces.

"Aminta, Joseph?" cried a voice from the darkness.

"Helena!" they both cried. They recognized their sister. She held out her hands to them and their answering greeting told her that their hearts were responsive. Helena's restless eyes covered the sister and brother over and over again while her statuesque figure towered above the gentle form of Aminta. The oval face, sparkling blue eyes, and fun-loving mouth (perhaps a little too wide), with its dimpled smile which continually quivered around it, seemed to play pranks with joy over irresistibly fascinating. Her head was crowned with wealth of burnished brown hair, which fell in ripples about neck and ear, wherever it could escape the many combs and pins with which she endeavored to bind it. The pink and white complexion so carefully preserved gave her quite a youthful appearance. In every way nature had been very prodigal with her gifts.

As Helena entered the dining room and seated herself in a wooden backed chair under the hanging lamp, her eyes roamed over the familiar apartment and its contents, but always returned to the two whom she had traveled four thousand miles to see. The evening rehearsal had left a strange influence upon Joseph and Aminta, and the strains of "Tristan and Isolde" were still in their ears as they sat quietly contemplating the sister who seemed to have come from another plane of existence. The dress of Helena, the bright boxes and trunks, the new things she threw down here and there, made an instantaneous change in the home. To Helena the loved cottage with its inmates was doubly dear; there was the same low ceiling and small square windows with draperies of white dimity hanging at their sides. The steaming teakettle was humming a tune to which the lid was merrily dancing; the house afforded but few luxuries, she knew, but it was as Joseph said:

"We need so little to make us content." The table was spread with its simple fare early in the evening, before the rehearsal in fact; all this, together with the general air of comfort and repose presented a quaint picture. What an old-fashioned cosy little spot it was to be sure. The entire house would about fill one of the rooms in her mansion in New York City.

Aminta had found her familiar place on a footstool at Helena's side, and sat regarding her in open admiration, for Helena was her ideal of womanhood.

"I suppose that you are wondering how I decided to come to Elm at last," said Helena. "The fact is, that when Mr. Bauer died, I was in ignorance of the condition of his affairs, and it has required my undivided attention to become acquainted with them, or I should have been here before. I have wanted to visit Elm, and in my anxiety to return to the old home, I can assure you that the last few months have seemed to drag along. You can well imagine how tired I was. Joseph," she said, turning to her brother, "for you know me well enough to understand what a relief it was to throw care to the winds and leave the rush and turmoil

of life over there to come and see you both in the serenity of the old home, and rest awhile."

"We are glad that you came," said Aminta, crossing her sister's hand, "and we intend to keep you with us and not let you go for a long time to come."

"You are living as usual under the shadow of this vast cathedral, with its gloomy niches and whispering corners," Helena said as she smiled complacently at Aminta's honest admiration.

"We love the old cathedral," Joseph replied with a fathomless look in his eyes. "It casts its benediction over us every day and hour of our lives. I would be lost if I left its shadow, and Aminta too, for she receives inspiration in its presence," and Joseph told her of his success as the organist in Elm, and how his hopes and ambitions were being realized as Kapellmeister.

Time came and went in the home, and Helena was a new source of amusement to Joseph and Aminta. Her vivacious, active temperament was in such marked contrast to their own quiet and serious dispositions. She assisted him in attending to the small details of the household as in her girlhood days, for it amused her. Then the neighboring country was explored in search of the old retreats and landmarks which they had so often visited together, and Helena learned to love her gentle sister still more deeply.

She seriously considered the plan of having the family united in her home in the New World. It grew to be a serious question, for the spirit of Aminta's tender presence became a daily necessity to her. Why should she not have Joseph and Aminta with her all the time? Elm was so far away.

As the days began to shorten and a chill wind killed the warm life giving breezes, an unrest crept into her heart, coupled with the desire to return to her home in America.

Her possessions owned her; the intensity of life in New York had fastened its magnetic currents upon her, and it would not lightly relinquish its grip; she grew impatient to return, but she would not go alone.

"Why cannot you and Aminta come with me to America?" she finally said to Joseph one evening, as they were talking of her departure. He was speechless. He, a simple music lover who delighted in poring over old manuscripts of which but few in America at that time had ever heard, what would he do there?

"Tut, tut! Helena, I was not made for the life," was all he could say.

"You should see something beyond Elm, Joseph," she continued. "Why do you not seek to know what there is in the outside world? Everything that you have here can be found in America, excepting the old cathedral, and then we can all be together."

There was a long pause; Joseph sat motionless; a rush of tender memories swept over him. The inspiration of the home, of the cathedral, of a thousand and one things that were life itself! As they sat in the darkened room, the restless movement of Helena's rocker was the only sound that broke the stillness. There was a sad note in Joseph's voice when he finally spoke:

"Our wants are few, Sister. We have enough for every need, and I think that Aminta is happy. We could not leave the old home with all its tender memories and associations for anything that the world might offer. It is impossible."

"Ah, Brother," cried Helena, shrugging her shoulders, "you are not weighing your words. The fact is, you have too many ideals."

At this moment Aminta came in and lit the lamp, and then as quickly withdrew; Joseph waited until she had gone before replying to Helena's last remark, and on his face there was a flush of resentment.

"You are wrong, Sister. We do not have too many ideals, that is impossible, for only as we live in the ideal world do they become realities."

Helena showed plainly that she still retained the spirit so well known of old. Only the material world appealed to her. This was why they were in a way so widely separated in their tastes, and why he found himself at times unconsciously shrinking from her, notwithstanding the real affection he bore her.

"We have time for everything here, Sister," he said. "You can continue your life in your money-grubbing world if you wish to, but leave us with God's blessing to listen to the voices of the soul, and do what little we can to interpret the music of the great authors of life. Here life's wings linger on the gentle breeze, and are not rushing and careering for mad flight. Aminta and I are happy; we are content with our lot just as it is, and have no desire for a change."

"Aminta is no more practical than you are," said Helena, voicing a scarcely conscious jealous affection she had for Aminta; affection which she did not even wish to share with Joseph.

"I have not much patience with either of you. The music of your violin and organ constitutes your entire world. Now, Brother," she continued coaxingly, "you can both come with me and continue to labor in your world of music, and at the same time be of great assistance to me."

"Ah, but Helena, it will not be the same. To give the best I can to the world, I must have my hours of solitude, for only then can I become receptive and then I can study. No, no," he continued, rising and pacing the floor, "the whirl of your great wheels of commerce would drown aught else! I must hear the nightingale that sings in these bushes. I would pine for the cathedral and for the Danube flowing by our side."

"So you think now," urged Helena, "but you will find other things in the New World which will take their place. We have the woods and the birds, the rivers, in fact, all Elm possesses we have, excepting as I said before, the Cathedral."

Joseph had been intently watching his sister's face, and it had suggested a theme, a new motif. Desire and Fear were pictured there. Her restless spirit would not allow her to remain much longer in Elm, and then there was the fear. He could read it, the fear of loneliness. When she spoke again, he noted an added earnestness in her voice: "I want you to help me, Brother. I need you; I have no one near me upon whom I can rely. If you could give part of your time to the directing of my affairs, only part, of the time, it would be a great assistance to me."

Joseph stood facing Helena, and at once grasped the situation. She was asking him to be her servant; to fetch and carry for her; to make secondary the gifts and results of years of study, to throw them aside and take up business? She knew what she was asking, but the artist soul in him shrank from the very thought. Lifting his head he looked at her. The intensity of his varied emotions surprised her. She had never seen Joseph so stirred. It was his turn now to sound the alarm.

"Helena," he said, "if I should accede to your wishes and go with you, we would all have to pay too dearly for it. If I once gave up my hopes and ambitions as a musician and composer, even for a time, the ear would become forever closed to the harmonies which are born through inspiration; then would come the mad search for oneself, and finally disintegration. Do not ask it."

Helena was dumb for a moment. What could it all mean, she asked herself. Could not Joseph hear the great orchestras of the New World, greater than any his city held? Was there no other song as sweet as the single nightingale sang in the garden? She looked at Joseph and thought what a pity that he was not like other men, more practical; what was he really accomplishing

anyway? Composing a few fugitive songs, an orchestral theme, a poem now and then. A leader of an orchestra! What did that amount to? It did not count for much in his world of things. What a pity he was not like other men. He would have been useful to her in so many ways.

(To be continued.)

## A Creaking of the Stairs.

All the little things went wrong at the office that day, from the work of the stenographer to a failure in closing a certain transaction. Perhaps it was because I was wrong somewhere myself; and I think I must have been, for I noticed the noise and clatter of the street which had been sounding in my ears daily for so many years that it usually passed without recognition. At any rate, when I got home, through with dinner, and into that haven of comfort, the big willow armchair, I sighed with relief.

I never could tell, afterward, whether on this particular evening it was a peculiar psychic state or the quietness which was especially noticeable after the day's turmoil; but in a few minutes an exquisite sense of satisfaction spread to every faculty, much as the soft, slightly stirring air through an open window touches the face and hands with cool, refreshing balm in the sultriness of mid-summer.

As I was a good deal given to letting the imagination run and concoct vagaries so whimsical that the senses were absolutely engaged, it was only what might be expected when immediately and delightfully my mind took up the thread of a fantastic creation, which some time before had been left incomplete. Free rein was given, because in this attitude I found a repose that lulled me to rest in a manner no chemist's anodyne might hope to equal.

What this particular fantasy was need not be recited, and just how long the pleasing revel continued I do not know, for time is not reckoned under such conditions; but I was suddenly distracted by a creaking of the stairs. I was annoyed and sought at once to relegate that feeling of lively interest which had enwrapped and borne me on, as a passenger in some easy-riding vehicle which others were driving. It was of no use. The attention had been diverted; besides, there was a creaking again. A moment more, and I was certain that some one was descending the stairway with all possible caution. As I was sitting, it was at my left, winding down past the sleeping room which I faced, and opening into the dining-room of the large, old-fashioned house we all loved so well. Father would never descend in that manner; and it could not be Rob, for he lay asleep in the room mentioned. I waited, breathless.

A slow but distinct footstep and a louder creak made me spring from the chair and turn toward the door. As I did so, my arm struck the bookcase and several china ornaments fell at my feet with a crash that brought me to a standstill. I was in my own modern home, and there was no winding stair opening into the dining-room. I realized that I had fallen asleep and dreamed of the old home in the town some thirty miles away where, very likely indeed, brother Rob, an M. D., was sleeping in the room I had thought so near at hand.

While I stood a moment feeling very much abashed, yet keenly awake, I distinctly heard once more the creaking on the stairway—and it was in the old home, too! I turned quickly to the telephone, for Rob and I often talked over the long-distance wire. His phone was in his sleeping-room, so that he could answer the night calls himself, frequently giving advice which would do until a morning visit might be made. Soon a sleepy "Hel-lo" came to my ear.

"Is this you, Rob?" I asked. "Yes, who's sick, A?" "Stop! don't call me A, or anything else. Listen, and then talk to me as if you were giving advice. There's some one making his way down your stairs into the dining room, in a stealthy way that suggests a burglar."

"What are you trying to say? Are you daff?" That is—how do you know the pain comes from your liver?"

I saw that he took in the situation, and continued: "Of course he stopped as soon as he heard the bell, and will keep still until things become quiet again. Now, you'd better give me some good advice and get into bed. The same noise which takes you there will cover your stepping on again. Go softly to your arch, turn on the light and make for the stairway."

"Well, you're got the worst case of nightmare I have met since I began practice," came over the wire; "and I think it probable that your liver is in a very bad state. You certainly require attention. For the present, put on a hot flaxseed poultice to relieve the congestion until morning, when I can give you an examination. Good-night."

He rang off, but I knew that I should hear from him in a few minutes; so I stood and waited. The old house had been wired for electricity, and in the room next Rob's was a switch that turned on every light, except in others' sleeping apartments. This included the stairway, and I knew it would go hard with any burglar on whom Rob's muscular hand was laid.

If it had not been for looking at my watch I could have sworn it was an hour before he called me. It was just nine minutes, however, when the bell of my phone tinkled.

"That you, Rob?" "Yes—of course it is—A." Each word came out with a puff like a locomotive. Your liver is all right, after all.

"Yes, yes; but what did you find?"

"I—where?—turned on the light and made a dive for the dining-room. Excuse me, Al, old fellow, but I couldn't help querying while I was dodging about (you know one's thoughts are quicker than his legs) which of us was the bigger fool—you to get me querying round this way in the night, or myself for doing it. But when I opened the stair door I took it all back; that is, I do now. I thought of something else just then, for there was a man on the steps scrambling up at a great rate."

"He had a little the start of me, since he probably jumped the moment the light was turned on. I knew I couldn't catch him before he got out the window and on to the low roof, if I attempted to follow; so I ran for the outer door, and got to him just as he dropped to the ground. I hated to take hold of him for fear he would knife or shoot me. Silly to think that way, but it seemed as if he could do it much more easily because I wasn't dressed. Anyhow, I felt ticklish in nothing but my nightclothes, and let fly from the shoulder, knocking him down. At the same time I called for John. I suppose I was excited and must have hit pretty hard, for he acted weak, and I had no trouble in pinning him down until John brought me a rope and we tied him up. Now you've got my story, I want yours."

"There's not much to tell," I replied.

"What I want is to know how you came to think there was a burglar on the stairs?"

"Didn't think it. I heard him walking."

"Al, do you realize that you and I once attended Sunday-school? You have something worse than liver trouble."

"Fact, as you can see for yourself, for you have the proof in hand. I dreamed it, only it was more than a dream; but it was not a vision, for I saw no one. The oddest sensation I ever experienced came with the sound of his footstep. You know I am interested in psychical study, and I believe that audition

in my dream and after I awoke can be understood on sci—"

"Yes, when we're shaded! Meanwhile—"

But here the central disconnected us.—Mildred W. Foshay, in Magazine of Mysteries.

## OPEN WIDE THE DOOR.

In the silence softly falling, Comes sweet angel voices calling To the loved ones here in earth life, "Open wide to us the door."

And in harmonies celestial, Speed they this world terrestrial, Bringing truths to souls receptive, Dear ones from the other shore.

And the pressure of their fingers, In our own so loving fingers, While they whisper through the silence, Clothed in love's resplendent light. In soul truth we feel them nearer; And in thought waves hear them clearer Coming to our spirit daily, Quickening sense to sound and sight.

Love and Wisdom! Light all golden! Dispensation new—yet olden, Coming to us through the ages Past, unto the present time.

To all hearts thy rays are stealing, Bearing joy on wings of healing, Bringing messages to mortals, Teaching lessons pure, sublime.

Five and fifty years have brought us Greater knowledge. It has taught us That the so-called dead are with us, Walk beside us day by day. And the truths they bring are beaming On our path of earth in gleaming Scintillations. Bright immortals Leading to the heavenly way.

And the light we here inherit, Coming from the realm of spirit, Gives its meed of worth and merit, Art, and literature, and science, All inventions from its store.

Through each heart and brain there courses Strong and mighty unseen forces, Stirring souls to grand achievements That shall bless us evermore.

Oh, ye true and noble hearted, Ye who in the right have started With an honest, firm endeavor That your light before you shine, Onward! tho' the world should blame you, There are loving hearts that name you, Tho' vile slander should defame you, In the onward march of progress Shall the victor's wreath be thine.

Onward, still the right pursuing, Strength and courage e'er renewing, Till the truth in all its splendor Shall illumine every soul. For the mighty in high places In the dust shall bow their faces, And equality and justice In each heart shall hold control.

Then, with Freedom's banner o'er us, And the angel hosts before us, We shall march in triumph onward To the corner-stone of fame. For a free and happy nation, Blotting out all creeds and station, In one glorious, grand Republic Shall write Honor to our name.

Hattie E. Carr.

## Living in the Cause.

Sensitiveness—Its Suffering and Beneficence.

The two most subtle influences or vibrations that touch the tender chords of the sensitive when thinking aloud or of the morrow are fear and dread—the fear of uncertainty and the dread of meeting the certainty.

We never know what is in store for us among our loved ones that may cause us pain. Misfortune, sickness, accident often come unheralded; and experience finally introduces a feeling of fear into our consciousness that becomes a fixity, which ever haunts us as something disagreeable in the cause. Such constitutes the fear of uncertainty, and is a bane to sensitive souls.

Not that it is an evil, which we should try to overcome; for it cannot be. In fact, it is more of a virtue than an evil, because it shows concern, sympathy and the readiness to suffer with the unfortunate, though instinctively hoping not to meet with suffering. That fear is as natural to the sensitive as it is for the non-sensitive to avoid the blow of a club. One is equally as painful as the other, as the experienced will affirm.

It is therefore not a moral to know how to overcome it, but how to prevent suffering or to know when the fear is needless—that is, when there is no foundation for it.

Thinking of those near and dear, our mind naturally waits towards them. If we permitted it to rest placidly on them for a time, their momentary state or condition would reflect itself in this projection, and impress itself on our soul-mirror in the same instant—space having no dimensions to our causal nature. Thought is ubiquitous, and in that sense length, breadth and thickness fade away. It may not be real in the absolute, but it is equal to reality for the individual operator.

Now, it is not necessary to be a mind-reader, so-called, to solicit information of a sympathetic nature. Feeling betrays this. As we sense a repulsion when unconsciously intruding and may or may not heed it, so we may sense a disturbance or a placidity in the vibration returning from our daily companions—provided we are not out of tune on account of that little morbidity of fear, which haunts so many.

When all feels serene, there is no cause for concern; and this assurance largely destroys that condition of uncertainty. Even the disturbed or agitated vibration can remove the fear of uncertainty, if we knew the cause. But this belongs to the next advanced step in sensitiveness. Experience may teach the nature of the influences felt; but by holding the vibration as caught—that is, keeping the nature of it firmly fixed in mind or thought—it finally resolves itself as an idea on the brain, which constitutes the truth of the case in question. Feeling is thought budding; and by permitting it time to grow it unfolds into a revelation that dispels the uncertainty and removes fear.

The dread of meeting the certainty constitutes the known duties ahead, as meeting a note, for example, a trial or anything for which we are not yet prepared. We know what is to come, but are not assured of a successful outcome. It generates a dread, which, like the former, may become chronic and inspire doubt, even in that which we are proficient or are enabled to master.

Of course, some natures can pass lightly over such matters, but their disappointment is all the greater in the event of failure. Yet it is very disagreeable to possess a temperament that worries in advance. But, as in the first instance, it is an effect of sensitiveness, which is difficult to overcome.

The only advice offerable in this case is to cast ahead as in the first. That is, let the mind rest on the duty to be performed, and note the feelings generated. If it leaves the consciousness serene, all is well. If the reverse, something else beside awaiting the time is necessary.

No man ever received light on a new subject with preconceived notions concerning it.

He must make himself receptive—negative—with the desire to be enlightened. This creates a vacuum in the soul-nature, exactly fitting the answer to the query propounded.

The same principle holds good in casting ahead for advice on the duties to be met. "Ask, and thou shalt receive," is a hint, which is not only figurative, but scientific; but one must question with soul-receptivity—that constituting a real condition for the admission of the light wanted. Passivity to catch the influence of the duty ahead, and a desire to know how to overcome it are often rewarded by faith based on facts.

Troubles always seem greater when the effect only is considered. Perfect results can only be achieved where the interior consciousness has an equal share with the exterior in the work to be performed. Misjudgment is ever the effect of separating them. Quarrels are due to it. We overlook the cause of little irritations and condemn when we should sympathize. We pride ourselves on principle, which is often but prejudice in the analysis. A faith is exalted that is bigotry pure and simple. The Inquisition has only changed its methods. Mental tortures are even greater than physical because they extend far beyond the immediate effects. We are pioneering into a higher mortal condition still surrounded by wild forests of discordant elements—a glittering civilization that is iron-clad against true spiritual perception.

Of course, there are notable exceptions, and the world is full of good people, but the percentage is small, very small, compared to those who reason on a causal basis—who penetrate to the soul of things; who study the heart; who overlook human weaknesses; who are willing to sacrifice material prosperity for spiritual wealth!

Are our governments doing anything towards disarmament—peace and harmony among nations? Do they not represent the people? Is this fact not a stricture on the mental passivity of the spiritually inclined and the sensitive? Is it a wonder that they suffer?

But they can sympathize with each other—both by giving of their light and extending a helping hand when necessary. The "widow's mite" is still a factor in mortal life; and doing ahead is equal to thinking ahead when conditions are unfavorable for the latter—charity and benevolence being also causal vibrations that attract needed light or comfort to the benefactor.

Arthur F. Milton.

## Compulsory Vaccination.

The Massachusetts Anti-Compulsory Vaccination Society having obtained the first decision ever rendered by the Supreme Court of this State, upon the constitutionality of the Compulsory Vaccination Law, I thought it might interest your readers if I made them acquainted with some rulings of the Court upon this important subject, and called attention by a few brief comments to its attitude regarding our exceptions and claims.

A brief resume of the cases should first be given. On Feb. 27, 1902, the board of health of the City of Cambridge, Mass., issued an order that all the inhabitants of the City who had not been successfully vaccinated since March 1, 1897, be vaccinated or re-vaccinated. Mr. Albert M. Pear, assistant City Clerk, and Mr. Henning Jacobson, a clergyman and both highly respected citizens of Cambridge, refused to comply with the order.

The M. A. C. V. Society decided to make them test cases. In case of Mr. Pear we made our exceptions chiefly on unconstitutionality of the Statute, and in case of Mr. Jacobson whose refusal was based on result of injuries sustained in previous vaccinations of himself and son, we sought to obtain rulings to allow evidence in Jury trial of injuries and deaths often resulting from vaccination. We retained as counsel in these cases, Hon. Henry Ballard of Huntington, Vt., one of the ablest lawyers of that state, and who was appointed by the Governor of Vermont on account of his legal and medical knowledge, member of Tuberculosis Commission of that state, and we also retained J. W. Pickering of Boston, a lawyer who has given much study to this subject.

Our choice of these gentlemen was influenced by knowledge of their thorough sympathy with our efforts and aims, and hence their work was con amore. The briefs presented to Court were voluminous and exhaustive.

The arguments before Supreme Court were made March 17, 1903, and decision of Court rendered April 3, 1903, and covers nearly 30 inches of space in the ordinary newspaper columns (so of course do not expect you to print it in full, but we have printed copies which we can furnish to those who desire them and will send us two-cent stamps).

The decision sustains constitutionality of the Statute, and rules out all evidence to show injuries and deaths resulting from its enforcement. We will now briefly comment on a few statements made in this decision:

Notes and Comments on Opinions of Supreme Court of Massachusetts as stated in cases of Commonwealth v. Albert M. Pear and Commonwealth v. Henning Jacobson. By C. Asbury Simpson, Secretary and Treasurer of Mass. Anti-Comp. Vac. Society.

We quote, "The right of the Legislature to enact laws founded upon the theory that vaccination is important as a preventive of small-pox." Here we have the important admission by Supreme Court that vaccination laws are founded upon theory. No mention is made of absolute protection, but only that vaccination is "important as a preventive."

When Compulsory Vaccination laws were first enacted in England, and also America, the claim was brought forward to justify such serious infringements of personal liberty and rights, that vaccination gave absolute and sure protection from small-pox and one vaccination protected for life, and because such foolish claims were urged by what was considered the "best medical authority," our Legislature was induced to pass the Compulsory Statute. The present definition would never have secured a Compulsory Statute.

The Court says, "The liberty of the individual may be interfered with, whenever the general welfare requires a course of proceedings to which certain persons object, etc." I certainly feel that I am correctly expressing the sentiments of the intelligent opponents of Compulsory Vaccination, when I say that we never argue against the interference with personal liberty in certain cases, and we accept, and urge such restraint as may be found necessary in carrying out methods of sanitation which have been and can be substituted for vaccination, viz: Isolation and Disinfection.

All such examples as the Court cites are negative interferences and cannot be classed with active assaults, which we claim is inflicted upon a person against his desire or wish. In all Court decisions that we have seen this broad and obvious distinction is lost sight of or purposely ignored as is also the case when upholders of vaccination defend compulsion with articles in Public Press.

Vaccination is an avowed intent to inflict a specific disease, viz: Cowpox, and in many cases results in injury or death. It cannot, without monstrous perversion, be justified as coming under the power of the Legislature to protect and preserve the Public Health. No other statute exists that authorizes a personal assault upon the health and life of large numbers of citizens who are honest and respected members of the Community.

In regard to the admission of evidence, as to injuries or dangerous effects of vaccina-



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## Editorial Notes.

## RECOGNITION OF SPIRITUALISM EVERYWHERE.

It is impossible to read or travel or to be in any degree abreast of current literature without becoming intensely conscious that Spiritualism, or something very like it, is receiving renewed recognition on every hand all over the civilizing world, for though as yet largely uncivilized the world is certainly showing renewed symptoms of approaching civilization.

The New York World, April 2, gave quite an interesting account of the investigations recently conducted by a member of the distinguished publishing house of Funk & Wagnalls, and though Mr. Funk has not committed himself to any exclusive acceptance of the Spiritualist doctrine, he by no means deems it incredible that Henry Ward Beecher may actually have communicated with him through a sensitive whom he has recently been interviewing. The story of the coin which had been lent to him by Beecher thirty years ago, and which Mr. Funk thought he had long ago returned, is certainly interesting, as every detail of clairvoyant description of its whereabouts was completely verified. As there is no antecedent improbability in the story taken precisely as it stands, it may well be accepted as an excellent additional proof that an honest investigator, following up investigations earnestly, can receive evidences of a startlingly convincing nature.

In our two excellent contemporaries "Arena" and "Mind" for April, we find most favorable reviews of Dr. Peebles' splendid book, "Who Are These Spiritualists?" which is creating quite a literary sensation, and the Literary Supplement to the New York "Times" has been devoting considerable space to Frederic Myers' great book recently referred to in these columns. Dr. Osmond Mason has shown great insight and manifested strict judicial impartiality. Mr. B. O. Flower has written very sympathetically as well as fearlessly.

It is quite clear that Spiritualism and its evidences are challenging the attention of the best minds in many communities at present, and though opposition continues from determined materialists on one side and religious bigots on the other, the thought of the age at its best and brightest is distinctly spiritualistic. We often encounter statements by leading authors taking telepathy for granted, and telepathy is only a phase of Spiritualism, because while showing only the power of one terrestrially embodied spiritual

entity to communicate with another, it undermines every objection brought against the fuller teachings of a complete spiritual philosophy in the manner indicated by Myers and others who, unworried by prejudice, have boldly stated the logical deductions from demonstrated telepathy or mental telegraphy or telephony.

## THE STATUS OF NEW ZEALAND.

Among many delightful articles in April issue of "Arena," there is one on New Zealand in colloquial style constructed on the basis of a recent interview with Dr. J. M. Peebles. Nothing can be more optimistic than the worthy doctor's references to the social, industrial and religious condition and outlook of those lovely, prosperous islands which are known by such euphonious titles as "Paradise of the Pacific"; "Workman's Paradise"; "Southern Switzerland"; "Pearls of the Pacific" and others equally romantic. Though conditions in New Zealand are not absolutely ideal, there is much in that distant country that could well be adopted in America, though it is but fair to admit that the comparative smallness of the population makes reform easier there than in more thickly populated countries. But Australia has an exceedingly small population considering its great size, and poverty is not absent from that island as it is from New Zealand. In Melbourne and Sydney, distressing industrial conditions sometimes obtain though, on the whole, Australia is much more prosperous than some people imagine. In New Zealand beggars or paupers are practically unknown. Almost everyone seems comfortably well to do. There is little ostentatious display of wealth, but a great deal of solid comfort. Wages are good and work is plentiful, and New Zealanders are an industrious, though not a specially "hustling" community.

Climate has something to do with prosperity, but climate varies immensely between Auckland and Dunedin, and it seems impossible to decide whether the warmth of the North or the cold of the South is most conducive to prosperity, as conditions seem pretty nearly equal through the entire length of both islands. Political equality works well. Women go to the polls and take part with men in all municipal duties without in the least degree losing their grace of femininity. Many measures of socialistic tendency are in vogue in New Zealand and they work well. There is a great absence of tyrannical legislation, and great freedom of thought and action, but happily no considerable display of lawlessness.

Taking all matters into account, it is scarcely possible to select a place to visit where there are more attractions and fewer drawbacks, and Auckland is only sixteen days voyage from San Francisco, and only ten days from Honolulu. A first-class ticket from San Francisco to Sydney and return costs \$300, including stopover privileges at Honolulu and Auckland. Living in New Zealand is very reasonable and very good, and the people are renowned for their hospitality.

Whoever may be in need of rest and recreation and can spare six months for travel and visiting in the Southern Hemisphere, will find the Australian trip much more restful and quite as economical as the usual flights to Europe, with additional trips to Egypt or Palestine. There is absolutely no embarrassment of any sort concerning money or baggage, and no wrestling with unknown tongues for the English speaking tourist, and without the slightest disrespect to European Alps and Glaciers, it may be truly stated, that New Zealand can equal if it does not surpass in attractiveness, the most beautiful and popular haunts in Europe. There is a charming freshness in a new growing country, which is not felt in places which have been so thoroughly commercialized that Nature seems to have been overtopped with business and with fashion. Dr. Peebles evidently appreciated the beauty of the land below the Equator and he made a very thorough study of its institutions while he lingered there.

## THE SYMBOLISM OF COLOR.

At present the topic of Color and its significance is exciting more than superficial interest and wherever one goes some inquiries are sure to be heard concerning both the hygienic and the occult meaning of colors in general and of precious stones in particular. In its highest, most beautiful and most abiding form, color is represented stationarily in gems, and it is by means of jewels that we can gather the fullest meaning of how colors influence those who are constantly attended by them.

Since the publication of Leadbeater's "Man Visible and Invisible" renewed interest has been evoked in the subject of the varying colors of human auras, and as this topic necessitates a high degree of clairvoyance for its complete elucidation it still remains mysterious to the multitude. That there is a color scheme in Nature, it is impossible to doubt, and nowhere is color more pronounced than in the human body. Healthy blood is red; when we are in health our nails are pink, and we all speak truthfully as well as romantically of the loveliness of a pink and white complexion and of the bronze hue which befits the weather-beaten traveler who has encountered storms and been victorious. In the ample field of the world outside, we notice sea-green and sky-blue, and we observe how true it is that every color is lovely in itself, though it may be perverted to base ends and then its luminosity is lost and its hue becomes dull and murky.

It must be an intensely interesting study to contemplate clairvoyantly the colors of the auric envelopes surrounding people with whom we come in contact, and it is quite within the power of unusually sensitive individuals to do this to an astonishing degree. Nothing can be more impressive than to sit quietly in a dark peaceful room in which there are three or four persons and watch the aura which encircles and emanates from them. In the case of very rigid persons whose mental lives are very monotonous there is little variation in the auric radiation which, in such cases, usually adheres very

closely to the person and though of a good is rarely of a brilliant hue. Extremely versatile people often generate kaleidoscopic auras and to watch their auric envelope is to study fascinating changes in appearance whenever their quick, active thought flits from one subject to another.

Leadbeater's classification of color significance is certainly suggestive and not at all unreasonable. Under the general caption Red, we see a clear beautiful magenta representing pure affection, a staring orange-red denoting pride, dark murky red displaying selfish affection, brilliant scarlet marking anger, and a very contaminated blackish red showing forth avarice. Blue has an equal variety of differences ranging from clearest raptitude which betokens pure religious feeling, to a most complicated brown and blue mixture, which displays selfish religious feeling. Religious feeling tinged with fear is shown by bluish grey, grey being always the color of fear and blue of aspiration. Love for humanity is described by pink and high unselfish affection by reddish pink. Green is adaptability, but when mixed with brown it portrays deceit. Yellow denotes intellect always; when very clear and bright it stands for a high type of intellect, when of orange hue for strength of intellect, and when intellect is of a low type the blue is murky. Devotion to a noble ideal is pale blue; devotion mingled with affection is purple; high spirituality is pale violet. Sympathy is a yellowish green. Jealousy is brown with red spots. Depression is very dark grey; malice is black.

It is indisputable that color exercises great influence over plants and animals, and human beings cannot afford to ignore its import. The colors we wear have more influence than we know or think upon our own lives and upon those with whom we associate. Much good could be derived from the practice of intelligently choosing colors both for dress and furniture with a view to symbolizing and suggesting what we most desire.

## WHAT COLORS SHOULD WE WEAR IN DEBATEMENT?

The wearing of black crepe is surely in no way conducive to any expression of faith, hope, spiritual affection, or confidence in immortality, therefore, as the custom has actually nothing to commend it, it should be dropped without delay and without apology. It is surely the duty of reformers and of all people whose views of life are in advance of the ordinary to set good examples instead of copying bad ones, and in no single respect can Spiritualists live up to their profession more reasonably than by instituting radical changes for the better in funeral customs. Some have already set a noble and consistent example, but very many people who confess noble sentiments are still slaves to most objectionable conventions.

A distinctive dress indicative of feeling and right sympathy may well be worn and a better combination of color than violet and white can hardly be imagined. Violet as the seventh and highest color in the spectrum may denote the final note in the scale of a visible terrestrial existence, while white typifying the complete octave may suggest entrance upon a new, and somewhat higher plane of spiritual activity. At any rate, violet and white will not shock tender susceptibilities; it has often been employed on occasion of public mourning and has received the sanction of church and State alike in many centuries and in many countries.

Any color is better than black, because in times of sorrow we need to be cheered and to have our thoughts uplifted, and black is, of all hues, the most depressing, and if people are seeking retirement from the popular gaze when they are particularly sensitive, it must prove the very height of folly to court notoriety by appearing in conspicuous and often ostentatious sable garments. When in churches and synagogues alike we see mourners draped in heavy crepe, we know that such a custom is foreign to the spirit of ancient Judaism and also to that of primitive Christianity. Purple and white are the colors used in many churches on funeral occasions and there can be no religious, as there is no sanitary justification for the hideous customs which depraved fashion exacts from its blind devotees.

## IS CREMATION BETTER THAN BURIAL?

While some very orthodox and decidedly belated Christians have opposed cremation by bringing forward certain invalid arguments based on some grossly materialistic view of a fleshly resurrection at the Day of Judgment, some Spiritualists have encouraged a most uncanny theory concerning the connection between the departed spirit and the body to be cremated or interred. While we can most heartily endorse all precautionary measures taken to prevent premature burial or cremation, we cannot see any cause to sympathize with a morbid and horrible belief that the spirit lingers about the corpse even after its interment, awaiting its slow decay, and even were there any truth in such a supposition, it would be the supreme act of kindness to burn the body as quickly as possible so as to put a speedy end to so unspeakably undesirable an attachment.

Probably the superstition has arisen from the very probable fact that the spirit has often been seen near the discarded body when intimate friends of the departed were there present, but such an appearance would do no more than prove that a bond of union still existed between friends though one of them had laid aside the mortal robes. In such cases it is far better to seek communion with the departed in the sanctity of the home, and as far away as possible from the associations of the graveyard. With spirit communion we may be in fullest accord, and at the same time be thoroughly averse to superstitious beliefs which amount to nightmares. Many supposed apparitions in graveyards are only phosphorescent emanations, gases rising from buried bodies which in no way indicate the proximity of the spirit to the tenement it has vacated.

Nothing could be sadder than the opinion of Bishop Phillips Brooks concerning cre-

mation when he declared that as he hoped his body had been of some use to humanity while he was working through it, he could not bear to think that its final disposition would be a menace to those who survived him.

The burial problem is becoming a very serious one in connection with all great cities, and the time is now fully ripe for the substitution of crematories for burying grounds wherever populations are increasing. There is positively nothing in the act of cremation, the least offensive to the most fastidious susceptibilities and the most beautiful religious services can be conducted in a crematory chapel. This much needed reform cannot very long await universal adoption among people who think and reason.

## SPIRITUALISM AND SECULARISM.

Debates between Spiritualists and Secularists are quite popular at present in some parts of England. Recently a written debate has been published between Will Phillips (editor of "Two Worlds") and H. Percy Ward who represents the English Secular Federation. The debate does not appeal to us as very strong for various reasons. In the first place personalities are intruded which are decidedly out of place, though we grant it is extremely difficult for people to sink themselves in their subject sufficiently to neither make nor resent personal allusions to which disputants are often driven to hide the poverty of their thought and the weakness of their arguments.

Mr. Phillips certainly makes out the better case of the two for Mr. Ward is most illogical and inconsistent in many of his utterances. It seems difficult to define a case when its avowed champion wriggles like an eel and drifts from simple secularism and agnosticism into the grossest type of vulgar materialism.

Secularism as a system which devotes its energies entirely to the affairs of this world and professes to know not whether there is or is not any life beyond the present, is a comprehensible and within certain limits, even a commendable system, but a Secularist who suddenly turns rampant atheist or flagrant materialist directly he finds it difficult to answer an opponent is too uncertain a quantity to be taken seriously.

The advertised topic of debate between Phillips and Ward was "Spiritualism or Secularism—Which is the Better System?" Secularism is not defined at all by Mr. Ward and some definitions of Spiritualism by Mr. Phillips are rather too elastic. The result is that a pamphlet is filled with unconvincing statements not always coherent.

Do these debates do any real good? Possibly they are useful to the extent of calling popular attention to great issues but further than as a means for arousing public interest they are of comparatively small value. So called Secularists are, as a rule, people who are determined beforehand that Spiritualists are altogether given over to vagaries and foundationless superstitions; their object is not to learn but to deny, and we know quite well how nearly impossible it is to convince anyone whose mind is set against conviction. Great good can grow out of friendly discussions where two persons of about equal intelligence, both thoroughly open-minded, seek to find the good in differing systems and incorporate enough of the excellence in a neighbor's platform to enlarge their own.

Secularism has a place and a use, but we want it genuine not adulterated. It is quite possible to concentrate the energies of a society or federation upon secular reforms without dogmatizing in the least concerning Spiritualism or anything that has to do with evidences of life hereafter. All reasonable people are agreed that it is desirable to improve conditions in this world here and now whether there be other lives and worlds awaiting us or not, therefore we can all work together if we refrain from stupid dogmatism on the one hand, and even more stupid denials on the other hand.

The silly wriggling of Mr. Ward when he asks Mr. Phillips if he has never seen or heard of a funeral, is no more than childish buffoonery. Men, like such ignorant debaters should study a few of the best philosophic arguments for immortality put forward by the world's greatest thinkers before they air their nonsensical cajolery in print. For honest agnosticism we can feel profound respect; before the great mystery of the universe many great intellects are awed into reverent silence, but for secularist debaters there are no mysteries; such men are cocksure that when the breath leaves their physical frames they are "dead and done for," at least that is what they flippantly advance in lieu of argument in their silly diatribes, but if such empty speakers could be approached in the silence of their own hearts, even they might occasionally be found doubting their own denials.

A singular man once started a controversy with these words "you cannot doubt that you doubt." There is more food for thought in these six words than in many pages of well turned rhetoric. To doubt implies interest as well as uncertainty, and the very presence of doubt or scepticism implies at the outset that there is an undiscovered realm in which we are interested of which we would like to know something, but it is veiled from our perceptions.

The intelligent philanthropic Secularist may feel that he is not called upon to pierce the mystic veil which screens the invisible, but that he is called upon to devote his utmost energies to improving the lot of his fellows and his own lot also, in the immediate surroundings in which he finds himself. Such mild and useful Secularism is neither pro nor anti-spiritualistic, it simply leaves Spiritualism and its evidences in the hands of others.

There is much saving grace in the good old word agnostic, I do not know. The real agnostic speaks only for himself, thus leaving all others perfectly free to discover as much of truth as they may through any avenues which shall open to them, while the agnostic himself is no stultified bigot, but an open-hearted, level headed man or woman ready

to weigh evidences and to welcome new light through whatever cranial light may yet come.

## WORKS OF THE SEER.

We have just from the press and bindery new editions of several volumes in the list of A. J. Davis. Many readers purchase the entire set of his works. It is noticeable that "Nature's Divine Revelations" stands first and prominent among the ever-increasing class of cultivated readers. "Death and After Life" by the Seer, is continually growing in popularity. The complete works form a library.

W. J. Colville.

## Astrology in the Light of Reason and Experience.

(Continued from page 1.)

Saturn, whose year is nearly thirty times as long as our own, is said to be the adverse planet, and certainly it needs no great stretch of imagination to connect Saturn with Satan. An old tradition has it that there was long ago a bright and beautiful planet where now the cluster of Asteroids is found; that planet was destroyed by some internal catastrophe, and after it was showered into fragments the poison of the Solar System was lost, and the influence of Saturn was too powerfully exerted upon those interior planets which were formerly shielded from its undue influence by the fair lost orb. Whatever truth there may or may not be in that tradition, certain it is that Saturn in astrology like Satan in theology, has long borne an evil reputation; the old Chaldean influence assigned to it is, however, only that of the tempter or the trier, and though it disposes toward taciturnity and to the occult sciences, it is no more evil when rightly understood than is any other planet in the concatenated chain of related worlds, all of which are essential to the completion of the harmonic unity.

Jupiter, always identified with the powerful Zeus of the Greeks and the Roman Jove, is the largest and most imposing of all the planets, for while Saturn is surrounded with dark rings, Jupiter is decorated with gorgeous brilliant belts. Jupiter occupies about twelve earthly years in completing one revolution around the Sun. All astrologers agree that the influence exerted by this kindly, radiant sphere is most benefic, as when it "rules the nativity" it gives to the "native" beauty of person coupled with unusual ability to occupy some exalted state.

Mars, the reputed "god of war," travels around the Sun in six hundred and eighty-seven earthly days, or less than two of our years; owing to its fiery aspect it is always said to exert a martial sway in consequence of which a "field of Mars" has come to be a synonym for a place of battle. Impetuosity is always associated by astrologers with this blood-red member of the solar family, and though it is often characterized as the very reverse of amiable in tendency, the higher view of its special influence assigns to it force, boldness and intrepidity of character, but not necessarily belligerence or bloodthirstiness.

Venus, the beautiful morning and evening star, the mythologic goddess of love and poesy, the patroness of all the elegant arts, accomplishes its revolution around the Sun in two hundred and twenty-five earthly days. Sweetness of temper, gentleness and grace in all directions are astrologically ascribed with a predominating influence of this mellow orb in any horoscope.

Mercury, the inmost of all the acknowledged planets (Vulcan being regarded as practically insignificant), quickly runs around the Sun in rather less than eighty-eight earthly days; its influence is well described by the word mercurial, which suggests quicksilver. Volatility and great love of travel may be fairly associated with this smallest brother in the Sun's interesting family.

All who desire to follow up the study of astrology must bear the above brief definitions well in mind, and if any of our friends are determined to launch out upon the wide, deep sea of astrological investigation we must not seek to deter them from their elected course; but to one and all do we offer the following maxims which may well be used as mental talismans whenever difficulties are encountered and fatalism or pessimism threatens to usurp the throne.

All influences and aspects are good though all are different. Let us seek to find the special good of each.

We, like the planets, must agree to differ, but never disagree.

Opinion, belief, fear, prejudice, hypnotic influences, and various subtle forces enter into and color our thought. We misinterpret sensation. We become the prey of our own fancies, and yield to the stronger minds about us. We are ignorant of the forces that play upon us, and consequently are not adjusted to them. We suffer, and we witness a vast amount of suffering which we seem powerless to prevent. But one law characterizes our conduct both in health and disease. The central thought in consciousness through habit, the direction of mind, shapes our lives, so that we really lead a life of mind. We live in a world partly of our own making, partly the product of all past evolution, both mental and physical, but a world which happily reveals a progressive order to which we can adjust ourselves in co-operation with the Spirit behind and within it, a world which has a purpose, a meaning, with us and with our individuality, which experience is trying to make plain.—Horatio W. Dresser.

But how can he expect that others should Build for him, sow for him, and at his call Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?—Wordsworth.

Dream not in the air! Go deep down into thy own soul and be refreshed by its effulgent light and beauty.—Ezra.



# Glenwood Ranges

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### An Explanation.

Sir:—I see by your issue of April 18, that our good brother Colville has very kindly announced that Mrs. Wallis would visit America this Summer. It is true that she contemplated doing so, and was planning to carry that purpose into effect, but certain changes have since been made which have caused her to abandon the proposed trip for this year at any rate, much to our regret. I therefore write at once to ask you to kindly let this explanation appear in the Banner as early as possible to save disappointment. We hope the trip is only postponed, perhaps for two years, not entirely abandoned, as Mrs. Wallis would be extremely pleased to meet our American friends once more. Mr. Colville has our sincere thanks for his fraternal commendation and our heartfelt sympathy goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Barrett.

Heartily yours,

E. W. Wallis.

6 Station Road, Church End, Finchley, London, N.

### Boston Spiritual Temple.

That an interest has been awakened in the subject of Mr. Wiggins' addresses upon "Some Fallacies of Christian Science," was evinced by the unusually large audience which was in attendance last Sunday morning, to hear his second address upon this subject. The following sentences are taken from his sermon:

"The mind's eye should never be closed, for all that it sees excites thought and generates action, and what the world most needs today is broad-minded, spiritually intellectual thinkers. He who voluntarily employs another to think for him is his own worst enemy. Any institution which forbids independence of thought is a diabolical foe to human progress, an enemy of the present as well as of future generations and arrogantly holds the brain of man in bondage. Any institution which attempts to do this rests either upon the flimsy foundation of selfishness or ignorance."

"The theological features of Christian Science assume through its pseudo-founder, to be the only true guide for both body and soul. Every mind should be true to itself as a first cardinal principle of life. Christian Science stands at the door of the mind to prevent the free exercise of the divine prerogative of free thought."

"A Moses in the wilderness was never more arbitrary, a pope in the Vatican more dogmatic nor a king on his throne ruled his subjects physically in a more cruel manner than Mrs. Eddy dominates the mind of her followers."

"To be a real Christian Scientist is to shut the mind's eye to all true science and expand the swallowing apparatus to its fullest capacity, take in 'Science and Health,' with Key to the Scriptures, and then like the snake which has gorged itself by swallowing a whole rabbit, lie in the sunlight of self-satisfaction, opening the eyes and moving about only when a new edition of 'Science and Health' is put on the market. This diet, in order to be palatable, must receive the salt and pepper of Mrs. Eddy's 'Retrospection and Introspection,' 'Fundamental Divine Science' and a few other Eddy sanctioned and written publications, which may be obtained if you have the price, otherwise the seasoning flavors may be omitted."

"Christian Science emphasizes the necessity of unity but denies every privilege to the unit, except that unit known by the euphonious name of Mary Baker Glover Patterson Eddy."

"To cure or heal sin, ignorance must be met; Christian Science assumes that all the ignorant are not to be found in the so-called by-ways of life, but rather on avenues and in the palaces of the rich as well as in the homes of the poor. This may be the reason why Christian Science has paid so little attention to the latter and so much to the former. Christian Science has been more successful in emphasizing its organic feature by seeking ignorance in avenues rather than lanes, in palace rather than hovel. The poor ye have with you always, and when ye will, ye may do them good." Mrs. Eddy, knowing that the poor will always be with us, and knowing that no such assurance is given concerning the rich, doubtless considers it right to 'make hay while the sun shines,' and attend to the poor later on."

"In raising vast sums of money with which incidentally to build magnificent churches with plumbing and lighting outfit paved with gold, Mrs. Eddy has certainly been a worthy competitor of the Church of Rome, but, in view of present complaints from the Vatican that Peter's Pence is dwindling to such insignificant proportions, it is to be regretted that she is not a partner with the pope, instead of being his most formidable competitor."

"Mrs. Eddy's statement that mortals love sin or love to sin, is a libel not only upon all mankind, but is a sweeping denunciation against the Author of all life; the statement, if made intelligently, would be nothing short of blasphemy and is proved to be false by the most casual observer of the chaos of the past and the comparative order of the present, which change has all been wrought by man's efforts to escape sin and appropriate the good. Her statement is against all Nature. Nature never led the mother filled with love to throw her babe to savage beasts or into the Ganges. Nature never led men to fight and murder their brother man because of some difference in beliefs concerning religion, but these, and kindred acts of cruelty were the consequence of such teach-

ings as led man to believe himself totally depraved; by the influence of such dogmatic littleness in religion as characterizes much of the proscriptive pseudo science as taught by Mrs. Eddy. Had the religious problems of the ages been left to the individual for solution, Bruno, Servetus and Joan d'Arc would not have been burned at the stake, the Dark Ages would have been lighted by the sun of peace and the world would have advanced much further toward a condition of individual freedom and equality. 'Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true,' that looking back, we may see the world stained with blood, and the best thinkers and noblest men of their time cut off by the hand of the ecclesiastical assassin, all because of religious intolerance, all because man was deprived from thinking for himself and all this in defiance of the pure, bubbling spring of independent thought within the soul of the individual."

"Mrs. Eddy says that 'All is mind according to the Scriptures and Christian Science,' but that the spiritual senses offer no such evidence, but deny the testimony of the material senses. 'What darkness the world must be groping in, what a strange God we are all governed by! Strange that the only senses with which a beneficent Creator has endowed his children, except Mrs. Eddy and her followers, should be only misleading! Christian Science claims that sickness is an unreal thing, that it is not even the shadow from reality. And yet Mrs. Eddy says of sickness that it is the schoolmaster, leading you first to Christ, next to believe in God as omnipotent, and finally to the understanding of God and man in Christian Science. How modest, to say the least! First to Christ and finally to Christian Science! In mounting the hill of eternal progress, sickness leads first to the base of the hill of Truth where sits Christ and then up its rugged steps, up and onward, higher and higher until the very apex is reached where in the radiant light of perfect wisdom sits Christian Science, guarded by the adorable 'Mother Eddy!'"

"Outside of Nature with her ever-heaving bosom of love, exists no God; outside of Nature exists nothing. Nature fills every interstice of the universe, and God fills all Nature."

"Mrs. Eddy says that 'Mortals should not concern themselves with the chemistry of food.' This statement is no farther removed from idleness than would be the statement, 'Mortals should not concern themselves with eating at all.' It is as important what one should eat as is the importance of eating. I am not unmindful that Mrs. Eddy, in order to back up and give added force to her statement quotes from Christ, wherein he says: 'Take no thought what ye shall eat.' But without her 'Key to the Scriptures' at hand we venture that Christ intended to teach the beauty of an unfeeling trust in God's boundless love and power to provide all mankind with food, rather than to abstain from exercising some discrimination as to the quality of the food and its chemical adaptability to human needs. If her suggestion were taken we might ere long find man eating hay and the horse finishing his noon repast upon strawberry short-cake. In view of some things taught and evidently believed by Christian Scientists I should not be surprised at such a mixture of things, if it were not for the intelligence of which we know the horse is possessed."

"Christian Science would destroy man's last doubt, and with the death of man's last doubt, perishes his best friend. An irrepressible conflict is on between brain and bigotry. The man who dares in the face of all denunciations of ignorance to stand for the truth and speak a word in defence of individual rights as against the dogma of any popular sentiment is beginning to receive less sneers and more smiles. This is because the era of truth is dawning, and when truth rises to its meridian it will change many phases of life and cover the faces of all humanity with a loving smile."

Next Sunday morning, in Chickering Hall, at 10:45, Mr. Wiggins will deliver his third and closing address upon the subject of "Some Fallacies of Christian Science." The evening meeting, was, as usual, well attended. The Elmwood Male Quartet pleased its audiences.

Sunday, May 3, 1908.

### Onset Notes.

Mrs. M. F. Ring of Providence, R. I., is located for the season in one of the twin cottages on West Central Ave. Mrs. Ring is a clairvoyant and test medium.

Dr. Hoot has bought a lot on the West Boulevard. He has purchased a cottage and moved the same to his lot. He has greatly improved the lot and also the cottage.

Mrs. Sarah Nye is putting on a large addition to her cottage on West Central Ave.

Mr. Otis Hood has built an addition nearly as large as his main cottage and put in all modern improvements. Nearly all his rooms are already engaged for the season.

Last year Mr. Gardner bought the cottage corner 8th St. and West Central Ave. He has so completely remodeled and improved the cottage one would never know it.

Mr. Geo. Musto and wife have returned from the winter trip to New York City, Washington, Richmond and other southern points, and have opened their cottage on 6th St. for the season.

Dr. Wyman spent the winter in Georgia in search of health. He has returned and is now very sick at his home on Highland Ave. Mr. Geo. W. Nickerson has been at Lake Helen, Florida, where he has built a cottage. He has just returned and is critically ill with malaria.

The South Boulevard has been macadamized and is now a fine roadway. Many yachts have already been placed in the bay. Fishing is excellent and large hauls are reported nearly every day. The Worcester Social Club have built a very large addition to their hall. They propose giving suppers Wednesday evenings and holding meetings on Sunday evenings.

Mr. Cyrus Peabody of Warren, R. I., spent a few days here last week and was busy nearly all the time at work upon his garden. He has had considerable new improvements made to his cottage, and has newly painted it. His garden, always the glory of Onset, is looking fine.

Mrs. Helen Robinson of Boston has also spent a few days superintending work upon her garden. Her lily pond is always admired by all who visit Onset.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Fay are at their cottage on Pleasant Ave. for the season. Mrs. Fay always has a beautiful garden.

Ronalds has put on an addition to his restaurant, as last season it was too small to accommodate the crowds. His restaurant is always popular.

Signs of life are everywhere apparent at the hotels, stores, boarding houses and restaurants. Renovation is the order of the day, and the air of Onset is fragrant with the smell of fresh paint.

The Association has had the grounds cleared of leaves and the cottages are being put into order for summer occupancy.

Crowds of people come in on the electric every Sunday and real estate men and women report many sales and rentals. Everything bids fair to be a very prosperous season. H.

### Announcements.

Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists, Mrs. C. M. Hartwell, president, will hold next meeting Friday, May 8, at Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Mass. Ave.—Circle, 3 p. m.; business meeting, 5 p. m.; supper, 6.30, 15 cents; evening services, 7.30.—Mrs. S. E. Hall will lecture and give spirit messages. Mabel Merritt, cor. sec., 35 Brookline St.

Nellie S. Noyes of Boston, clairvoyant and astrologer, will address the First Spiritualist Society, Fitchburg, Mass., Sunday, May 10.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Alex. Caird, M. D., president, Sunday, May 3, Miss Elizabeth Harlow, one of the finest inspirational speakers engaged in the work, will be the speaker. The usual circles, song service and concert will be held. Supper will be served in the hall. Miss Rhoda Ward will render vocal solos at the evening service.

Frank T. Ripley, speaker and test medium, has a few open dates for camp meetings. Address all letters to 404 E. 4th St., Newport, Ky., during May.

The Sunshine Club, Clara E. Strong, sec., will have charge of the services at Mrs. La Roche's in Somerville on Sunday, May 10. Home circles on Tuesday and Friday evenings at 30 Huntington Ave., Room 202. A. M. Strong, sec.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum held its closing session Sunday, May 3, for the season. It will reopen the first Sunday in October. On Sunday, May 17, the Lyceum will visit the Lynn Lyceum in Cadet Hall, leaving Boston via R. B. R. at 11 a. m. Members of the school and their friends are invited to join with us. J. B. Hatch, Jr., conductor B. L. L.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield Pettibone have been in Boston since last September. That they made many warm friends was shown by the surprise birthday party given to Mr. Pettibone, April 1. About eighteen friends gathered at his home. He received several elegant gifts. They go to Philadelphia to fill a month's engagement and from there to Atlantic City for a much needed rest. They will spend the summer at their cottage at Lily Dale. L. M. P.

The Stoneham First Spiritual Ladies' Aid, April 30 held a medium's social in Mechanic's Hall, entertaining nineteen well known speakers and mediums. Mrs. Townsend Wood, Sarah A. Byrnes, J. Frank Baxter, C. Fannie Allyn and many other prominent workers were present. The next social will be May 14. With a kindly greeting to all, hoping to meet again in the same spirit of harmony and sociability. F. A. Bennett, pres.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society, Thursday, May 7, Mr. Frank Gurney is to tell us "What he Knows About Theodore Roosevelt and the Rough Riders." He

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is said to be very entertaining and we may expect a rare treat. A whilst party will be given May 14 with four excellent prizes and two "boobies." Let us have a full attendance during this month, as the season closes on May 23. A cordial welcome to all. C. M. Mallard, sec.

### N. S. A. Mass Meeting.

Paine Hall, Appleton St.—Tuesday, April 25, was one of the most glorious days of the spring, and everything that could be desired. The N. S. A., through its missionary, Mr. J. S. Scarlett, held its mass meeting, and although the audiences were small, the talent was excellent and the meetings were a success.

Mr. Scarlett opened the evening meeting with a few well chosen remarks, greeting the friends in the name of the N. S. A. Mrs. Shirley and Mr. Simmons of Haverhill spoke briefly. The mediums, Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. Alex. Caird, Madame Helyett of Lynn did excellent work. Congregational singing was introduced during the session.

The afternoon session was opened with singing; invocation by Mr. Simmons. Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, first speaker, said:

"I believe thoroughly in organization. We should organize principles regardless of personalities. I hope Massachusetts will be to the front in this work."

Mrs. Allyn closed with a poem. Mrs. Swift of Haverhill gave some excellent tests. Mrs. Noyes said her Spiritualism taught her to speak no evil of any one and to protect all mediums. Mrs. Hattie C. Mason sang a beautiful selection and spoke briefly as follows:

"When we place ourselves in an attitude to receive light, then will we get it. I know there is truth enough to keep our grand ship of Spiritualism sailing along with its message of peace to bless mankind."

Mrs. Kate Ham gave many messages that were well received. Mrs. Belcher closed the meeting with tests.

Mr. Simmons of Haverhill opened the evening meeting with an invocation, and talked on "Organization."

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes spoke in her usual earnest manner: "My prayer every day is to be lifted near to the spirit friends. I do not want to bring them down to me, but I aspire to reach them."

Mr. J. R. Hatch, Jr., made a plea for finances for the missionary work. Mrs. M. J. Butler spoke briefly and Mrs. Kate Ham gave communications. Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, controlled by "Bumble Bee," said:

"I am specially interested in missionary work, because a spirit in returning feels like a missionary trying to bring the sweet word of comfort to you who are left in the mortal. Do you know, I think many of the Spiritualists have a wrong idea of the missionary. They think he should have his pockets full of gold and be able to give to the people, instead of going among the people to teach them of the love and goodness of the spirit, and to teach them to try and do good." Mrs. Soule closed by giving many communications which were all recognized.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter delivered an address which is printed in full in another column. Mr. Scarlett thanked each one who had contributed towards making the day a success.

Mrs. Whitlock sent a letter saying she was unable to be present on account of the illness of her father.

Thanks were extended to Mr. J. Hayward for floral decorations.

C. L. Hatch.

Let us be content, in work,  
To do the thing we can, and not presume  
To fret because it's little.

—Mrs. Browning.

## The Throne of Eden

### A Psychological Romance

—BY—  
W. J. COLVILLE.

#### CONTENTS.

A Glimpse of Sydney; An Australian Sunday; The Problem of Mutual Serfice; Body, Soul and Spirit; A De Lightful Trip to Melbourne; Melbourne in All its Glory; Mystic Order and its Sacred Rites; Dr. Lemoyne, an Up-to-date Physician; A Delightful Day in Adelaide; Last Glimpse of Australia; Glimpse of Oeylen, Again the Mystic Order; Between Colombo and Goa; The Caesars' Impressions of Australia; The Red Sea, The Canal, Egyptian Pyramids; A Visit to Port Said; Land, A Marvellous Instance of Potent Healing; Further Mrs. eries; A Strange but Glorious Christmas Celebration; Mental Science in Belgravia; Good G was and Telepathic Problems; Lesson in Occultism; Dr. Lemoyne, His Disciples and His Critics; Further Studies in Occultism; An Ideal Circle for Spiritual Communion; Mrs. Parrot's Return to London; The Mysteries of Palmistry; Through War to Peace; The Mission of the Sap phire Star; The Garden of Eden.

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### Mind and Habit.

Mind is a constructive and destructive force.

If the human mind is constantly focused upon a desire, with a positive will to possess or accomplish the desire, success is certain to follow.

I have often met persons of great age, and have always found that they had gone through life with the full conviction of living to be very old. This shows what practical results can be attained by mental persistence. I wish to give a few cases wherein mind has led to queer results.

I have already stated that this wonderful force is both constructive and destructive.

A soldier in the late American rebellion became convinced that he would be shot dead in the approaching Battle of Antietam. So much was he impressed with the thought that his comrades tried to dissuade him from it. When the battle came this man entered it with great gloom and depression, but to his surprise the battle had ended when he met a comrade who jestingly thrust his finger against the gloomy man's head, and exclaimed: "There, you are not . . ." But the man fell dead. At the sense of touch the thought had flashed—That's the fatal bullet!—And the thought killed the man who had so stoutly expected death.

Again, in the realm of hypnotism, a mental conviction is paramount to fact at the time. I once hypnotized a large, strong lady, and convinced her that one end of my cane weighed several tons, and that she could not possibly raise it from the floor. I never saw such physical exertion as the lady put forth, but she failed to raise the cane. I once knew a merchant who simulated the cough of a consumptive; the habit speedily developed into real consumption, of which he died. These facts are written to show that the body is about what the mind makes it.

The mind builds the body, and not the body the mind, as has always been asserted. A sound mind in a sound body is a flat of nature. I shall never cease this alarm-sounding till the world heeds the necessity of observing the value of mind and habit-training.

Train your mind and overhaul your habits, if you would be healthy.—Mental Advocate.

### SCIENCE AND

## KEY OF LIFE.

Planetary Influences.

By ALVIDAS ST. AL.

This contribution to the old but ever interesting question of existence marks a distinct epoch in the treatment of this subject. It is, in fact, much more than a science of life. It treats broadly of the development of the universe itself from a condition of elemental matter to its existing state, and coming down to our own solar system, it explains in detail the forces and principles which have operated from the beginning and which still operate to develop and mould the physical, mental and spiritual entities that go to make up the composite nature of man. The book is well illustrated with charts and horoscopic figures, many of the latter being of historical personages. It also contains a vast amount of astronomical and geological data regarding the variable stars, the precession of the equinoxes, the polar revolution of the earth etc., which make clear many of the phenomena and formations which have heretofore puzzled the scientists. "When the sun was vertical to the pole was formed at the equator and when constantly vertical near the equator the tropical debris found near the poles were covered with ice."

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## Wisdom of the Ages.

Automatically transcribed by

GEO. A. FULLER, M. D.

### PRESS NOTICES.

It is a book to be not only read, but read and re-read, for it is full from cover to cover of all good things, charmingly expressed in excellent form, and conveying many sparkling gems of thought to those who read it. It is a book that should be in the hands of the conductors of our Sunday services, for many of its chapters will form excellent readings at the opening of our meetings all over the land. The Spiritual Review, London, Eng.

A purely literary production it is faultless, while the teaching given, and the force with which it is imparted is god-like. Light of Truth.

This volume will be read by students of the occult and Spiritualists generally with great interest. Philosophical Journal.

It is a mine of valuable reflections and suggestions. The Progressive Thinker.

A great book on great subjects. Welmer's Magazine.

Its transparent truth in poetic setting, beauty of thought and loftiness of conception, rich imagery and words and phrases render it a book unique, fascinating and marvelous. There is no loftier work among the inspired treasures of the ages. The Sinner, Toronto, Canada.

The inspired Author of the book is held to be one Zerkow, the Prophet of Taskara, whose words and maxims are gathered into 50 essays of elevated and inspiring exhortation. The book is bound most attractively and the type is admirable. Journal of Magicians.

It is well worth perusal for its novel features, if a person does not accept any of the Spiritualistic doctrines included in its production and teachings. The Sunflower.

The style is apothegmatic; its teachings are beautiful; its philosophy grand. None can read this volume without sensing the sweetness and richness of its spirit. The Temple of Health.

The style is crisp and strong, the spirit vigorous and uplifting. In it is expressed the laws by which the soul grows out of the unreal into the real. Toledo (Ohio) Blade.

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Your book is rightly named. I have in vain expressed my honest opinion. I read carefully every word and shall find frequent occasion for going to it for what it contains.—WISDOM. Rev. F. A. WOOD, lecturer and author of "Ones and Spheres in Human Life."

I believe your book will have a large circulation. My copy I shall read from at my Sunday meetings. PROF. W. F. FROCK, author and lecturer.

A masterpiece. I wish every one could read it. A. J. MAXHAM, author of Maxham's Melodies.

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## SPRIT 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 special representative of the Banner of Light, and are given in the presence of other members of the Banner Staff.

These circles are not public.

### To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seances held April 23, 1903. S. E. 56.

### Invocation.

Out into the freer expression of spiritual life we would send our souls through aspiration and faith this morning. Out into the clear light of spirit we would wander and gather with joy and the fullest understanding all that is best for the soul's growth and unfolding. Away from all the misunderstanding, the ignorant conditions that confront and beset us, we would go and be so filled with the spirit of sanctity and truth that we may come back again and be able to walk upright and clean even in the midst of all these conditions. May our effort after knowledge be blessed. May we be so passive, so responsive to the infusing of truth that we will be filled with naught else; so filled with holiness and love that there will be no room for any other expression of life. We would through our love and hope take joy to all those who are reaching after it. We would give peace to the troubled heart. We would give light to the darkened soul. We would give understanding to those who mourn and suffer; we would have them see through the darkness the bright hand of truth reaching down its message to them and giving the blessing of all that comes only through understanding. May all the dear ones who have gathered here, those who yearn to express something to those they love, be made strong by our steady thought. May no fear upset the calm of their spirit until they defeat their own purpose, but steady and clear and true, may the message be spoken, finding its way as swift as an arrow to the heart that sits waiting for it. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

#### Tommy Lee, Kansas City, Mo.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a boy about fourteen. He is quite dark, with round, full face, dark eyes and hair. He has a bright way; he was always filled with plenty of life and vigor, and he really is the last child in the world that you would think of going into the spirit. He says: "Well, I wasn't sick. I came out so quickly I hardly knew what ailed me. I didn't suffer. I was run over; it was all over so quickly there was absolutely no suffering for me. My name is Tommy Lee; I lived in Kansas City, Mo. It is a long way from here I know, but my mother has heard about this paper and about the messages being given and she is watching for something for her. I wish I could tell her just how everything looks over here. It is a good deal better than the life I used to have, although I can't just tell her how it is. Grandpa and aunt Sadie are with me; they are both anxious to send their love, too. Tell mama it is too bad she had to be left alone so long; I hope it will be better before very long now. My mama's name is Nellie. Tell her, too, that I love her oh, so much, and I feel just as much at home with her now as if I had never gone away. I wish I had stayed sometimes because I could have done some things for her that haven't been done, but I don't suppose it is any use to think about it. I like chickens just as well as I used to. She will know what I mean. Thank you."

#### To Rev. G. Taber Thompson, Philadelphia.

The spirit of a man comes to me. He looks about thirty-five or forty years old. He is a little above the medium height, has blue eyes, dark hair which is a little wavy, and very strong, clear. His name is Charles; he is happy and bright and full of vigor. He seems particularly interested in the person I am addressing. He says: "I have been for some time trying to get into communication. It is not always easy to give the impression as we want to, but I have been trying to do so. Don't be afraid to keep on with the experiments. They will be successful after a little time." There is also an old lady past the middle life. She is slender and about medium height, with blue eyes and gray hair. She is dressed very plainly; she never cared particularly for the dressy conditions. The name she writes is Annie. She says: "He will know who I am. Tell him we are all anxious to have him unfold for himself. We think we can get to him definitely if he makes opportunity for us."

#### Will Carr, Brockton, Mass.

Now the spirit who comes to me is a man about thirty years old, happy-go-lucky, and full of life and pleasure. He says: "Well, why shouldn't I be? There is no need of putting on a long face just because the people I left behind are gone. They would not have them if they could know what I know—that I am all right and have been from the minute I came over. My name is Will Carr and I am a Brockton boy. Everything seemed to be full of happiness for me and I got what I could out of life as long as I lived. I'd like to send this message to Ella, who has the same name I have. I wish she would not cry so much. I go there and try to have her know me and every time I get near to her it seems as if she cries the harder. I suppose that is sensitiveness and if she will only get over it and just let me come and speak to her I can tell her how much and how real is my love. Tell her to be as brave as she can be and I will help her all I can."

#### Carrie Rogers, Warren, Wyo.

There is a spirit here by the name of Carrie Rogers. I think she is a woman as much as forty-five years old. Her hair and eyes are dark and she is as quick as a bird and seems to run from one duty to another as fast as she can, and always was one of those busy people. She says: "It is a pleasure for me to have something to do. I don't think I ever had much patience with

lazy people. It was not because I did not try to, but because it was so natural for me to be doing something all the time. I have a sister named Emma, and I want her to do something for herself. She is far from well and she is just in that condition where it seems to her it is easier to let it drift than it is to do something. I know she can live and while she may if she wants just as soon die as not it is just as well for people to live just as long as they can. There is no sense in hurrying from one life to another. It is better to stay and finish up the work. There is enough in her life to discourage her, but it is better for her to be there and be able to do something than it is for her to be in spirit life and wishing she had stayed to help all she could. I lived in Warren, Wyo. My father, whose name is Alexander, is with me and he sends love and greetings, too."

#### James Haskell, Hartford, Conn.

There is a spirit standing beside me of a man about fifty years old. His hair is iron gray; he has a very strong manner and very clear, expressive eyes. His beard is gray, and he walks over to me with an air of importance and says: "My name is James Haskell; I am from Hartford, Conn. I have been over here about ten years; I have tried on various occasions to make myself manifest, but have never tried to come in this way before. I am desirous of reaching Carrie. I thought if I just gave you the plain statements perhaps you could get what I wanted to say. I am not uneasy nor unhappy, but it seems to me rather senseless to sit over here idle when by effort I might connect with the one I want. I was always more or less interested in this psychic phenomena, never identifying myself with the work, but watching its progress. Grace is more anxious to return than I can express. It seems as though it would be the thing that would bring her peace. Just as many times you people are made strong by the message so she would be made strong if she were only able to give the message. I want to say to my family, God bless you all. It gives me extreme tenderness when I think of you and of what you have tried to do in my memory. God bless you, I look forward to the time when we shall be united."

#### Louie Marston, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The spirit of a woman about twenty-four or twenty-five years old comes to me. She is very fair and delicate and as sweet and pretty as she can be. The first thing she says is: "May I just send a little word to my mother? I am Louie Marston and I used to live in Grand Rapids, Mich. Papa is with me this morning. We thought it would be so nice to come together and send our love to mama. Her name is Rose; she is much alone and feels the necessity of getting some word from the spirit if possible. I was very weak when I came over here; it didn't seem as though I had any strength left to even breathe, and that is probably why I just slipped away, because I hadn't strength to hold on to the body. It was very strange those first days when I seemed to be drifting, not knowing where I was or what had happened to me. I remember Bill and Willy and Walter and often go to see them all and wish they could know I am here. It is better as it is, mama, although you can't understand it. I am your girl just the same and I can never go away from you. So much love I send you, and if I could make you feel it, I can assure you you would know you were getting many, many kisses from me, every night you live."

#### Charles Dean, to Mrs. C. P. Dean, Auburndale, Mass.

A spirit comes now who says: "I am not acquainted with this sort of business, but I thought I would come and say a few things because I can help clear matters up a little. My name is Dean, Charles Dean, and I have a wife. I died away from here and I have been trying to get near enough to her to have her understand that I am interested to see right down to her. It is pretty hard to go out the way I did and find conditions not adjusted the way one would like to have them. It is too bad, dear. I am sorry I didn't plan things a little better before I came. It was not an intentional slight on my part. Our child is with me and is helping me to send this message to you because you have been so blue and disturbed over things that have happened lately. It is useless for you to expect to have the right thing done. It is not as it should be and I am grieved and it may help you to know that I am. I am trying to get near to you and the daughter that is alive. Marion is helping me. Please send this message so it will reach Mrs. C. P. Dean of Auburndale."

#### Cora Bradley, Georgetown, Mass.

Here is the spirit of a woman of perhaps thirty-eight or forty years of age. She comes rushing over to me as though she was in a hurry and very eager, and says: "Oh, I am Cora Bradley, and I am from Georgetown, Mass. It seems to me nobody could feel worse than I do, but I suppose everybody feels the same when trying to get back. I didn't mean to come to the spirit. It was a mistake. It should not have happened and I didn't do it purposely, and I want my people to understand it. It was dreadful to die and be misunderstood and to be unable to write the explanation. I wish I might be able to tell those who were good enough to put the right interpretation on my act that it helped me very much. It was the first light I got. I shall be happier now I have said something about it, because it has been a constant burden to me ever since I have been over here."

#### Dr. Lewis B. Insford, Providence, R. I.

The spirit of a man who says he is Dr. Lewis Insford is here. He lived in Providence, R. I.; he didn't know the least thing about spirit return and yet he can see that all his life he was going into some form of manifestation of it. "I want," he says, "to reach Mildred. I find her troubled over some of the manifestations that have been given her and I would like to have her understand there isn't a single thing to be afraid of. She is a medium. The power is hers. It is something entirely new and I, myself, didn't know it was going to happen. There are those about her who see in her a strength to carry forth some of their plans and if she will yield to their influence, I believe it will be better for her. Tell her that papa takes her in his arms and gives her his blessing and knows how often she looks at the picture of him and wonders if he ever sees her. Tell her, yes, yes, and loves her just as much as of old."

### Transitions.

Passed on, March 23, Charles J. Nourse of 222 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass. Mr. Nourse had been an invalid for some time and suffered much. He was a veteran of the Civil War and a Spiritualist of many years standing. He was a great thinker on progressive lines and his mind was clear and active to the last. He leaves a wife who has been a constant and faithful companion and nurse, but she is fully aware of life's great privilege of communion, so it is not as a mourner she awaits the time when she, too, can journey on, but with knowledge and understanding she keeps her eyes steadfast on the other shore. The funeral was largely

attended at the late home on Tuesday, March 23, Elizabeth Harlow officiating. Entered into rest from her home in Union Springs, N. Y., March 14, 1903. Mrs. Margaret Smith Graves. She was born at Williamsville, Erie Co., N. Y., in 1821. The grand principles of Spiritualism had brightened her pathway in life for many years and the "Banner" had long been a never failing source of enjoyment. She was possessed of superior intellect and a charitable disposition. "None knew her but to love her." At her request her remains were taken to Buffalo for incineration, and the ashes deposited in the grave with her father at Williamsville. He was laid to rest sixty-seven years ago. Mrs. L. A. Sherman, Munnsville, N. Y., My dear mother, Mrs. H. H. Chase, passed to a higher life on April 11 from the home of my sister in Portland, where she was visiting. We brought her remains to her own home in Winterport, Me., where a large number of her old friends and neighbors listened to a very touching discourse by Nellie Chase of Hermon. Mother has been a firm believer in Spiritualism for forty years and it was a great comfort to her through her illness to feel that her loved ones (who were many) were near her and ready to receive her when she passed on.

Mrs. Everett Bartlett.

### LIFE HERE AND IN THE OTHERWHERE.

Invocation given by Mina, Vera Hughes of Brooklyn, N. Y., to First Church of Spiritualists, Philadelphia, and printed by request.

Our Father, God! The Great Spirit! We know Thou art with us, art here; To be absent would be beyond reason For are we not all in the Here?

And where is the Otherwhere, Father, But in the vague theory thought Which separates Mind from the thinking And God from the work He has wrought?

We come not unto Thy Presence, We beg not for our "Daily Bread"— We never were hid from Thy Vision We've gathered the "stones" instead.

It only awaited our taking— While Guidance, and knowledge and choice Were waiting before e'en our asking To grant, and make us rejoice.

In the cold, gray dawn of the morning, Our lack of all that coldness feels, Till we see thro' receding darkness The light which the shadow conceals.

All day we watch for that guidance, For the Voice of the Angel we list, Whose tones with unquestioning clearness Ring thro' the Earth's shadow mist.

Each heart as it waits now before Thee, Each soul that feels its own need, Draws from that Infinite Plenty In thought, act and word and deed.

For why should we tell Thee, Our Father, What already too well is known— Thou hearest us not for much speaking, Thy giving, thro' taking is shown.

We praise Thee for this Life immortal— For knowledge of Infinite Whole, That unites in One Great Eternal Each Spirit, each body, each soul.

To the heart all crushed in its sorrow, To the soul that is tired of strife, We bring the Peace of Thy promise And clothe them with Infinite Life.

### Apotheosis of Alexander Aksakof.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

The departure of this large and loyal spirit is an event rich with profoundest significance. It means the ascension of one of the noblest and best of living men. He was at all times deeply impressed with the divine desire to aid all humanity to participate in the boon of possessing Truth. He was early a receiver of the comprehensive and sacred teachings of the great Seer, Swedenborg; but the extraordinary involutions and disclosures of that master mind, illuminated as it was, did not overwhelm the analytical thinking faculties of Alexander Aksakof. Referring to the Swedish author, he wrote (1857, see Appendix to "Events in the Life of a Seer"): "Swedenborg had effected his work of intellectual and moral emancipation in me, but to my present convictions the Harmonical philosophy comes nearest to the truth." Prompted by feelings of the profoundest gratitude, he translated the works of the illuminated Swedenborg. Impressed in like manner with deepest thankfulness, he subsequently produced in the German language the principal volumes in the "Harmonical" series. As to their teachings, he said, they might be called "spiritualistic rationalism." In his own great country, Russia, all writings and speech and actions were under the strictest control of the Government. He could not get the Public Censor to permit the publication of the works of Kardec; thus, he says, "I must do all my work for truth and humanity on a foreign soil."

For more than forty years this magnanimous soul continued his masterly efforts, ever and always for "the truth." "Even in Russia," he said, "I can see no reason why the phenomenal part of Spiritualism should remain unknown. The sensational demonstrations of immortality cannot but do service to any system of religion. Under this conviction, and lifted high by his profound reverence for whatever is truth, he devoted his entire noble nature and appropriated very largely his material wealth to the sublime work of opening wider and higher the doors and windows of the temple of Truth."

Suffering, day and night for years, exquisite pain arising from nervous affections—almost sightless, threatened with the recurring symptoms of paralysis—filled with physical agonies; yet, through it all, and with the unselfish devotion of an angel of love and wisdom, he continued to write and dictate, and to publish in books and magazines the "facts" in Modern Spiritualism, and to overthrow in all rational minds the soulless doctrines of materialism.

When he commenced his philanthropic efforts in Spiritualism he knew of but one friendly person—the Professor of Philosophy of the University of Moscow. But before his apotheosis he could count scores of sympathizers among the most scientific and learned men and women of Europe.

From 1857 to 1901 (forty-four years!) I had the honor and delight of receiving beautiful and delicately worded letters from Mr. Aksakof, for our correspondence seldom exceeded one letter a year. In his last (August, 1901) from the Republic of Geneva, of Geneva, Russia, he described his falling bodily strength; yet his exalted and unselfish spirit expressed an unchangeable devotion to the basic realities of Spiritualism, and he said: "In September I hope to return to St. Petersburg, and there to find some words from you, because I want to know what you are doing and thinking."

We are each and all traveling the same road that leads through the solemnities and silence of a chemical change (called "death"), away from this shadowy world, up and beyond into a world of diversified ultimates, from the winterland of Russia to the sum-

merland of Heaven. May we all live and work as constantly and faithfully as did Alexander Aksakof—leaving behind us a brilliant path (few thorns, many roses) along which others may journey aloft, devoted, to truth for truth's own sake.—From "Light," London, Eng.

### The Song of the Cross and the Chant of the Labor of Satan.

JAMES MACBETH.

The book is dedicated to the Catholic brotherhood and sisterhood of the service of Love, and the same Catholic is not restricted to the Roman, Greek or any other exclusive, self ordained church, but applies to the universal, spiritual church of Christ, and any simple minded disciple of the Great Master, whether of the Greek, Roman, Protestant, Buddhist, Mohammedan, Theosophist or Spiritualist, will find here some word of comfort, of encouragement in his efforts to develop the immortal spirit within until Nirvana, the Sun of Love, is his blest abode forever.

The Song of the Cross is a beautiful mystic poem in which we see the evolution through suffering from the animal plane to the psychic and to the spiritual plane. One canto is: Song of Fire and of Love. Oh! fire of the love of God we will sing of these! O holy wedlock we will chant thy joys. This fire may be painful during the purifying process, but it becomes wonderfully sweet and invigorating.

Then we have 'The Song of the Gardener. O soul I am He that saveth thee! Thou art my garden, the winds of spring, the frost of winter, the rains of autumn and the sun of summer have been a blessing to thee, thou bearest much fruit, and I rejoice to see many come to thee to find the fruit needed for their refreshment.

The garden answers: O Mother-God thou hast taught me that it is only by suffering, by the way of the cross that man is made fit to enter the realm of thy life, the ever blessed, the lovely. The cross is called the tree of life that yields the fruit of blessing of which all can partake, for plenteous is the fruit of love, borne in the Christ-soul, and it is the life of all that generates.

Next is a song to "The Christ-child" describing in beautiful imagery the labors, the humiliation and the sufferings of Christ as the suffering body of humanity, and then the Christ speaks the word of health to the soul of man, saying: By the word of truth I will be your Savior; you die because you hold not the truth, but the power of my word of truth will redeem you from your delusions. Then follows a short song: O, Soil of the Race, tell us that the humus, the soil of the race is greatly beloved by the Christ-soul, and inviting men to come and accept of Christ's new life and abundant health, so we may be one in him.

The last song of the cross is: Behold my Hands and my Feet. This teaches that the poor are dear to God. The writer asks: Would you know why I so love you, why your broken, tollworn, uncomely bodies are more dear to me than the delicate bodies of the children of wealth? Because you are Christ's own suffering body, in you all I see the one whom I love. This is the end of the song of the cross, yet must we continue to sing it through life.

We have next: A Needed Word of Light. This is a word of warning to all who study the spiritual in its manifestations to distinguish between the psychical and the spiritual. The psychical is as the fine flower of ethereal outgoing of the physical, and out of its soil grows the finer flower of the "spiritual mind," but ethereal though it be, it cannot create; it is in and of the sphere of manifestations, whereas the essential-spiritual is of that which is manifested—the creator-spirit which cannot be seen but through the psychic form, which is the garmenting of the spirit. He holds that the psychic, soul, may be lost, we have every reason to believe that the wasted robing of the spirit passes evenly into the soil of the psychic realm and there absorbed. Or the affections are such as must, in the order of development, generate the fire of hell, their body must be consumed away, and the spirit will suffer in this process of consuming so long as that soul contains the elements of burning until this soul of his past life has been lost to him. Then the spirit is indeed poor and naked and his work will then naturally be to create for his garment a new soul of divine desires.

Christ says: What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul? The man may indeed lose his soul, and be the poorer for the loss, but the real man, i. e., the spirit, will not be lost, and you are referred to your Bible for proof. Let the psychical be taken for what it is, and used accordingly, but let it remain the servant of the spirit, for such is the holy Will. Let Psyche then serve Pneuma, and their work will be one of power and their union strength. In seeking psychic power as an end in itself, or for any spiritual good for the use of self, there is great danger, while seeking and using it for the good use of our fellowmen, we walk in the way of divine health.

The next chapter is entitled: This is My Body. When we realize that all that is manifest to our senses, as well as all that is not manifest, is the body of God, we are filled with love and reverence for all creation. As truly as the race of mankind is the human body of God, so truly is the brute kind the brute body of God, the plant kind the plant body of God; it is all the forth-coming of the spirit, for such is the manifesting of the sustaining Will. So when we eat of the food that nourishes the flesh, if we do so intelligently, we shall feel that we are actually breaking and absorbing in our body of the substance of God. Every meal we partake of will thus be sacramental. This is the only interpretation of the beautiful words and symbolism of the communal part of brotherhood called The Lord's Supper. With what grander meaning the realization of this truth will invest that too often meaningless word, the brotherhood of man! How much kinder we should be to the brute creation! How delightful will become service, even to the plants which exhale the fragrance and the beauty of the body of God? I am lost in wonder and praise.

Sleeping and Awakening is a chapter on death; it is truthfully portrayed not as the last enemy, but as an absolute good in the order of creation, a beautiful work in the Divine economy of nature. The working of the natural affection of love rests on the same principle. He who truly loves dies to self and lives in his mate; so as in this work of true love a sweetness comes from the unselfing of one's self, a deep peace and rest pass over the soul as the sure fruit of giving of one's self away, so in dying, a great sweetness likely arises in the soul, and the sensation of parting with the selfhood in our body's life may be an exquisite delight. Surely the last breath is a sigh of relief. We know that death is not a punishment for sin, but a necessary step in the career of the soul, the way to its upward and onward unfolding.

Veni Creator is a short and beautiful invocation and praise to the creating spirit. The Latin has a hymn, "Veni Creator Spiritus," sung only on special occasions, but it sounds tame alongside of the brother's inspired poem.

Before commencing the chant on The Labor of Satan, the author has a foreword

to define his position. No one can deny that the world, as a whole, is laboring under the yoke of Satan. The great mass of mankind is yet in the hell-state spiritually. By the hell-state he means the crude, undeveloped, low, infernal state of the self-centered, self-held, self-enclosed personality. By Satan he understands the name not of a personality but of a spiritual potency, who is the union of all the powers of a so-called evil working in the hell of negation. He is no devil, as he believes that God only is; "evil" is but the want of the good, as darkness is the want of light, and ignorance the want of knowledge. No two gods contest the throne of the universe. For there is only One, and in Him all that has being is. What is called satanic will yet cease to be as a phase or expression of existence, so that God will be all in all.

While the satanic will be only negative in effect, is not the will of God, yet it is made to serve God in our lives, as the ancient seer has said: "He caught even the wrath of man to do his will." For it is only by the trying of temptation that we realize our weakness, and often it is only by failing that we become humble, and it is the first step to health, for by a heavy fall we may be brought to our senses, realize our true condition, and turn from it with loathing. This is the divine work of sin in our souls, and thus the labors of Satan will ultimately be brought to nought.

Then comes a song of praise, "gaudeamus, liberator est humanitas." Let us rejoice, humanity is delivered. Ye priests of God, ye seers of things, ye leaders of free thought, ye prophets of truth, all ye of the brotherhood of service, sing, sing for the fruit of your soul's anguish is now given unto mankind.

The third part is all of songs of joy and sorrow, and while I cannot say to what class of poetry they belong, they are all beautiful and they all sing of love, as I was reading them my heart beat in unison with the heart of the writer.

This review might be extended to great length, but enough has been said to whet the appetite of earnest students of the beautiful and true, and my hope is that there will be such demand as will justify the printing of an American edition.

Fred de Bos.

Order of Banner of Light Publishing Co.

### What a Woman of Forty-five Ought to Know.

MRS. EMMA F. ANGELL DRAKE, M. D.

Few books have been written on this subject, and they were written for doctor's use; owing to ignorance on this subject, and to the innate modesty of woman to speak to a physician on such matter, thousands of women have endured great sufferings, many have died, and many more, instead of enjoying years of good health and of usefulness have remained invalids. So this book addressed to the women themselves fills a long-felt want and the author will receive the thanks of all her sex, and have the consciousness that she has done her duty to her sisters.

The book is to prepare woman for that great change, menopause, which the author asserts should have no more pronounced effect on a well woman, than the change from childhood to puberty has upon strong, growing children. Most women are conscious that there will come a time in their life when a change will occur, but what this change means, they know not, or they have wrong ideas, so that they view it with fear and trembling and thus are poorly prepared to meet it.

Women at forty-five should be at the high noon of life and not on the down hill side. This time of life in woman was planned by an all-wise Creator, and provision made for her safe passage through it. How many women think that her usefulness is past, and while she may do some little things for the comfort of home, yet she may not attempt any great or important work. This is a wrong idea, and if this book can help to disabuse the mind of such an idea the author deserves the thanks of all mankind for her effort and we hope that success will crown her work. Right here in Boston we have Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Mary Livermore as notable examples of the good and great work done by women in their old age, and many others might be named.

The doctor explains at length the symptoms and various ailments which accompany menopause, and gives sound advice to remove the fear which ignorance might cause and increase and affirms that many of the diseases which have tormented life during the second period disappear after the menopause. Slender women become corpulent, bed-ridden invalids get up and walk, and a radical change of physical conditions is often a consequence of the crisis.

A chapter is given to single women who, lacking the experiences of married life and maternity, nevertheless need advice, as the same change comes upon all women. They are told that if not called to shine in a home of their own they may and will in the homes of many another. Real beauty does not mean perfection of form or feature, but perfection of character, fixed habits of sweetness, gentleness and strength are great beautifiers and will be a great help at that critical period. A well preserved old lady gives these rules to preserve the youth:

Don't worry. Don't hurry. Simplify, SIMPLIFY. Don't overeat. Don't starve. Court the fresh air day and night. Sleep and rest abundantly. Be cheerful. Think only healthful thoughts. Seek peace and pursue it. Work hard, but not to death. Avoid passion; anger may be fatal. Don't carry the world on your shoulder. Never despair, lost hope is a fatal disease.

We are treated to a chapter on what husbands ought to know and remember not all men know how to fill their place in the home and do their share of the home making. Very few men understand what a woman's work really is in the home. Much good advice is given to the husband not to forget those little kindnesses of the first days, the loving word, the tender look, a few flowers, a word of appreciation will have a wonderful effect on the wife who is using her energy in making the home, and who has her share of trials just as you may have in your business. Control the animal desires which some men (I hope that they are few) will have satisfied in complete disregard of their wife's comfort and even health.

Another chapter is on the care which should be taken of three of the best friends: the teeth, the eyes and the hair, showing how important they are not only to health, but to beauty of feature.

It is much to be desired that this book could be found in every home, and not simply to help to fill a shelf of a book-case, but to be studied carefully until its teachings become assimilated, as the grammar was in the school days. We would then see a stronger and happier race, brighter homes and children anxious to come home, instead of seeking distraction elsewhere.

Fred de Bos.

Published by the Vir Publishing Co., Philadelphia, London, Toronto. Order of the Banner of Light Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

Take Piso's Cure for Consumption for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Sold everywhere.







## Children's Book.

### Nannie.

It was nothing but a little lamb, seemingly all legs, weak and wabbling, but it was the centre of attraction for five children. The very helplessness of the forlorn-looking little creature appealed to them. Poor, homeless, famished and deserted, there it lay by the roadside and papa had gathered it tenderly in his arms and brought it home. Now it was their baby lamb, to be fed, petted and gently cared for.

That was two months ago, and Nannie had grown plump and pretty, her legs strong enough to skip and play, and she knows and loves each member of the family. Every morning she expects a hug and a pat from each one, and she gets it too. It is her delight to run races with the boys, and she usually reaches the goal first. But you should see her drink her milk out of a bottle! It is very funny indeed.

All this happens just across the street from us, and Nannie and the children give us many a pleasant thought, as well as an occasional visit. She likes to nip the tender green grass, and fancies a slice of apple, while the boys like whole apples, and never stop to pare them, either.

Nannie got out of sight a few days ago, and there was much calling and crying for Nannie. A little later there was such a bubbling over of joy near one of our windows, that we went to look out, and there was one of the boys lying on the sidewalk, hugging Nannie, while she was putting her nose against his face, and he was telling her: "Oh Nannie! Nannie, I thought you was lost!"

Nannie has charmed the children, she carries such love with her that she teaches them not only to love her, but to love all creatures, and to love each other. And now, it is a happy corner—bright faces, kind deeds, and gentle words—and Nannie did it.

J. S. Pettit Flint.  
Corvallis, Benton Co., Oregon.

### Petieboy as a Fisherman.

"What's that you say, young man? I promised you I would tell you about Petieboy's experiences as fisherman? When did I say I would?"

"In your first letter, Uncle John."

"I don't remember any such foolish promise."

"Oh, you did, you did, you did."

"Well, I seem to be losing my memory; or you kids are conspiring together to get another story?"

"No, you said you would tell us, if we wanted you to and now we do."

"Do? Do what?"

"Want you to tell us."

"Oh, well, but perhaps I have a bone in my throat and can't talk."

"Oh, yes, you can!"

"Well, if you really want to tell us."

"Once upon a time, is that the right way to begin? Once upon a time Petieboy's father told him that some day he would get a boat and take him and Dollybugs all over the pond and they could fish just as much as they wanted to and wherever they wanted to."

"The pond, you know, was about a half a mile away from the house where Petieboy and Dollybugs lived. It was a large pond fully a mile long and full of all sorts of fish. There was an island in it large enough to build a big house on and Petieboy, like all the other boys in the village, had great dreams of building a house on the island when he grew to be a man and living there all the time. Every boy in town, too, knew the deepest spot in the whole pond. And every boy's deepest spot was in a different place. So you see what a very deep pond it must have been, my dears."

"Petieboy at this time was nine years old and had fished in the brook and on the edges of the pond a great many times. So he knew all about fishing and what sort of fish needed worms for bait and how to troll for pickerel and a great many things about the gentle art of angling that his own papa did not. His knowledge was not the sort you find in books but the kind you learn by experience, you see, and so it applied to that pond and the fish in it better than to any others. One of his experiences I think you would like to hear about, so I will tell you right here."

"When Petieboy was seven, his papa took him to the pond to fish from the shore, not from a boat. Petieboy was so little that he had to use a very light rod and not a very long one. He wore rubber boots covering his legs way up to his hips and when he wanted to fish in a place farther out than his rod would reach, he waded right into the water and stood fishing with his little short legs so much under water that he looked almost like a boy sitting on the water. He got way out deep, in this way, once, when suddenly, a bite! He gave a twitch to his pole but, alas, his little foot slipped (the bottom was of slippery stones) and Petieboy sat down with his head just above water—but he landed his fish!"

"This experience taught him among other things that rubber boots are just as good to keep water in as to keep water out! I presume there are other boys who know the same. Oh, you nod, do you, boys? Well, I guess that is a fact pretty generally known among boys who are boys."

"I think Dollybugs would have cried if this happened to her. Petieboy laughed, but there was a shade of grief in his laugh. He did not cry because you know boys can't cry, at least when there is any one around. And what's the use of making yourself wetter by crying when you are just as wet as you can be any way?"

"Well, now, about the boat ride. Petieboy had his rods and two kinds of bait, worms for perch and salt pork for pickerel. He had his long fishing pole with a shorter one for Dollybugs. Papa saw the boat man and hired the boat, a big flat bottomed affair that, if it didn't skim o'er the water blue like a feather, at least had the merit of being difficult to tip over. Dollybugs in the stern, Petieboy at the bow like a lookout to tell how to steer, and papa at the oars as the propelling power, and the expedition is off. When near the island the anchors are thrown overboard and we proceed to fish. Dollybugs gets the first fish and screams so loudly that I think she must have frightened the little fish to death. Petieboy caught the most fish and papa got the biggest fish. So honors were well divided, you see."

"In about an hour the cookies (did I tell you we brought a bag of cookies along? No? Well, we did, of course) the cookies were pulled out and we ate cookies. Then Dollybugs wanted some water. Petieboy leaned over the side of the boat while papa held his legs, until his dear little face touched the water and he drank from the pond but Dollybugs couldn't quite make up her mind to try this method. So papa rowed her ashore and she went home while Petieboy took papa, or papa took Petieboy, on a voyage of discovery into the far distant parts of the pond."

"They went all around the island, along the East shore and then up into the quiet head waters in and out among the weedy channels and the island thickets."

"There, papa. See that one break. I'll bet he's a loser," whispered Petieboy, "Just row over there. I'll try for him."



### How an abscess in the Fallopian Tubes of Mrs. Hollinger was removed without a surgical operation.

"I had an abscess in my side in the fallopian tube (the fallopian tube is a connection of the ovaries). I suffered untold misery and was so weak I could scarcely get around. The sharp burning pains low down in my side were terrible. My physician said there was no help for me unless I would go to the hospital and be operated on. I thought before that I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which, fortunately, I did, and it has made me a stout, healthy woman. My advice to all women who suffer with any kind of female trouble is to commence taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once."—Mrs. I. A. S. HOLLINGER, Stillview, Ohio.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

It would seem by this statement that women would save time and much sickness if they would get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and also write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free and always helps. No other person can give such helpful advice as Mrs. Pinkham to women who are sick.

"So papa pushed the boat in the direction of the ripples the fish made, very slowly and quietly. The sun was partly obscured by a passing cloud as Petieboy stood up and cast his line. The fish sprang at the bait and dragged it under. Petieboy let him have it just long enough and then—splash—and Petieboy pulled in a big pickerel over a foot long. Papa gave a shout of triumph to see the small boy catch so skillfully the big fish. But Petieboy was very quiet, although he looked very proud and at the same time tried to make papa feel that that was nothing for him to do! In a few minutes Petieboy got another one almost as large and then the sport was over. But it was a very proud little Petieboy that exhibited his catch to everybody on the way home and the sweet Petieboy smile would break out in spite of him every time he showed his fish."

"The next morning the family breakfast was fish which Petieboy had caught. But this was not the first time that Petieboy's luck as a fisherman had supplied the family table. Papa said he was quite a little helper. And do you think this didn't make Petieboy happy?"

Uncle John.

### Little Bob White.

In spite of the tall, sweet grass and broad, blue sky, little Bob White was unhappy. The whistle of a bluebird in Farmer Gray's orchard had filled him with a great longing to be at play among the white and pink blossoms that hid the peach-trees from view. Little Bob went to his mama with his longings.

"O mommy! mayn't I go over in Farmer Gray's orchard for a little while? It's so pretty over there!"

The widow White ruffled her brown feathers in alarm.

"No, Bobbie, your poor papa lost his life near that very orchard, and I couldn't think of letting you go over there alone!"

Little Bob rulked all of the sunny morning, and then perched on the rail fence that divided the east meadow from the woods lot, and looked across at the orchard with longing eyes. The bluebird's whistle came to him louder and clearer than before.

Then he began to ask himself questions. "If the bluebird can sing in those blossoms all day and come to no harm, why may I not hide safely for a little while among them?" And he jumped down in the tall grass and scuttled away from home as fast as he could.

Coming to a tiny brook he had to test his wings for the first time when his mama was not by to watch him. He fluttered across to the other bank in safety, and at last he crept noiselessly through a crack in an old stone wall, and found himself in the cool shadows of Farmer Gray's orchard. Once there, he flew softly up into the dense branches of a peach-tree.

How sweet the peach-blossoms were! And how bright the sunshine! A mocking-bird sent up a loud note from a silver-leaved poplar in Farmer Gray's back yard. Then two noisy jays quarreled over a fat caterpillar, and a flock of pigeons began a great cooing and fluttering about their roosting house on the roof of the barn. All this was so interesting to little Bob that he forgot about the swiftness of time. But when the hired girl came out with a pan of wet meal for the young chickens he looked around him with some alarm. The sun was fast sinking, and the shadows of twilight were deepening about him.

Hopping down from his perch, he crept through the wall again, and was soon on his way homeward. When he came to the brook it was almost dark, and the deeper shadows in the woods beyond frightened him. He must either spend the night by the brook or go through the black woods in order to reach home. With his wee heart thumping with fright he raced through the dark underbrush at his best speed. Passing beneath an oak, a shrill voice stopped him.

"Who—who are you?" it asked.

Little Bob crouched down at the foot of the tree and looked up in horror at a pair of fiery eyes.

"Who—who—who are you?"

"It's me, Bob White! Little Bob!"

His reply was followed by a peal of laughter so shrill and uncanny that he gave himself up for lost. But just when the last hope faded him a clear call came over the dew-wet grasses.

"Bob White! Bob—Bob White!"

The next time there was an anxious note in it. It was his mama's voice, and he answered as loudly as he could, and set out in the direction of the call.

On the rail fence he found a patient little figure waiting for him.

"O Mommy!" he cried joyfully. Too happy to speak, the wee brown mother led him home, and with many a loving chirp cuddled him under her wing for the night. But little Bob White had learned a lesson.—Hilton H. Greer in The Sunday School Times.

### Self-Control.

Most of the great men of literature have left certain sentences that are condensed expressions of great truths, and appeal to men generation after generation because they are found to have a wide application to human affairs.

The reason there are many times more of these expressions in Shakespeare than in any other writer is because this man had an intuitive knowledge of the human heart. He had boundless sympathy with men. He knew that even with the most fortunate of men life was one long struggle against something. Perhaps he felt it more than he reasoned about it. But at any rate, he had the profound human sympathy, which is the greatest thing in the world, sympathy as great as Shakespeare's would make any man great, even without Shakespeare's wonderful mental equipment.

There is a line in "Hamlet" somewhat like this, but with a different application: "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

If a man does not recognize pain, he has no pain. If he does not think he is miserable, he is not miserable. If his mind does not recognize a loss, he has lost nothing. If he doesn't care when things go wrong, things do not go wrong for him. There is no misfortune to a man that is not aware of misfortune.

All conditions for men exist merely in their mental state. Unhappiness or happiness is merely a matter of mental attitude.

Even what we call physical weariness is really mental weariness. When you move your arm in one motion until you are tired it is not really the muscles of your arm that are tired; it is the mind that is tired of ordering the same motion with unvarying monotony.

These things are now so well known they are commonplace. In Shakespeare's time they were mysteries. It is strange that he should be able to hit by intuition on truths that were not recognized until long after his death.

Of course if the mind alone determines whether anything is good or bad, a man with a mind sufficiently trained would be able to endure almost anything and with entire composure. He would recognize the fact that most things that we worry about are not really worth worry, and he might possibly get up to the level where he would look on both sides of apparent disaster and turn it into a benefit.

But, anyway, self-control is the most valuable of all achievements. The man that has himself well in hand is practically certain to make his way. If he can win that he can win almost anything else. It is by thinking, that a privation doesn't amount to anything in comparison with the end he has in view that he finally gets to that end. It is by schooling himself to think that whatever would carry him out of the course he has chosen is not good enough to attract him that he makes himself succeed.—N. Y. Journal.

### How Some of Our Readers Can Make Money.

Having read of the success of some of our readers selling Dish-washers, I have tried the work with wonderful success. I have not made less than \$2.00 any day for the last six months. The Mound City Dish-washer gives good satisfaction and every family wants one. A lady can wash and dry the dishes without removing her gloves and can do the work in two minutes. I got my sample machine from the Mound City Dish-Washer Co., of St. Louis, Mo. I used it to take orders and sold 12 Dish-washers the first day. The Mound City Dish-Washer Co. will start you. Write them for particulars. Ladies can do as well as men. John F. M.

### Spiritualism.

J. FRANK DAXTER.

Address Delivered before the Mass Meeting held under the Auspices of the N. S. A. in Paines Hall, on Tuesday, April 28, 1903.

Opposition and attacks had killed Spiritualism out long ago. Strife and blows among and by its acceptants had slain it long since and the unscrupulous tricksters who have assumed to espouse its Cause and have done its mantle to work their nefarious business had sunk it into oblivion years ago, were it not that its inherent power is truth, and its basic work a masonry of solid facts.

Spiritualism has had many a set back, and its progress has been even thus far through rough seas and abate beating gales. It burst upon us fifty years ago like a flood and seemed as likely to sweep all in its way. Its tide ever has been strong, though fearfully offset; and the current has been ever onward to purpose and position, fearful as the waves and winds of opposition have been, and it had been very surprising had there been no drift and rubbish in the stream.

Flotting upon the sea of society always are wild fanatics, insistent hobby-riders, unscrupulous impostors and lawless, self-deluded, so-called reformers who drift into every new movement. Unprincipled and iconoclastic, they pursue their work under the name of the movement, but they soon become known as veritable pests of the Cause. So has it been in our great spiritualistic movement, and such as these have been our detriment.

The past twenty-five years show us that we have been passing through a great natural sieve of renovation, and as we look back we can be thankful that so much chaff has blown from our grain, till now we have quite the genuine wheat for delivery.

We have seen the necessity, that while we must declare and demonstrate spirit communication and manifestation to be facts, that while we must proclaim spiritualistic truths and philosophy, and while we must aid and encourage all phases of mediumship, yet, at the same time we must stand for exact truth, and goodness of character.

The fact of spirit intercourse once proven, and the duties and obligations therefrom so perceived and felt, then Spiritualism urges, as its first, highest and grandest aim, all to whom it is proven to harmonious conditions.

The one great and pressing need today among Spiritualists is Unity of Action, Cooperation. We absolutely need thorough and complete organization. We need it for redress and protection; for a position of respect and attention; for better action and influence; for more effective promulgation and establishment; and for certain guaranteed advantages, as now meted to organizations in other fields to their workers and interests. But never should we use it to cater to church dogmas or customs, for fashionable patronage, or any undue privileges. Alas, that so much of such tendency and aping is!

There have been from the start but few strong efforts to secure organization until of late years, and these for various, and to Spiritualists, obvious reasons, failed to accomplish aught. We found, and find, ourselves individuals indeed, and our liberty of thought unhampered by artificial rule or creed, has made us firm believers, aye, many of us have made extremists, in the belief of a sovereign individuality. Not a few have therefore been afraid of sectarianism, when, indeed, we have made us firm believers, aye, many of us have made extremists, in the belief of a sovereign individuality. Not a few have therefore been afraid of sectarianism, when, indeed, we have made us firm believers, aye, many of us have made extremists, in the belief of a sovereign individuality.

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though we treat all chronic diseases success fully, Dr. Watkins still diagnose, and treats diseases by mail. Send leading symptoms. Terms for treatment will be made known on application to

E. T. GOVE, Gen. Mgr., 66 Highland Avenue, Newtonville, Mass.

### Still With Us.

Having been charged with saying that, so far as Spiritualism is concerned, he has run into a "brick wall," Prof. Crookes comes forward with denial.

We are glad of that. Not a man in the ranks but would have felt disgraced had it been proven that all those wonder-tales he told us in the past with regard to Florence Cook and Katie King were merely fabrications put forth on the public for purposes of sensation. It is pleasant to know that he is with us still. Spiritualists have reason to be proud when men of his calibre come under their banner; and it is small wonder that considerable has been done by way of boasting. Men of brain, men of scholarship, men of integrity, every cause welcomes them with joy and is jealous of the shadow of their turning. When they come to us boldly, testifying to the faith in a loud voice, we are right proud of them; when they work for us on the sly we are duly grateful.

We listen with pleased interest to that timid worker in the vineyard, Savage, as he says in his still, small voice, "And a very respectable woman, a connection by marriage with my esteemed great aunt, a person of exalted domestic virtues, saw that table bow itself like a lackey—honor bright. I give the facts as they were told to me. Judge for yourself. I am not a Spiritualist, remember. I wish you good afternoon—and better taste."

Thank you, brother; we read between the lines. It comforts us to know that a respectable woman is of the true believers. Whether or not her mental capacity keeps pace with her reputation, we will not presume to question, as that would be bad form.

And now, having acknowledged our weakness for preferring brainy men who have hewn their way to fame and lucky ladies who have escaped calumny, as comrades on our march of investigation, is it not high time that Spiritualists stood forth and said to all the world, "I believe in Spiritualism, because to me, so far as I have gone with it, it seems true?" In our endless quest for backing let us pause a moment and consider. If Spiritualism is true, it will live on, though all the world betrays it; if false, the sooner it dies the better. Consequently, if the brave Sir William had really changed his mind with regard to the cause of psychic phenomena, so called, what of it? That would not have changed the fact—the fact exists—that after death we live—and are much as we are at present, now and then akin to the archangels but generally contemptible. Keep off the anxious seat!

Meantime, O ye of the faint heart, own up that you love Spiritualism for its own dear sake, regardless of what other people think of it. Mary E. Blanchard.

Milford, Maine.

## The Melody of Life

By SUSIE C. CLARK.

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