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NO. 1

OF LIFE AND DEATH.

We talked of life and death. She said:
"Whoever of us two first dies
Shall come back from among the dead
And teach his friend these mysteries."

She died last night, and all this day
I swear that things of every kind
Are trying, trying to convey
Some message to my troubled mind.

I looked up from my tears awhile;
That white rose lying in the cup
Was gazing at me with her smile—
It blushed her blush as I looked up.

It paled then with an agony
Of effort to express me aught
That would, I think, bring peace to me
Could I but guess, and I cannot.

And when the wind rose at my door
It clamored with a plaintive din
Like some poor creature begging sore
To be let in. I let it in.

It blew my light out; round my head
It whirled, and swiftly in my ear
Had whispered something ere it fled;
It had her voice, so low, so dear.

The looking-glass this livelong day
Has worn that curious, meaning air;
I feel it when I look away
Reflecting things that are not there.

For hours no breath of wind has stirred,
Yet bends the lamp's flame as if fanned;
The clock says o'er and o'er a word,
But "I—O God!"—can't understand.

Gertrude Hall, in The Independent.

William Ellery Channing.

It has been facetiously observed that the favorite dissipation of the cultured Bostonian is "to go somewhere and hear somebody read a paper about something." The lecture field is always a popular recreation in this modern Athens, and varied literary feasts are prepared every winter, that are eagerly welcomed and appreciated. Naturally, therefore, the Thursday afternoon lectureship inaugurated this season in the First Unitarian Church, at the corner of Berkeley and Marlboro Sts., free to the public, has been largely attended. The general theme of the course has been "The Pioneers of Religious Liberty in America," a different hero being chosen for consideration each week, and the speakers have been among the ablest scholars of the country. A Quaker orator was chosen to present the life of Wm. Penn, while Rev. Thomas R. Slicer of All Souls Church, New York, portrayed "Thomas Jefferson and the Influence of Democracy on Religion."

On Feb. 12, the topic was "Wm. Ellery Channing and the Growth of Spiritual Christianity," and the lecturer was Prof. Wm. W. Fenn of the Harvard Divinity School. In introducing the speaker, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D. D., stated that where he asked to name the foremost liberators the world had known, he should be compelled to present Abraham Lincoln and Wm. Ellery Channing, and there is something vastly picturesque and dramatic in the juxtaposition of these two names, for could there be a greater contrast in the birth, training, environment, occupation and method of thought and life of these two men, and yet how similar the spirit, and the results of their mission. One emancipated men's bodies, the other their spirits, one liberated from physical slavery and the other from ecclesiastical oppression; one brought freedom to a subject race, the other upliftment to the soul of every man. Therefore it seemed a fitting coincidence that on the birthday of Lincoln, Channing should be the theme for consideration.

Prof. Fenn, while admitting the temptation to attribute something of Channing's greatness to heredity and environment, since the father of this boy, born in Newport, Apr. 7, 1780, was an eminent lawyer and District Attorney of Rhode Island, his mother a daughter of Wm. Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, their home one of stately courtesy and the religious usages of that Puritanical age, frequented also by cultured visitors from other lands, still his brothers never could have done his work, and Channing, in whom the independence of his native State was tempered by wisdom and refinement, developed that ultimately inexplicable and mysterious individuality not to be accounted for, save by remembering that so is every one who is born of the spirit.

The central and constructive principles in Channing's life were his love and reverence for liberty, and his deep respect for the human soul, under any guise, of poverty, intemperance, even crime, that soul created in the image of God, which never can be wholly eclipsed, and which never should be enslaved, politically, socially or religiously. He never failed to utter his abhorrence of all forms of oppression; this sentiment grew with his growth, striking deeper root with his advancing years. He was so imbued with the essential equality of men before the Father, that he could not endure to see one man establishing his arbitrary will over another by fraud, or force, or wealth, or rank; he could not bear to see him treated as a brute, insulted, wronged, made to wear a yoke, to tremble before his brother, to serve him as a tool, to surrender intellect and con-

science to the priest, or to seal his lips through dread of the civil power. It was because he saw in man a great divine nature with vast capacities, that he demanded for him means of self-development, spheres for free action, calling upon society not to fetter, but to aid his growth. Liberty is the birth-right of every soul, a necessity to fulfill the ends of its being.

In his ministrations to the poor, this respect for every human soul was very prominent. In his own words we read this counsel: "You must love and honor the poor man. Let not his poverty for a moment hide you from his participation of your own nature and of the divine image. Never let the man be lost in the beggar. Go to the poor to awaken in them the consciousness of their relation to God, and of their immortality. Make them partakers of the highest distinctions and blessings in which any of us rejoice. Because a man is poor, do not think that he is put into your hands as a passive material, to be shaped at your pleasure. Remember that he is free as yourselves, and can only be carried forward by a spring of improvement in his own soul. I know but one elevation of a human being, and that is Elevation of Soul. Without this, it matters nothing where a man stands or what he possesses; and with it, he towers, he is one of God's nobility, no matter what place he holds in the social scale. There is but one elevation for a laborer and for all other men. There are not different kinds of dignity for different orders of men, but one and the same to all. The only elevation of a human being consists in the exercise, growth, energy of the higher principles and powers of his soul. Such is the elevation I desire for the laborer, and I desire no other. To see and estimate the spiritual nature of the poor is greater wisdom than to span earth or heaven. To elevate this, is a greater work than to build cities. To give moral life to the fallen is a higher achievement than to raise the dead from their graves."

Channing entered Harvard in 1794, and his vondrous versatility speedily won highest honors in every department. At Commencement, when the faculty forbade any political allusions in the exercises, he promptly resigned the oration he was to deliver, until concessions were made consistent with his conscientious scruples. Later in life, his passion for religious liberty became uppermost, and this impetus, it was thought, was gained from reading Rev. Samuel Hopkins' unflinching Calvinistic severity. Channing won prominent recognition from advanced minds in Europe. Wordsworth was his warm friend. Coleridge said of him: "He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love." When Dean Stanley visited this country, he requested that he might be taken to Mount Auburn. On the way thither, his companion asked him what was his chief wish in visiting this place. "Why," exclaimed the Dean, in surprise, "is not Channing buried here?"

Prof. Fenn related a pilgrimage he once made to Bennington, Vt., to visit the place of Channing's decease, for it will be remembered that he died here Oct. 2, 1842, from an attack of fever, while on a mountain excursion. The Professor had great difficulty in finding any one in the place who had ever heard of this great man. Discovering at last the little inn which once harbored him, its landlord confessed utter ignorance of the name or fame of Channing, but fortunately, the son of the physician who had attended him, just then came in, and conducted the visitor to the rude, barren little chamber where that grand soul escaped from its last earthly fetter.

The vast work accomplished by this pioneer of freedom, and the notable features of his exceptional life were most ably analyzed and delineated by the speaker, transforming for his hearers what had hitherto been a great and honored name merely, into a cherished friend of every truth-seeking, liberty-loving soul. Yet, brilliant and scholarly as was this address, its perspective was limited to the plane of time, was bounded by the tomb. His work ended there. But disciples of a clearer light, to whom death is but a brief incident in the soul's career, can picture, faintly perhaps, the continued mission of usefulness and power, the wider ministrations of this great soul for the liberty and upliftment of man. How many forceful promptings come to altruistic souls on earth from this advancing mind, we cannot know or measure, or how strong the impetus sent forth from that spiritual centre where he is honored peer, towards the betterment of social conditions, the unforgetting of civic and religious fetters.

That he has been a prominent factor in our spiritualistic movement, we know full well, inspiring, strengthening, advancing this grand Cause by his own untiring loyalty and fidelity to all Truth. For while still looking through material eyes, prior to any later revelations regarding the conditions of spirit life, he once wrote: "But it would be wrong to imagine that the inhabitants of Heaven only converse. They who reach that world enter on a state of action, life, effort. The truth is, that all action on earth, even the intensest,

is but the sport of childhood, compared with the energy and activity of that higher life. It must be so. For what principles are so active as intellect, benevolence, the love of truth, the thirst for perfection, sympathy with the suffering, and devotion to God's purposes; and these are the ever-expanding principles of the future life. It is true, the labors which are now laid on us for food, raiment, outward interests, cease at the grave. But far deeper wants than those of the body are developed in Heaven. There it is that the spirit first becomes truly conscious of its capacities; that truth opens before us in its infinity; that the universe is seen to be a boundless sphere for discovery, for science, for the sense of beauty, for beneficence and for adoration. We must not think of Heaven as a stationary community. I think of it as a world of stupendous plans and efforts for its own improvement. There the work of education which began here, goes on without end; and a diviner philosophy than is taught on earth, reveals the spirit to itself, and awakens it to earnest, joyful effort for its own perfection."

Doubtless the greatest work of this grand soul yet awaits him. For with his deep passion for liberty, can he rest idle while the poor are still oppressed, while labor writhes in chains at the feet of capital, while spiritual ignorance is rife in high places, while Truth is crushed to earth and Error still holds the throne? He waits only for the hour and the occasion to be ripe, for the coveted opportunity, when through the agency of another soul, of equal versatility of talents, and power of eloquence, he can ring forth in trumpet tones his challenge to every form of human slavery, his message of emancipation to all that are bound, his grand peans of liberty that shall swell and reverberate throughout the world, and thus hasten the advent of the kingdom of Heaven upon earth.

S. C. C.

A Psychological Experiment.

EDWARD INCREASE MATHER.

CHAPTER I.

Lynde Mantell was so far a cynic as to be firmly imbued with the belief that the times were out of joint; but so far from feeling that he was born to set it right he held the conviction, which he frequently expressed, that it could never be set right at all. He was a pessimist by temperament, however, rather than by intention, and he had a latent capacity for happiness of a high order that impressed itself upon the sympathetic observer and haunted such an one strangely. He was a man pre-eminently endowed with that mysterious magnetism that is often the result of a mingled heredity. Born in New England, there were Spanish and German ancestors behind him. It was a singular combination. The swift, volcanic force of the one, the slow precision and thoughtful depth of the other, gave his character an impressive weight, or revealed tantalizing contradictions, as might be his mood. In either case he was apt to win an absorbing interest from the observer who came within the sphere of his sympathies. As for any definite aim, he had none. He had graduated as civil engineer from the Boston School of Technology; he had practised his profession for a year or two in the far West, and suddenly, in one of those volcanic moods to which he was liable, he had resigned a lucrative position for some reason not quite clear to the average looker-on. Returning to the East he lectured for a season, and finally drifted into a line of work for which he was, of all, best fitted, that of furnishing miscellaneous leading articles to the daily press on some topic of the day. A work of intellectual culture that made no demands for regular times and seasons suited a certain erratic mental quality in him, and he rapidly made himself almost indispensable in this field. Gradually it became one of his serious occupations in life to pass long hours in talks with Helen Vernon.

From their first meeting the unaccountable element in Mr. Mantell had puzzled and attracted her. This attraction was mutual, yet it was a psychological phenomenon rather than ordinary social gravitation. They interested each other, and their long hours of varied discussions of books and people were looked upon by each as a species of experiment.

Helen Vernon was weak through her sympathies. She had much of that idealizing faculty that is so often a fatal gift to a woman, and a latent dramatic instinct for putting herself in the place of another, that sometimes led her to forget her own. Being reproached for this she had nothing to say for herself. The error and its consequences were within the invisible sphere of life and both accusation and extenuation could be but an impersonal one. It was from some result of these two elements in her nature that she was attracted by Mr. Mantell. He had qualities that jarred upon every sensibility she possessed; he offended many of those subtle refinements of courtesy that formed essential

elements in her code of ethics; but he brought a dramatic element into her life in which she took a strange delight, and found a repressed excitement. Perhaps it was because that otherwise she lived in a curiously harmonious atmosphere that needed a discord to save it from being monotonous, and a discord that was, after all, at her own option to hear or to banish, and that touched nothing in her life that affected her very seriously, allured her as a positive source of entertainment. Beside, it was spring, and the opera season was over, and it was out of all this that their friendship grew.

To say that Miss Vernon's life was harmonious and serene is to negative the prevailing convictions about those women who, as the more melodramatic of the social economists assert, "are out in the bustle and struggle of the world."

There had been a time when she was not. Then the "struggle" had not been wholly wanting, but had been with conditions that those looking on had decided she should have enjoyed and been grateful for. An only and petted child; a pleasant home, not without its simple elegances, and, as she grew toward womanhood, the lover whose horoscope the village neighbors easily settled by uniting with her own. But Charlie Leland did not awaken her to dreams of love. Perhaps the quiet happiness he would have made for her would have satisfied a better woman, but Helen had the restlessness of genius without its positive power, and an irrepressible eagerness to live out something of the forces she felt stirring within her. At last came one of those dates that mark the crossing of an unseen line in life, beyond which lies, indeed, a bourne to which the traveler never returns.

"We cross an unseen line,
And lo, another zone.
We learn to make a stranger clime
Familiar as our own."

"Not Death,
We do not call it so,
Yet scarcely here with dying breath
Do we forego."

When the quiet, domestic drama of family life is once broken by one unexpected event, it is strange to see how rapidly the disintegrating force of changes will work. The nineteen happy years of Helen's girl-life were ended by the sudden death of her father, and the old relations of home were by this event completely broken up. Her mother had died in her infancy, and the maiden aunt who had supplied, as she could, the vacant place, decided to return to her old home and the care of an aged mother.

After the first blinding shock of grief was past, the latent powers of Helen's nature asserted themselves. She would go to the city, and she would become a writer.

It was no sudden dream. From her father, a man exceptionally fine and spiritual, a poet and a dreamer, she had inherited what may be distinctively known as the writing temperament. From her earliest childhood she had seen herself, in flitting day-dreams, as a worker in the literary world. Just how it was to come about she had hardly planned. She had always written more or less, as she had slept or dined, and there had been nothing remarked about it. It was the natural occupation of the family life, not authorship, in the professional sense, but the constant habit of writing. Mr. Vernon, had, on the early death of his young wife, turned for consolation to his books and his literary interests, and following the movement of the day, discerned certain trends in literature and art that interested him. The pre-Raphaelite school of painters was one of these, and he was one of the first to perceive that the Oxford religious movement was its real origin and gave the first impulse to the pre-Raphaelite idea. He divined the close connection between such men as Holman Hunt and Rossetti, Cardinal Newman, Pusey and Keble. Something in the earnestness of the movement touched him deeply, and he passed days and weeks in his library reading the literature of this epoch and formulating his own conclusions of its ultimate scope. Had he been within the magnetic atmosphere of the city it would doubtless have occurred to him to seek channels of publication; but the quiet, introspective life he led did not suggest this. Had he been less the dreamer and more the practical man, receptive to the growing possibilities of the West, its progress and splendor would have been sources of new inspiration to him rather than being, as they were, a source of weariness that bordered closely on disgust for the crudeness of conditions. But Mr. Vernon had by temperament too little affinity with the practical in life to ever achieve what the world calls success. For current coin some alloy must be mingled with the gold. So he took refuge more and more in his ideal world and read his favorite poets to his little daughter in the long mornings, and Helen learned among the earliest things of her childhood, to ask for the witches' scene in "Macbeth," or for the story in Virgil of the winds being liberated from the cave by Aeneas, or to listen, half dreaming, to the wonderful melody of Tennyson's Bugle Song, or to catch the

dreamy, drifting pictures in the Lotus-Eaters. The little girl had her governess and a German tutor who came on appointed days, but the real education she received was the more indirect one of serving as audience for her father when he read aloud from his poets. It was this atmosphere that was impressing and shaping her and, all unconsciously, predetermining the conditions of her future. She lived in a world of dreams and visions. Her imagination was stimulated and fed, purely and poetically 'tis true, but none the less this one-sided development was making inevitable for her conditions of pain and loss and inadequacy to material forces when she should meet them. A mother's deep insight would have realized this; but the father and the aunt, both dreamers and dilettanti by temperament, could not conceive of the danger in which this fragmentary education left the child. Naturally Helen loved her books and her dreams, and being quietly amiable and yielding in her disposition, she assimilated the amateur literary life of the household.

All through her childish years she believed books and pictures to be the real, and indeed the only important pursuits of life. One must realize something of this environment of Helen's early years to comprehend how illly she was equipped to engage in any practical conflict with the world in her future life. She had inherited all her father's idealism, but with the inbred conviction that it was the true reality of life. Still, undeveloped and unperceived as yet, lay latent in her something of her lost mother's more practical capacity for applied energy, and when the home was suddenly broken up and new events forced her into what was to her, spiritually, a new universe, some force in her responded to the wider outlook, and a courage developed itself to meet the new occasion. The problem presented itself very simply to her. She would go to the city—she would write. Her capital consisted mostly of the courage which was, in reality, an ignorance of the world. For, on Mr. Vernon's death, it was found he had made no fortunate investments, and debts and mortgages remained that nearly consumed all the proceeds of his estate. Helen knew too little of the value of money to care very much for it. She would go to the literary world. She thought of it with a thrill of anticipation, which all her home life and training had prepared her to feel. She had no genius, hardly talent, but she had the author's recording instinct to the tips of her fingers.

Applied knowledge perplexed and puzzled her. It did not impress her as of any importance and this, too, was an element of possible failure in the girl's experience. Yet from this curiously unappreciative attitude regarding those the world calls practical people, they attracted her the more. It was a new drama they presented,—these people who were seriously occupied in gaining and in getting,—and they interested her. These subtle, psychological reasons,—Helen's entire heredity and environment,—must be kept in mind to account for that strong attraction that Lynde Mantell possessed for her, while still something in her intuitions warned her against him. Was the tragedy of their lives already written in the book of fate, and did the girl catch a faint message from its record that bade her keep this man a stranger? Sometimes, in after years, she half-fancied so. But now she only speculated about fate. She did not believe in it. She liked to draw near it in discussion, and she often thought when alone of Hawthorne's assertion that "Our individual fate exists in the limestone of time. We fancy that we carve it out, but its ultimate shape is prior to all our action." All the occult and mysterious ranges of speculation had a singular fascination for her.

Hence it was that she fancied the occupation of studying Lynde Mantell. He was the tragedy of the unexpected to her, and she was too much the dreamer to realize to just what this close association of their lives might lead. In her thoughts he was as abstract to her as was the character of Hamlet, and attracted her in a similar way. Just here the novelist would have called Helen Vernon insincere, for Lynde Mantell would have needed to be more or less than man, not to have believed that the girl had a faint, shy regard for him, deeper than that she gave to any other. In her heart Helen was true, though a veracious biographer must confess that superficial appearances were against her. It was rather art than artifice,—a latent artistic instinct in her, that led her to crave the Goethean power of experiencing emotions. She had never loved, and she would as soon have dreamed of loving the melancholy Dane himself as of loving Lynde Mantell. But he interested her as a psychological experiment. He was magnetic to her, and she found excitement in it.

At this time, too, her life was running in a harmony that was essential to her nature. Three years had passed since she had found and gained her place in the work she loved. That it was work and not diversion; that she

(Continued on page 2.)

An Introductory Study of Palmistry.

W. J. COLVILLE.

Palmistry, from the Latin "palma," the palm, is a very inadequate expression, for though it may seem to cover the ground traversed by those Gypsies and others who simply examine the palms of the hands of their customers, it does not in reality do anything like justice to the ancient science of Chirolgy, which from the days of Aristotle, and doubtless from a much earlier age, has occupied the thought of many highly intelligent, and by no means fanatical, men and women.

The author of one of the best known books on this fascinating subject, "The Language of the Hand," styles himself Chelro, a Greek title expressive of his occupation, and perhaps the words "cheiromant" and "chirolgist" are the most expressive to denote the actual work and claim of those who are today seeking to unveil the secrets of character and outline the indications of human destiny by taking into account not only the palm, but the entire anatomy of the human hand.

All students of human nature know something of phrenology and physiognomy, at which only the very ignorant are prepared to sneer, and it may reasonably be claimed, as it often is, that the head and face are far more perfect indicators of mental states and dispositions than the hands. Though unprepared to deny any of the claims of phrenologists and physiologists, we are yet ready, to champion the cause of hand-reading for the following valid reasons:

In the first place, let it be noted that there are often difficulties in the way of examining heads which are well nigh insuperable, and facial expression can be so readily changed by many persons at will, that only unusual experts in phrenology and physiognomy are able at all times to read the head beneath the hair and detect the real disposition behind assumed facial expressions. Hands are rigid and do not change as quickly as faces, nor are they so concealed by natural and artificial coverings as are heads. Hands are uncovered so frequently that there are always innumerable opportunities for discerning them, especially in the case of people who are much in the public gaze. It is interesting to note how many public speakers impress and fully reveal their inmost feelings quite unconsciously while gesticulating spontaneously. Studied gestures learned in a school of acting or elocution may all have some original meaning, but people who simply memorize and confine themselves to aping other people's gestures are never spontaneous or original in any of their characterizations; consequently, instead of displaying their own emotions they simply pose as fashion-plates or function as imitators of their preceptors. The original extemporaneous or inspirational orator is always peculiar in hand motions, and these, though varying constantly as different subjects are treated and varying emotions are portrayed, are usually most frequently characteristic to a large extent of the general quality of the speaker's thought, and of what we may term the texture of his mind.

Two such widely different preachers as Henry Ward Beecher and DeWitt Talmage, when both were in Brooklyn together in their prime, offered much food for thought to the student of hands who went from one church to another and observed the action of the preachers. Beecher's hands were generally widespread as though in continual benediction, while Talmage employed a totally different style of gesture; and surely these two men bore very little resemblance to each other, either in appearance or manner of delivery, to say nothing of the broad distinction between the expansive liberalism of Beecher and the stilted conservatism of Talmage. Sensational advertisements gotten up by people who may know something of chirolgy, but who are extremely extravagant and indiscreet in their method of reaching the public, have done much to cast suspicion on the entire business of palm-reading, and if in certain States of America there are summary laws forbidding all that is technically associated with witchcraft, the "wizards" themselves are very largely to blame for popular prejudice against their employment. When we were in Seattle a few years ago we found that palmistry was a matter in which many of our friends took a deep interest, but the astounding and often utterly inaccurate predictions of a widely advertised palmist then in that city did much to shake confidence in the ancient science which modern sensationalists do much to degrade. When a public statement is made in a newspaper that a person who has already reached the age of 45 cannot possibly live beyond 58 (and this prediction is based upon an alleged break in the middle of the lifeline on both hands), the person who is living fully seven years after her "certain" death is certainly not likely to repose much confidence in an art which, so far as her acquaintance with it has gone, so signally failed to score accurately, and such an instance came under our immediate notice one summer. But wise people are not easily deterred from continuing researches, and the lady in question, who was a sincere student of Occultism, persisted in obtaining more light upon the strange science which had seemingly been completely at fault in her experience. Rash judgment and presumptuous predictions based on misunderstood data can never invalidate the claim of a genuine science; therefore an explanation was forthcoming which set the lady to rights on the subject of her continued earthly existence. Before proceeding to enter into the prophetic aspects of so-called palmistry, it is necessary to call attention to the different types or varieties of hands which are generally enumerated. Chelro's sevenfold classification is easily remembered. The seven varieties are: 1st, Elementary or Savage; 2d, Square or Mechanical; 3d, Spatulate or Nervous-Active; 4th, Knotty or Philosophic; 5th, Conical or Artistic; 6th, Idealistic or Psychic; 7th, Mixed or Versatile. Each type of hand has its peculiar condition and is prone to its own particular defects provided its possessor is not living a life of harmony. In considering the fingers, palmists generally agree that the three joints of each finger represent the three realms; the nail phalange denotes the moral realm, the middle joint the intellectual region, and the lowest joint the material world. The fingers are dedicated astrologically,—1st, to Jupiter; 2d, to Saturn; 3d, to Apollo, or the Sun; 4th, to Mercury; while the slight elevations often seen at the base of the fingers are called the mounts of Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo, and Mercury. Venus is placed in the thumb section of the hand and so is Mars within the circle formed by the Line of Life, which divides the thumb or fulcrum section from the remainder of the hand. The thumb figures so conspicuously in works on palmistry that it is easy to see whence was derived the familiar expression "under one's thumb," and it is certainly a matter of continuous observation that persons with unusually large thumbs have the faculty of leadership more than ordinarily developed. The nail phalange of the thumb denotes will-power, the second phalange displays logical ability, while passion or material force is indicated in the region between the thumb proper and the wrist. In almost every hand can be traced three prominent lines, viz., the Life-Line, the Heart-Line, and the Head-Line. The heart-line intersects the palm not very far from the bases of the fingers; the head-line runs across the hand nearer the middle of the palm. It is certainly by no means unreasonable to claim that tendencies and aptitudes are discernible in the hands, and

when hand-reading is kept within rational bounds, like every other branch of anthropology, it can prove both interesting and instructive. The right hand is generally spoken of as an indication of the use we are making of our opportunities; the left hand shows especially the ancestral legacy bequeathed to us before birth. When the two hands almost exactly agree as to all their markings as well as in general outline, it is claimed that the possessor of such a pair of hands is going through life simply following the bent of tendency; but when there is a remarkable difference between the markings of the hands, though they may coincide as to general features, their owner is one who is making some decided effort to be more than simply a child of circumstances. Among popular treatises on the human hands, we know of none more readable than the work by Comte C. de Saint-Germain who, according to his publishers (Laird & Lee of Chicago), has given in concise form the results of fully 25 years of earnest study of the theme; and though his "Practical Palmistry" contains some statements which may be set down as dubious, we can safely recommend its perusal to all level-headed people who can read discerningly and are disposed to test by experience the claims and statements of authors. Chiromancy and chirolgy are departments of Chirolgy, the former dealing with divination by a study of the hand, the latter referring to the anatomical phases in particular. Probably all our readers have heard or read of the famous Frenchman, Adrian Desbarrolles, who, in his modest abode in the Latin Quarter of Paris, was interviewed 30 or 40 years ago by all sorts of people who wanted to investigate a mystery which closely touches human life on every side. We all seem instinctively to believe that we have destinies written in our organisms whatever our opinion may be of fate, which should never be confounded with pure and simple destiny. A good definition of destiny is whatever is possible unto us, while fate is a word which can be used to cover all the environments which encircle us, which it is our province to overcome while engaged in the work of carrying out our mission or fulfilling our destiny. We do acknowledge truth in predestination, but we are not willing to be ranked as fatalists, because fatalism robs life of all charm, zest and encouragement to effort, though a right view of destiny only encourages us to make the more hopeful and courageous efforts because of our conviction that we verily contain the ability we are seeking to express. As the Bible is expected to support everything, we need not be surprised to find that many passages of Holy Writ are cited to prove that hand-reading is biblical as well as scientific. Among texts most frequently brought forward the following are thought to be particularly conclusive:

"In the hands of all men God placed some signs that they could thus know their works."—Job xxxvii: 7.

"Length of days are in her right hand; riches and honor are in her left."—Proverbs iii: 16.

"What evil is in my hand?"—I Sam. xxvi: 18.

It is far from our purpose to insist that the above quotations necessarily support palmistry, but they certainly do suggest that the Bible writers mentioned incidentally at least a practice undoubtedly in vogue in very ancient days. Students of church history have claimed that the first papal denunciation of palmistry bears the date of the pontificate of Sixtus V, toward the close of the 16th century, a period when ecclesiastical denunciations and bitter controversies were intensely rampant. All who are familiar with the writings of Balzac are acquainted with that highly gifted mystic novelist's tribute to the science of the hand where he says, "Why should not the hand give the characteristics of the physiognomy since it represents human action in its entirety, and its only mode of manifesting it?"

The student of this art or science should commence at the outset by clearly discriminating between the shape, which is permanent, and the condition, which is transitory. It is general manual conformation that displays adaptability for some certain pursuit, but moist or dry are often states occasioned by fluctuating emotions, and can no more legitimately be regarded as permanently characteristic than clean or dirty. Every passing emotion leaves some superficial impress on the hands, and it is often observed by close students and careful readers of hands that various small lines come and go with varying mental emotions, and the changeable physical conditions which result from such emotions.

Taking a broad outline view of hands in general, and considering one by one specific types, it is safe to say that few people (if any) are really dissatisfied with their hands so far as type is concerned, though they may be seriously annoyed with their immediate condition. The lowest type, called Elementary, is not to be found in civilized communities as it is clearly the hand of the barbarian; it shows four well-developed digits, but an insignificant thumb, and therefore strongly resembles the hand of the chimpanzee and other varieties of apes which are styled anthropoid, meaning resembling man, though less than human. The Square variety of hand is often called the pre-eminently useful, as it is the hand of the mechanic par excellence, and is particularly adapted for all distinctively manual in contradistinction from brain or head work. Rarely, if ever, do we find inventors with square tipped fingers or with broad, thick hands, but good executants abound whose hands are in this class. The Spatulate hand, which goes with a highly nervous and therefore mentally active temperament, generally gives one who shakes it a sense of nervous tremor, sometimes amounting to an electric thrill; the possessors of such hands are usually persons of intense feeling, coupled with quick perception, and are extremely opposite in disposition and qualification to their square-handed brethren. The Knotty hand, as termed the specially philosophic because it is the most eminently rational and balanced of all the varieties. A philosopher is one who weighs and measures all things with notable impartiality, and who seeks to so blend intellect with emotion that the two great sources of human action, desire and knowledge, shall so act together that a purely judicial view is taken of every subject. The Conic or artistic hand is easily distinguished from all other types because of its distinctively cone-shaped fingers; possessors of this type of hand are frequently inventive geniuses distinguished for marked originality, and often as artists they excel as designers, or as musicians their strong points are composition and improvisation. The Psychic hand is discernibly that of the mystic or the visionary, and though it has been called by experts both beautiful and unfortunate, so far as its beauty goes that is a matter of taste merely; while on the question of its being a sign of an unfortunate temperament, this is a moot subject, because fortunate and unfortunate are by no means clearly defined expressions. The sybilline character of the long, slender hand with pointed fingers is unmistakable; but though sybils are unfortunate when exposed to inclement influences they often lead serene and happy lives when judiciously sheltered from inclement mental airs and afforded the conditions needful for the harmonic exercise of their extraordinary endowments. Poets and idealists, also writers of highly imaginative romance, have frequently well developed psychic hands. By far the commonest of all the types is the Mixed hand, and as this type includes elements of all the types, it depends upon how harmoniously or how discordantly the hand is mixed as to whether it is an indication of a well or ill regulated mind and body. Dr. Sivartha, who brought out a few years ago a very valuable little manual of palmistry, said that the finest

varieties of mixed hands were the most beautiful and desirable of all, and we all know from observation, if we have studied hands at all closely, that versatile natures ready to do useful work along many lines have mixed hands of a high order. As we all have special preferences for particular kinds of employment, and it can safely be maintained that social order demands a variety of harmonious workers all co-operating with a common end in view, there is nothing depressingly fatalistic in the theory that everyone has a mission for which his adaptation is shown both by his horoscope and by the constitution of his organism. Though Astrology may appear remote, abstruse and even improbable to many, we cannot understand a frame of mind which repudiates the essential teaching of palmistry, for whether stars and constellations can be appealed to or not, when we are seeking to know our destiny, our own hands must surely indicate both our life mission and how we are fulfilling it. Occultists teach that there is a psychic or astral fluid generated in the brain, which flows through the entire body, and which is specially ultimated in the extremities, in the hands more than in the feet, because the former are far more directly employed than are the latter in the conduct of all our deliberately undertaken affairs. Those members with which we paint, sculpt, play, sew, cook, write and do all kinds of artistic and mechanical work, must register the psychic state of the mind which thus employs them, and though the general characteristics of the hands may be largely unalterable, their condition, though not their type, varies with every passing mood. It sounds extreme to say, if you do not like your present hands you can develop a new superior pair; but within rational limits such a statement is warrantable, for we have known coarse, ugly hands to grow gradually refined and beautiful through the agency of renovating thought, just as we have seen vulgar, repulsive countenances gradually transformed into faces of refinement and beauty as mental improvement has been depicted in the physiognomy. Concerning the multitudinous peculiarities of individual hands and the significance of idiosyncratic formations, many bulky volumes have been written, but no perfect consensus of agreement has been reached. We shall not, therefore, attempt in one short essay to enumerate features which can only be dealt with in large treatises, or in special lessons where the hands of students are studied and commented upon. Keeping within the more general aspects of the subject, we will mention that nails have a good deal to say concerning character, it being almost universally admitted that fragile nails which are constantly splitting or cracking show irritability of temper and are signs of nervous derangement. Beautiful filbert-shaped nails give evidence of amiability and equanimity. Thin skin through which veins show prominently is an indication of quickness of perception, while thick skin shows more or less bluntness or lack of susceptibility to mental influences. Wristlets, or bracelets, as the lines which encircle the wrist are called, denote the presence of reserve force and recuperative power. Hollow palms show lack of vitality and frequently inability to cope successfully with the difficulties in life, but all unnatural depressions are signs of weakness and not evidences of permanent inability to master circumstances. Under prolonged mental or suggestive treatment when such has proved highly beneficial, we have seen hollows fill up and all symptoms of disorder disappear from hands, which, when the treatment commenced, showed many signs of intense weakness and inharmonious. Hands are indicators, but they are not governors; they may be likened to thermometers, barometers and other instruments which reveal the state of the weather, they have no power to affect. It would be the height of unreason to claim that we are at the mercy of our own hands so that we are compelled to do just what they indicate. The past and present can be accurately delineated by the skillful palmist, but the future is ours to make or mar. Our tendencies are discernible, but our own action is finally responsible for whatever fortune overtakes us, as our fate is in our own hands in a much wider sense than fatalists suppose. With palmistry as with astrology, clairvoyance and all else that deals with prophecy, it is ever necessary to remember the wise sage, "Forewarned is forearmed." We can learn to discover aptitudes and to trace tendencies, but in a last analysis everyone's fortune is of his own making. Destiny and fate must be kept entirely apart in our philosophy, for while it is manifestly necessary that we should unfold the one, we must resolutely control the other. Let us give everything a fair opportunity to prove itself, never let fear or prejudice prevent examination, but in all investigations keep earnestly in mind the wise saying of true philosophy, "Man is his own star," which means nothing less than that we have the power within us to regulate all things.

Wishing and Working.

EMMA ALLAN.

Many people wish to be in different circumstances or conditions from those they occupy, not realizing that they themselves are alone to blame for their circumstances, which are the result of their former habits and desires. Do you doubt this? or think it a cruel thing if it is so? Well! there would be no justice in the world if it were not so; we are the arbiters of our own fate, and while we rankle at the hardships of our lives, or the injustice of Fate, the hardships will continue; or while we speak against our neighbor, or hate our enemies (or those we think our enemies), is it likely, do you think, that our troubles will cease? The world is very like a looking-glass; smile at it, and you will see a smile reflected; frown at it, and you will see nothing but frowns in return; therefore be happy. But perhaps you remark: "That is easy to say, but you do not know my troubles." No! I do not; but I do know that they will never be lessened by a grumbling spirit, or by anxiety and worrying even. No; if we desire to be free from trouble we must work for that end, not whine for it—and how shall we work? what are we to do? We must remember the command, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." But how are we to seek, and where? Seek to find all that is good in those around us, instead of fixing our gaze on the evil; hate no one, not even a wicked person; pity him, for he is working his own destruction; seek to root out the evils in our own lives, or rather to cultivate the good in us, by thinking of others more than self, by never repining about our lot in life, and by steadfastly looking only at "whatsoever is good, whatsoever is lovely." In this way the evils of our lives will lose their hold on us, and gradually diminish and disappear. As to where we are to seek, we are told the "Kingdom of Heaven is within"; therefore as soon as we cease to think evil of our neighbors and begin to wish to do rightly, we shall feel welling up within us the Fount of Life and Love, which is the Source of every living thing—indeed, of the whole Universe. And are we not part of the Universe? a very small part, it is true, but a necessary part, or we should not be here; and if instead of worrying and agitating ourselves upon a variety of trifling things, we calmly try to walk in the right way; to love our neighbor, nay! even our enemy; to speak no evil of any one; to be kind and gentle to all we come in contact with; to work on in our employment with integrity, and leave the result to God;—then we shall feel and

know that God is everywhere, around us and within, and we shall feel ourselves to be an integral part of the Universe, pulsating only with the breath of God; and in the fulness of time, doing only His will, thinking only His thoughts, then we shall be in Heaven, whether we are still in this world, or have passed beyond.—The Light of Reason.

The Real.

The Real realizes that love is the only savior. Love has no wares to push, no axes to grind at other people's grindstones. "Love is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly."

Imitators of love are and do. To many this will seem inconsistent, but we are all Real, no matter how unreal and imitative we may strive to make ourselves. Even the fraud who knows he's a fraud, and who for the sake of a revenue plays upon the credulity of the people, is a dweller in the Real. He has simply clothed himself in the ways of ignorance and appears to be an outsider. The divine lover is not disturbed by these untidy garments. Man meets man, God meets God, and the love of the established one enters the heart of the one who is not yet aware of his divinity and illuminates the darkened chambers.

The Real has no need for words. Like the sun it shines and warms, verifies and reconstructs.

What if the sun took to argument?

What would become of the shine?

What shall one do to realize the Real?

"Ay, there's the rub."

Listen to Burnell's recipe:

"Dally with the axiom. String its meaning on words; boil these down for the perceptions in them; eat these perceptions into your mind, and keep them on your mind's stomach if you can, for they cure of dreams and awaken."

In other words, hold on to the truth. Let nothing interrupt your steadfast concentration. Skip the parrot-like repetition of phrases and set your face against all limitation. Regard yourself as belonging to the universal whole. Bear in mind that as long as you shut a single living creature out of your love, as long as there is a shred of contempt in your consciousness toward any being, however full of sin they may seem to be, as long as you are afraid of the world's verdict or desirous of the world's applause, you are not ready to visit the tiger.

As long as you say you have no fear, and yet tremble at the approach of the unusual, you are a liar. As long as you declare yourself immune from pain, and yet have your spells of secret suffering, you are far from the realm of righteousness. It is not necessary to put your aches on exhibition, but all the same the road to the Kingdom is by the straight road of honesty.

To "dally with" or enjoy the axiom of indivision—absolute wholeness—is to lose the eye blinders. They are sure to drop off. The first thing you know—and so suddenly and beautifully—you will behold things in different relations from what they ever were before. This is awakening to the Real. You have always been Real, and this is your first experience of the truth. There will no longer be any desire to imitate. It must now be the real thing or nothing.—Eleanor Kirk, in Eleanor Kirk's Idea.

Golden Words.

"Whatever is shallow is turbulent." Of this fact there is no doubt. It is true of every phase of life, mentally, morally, physically, financially. Physically, every person is in debt who is out of health; he is turbulent. He is shallow. There is some part of his physical nature that is in debt to some other part. There is a non-equilibrium in the physical structure. There must be evenness. Without evenness there is illness.

Morally, every person is in debt who does not think about others as he would have others think about him. He is in debt. He is not at peace. He has hate in him. He sees ill in others. His feelings are turbulent. He is shallow.

Mentally, a person is in debt whose mind is clouded. Nothing is clear. He thinks in a rut. He settles on tradition and dogmas. He breathes the atmosphere of stagnation. He cannot reason. He is badly in debt to his own possibilities. He is shallow in the finer sensibilities. He is mentally ill.

Financially, a person is in debt who does not give an equivalent for what he receives. He is shallow financially, who cannot pay his debts; he is more so who will not. It is bad to be in debt. Wherever there is debt there is shallowness and turbulence.

It is always easier to keep out of debt than it is to get out. This is true with individuals; it is true with companies.

Don't be shallow! Keep out of debt!—Ex.

"If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget all the slanders you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out, as far as possible, all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will only grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or worse still, malice would only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate every thing disagreeable from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet for today, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake only those things which are lovely and lovable."—Anon.

The finest type of manhood is never overwhelmed or entirely dismayed, no matter what comes. A man of this best type may see his property swept away from him, his hopes blasted, his ambitions thwarted and his plans demolished, but his spirit remains undaunted; his courage, his trust, and his self-confidence are undiminished. His success is beyond the reach of mere accident, of fire, of panic, or of temporary disaster; the foundation of his success is laid upon the eternal rock of truth, of justice, of probity, of right thinking, and of square dealing, and no floods or misfortunes or commercial devastations can reach him. They do not touch the real man, for his investments are in himself. It is only the more shallow minds, men without reserve of character, without other resources than money or property, that go down in financial failure. The man who has learned to live in himself, and not in his property; who does not put his trust in riches, but in principle, does not lose his greatest possession when he loses his money.—Success.

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile.—Shakespeare.

Nature never hurries; atom by atom, little by little, she achieves her works.—Emerson.

Faults perceived in peace—with neither condemnation nor resistance—in the spirit of love are immediately consumed by love itself.—Fenelon.

An Extraordinary Investment Opportunity

7 Per Cent Dividends Guaranteed From the First.

A few months ago Dr. Peebles incorporated his medical business at Battle Creek for the purpose of perpetuating the work he has been instrumental in starting and carrying to a point where success is a certainty. The Doctor recognized the fact that through his system of treating and teaching the sick he was doing a world of good, and in order that he might extend it to the point where it would shed its influence upon every city, town, and hamlet of this broad country, and at the same time be perpetuated beyond his day, he decided to incorporate his interests and dispose of a share of his holding to those wishing to become interested in such a profitable and worthy enterprise. Now that the success of the business is assured by its past success and present earnings, he invites every Spiritualist wishing to invest any amount, whether it be large or small, (from \$10.00 up) in a good, safe, and established business, guaranteeing 7 per cent dividends per year, with excellent prospects of from 15 to 18, to write him for full particulars of this extraordinary investment opportunity.

It is the Doctor's desire that this stock be held entirely by Spiritualists, and to further this purpose the Board of Directors have decided to place the entire amount of the outstanding stock at the disposal of Spiritualists, or those interested in advanced thought or advanced healing.

Every dollar received from the sale of this stock goes into the treasury for the purpose of further improving and building up the already growing and prosperous business.

A REMARKABLE SHOWING

The company has been organized about eight months, and on the 1st of January, 1903, the business paid a 7 per cent dividend on the Preferred Stock.

If you are interested in a safe investment, one on which 7 per cent dividends are guaranteed, with almost a certainty of much higher ones, write for prospectus and full particulars.

Address

DR. J. M. PEEBLES, Chairman,
Battle Creek, Mich., Box 2421.

Testimony of an Eminent New York Physician to Spiritual Science.

I am deeply interested in the subject to be discussed, and all my researches of late have tended towards a clear elucidation—scientific demonstration of the existence of the soul as an individual entity—and of its indestructible life—its immortality. The indubitable certainty and identity of my ego (my own individual existence), my constant longing for moral improvement, my innate conception of a better state to come after death (though I do not believe there is such a thing as death, in the common acceptance of the word), the inmost feeling inherent in my consciousness, the totally miserable disparity between conditions of mankind on this sphere, compared with the exact order and mathematical precision, which overrules the universe—all, all, tend to inspire me with the conviction that the destruction of my body, the mere dissolution of my flesh, will not affect my soul.

You (Mr. Colville) said truly that "Telepathy has its success, and is a philosophical fact," for we cannot brush it aside as an incoherent mass of foolishness, and through those subjects connected with it, such as mental suggestion (to which you also alluded), magnetism, psychical manifestations, hypnotism, apparitions, and the like, we are becoming more and more deeply impressed—advancing our knowledge of the occult sciences. My idea is that there is an element, dynamic in character, in our cosmos, permeating everywhere, throughout the universe, acting upon matter, yet independent of matter, and that there must be an over-ruling intelligence far superior to our own, in that element.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Annual Meeting in Grand Rapids.

The tenth annual mid-winter meeting of the Michigan Spiritualists was held at Grand Rapids, Feb. 6, 7 and 8. The Spiritualist hall was opened early Friday morning to all guests.

Friday p. m., at 2.30, the series of meetings opened with the song: "There We Shall Meet"; invocation, Mrs. D. A. Morrell, of Grand Rapids. The address of welcome was given by D. A. Herrick, the presiding speaker of the Grand Rapids society; the State board, members and visiting friends were greeted and made welcome to the city. The response was given by the State president, Dr. B. O'Dell. D. P. Dewey made brilliant remarks, and the first services of the day were closed with invocation by Dr. W. O. Knowles of Grand Rapids. Evening meeting opened at 7.30 with the song, "They Are Only Gone Before." Mr. Dewey gave a very able address: "Be satisfied with well doing; if you lack anything it is what the child lacks, intelligence; go slow, be careful, feel your way along that you may not be humiliated at having spanned the chasm in which you are engulfed." Mrs. D. A. Morrell, a new speaker, made interesting remarks. Messages from the higher life were given by Dr. W. O. Knowles.

Sat. 10.30 a. m. As the speakers could not be present, the time was given to a conference meeting. Mr. Hicks of Benton Harbor, O. E. Dent of Vicksburg and D. A. Herrick were the principal speakers. Sat. 2.30 p. m. the meeting opened with the song, "Open Wide the Gates"; invocation, Mrs. J. Lindsey of Grand Rapids; address by our pioneer speaker and medium, Dr. P. T. Johnson of Battle Creek. In speaking of our ancestors, he named them, Father Bigotry, Mother Superstition and Grandmother Popularity. Following this lecture Mrs. N. M. Russell of Grand Ledge gave psychometric readings. Sat. eve, 7.30, piano and violin solo; invocation; H. L. Chapman; address, "What Is Man?" inspirational poem on "Home," H. L. Chapman; Marcellus; remarks by Vice-pres. B. E. Carpenter; messages, Mrs. Russell.

Sun. 10.30 a. m. Music, "Lead Me, Loving

Angels;" invocation, Mrs. Julia Walton of Jackson; poems and address, Mrs. Walton. 2.30. The ordination services were opened with singing, "Sweet Summer Home"; the ordination of Mrs. D. A. Morrell, H. L. Chapman and D. A. Herrick followed, conducted by Dr. B. O'Dell. A poem for the occasion was read by H. L. Chapman; Mrs. Morrell and D. A. Herrick made remarks; invocation, Mrs. Walton; address, Mr. D. A. Herrick; messages, Mrs. Emmeline Blake of Grand Rapids. Evening services: Invocation, Mrs. Walton; a message from Dr. A. B. Spinney was read by Dr. B. O'Dell; Mrs. D. A. Morrell gave another inspiring lecture; messages, Mrs. Fuller, Dr. W. O. Knowles, both of Grand Rapids. Resolutions were read and adopted. Closing remarks, Dr. B. O'Dell; invocation, Dr. Knowles.

We wish the Ladies' Aid of Grand Rapids for the beautiful floral offerings, and the choir for its efficient service.

Miss Rena D. Chapman.

Marcellus, Mich.

Notes from Lake Helen, Florida.

Dear Banner Friends:—Camp meeting has been in session one week and the prospects are very encouraging. To-day, February 8th, finds us with every room in the hotel taken, every table filled in the dining room, and nearly all the rooms are taken in the cottages for the present. Some will go farther South or West and give place to others. Brigham Hall has still some rooms. Hotel Webster is within easy distance, and about one mile distant in the little village of Lake Helen is Hotel Harlan, with a capacity for over one hundred guests. When there has been need of it teams have brought the guests here at a moderate price.

Thus far our meetings have been largely attended. Opening day, February 1st, the speakers for the afternoon were Pres. Bond, Prof. Peck, Mrs. Prior, Mrs. Laura G. Fiken, and the writer. Singing is led by Prof. Peck, assisted by his niece, Miss Grace Hawlins, and during the week Mrs. M. E. Clark, of Syracuse, is organist; she is also a very good trance medium and healer.

Mr. Peck's lecture upon "Evolution and the Future Life" was attentively listened to by a large audience. He was followed by Mrs. Prior with tests. During the week we had three lectures: Tuesday, Mrs. Twine, "Our Two Selves"; Thursday, Prof. Peck, upon "Dead Religions"; Saturday, Mrs. Prior, upon "Who Are the Dead?"

Monday evening, progressive eucharist; Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. J. B. Bartholomew gave a test seance for the benefit of the Ladies' Auxiliary, which brought in quite a sum of money. In the evening the Reading Circle, which was organized at the request of some of the friends who do not enjoy other amusements, convened. At present the members are reading "Intro. Muro's A Dream of Heaven," by Mrs. Springer. Friday evening always brings out the dancers and they have large parties for the place.

Sunday, the 8th, the speakers were Mrs. Laura G. Fiken and Prof. Peck. One year ago Mrs. Fiken was promised through the guides of Mrs. Grennamer, of Cincinnati, Ohio, that she should in one year be crowned for her platform work. This morning she occupied the platform and spoke from the subject "Ye Shall Receive Power." There was no attempt at oratory. The simplicity of manner and the sweetness of thought reminded many of Frances E. Willard, and who shall say that the sister worker of Mrs. Fiken did not dominate for a time that brain and again plead for humanity. The 17th, Miss Willard's birthday into the spiritual, will be observed at the Camp. Mr. Peck spoke in the afternoon upon the subject, "Christianity vs. Churchianity."

There are many new arrivals, among them Dr. Shaw and wife. Dr. Shaw has been a resident of Boston for many years and is a successful dentist; and Miss Westcott, of Marlborough, Mass., whom he has recently married, has for a year been one of the central figures of Lake Pleasant work, both as a member of the board of trustees and an officer of the Ladies' Improvement Society of that place. They found friends here to congratulate them and are in love with the place. They are comfortably situated at Hotel Casadaga and hope to remain through the meeting.

J. Clegg Wright arrived February 8th and has been at work on his cottage, about one-half mile from the camp. All are sorry Mrs. Wright was unable, through physical weakness, to accompany him. He will begin his class work tomorrow.

Years ago when Father Lyon, of Fall River, Mass., was here, he was accompanied by Mrs. Amanda Robinson, his sister-in-law of Lynn, Mass. They had rooms in "Harmony Hall," the large apartment house here, and at the south end of the porch Mrs. Robinson planted a sprig of yellow jessamine. Father Lyon can see it today for his eyes have grown clear in Heaven's light since then, but we wish our sister, Mrs. R., could see it, for it is a thing of beauty. Some plant and sow far better than they realize, and fruit and blossoms either feed or cheer the traveler on the way.

Orange trees are being set out upon the lots leased and materials drawn in for building in the near future.

Events of the present week: Conference Monday afternoon, card party Monday eve; speaking by the writer Tuesday afternoon, house warming at the cottage of Mrs. Laura G. Fiken in the evening. Wednesday afternoon, test seance by Homer Altemus for the benefit of Ladies' Auxiliary, and in the evening a dramatic entertainment at the Auditorium; Mrs. Prior, Thursday afternoon, reading circle in the evening; Friday, conference in the afternoon, dance in the evening; Saturday, Prof. Peck in the afternoon and celebration of the anniversary of the wedding of Dr. and Mrs. Hilligoss and a reception to Mrs. Hilligoss' daughter and her husband from Cincinnati.

Thus ends the week. No; we are never lonely here in the pine woods of Florida.

Carrie E. S. Twine, Camp Scribe.

The Gentleman from Everywhere.

As President Barrett predicted, is being "widely read and commended by all sorts and conditions of men."

Rev. Dr. Winship writes in the Journal of Education: "Mr. Foss has given us a delightful original book, realistic to the last degree, with fact as the background of it, and fancy as the halo, and it starts the tear and the laugh with the same shade and light that occur in human experience. It is highly interesting from start to finish, and there is not a dull paragraph in it."

The New York Herald states, editorially, "The Gentleman from Everywhere is a unique and interesting combination of poetry, travel and discursive essay. It makes manifest a genial and kindly spirit, literary training and a common sense upon life." The Times-Union and Citizen, Jacksonville, Fla., says: "This is an interesting story, fascinatingly told and characterized by quiet humor, pathos and vivid description. It is a handsome, instructive, uplifting book and is deservedly commended by our most eminent authors and editors."

All Spiritualists will read the chapter entitled "Foregleams of Immortality," in which Mr. Foss, after graphically describing the interest of himself and family with materialized, departed friends, sums up as follows: "There was no possible shadow of doubt about this visitation from the unseen world. We had felt the touch of vanished hands; we had heard the sound of the voices that are still, and henceforth we know that we walk hand in hand with angels. The dew of heaven descend upon all the flowers of the field; some open their petals, welcome the refreshment and are thereby blessed, while others close their buds, refusing the blessing, and as a result wither and die. Even so come to all souls the spirits of the departed, and they inspire or fall in their mission of love according to whether we open or close to them the doors of our inner sanctuaries."

"The departed, the departed, They visit us in dreams, They glide above our memories Like sunlight over streams."

"The melody of summer waves, The thrilling notes of birds, Can never be as dear to me As their softly whispered words."

Briefs.

It was the good fortune of those interested in the Cause, in this city, to listen to a very interesting lecture on "The Philosophy of Spiritualism," delivered inspirationally by Mrs. Kate R. Stiles of Boston, Mass., Sunday afternoon, Feb. 1. In the evening questions written on slips by persons in the audience and handed to her were answered at length very satisfactorily. Quite a company gathered to meet her on two evenings in the parlors of Mrs. Cusack's home on Michigan Avenue. Mrs. Stiles spoke inspirationally on both occasions very interestingly; she also gave many tests, in many instances giving full names which were readily recognized. We wish her visit here had been longer, but she was on her way to Lake Helen, Fla., where she will remain some weeks. We hope for a long visit from her next winter.

Quite a few of the members of the Sunshine Club were at the meeting of the Boston Psychic Conference on Sunday evening, Feb. 15, where the president, Clara E. Strong, and the following members worked: Walter L. Mason, Anna Strong, Annie Lander, Fred H. Crans, Annie Morgan.

Pittsburgh, Mass. The First Spiritualist Society had a very large attendance at both services, Sunday, Feb. 15. The subjects of the speaker, Mrs. A. J. Pettengill of Malden, "The Value of Right Thinking," and "Practical Christianity," were ably presented, and were supplemented by many spirit messages. Miss Howe, pianist, finely rendered several spirit selections. Dr. C. F. Fox, president. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, met in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., Sunday, Feb. 8, at 11 o'clock, with a large attendance. After the lesson, Dr. Hale gave an address; subject, "Mother." The following children took part in the entertainment: Mamie Phillips, Rhena Bacharach, Evelyn Francover, Dr. Hale, solo; Lou Stillings, Mrs. S. E. Jones readings; Rebecca Goolitz, piano solo; Mr. H. Leslie spoke to the children on the subject of the lesson, telling them they must all be little "mothers," helping each other and setting a good example for the little ones to follow. Mrs. M. E. Stillings, Sec.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Alex. Caird, M. D., president. Dr. George A. Fuller was the speaker on Feb. 1, and 8; he gave most masterly and eloquent discourses. Good audiences were in attendance at all sessions. The circles held at the close of the afternoon services are quite an attraction, and combined with the concert and song service make a very interesting program. Feb. 15, Mrs. Thomas Cross delivered two very instructive addresses. The Lyceum connected with the society is in a very flourishing condition. The children are practicing an Operetta (under the direction of Harry C. Chase), to be given in Cadet Hall, April 23.

Albany.—Mrs. B. W. Belcher of Marlboro, Mass., has been in Buffalo for the third time this season, and she is a fine platform test medium. While here she was called to Glens Falls, served the society, and scored a great success, through which she had calls from other societies in this state, but owing to previous engagements in Massachusetts was obliged to decline until another season. Mrs.

Belcher served the Troy Society and Forest Flower gave Psychometric readings and tests; every one was fully recognized.—Mrs. M. E. Hillison.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington street, Spiritual meetings, Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. At 11 o'clock a test and healing circle was well attended. Dr. Brown, Dr. Blackden and Dr. Johnson magnetic healers were present. During the day the meetings were well sustained by the following speakers and mediums: Mr. Hill, Mr. Marsten of Allston, Dr. Brown, Miss Sears, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Peak-Johnson, Miss Wilkinson, Miss Stone, Mr. Thomas Jackson, Mrs. Julia Davis, Mr. Clough, Mrs. Nellie Grover. The blind musicians rendered beautiful selections, Mr. Harry Welch, leader. The Indian Peace Council and dance was largely attended although the day was stormy. Healing Circle every Tuesday at three, and Thursday afternoon a meeting for spiritual tests, one of the most interesting meetings of the week is held. Reporter.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society met in Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton St., Friday Feb. 13, with the president, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Allbe presiding. At the business meeting in the afternoon nine new members were admitted to the society. Supper was served at 6.30 and promptly at 7, "Sunshine," the little Indian guide of Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, entranced her medium and in a wigwam erected for the purpose received the friends whom she entertained for an hour with messages from the spirit side of life. At eight o'clock Mrs. Allbe called the meeting to order and the audience joined in singing "America." Miss Gertrude Sloan presiding at the piano. Mr. A. P. Blinn spoke upon the subject of mediumship and made a strong appeal for the "home circle" and for the medium.

Mrs. S. S. Cunningham spoke briefly; Mrs. Horace G. Berry gave several messages and made interesting remarks; Mrs. W. S. Butler's remarks were listened to with deep attention; Rev. Mr. Paris of the West Indies related interesting personal experiences. Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse closed the meeting with appropriate remarks. The society greatly appreciates the work of Mrs. Mason and "Sunshine" as through their efforts the treasury was greatly benefited. Esther H. B. Secretary.

Temple of Honor Hall, 591 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mrs. J. Fredericks, president. Meetings Feb. 1 and 8 were well attended and very harmonious. Those assisting afternoon and evening were Mrs. Tracy, Mrs. Fredericks, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Evans, Mrs. Orms, Miss Reinand, Miss Parker, Miss Wheeler, Mrs. Burns and others. They all did good work. Indian Peace Jubilee will be Wednesday evening, March 4. Miss Wheeler, Jacobus, the Zuluka Spiritual Society, which meets regularly at 112 East 8th street devoted Thursday evening, Jan. 29, to the concentration of Spiritual Thought to help sustain our beloved president and his wife in their hours of sorrow brought to them by the violent death of their only child. Impressive memorial services were held Sunday evening, Feb. 1. Mrs. Amy Buchanan, under control, delivered a grand discourse on the "Immortality of the Soul and the Comfort of Spiritualism." In the evening, Mrs. B. Davis gave an impressive reading, "Why Do We Mourn?" Resolutions of sympathy were expressed for the bereaved brother and sister, Mrs. A. D. Bisbee.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum held its session as usual in Paine Memorial Hall, Appleton St., Sunday, Feb. 15. We were glad to have with us again after his illness, Dr. Dean Clarke. The doctor's talks are always very interesting and entertaining. We trust he will be with us for a long time yet. Mr. Fred Taylor entertained those present with a concert by a very fine phonograph. It was the plainest talking machine that the writer has ever heard. J. B. Hatch, Jr.

The weekly meeting of the Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society was held Feb. 12. The afternoon was devoted to benevolent work, circle, business meeting; supper at 6.30. Literary and musical entertainment in the evening. The following took part: Mrs. Julia Davis, spiritual work; two young ladies from Everett, Miss Ericson, violin, Miss Crosscup, piano, rendered several selections; Mrs. Alice Wood, readings; Mrs. Vandorff, solo; Mr. Harold Leslie sang most acceptably; later by request, the "Ninety and Nine"; readings, Mrs. Jennie L. Doyle, were very pleasing; Mrs. Curtis read selection, "Alaska," which closed a most delightful evening. C. M. Mallard, Sec.

Manchester Progressive Spiritualists held meetings in Knights of Honor Hall, Hanover St., 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Mrs. Sadie L. Hand began the year's work Jan. 4. Her audiences were appreciative and her lectures and messages interesting and correct. Jan. 11 Annie Banks Scott gave satisfaction as message medium. Jan. 18, Nellie Noyes, of Boston, Mass., gave interesting Astrological readings. Jan. 25 and Feb. 1 Effie I. Webster, lecturer and test medium, pleased large audiences with her instructive and accurate work. Feb. 8 stormy weather greeted Annie L. Jones of Lowell, Mass., nevertheless the audiences were not disappointing and the messages were of high quality. Feb. 15 Edgar W. Emerson of this city spoke morning and evening to large audiences. Manchester people thoroughly enjoy Mr. Emerson's work. Feb. 22, Nellie F. Burbeck of Plymouth, Mass., occupied the platform. The children's Progressive Lyceum is having fine success. There is a large adult class. Remember the Lyceum entertainment Feb. 23. Albina L. Warren, Sec'y.

The Church of the Fraternity of Soul Communion held regular services in the Aurora Grata Cathedral, cor. Bedford Ave. and Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday evening Feb. 15. The singing by the Verdi Quartette was very inspiring. Rev. Ira M. Courlis pastor of the church being indisposed, services were conducted by Miss Emma C. Resch, one of Mr. C. Courlis' pupils, assisted by Mr. Roy S. Thompson. The Bible lesson taken from the Fourth Chapter of Corinthians. After a selection by the quartette a sentence was given through the mediumship of Miss Resch. All were well pleased with the demonstration. The supper, held under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary, connected with the church, on Tuesday evening Feb. 16, was a perfect success in every way, all present feeling more than repaid for having come. Correspondent.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met in Dwight Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 18. Whist party from 3 to 5; business meeting called to order at 5 by the president, Mrs. M. J. Butler; supper was served at 6.30 to a large number of members and friends, the occasion being a "pink tea." The hall and tables were tastefully decorated with pink and white, and flowers were much in evidence of the same colors, while many of the ladies were adorned with pink bows. The evening entertainment was given by the Lyceum, assisted by friends, and members of the Union, in the form of a "minstrel concert," conducted by Mr. Harold Leslie, and Mr. Willis Milligan, pianist. The concert opened with a medley; solo, Mr. Leslie, "Old Kentucky Home;" Fred Nickerson, "Old Folks at Home;" Miss Thomas, "The Fortune Teller;" Mrs. Stillings, and Miss Irene M. Antz, duet; Lou Pryor, solo; Evelyn Francover, solo; "Old Mobile," with chorus; Mrs. Clara Wheelock, solo, "Goo Goo Eyes;" trio, three little girls, "Ain't That a Shame;" "Kiss Yourself Good-by," solo, Mr. Daniel McNivitt; recitation, Kate Blynn; song and dance, Miss Olive Smith and Mr. Daniel McNivitt; Sarah Sapeno, song; Iona Stillings and Carrie Ensel, song and dance, "The Art of Love Making;" coon specialty, Hawes and Wheelock;

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble And Never Suspect It.



An interesting letter to our readers from Mrs. E. Austin of New York City.

New York City, Nov. 9th, 1902.
A little over a year ago I was taken with severe pains in my kidneys and bladder. They continued to give me trouble for over two months and I suffered untold misery. I became weak, emaciated and very much run down. I had great difficulty in retaining my urine, and was obliged to pass water very often night and day. After I had used a sample bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, which you so kindly sent me on my request, I experienced great relief. I immediately bought of my druggist two large bottles and continued taking it regularly. I am pleased to say that Swamp-Root cured me entirely. I can now stand on my feet all day without having any bad symptoms whatever. I was in the hospital in February last, before I used Swamp-Root, and the doctors examined my kidneys and said there was no trouble there, but after hearing so much about Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and what it had done for other women, I concluded to try it with the result that today I am well again.
Gratefully yours,
Mrs. E. Austin.

350 West 12th St.

The mild and prompt effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Recommended and taken by physicians, used in hospitals and endorsed by people of prominence everywhere. To prove what Swamp-Root will do for you a sample bottle will be sent absolutely free, by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root and the wonderful cures it effects. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and be sure to mention reading this generous offer in Boston Banner of Light.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

coon dance, Miss Thomas; song, Lou Pyser; Mamie Orlick, song; Jennie Taplin, recitation, "Sis Hopkins;" jockey song, Evelyn Francover; harmonica solo and song, Mr. Walter Wood; song and dance, Rebecca Goolitz, "Good Old Summer Time." Mrs. Wheeler as "Topsy" was irresistible and was cheered. The concert was in every respect a grand success and shows the labor spent with the children by their leaders, especially Mrs. Butler, Mr. Leslie and Mr. Milligan. Laura P. Sloan, Cor. Sec.

On Feb. 12, Miss Blanche Brainard of Lowell lectured and gave tests under the auspices of the Stoneham Ladies' Aid. Her work was of the best, and well received by an appreciative audience. On Feb. 26 Mrs. Caird of Lynn will be with us. Mrs. J. L. Draper, Sec.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society met in Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton St., Boston, Friday, Feb. 20, with the president, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Allbe, in the chair. After a brief business meeting the public circle, which is always held by the society on the third Friday of each month, was opened with an invocation by Mrs. Hattie C. Mason. A large gathering was present, and many convincing proofs were given of the presence of spirit loved ones through the mediumship of Mrs. H. B. Fay, Miss Nellie Kneeland, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. E. A. Lincoln, Mrs. Lizzie Shackley, Mrs. E. M. Shirley, Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Horace G. Berry. As this is the veteran Spiritualist society of New England, it being in age a contemporary of our splendid exponent of spiritual thought, the Banner of Light, both being forty-five years of age, it is our intention to have the early messages with us from time to time, and in pursuance of this object we have invited those two veteran workers, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes and Mr. J. Frank Baxter to meet with us Friday, February 28. The evening session, which opened at 7.30, was unusually interesting. Mrs. Chapman spoke upon "Spiritual Development;" Mrs. M. E. Chandler on "Power of Thought" and gave several messages. Brief remarks were also made by Mr. C. C. Shaw, Mr. Elmer Packard, Mr. A. S. Waterhouse and Mrs. Hattie Mason and excellent messages were given by Mrs. Annie Banks Scott. The services were interspersed with singing by the congregation with Miss Gertrude Sloan as pianist. Esther H. Blinn, Sec.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, met in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., Sunday, Feb. 15, at 11 o'clock. Dr. Hale gave a short address on the subject of the lesson, "Inspiration." Mr. Harold Leslie spoke of "Abraham Lincoln." The following took part in the entertainment: Bertha Superior, reading; Mr. Taylor, song; Rebecca Goolitz, piano solo; Mrs. Stillings and Dr. Hale, duet; Mr. Lang spoke briefly; Mrs. Moody gave a few words of encouragement. Mrs. M. E. Stillings, Sec.

Our perfect duties are those thoughts and acts which are the outcome of perfect love for all—universal love. When we continuously burn with fervent love for the Whole, we live in exact justice with all the parts. When we live in Universal Love life is pure, sweet and simple, and no ambition or complex—not disturbed and interrupted. Perfect Love is the principle underlying all justice—all right living. To the degree we love, to that degree we are just and charitable and unselfish. Perfect Love is the greatest and highest ideal in the world; when it manifests on the Universal Plane it is God. "God is Love." Universal Love carries the soul to the highest, purest and most radiant and beautiful realms and spheres of the Universe. Perfect Love is the Sovereign Good—the Eternal Life and Eternal Sustainer of the Universe.—The Blissful Prophet.

"The universe pays every man in his own coin; if you smile, it smiles upon you in return; if you frown you will be frowned at; if you sing, you will be invited into gay company; if you think, you will be entertained by thinkers; and if you love the world and ear-

SPECIAL NOTICE

These are three great factors struggling together for ascendancy at the present hour.

The four oldest castes mentioned in accessible Oriental records were: First, the rulers; second, the artists; third, the tradespeople; fourth, the unskilled laborers. These terms are the modern equivalents of Sanskrit titles unfamiliar to English speaking readers.

Intelligent people in these days will investigate for themselves whether an arrogant ecclesiasticism approves or disapproves, and as it is quite possible for people to form free churches if they desire them, the old boats can be left to a lean remnant of ultra-conservatives, while the new vessels can be manned by wiser and more liberal crews. Lutheran bigots can never close the avenues

For establishment of will and memory, stand erect, inhale and raise right hand above head; swing it in complete circle with palm toward face. The arm should be swung around thirteen times without using any force but WILL; the twelfth time is the occasion for taking a deep breath and retaining it, the thirteenth time the floor must be struck with the fist. Repeat this exercise with the left hand. This can be taken after each meal and just before retiring at night. While taking these exercises, the exerciser should face east in the morning, south at noon, west at sundown and north at night. It is positively declared that if these practices are regularly followed, all pernicious habits will be overcome; the habitual drunkard loses appetite for liquor, the opium eater

You are not simply to be kind and helpful to others; but whatever you do, give honest, earnest purpose to it.—J. T. Trowbridge.

Children's Book.

WHERE ARE THE STARS?

JULIA F. ORICE.

"Mama, where are the stars tonight,
Twinkling, twinkling all so bright?"
"Tis cloudy, dear," the mother said,
Fondly pressing her darling's head.
The questioner sighed, and silent lay
With eyes upturned and thoughts away.
Then asked, in tones a heart would win:
"On cloudy nights do they take them in?"

"They take them in"—these words revealed
The thoughts the infant breast concealed—
A vision of angels from afar,
Borne on bright wings from star to star,
Making the world grow cold and dim,
As they quench their light and take them in.

Are we not children questioning too?
A world of shadows we're passing through;
We miss some star from out our skies;
Scanning the heavens with tear-dimmed eyes,

love always makes people patient and kind.
Daddy and Xilla were great readers, and it was a pretty sight to see them together with a picture book, Daddy making up stories to go with the pictures that pleased Xilla so much that she soon learned to repeat them in her own fashion. She learned first to say "mama," then "papa" and then "Daddy."

Most grandpa's are willing to do anything for the babies in the family and they usually think the babies are just about as near right as babies can be. Some people say that grandpas let them have their own way but if anybody ever said that to Daddy he was quite surprised and said that Xilla wasn't like common babies and you couldn't treat her like other children.

Dear grandpa all over the world and dear grandpa Coffin, whom we love and know, how glad we are that your dear eyes see nothing common in the little life entrusted to your care! The old world is better for your wisdom, a wisdom that too often only comes with gray beards and tottering limbs. A wisdom that comes when the eye of youth, with its quick discernment of material values, is dimmed by the brighter wisdom of the spiritual possibilities of every baby soul.

Well, grandpa Coffin and little Xilla grew together. She grew older and he younger



Daddy and Xilla.

We ask in sorrow, demand in sin,
Our looked-for stars that were taken in.

Beyond the clouds, with vision clear,
Shall we not trace our pathway here,
And looking back o'er steep and vale
Rejoice in what we now bewail?
And find the wrong there would have been
Had not our stars been taken in?

—The Christian Leader.

Daddy and Xilla.

My dear little friends:

In a letter not long ago I told you that Mrs. Barrett's father, Daddy, as she always called him, had followed Xilla into the spirit life. I wanted to tell you more about him at that time, but I felt very badly about his going and so could not write much. I wish you little people might all have known him; for I am sure you would have loved him; but as you didn't, I want you to know a few things about him now. Some of the things he used to do would make you feel that he belonged to you a little bit.

I remember so well the first time I ever saw him. Mrs. Barrett had been sick. She lived in Needham then and that was quite a little trip from Boston; but I had promised to go and see her and so one morning I got off the train at the little station, wondering if I would know Mr. Coffin when I saw him. Almost before I had time to think, I heard some one say:

"This is Mrs. Soule, I guess," and I looked up and saw Daddy. He was just "good" to look at. His eyes were so kind and pleasant and they had the sparkle of fun and merriment in them too. His voice always sounded low and tender as if he were talking to a child, and I know it must have grown that way from constantly thinking kind things, as good people do, about children.

We got into the carriage and drove along towards Mrs. Barrett's home and all the way he talked to me as if he had known me all my life and made me feel quite at peace with him.

After we had dined I went up stairs with Mrs. Barrett and when we came back Daddy was walking about the room with a little air of expectancy, and drawing the chairs in a sort of circle for three and at last drew all the shades to the bottom of the window.

"Why, Daddy," said Mrs. Barrett, "what are you doing that for?"

"Well," said Daddy, "I thought perhaps if I softened the light the little spirit would come and talk to us."

After such an invitation I could not refuse and so we sat down and Sunbeam came. She had a lovely time and always after that Sunbeam and Daddy were the best of friends. Why only last Winter one very cold day he came way over to my home to bring some things for Sunbeam's use in her Christmas work.

When baby Barrett was born Daddy became her guardian. As she slept he watched by her, never leaving her side and indeed she could not, or did not, sleep unless he was there. When no one else could soothe her he always could and many, many times I have seen him take her in his arms and gently hush her to sleep. Often he would be called from his work by the young mother who feared that something was wrong and then he would listen to her breathing and caress her face and say:

"She's all right," and when he said it everybody was quite sure that he knew what he was talking about. He loved Xilla and

and they both grew wiser as they journeyed along towards spirit life. It was Daddy who walked miles pushing the carriage, which was Xilla's outdoor throne, and it was Daddy who was playmate and companion in the house. As Daddy's cough became worse the baby grew more attentive and when she heard him coughing would say softly, "Poor Daddy." Often she would sit on a hassock by him and entertain him with the "little chatter he loved to hear so well. Whenever she left the room she would say, "Scuse me des a minute, Daddy, I be back after a while."

So sweet it seems that she did come back after awhile and take Daddy with her, for I have no doubt that her little voice was the first sweet sound that greeted him when he entered the new life. Daddy knew he would soon follow his little treasure and talked about it to Mrs. Barrett.

"It won't be so hard for me as for you," he said, "for I shall soon see her."

Is it not a comfort to think that Daddy has her with him? It is so good to know that he will let no time pass that some way is not found to reach the dear ones left.

Daddy and Xilla have gone to live in another home, that is all, and we will all try and help the mama and papa to grow so calm and still that they can see that home at will.

Did you ever walk down by a clear lake and look in? If you have, you know you can see the fishes and the stones and everything that is in the lake just as plainly as can be; but if you toss something into the water the ripples begin to form and you can't even see what you tossed in until the water is calm once more. I think sometimes when we cannot at once see our friends in spirit life after they are gone, it is because the spirit air around us has been disturbed by their going until little ripples form and make it impossible to see where they are. If we keep as still and calm as we can, we shall see after a while just where they are and what they are doing. I don't mean that we are to keep our bodies still and calm but our spirits.

We know of course, that there is no reason why we cannot see dear Daddy and little Xilla because people are seeing spirits every day, and knowing this we will be very patient. We know too that it must be very wise and good spirits who have taught us that people we love do not die when the spirit leaves the body, but live and love us just the same. So we will be filled with joy because this is true and we will love them for telling us about it, and when our hearts are filled with patience and joy, and love, we cannot make ripples of unhappiness and we become clear in sight and see those we love.

Now we will all keep as sunny and sweet as can be and see which one of us will get the first glimpse of dear Daddy and sweet little Xilla in their new home.

My dearest love I send you all.

Your friend,
Minnie M. Soule.

Friday, February 20, 1903.

A Metaphysical Banquet.

The New Century building on Huntington Ave. was the scene on Friday evening, Feb. 20th, of a pleasant occasion, when the members of the Church of the Higher Life and of the Metaphysical Club, in the spirit of fraternal good will and desire to promote cordial relations in their mutual ranks, united in a banquet of large proportions. An hour was spent in social intercourse before adjournment was made to the banquet hall, and a feast of reason, of wit and song followed the more material repast. As befitted exponents of pure thought, the purest viands were provided, the menu being in charge of the agent of the Franklin Mills Co. of Lockport, N. Y., the Whole Wheat producers, and the Genesee Pure Food Co. of LaRoe, N. Y. Seven courses were furnished, and each guest on leaving the hall, received furthermore a substantial token in a two pound package of Wheatlet, and five pounds of Whole Wheat flour, for future consumption.

Mr. John J. Henry was able toast-master on this occasion, and the speakers included Mr. Sam Walter Foss, W. A. Rodman, J. C. F. Grumbein and others. The vocalists were Miss Dorethea Thuelen and Mr. Russell Randall. Prominent Spiritualists were also present, some six different societies of advanced thought and spiritual truth being represented. It is always a cause of rejoicing to every loyal heart when sectarian lines are annulled by all truth-seekers and truth-lovers, in the union of a common aspiration toward the highest goal, in a universal brotherhood which alone can lead to a perfect realization of all truth.

A Test of Superior Value.

For the Banner Readers:

My health is good now because I have been using Mrs. Severance's Good Health Tablets and following her written instructions. She also gave me a reading which is most helpful to me in many ways. I feel her sustaining spiritual and magnetic influence every time I read it. I am now full of hope and courage. Read her "ad" on the 7th page of the Banner.

S. W. B.

W. J. Colville in Hartford.

On Sundays, March 1, 8, 15 and 22, W. J. Colville will lecture in Alliance Hall, Chapel St., Hartford, Conn., at 3 and 7.30 p. m. Subjects for March 1, afternoon, "Foundation Principles of the Science of Being." Evening, "Influence of Thought on All Bodily Functions." Questions invited after each lecture. Public cordially invited. Voluntary offerings.

Announcement.

Several months ago the readers of a few selected papers were notified that a bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine could be obtained free by writing to Vernal Remedy Company, 120 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y. Other publishers secured the same privilege for their readers. The results to those who ordered free bottles have been most remarkable and gratifying.

Any reader of the Banner of Light may have a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine sent free and prepaid if they need it and write for it.

One small dose of this remarkable remedy, once a day, quickly and perfectly cures indigestion and catarrh of the stomach, cures constipation, so that in less than a week you have no more trouble, clears the liver and kidneys of congestion so that vital organs become healthy and active.

Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine takes all inflammation and catarrh from the bladder and all pain and trouble from prostate gland.

A Genuine Surprise Party.

Everyone interested in Spiritualism who has ever visited, or resided in Cleveland, Ohio has known, or heard of the untiring devotion of Thomas Lees and his sister Tillie Lees to the Spiritualist Cause, and especially the Lyceum work, during the past thirty or forty years.

Miss Lees is President of the Good Samaritan Society, the oldest Spiritualist organization in the city, which started as an aid to the Lyceum work many years ago. Some of its members planned and successfully carried out a surprise party which visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lees on Tuesday evening, Feb. 17, and overwhelmed them with manifestations of esteem and appreciation, leaving as substantial tokens a handsome table lamp and an elegant easy rocking chair.

All enjoyed a very delightful evening in social converse, vocal and instrumental.

ASTROLOGY Frank Theodore Allen

from New York is now located in Boston, at 804 DARTMOUTH STREET, near Huntington Ave., Banner of Light Building, 10 to 5 daily. Other times or places by appointment. Office readings \$1.00; written (by mail) \$1.50 up. Give sex, date, hour and place of birth.

SPECIAL—Mr. Allen will give a FREE copy of his treatise on "ASTROLOGY AND SPIRITUALISM" to all who send stamp, or call.

CHRISTINE LANG, PSYCHIC.

What does your handwriting reveal of self? Send 25c. silver for truthful sketch. Box 633, Rockton, Mass., D28-A3

DISEASES OF MEN

Such as Sexual Debility, Varicocele and Seminal Losses cured without a failure by an External Application in 60 days. This great remedy is a spirit prescription, and has restored more cases of this kind than any other known. Send 10 cents for book giving full particulars, with price and sworn testimonials. Address, DR. R. F. FELLOWS, Vineland, N. J.

DR. FELLOWS is one of our distinguished progressive physicians in whom the afflicted should place their confidence.—BANNER OF LIGHT.

E. A. BRACKETT

Author of
THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

The well known author, E. A. Brackett, who some years ago issued an attractive work entitled "Materialized Apparitions," has recently brought out through Banner of Light Publishing Co. another volume with the above named title. The value of a book is often enhanced if it contains something of the writer, and as a good photograph reveals much to all who know something of photography and physiognomy, the frontispiece portrait serves as a good introduction to the volume which it prefaces. We are told that the book was written at the close of the author's 64th year, and that many of his experiments were made in company with Wm. H. Channing, inventor of the fire alarm. From the intensity of his nature, and the daring character of his thought, Mr. Brackett was led to carry experiments unusually far in many remarkable directions. During those experiments, Mr. Brackett discovered the intimate relation between profound mesmeric sleep and death, and led to important disclosures concerning spirit life. This author claims immense antiquity for many modern theories including popular views of evolution, and combines therewith a considerable portion of mystic lore, which lays substantial claim to very great antiquity.

By far the most remarkable portion of the volume is entitled "The Unknown." This chapter contains one of the most thrilling accounts of a strange psychic adventure we have yet read. Leveaux, as well as all who admire the philosophy of the highly moral and deeply spiritual type, will be well repaid for a study as well as a simple perusal of "The World We Live In," which is substantially bound in dark green cloth, gilt lettered, and makes a handsome gift book. Price 75 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

music, recitations, an original poem and presentation addresses, and partook of a fine supper contributed by the visitors. It was an evening well spent and will long be remembered by all present as a valuable contribution to the good time coming when universal good will, peace and brotherhood will prevail.

Dr. J. H. Taylor.

Dean Clarke's Poem.

Emma Rood Tuttle, herself one of the most noted poets in our ranks, writes to Dr. Clarke as follows: "I must tell you that Mr. Tuttle and I have read every word of your Triumph of Man and enjoyed it much. It is a good history of 'the greatest thing on earth,' and everybody should have a copy. It is fine for Lyceum scholars, and is in shape to be remembered readily. I should think the English Lyceums would like it. It is a great improvement on the old story of man's creation. It is based on facts, but the old story is the highest flight of fancy. I trust your poem may sell as it should." Send 12 cents to the author at 7 Winthrop St., Roxbury, Mass., and read this grand poem for yourself. One dollar and six cents will obtain ten copies for distribution.

Proctor Case.

I would like to inform the friends of "Medical Freedom" that the Proctor case is closed and the bills in connection with same have been paid. The money collected by me through the Banner of Light, and from personal friends, was turned over to Mr. Hebron Libbey, treasurer of the Massachusetts State Association and he paid all lawyer's bills and others that were presented in the interest of this case. The money the friends contributed (which he held), has been used for this purpose, and the rest taken from the treasury of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists. The case itself has simply been thrown out of court, as it failed to come up at the last hearing in December. Mrs. Proctor wishes me to thank all the friends who stood loyal by her husband in his hour of trial and also for generous contributions.

Carrie L. Hatch.

W. J. Colville

announces the following lectures in Banner Hall, 204 Dartmouth St., Boston: Monday, March 9, 3 p. m., Foundation Principles of the Science of Being and Existence. 8 p. m., White and Black Magic. Tuesday, 10, 3 p. m., Hereditary Environment in the Light of Spiritual Science. 8 p. m., The Riddle of the Universe—How Can We Solve It? Wednesday, 11, 3 p. m., New Heavens and a New Earth in Human Consciousness. 8 p. m., Influence of Thought on General Prosperity. Thursday, 12, 3 p. m., Relation of Mental Healing to Medicine and Surgery. 8 p. m., Influence of Thought on All Bodily Functions. Friday, 13, 3 p. m., Auto-Suggestion and Alto-Suggestion—Self-Conquest and Healing of Neighbors. 8 p. m., Memory and Intuition; their Respective Uses. Saturday, 14, 3 p. m., Involution and Evolution; a Study of Origins and Ultimates. Questions invited after each lecture. Admission, 15 cents.

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PRESS NOTICES.

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

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

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seance held January 29, 1903, S. E. 55.

Invocation.

Oh, spirit of peace, spread thy wings over the weary world this morning and bring to the aching hearts and the suffering minds the assurance of love, tenderness and understanding. So often the heart is bound in its loneliness and grief that the very desolation shuts out all hope, all peace, all knowledge of God and we would that like an angel of peace and purity all these things might be swept away. Lift us by the very power of thy love into a better condition of life. In our struggles and our falterings, may we feel the strong arm, in our effort after better things, may we hear the voice and the message that will sustain and assure us and wherever we go may we not feel separate-ness but an at-one-ment with all that is good and true and blessed. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Isabel Strong, Clarksville, N. Y.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a lady about twenty-eight years old. She is tall, slender, has dark blue eyes and almost black hair. She is very earnest in her manner, and says: "I am Isabel Strong and I am more anxious to come than I can tell you. I have been struggling for a long time to find expression through this paper; today I hope to be able to say words that shall bring peace to me and help the people to whom I would come. I am from Clarksville, N. Y. I want to go to father. He is in great distress over the conditions about him. It is not over my death. It is not over anything connected with me, but over the material affairs that are engulfing him that he worries most and I want him to know I come to help him. I can see through these conditions and he will be able to adjust himself and keep what he desires to free from encumbrance. Please say to him that we are not as impotent as it might seem to him sometimes, but we work more slowly than he would like to have us, because it seems better to do so. I have Aunt Anna with me. She says to tell George there isn't a thing he insists on our doing that we will fail to do if he only gives us a little time. I wish I could tell you how strong and well Willie is. He is entirely over the cough and seems happy to be near us. We are all living together, much as you would imagine we would, trying to make each other as happy as possible and waiting for you to join us. Really our greatest happiness is here, and although we are much interested in everything you do, it is here that our interest, work and desire are strongest."

Maria Gleason, Marion, Ohio.

There is a woman standing beside me about fifty years old. She is short, rather stout, dark hair that is done up in a pretty fashion, dark eyes. Her manner is quick and animated. She says in a very light voice, almost on the verge of squeaky, which seems to be a peculiarity of herself. "Isn't this funny? Why I had no idea we had to speak ourselves and could say just what we wanted to. I had an idea we wrote it out and you read it. My name is Maria Gleason; I am from Marion, Ohio. I have a husband named Edward, whom I would go. I want him to know that I am still conscious of what he is doing. If he thought I was conscious, I am sure he would try to make me express something to him, but he has a funny notion that I died with the body and can't see him or know anything, so he doesn't make the least effort to get to me. Just as soon as I came away he gave up housekeeping and went to live with his mother. I wish he had better home life. It isn't for me to make it so. I can't, but I could help him so he could make it better if he would only reach out into the other life, take my hand and let me lead him. My father is with me; he says we are able to do more things than we are supposed to do, if we only have the least suggestion to work on from earth life. I am interested in church work just as I used to be, but not in the same church. If I was back again I don't believe I would do all the work that I am used to. I would let somebody else have a chance and I would sit back once in a while and take it easy. I send my love and hope Edward will make an effort to see what more I have to say."

Samuel Evans, Longwood, Mass.

The spirit of a man comes here to me now about sixty years old. He is tall, strong and muscular looking and seems to be a man who always had his own way about everything. He doesn't seem hasty or very important but rather as if he always mapped out a course for himself and then walked in it. He says: "My name is Samuel Evans; I am from Longwood, Mass. I want to go to William and Arthur. I haven't been here very long and it seems very strange for me to come in this halting fashion but it is better than not having any chance to speak. I came here rather suddenly and consequently left matters in an unsettled state. It has been a source of annoyance to me. I thought if I could but attract the attention of those interested, I might be able to say something that would help to adjust my affairs. I have met Boynton; he tells me many of the things troubling my friends could be easily settled if they could only get the key which I possess, so you see it is rather important that I make this connection and send the message. It would be superfluous for me to say I send an expression of love. The fact that I am here is an interesting enough to make this effort will prove my love. I have Della and Sarah with me; they are as anxious as I am to establish communication. I am very grateful to the publishers of this paper for the message department."

Gracie Babcock, Taunton, Mass.

A little girl about six years of age comes to me. She is just like a little sprite; her hair is brown and lies in waves all over her head; her eyes are blue as the sky; her face is round and pretty, and she has a sweet, birdlike voice. She steps up to me and says: "May I come now?" and then in the dearest little fashion, she says, "I want to go to my mama and my papa. My name is Gracie Babcock; my papa's name is Charlie and he lives in Taunton, Mass. They don't know I can come and it makes me laugh when I think how I will surprise them some day. My papa doesn't talk much about me, but he thinks a lot and when he sees little girls that make him think of me he almost cries. I wish he knew I am just as happy as I can be. I'd like to come back to him for a little while but I don't think I would like to stay because it is prettier over here. I haven't been to school yet because I don't want to. I want to wait a little while. I am glad they have my kitty. I send a great big basket of love and a hug and a kiss that they will be more glad to get than anything else in the world. Please tell my mama I know about the plaid dress and tell her too I am glad she had the black put away."

Katherine Blair, Manchester, N. H.

Here comes the spirit of an old lady. I call her old although she doesn't look particularly so. Her hair is quite gray and she shows evidence of having worked hard a good part of her life. She is a tall, stout woman and has one of those motherly faces; you just feel you want to go right up to her and take her hand and talk with her. She says: "If you feel that way it is because I always felt I was a sort of mother to everybody who was near me. My name is Katherine Blair; I lived in Manchester, N. H. I have Eugene Blair to whom I would send this message. There are so many things, Eugene, I desire to say to you that I can't say in this way. It is almost impossible to take one's affairs through a newspaper but it seems important to me to let you know I am interested and anxious to come to you. You know too much about the law of mediumship to expect me to say all here, but give me a chance and I will tell you what I want to. We have talked this matter over before and so it needn't surprise you when I tell you I have already brought spirits to you for the purpose of organizing a band. Work for them as they work for you and the results will be all you can desire. God bless you, and I too will bless you with every effort for your good."

Daniel Brown, Boonville, N. Y.

I see a man about forty years of age. He is full of fun and is happy-go-lucky. He says: "What is the matter with a man like me coming to speak? I didn't know anything about your old Spiritualism till after I died. If anybody had told me spirits could speak I would have laughed until I cried over the idea. I had an idea people went to heaven when they died—or the other place—and if we were good enough we would find them sometime. Truth to tell, I hadn't lost anyone very dear to me, but here I am, over there with those I loved back in the earth-life; now I know what it is to want to speak from spirit to spirit. I wasn't much of a Christian, I thought I knew Christians were hypocrites. I beg their pardon. I didn't particularly care for any form; and I thought I knew why, but I can see now a good deal better and a good deal more than I ever did before, and I come humbly trying to get a word to my own. My name is Daniel Brown, from Boonville, N. Y. I want to add to understand that I am satisfied. She is fretting, fretting, fretting all the time, because she can't do something she wants to in connection with me. Now tell her for goodness sake to stop fretting and to think of me and not of me. I am all right; nothing can hurt me except her fretting. The thing that brings me pain is her tears, nothing else and if she will smile a little more and fret a little less she will make my heaven a little brighter. Thank you."

Sarah Slocum, Pottsdam, N. Y.

A woman by the name of Sarah Slocum from Pottsdam, N. Y., comes to me. "I want to go to George Slocum," she says. "I want him to know that I am well. It seems so strange for me to be trying to send him a message; yet my earnest wish ever since I have been here has been to say something to him to make him know that I am there. Tell him Gracie is all right and that she is doing all she can to make me satisfied. I wish I could do something in the way of a manifestation that would make him know I am there. Tell Susie I can come nearer to her than anybody else and when she thought she saw me, she really did. I was there but I couldn't speak. The time may come when I shall be able to give her the message as well as to have her see my face. She is the medium of the family; I am so glad there is one. I saw her when she was ironing and knew what she thought about it. She will understand what I mean although she hasn't spoken of it to anybody. Thank you."

William Clark, East Boston, Mass.

The last spirit this morning is a man with full whiskers, heavy hair and brows. He is a strong, broad shouldered man and gives his name as William Clark. He steps right over to me and says, "I am from East Boston. I made up my mind before I came to spirit life, if it was possible for anybody to come back, I should manifest through the old Banner of Light. I saw the paper a long time ago and was very impressed with the idea of spirits coming back so here I am giving my evidence. I want to send my message to Mary, to make her understand I am just as much a man, have the same feelings and knowledge I had before I died, and she must think of me in that way. Why I can't realize I have left the body! My present body is very real to me. Sometimes I swing out as though I had something important to do for her, and my only hindrance is her ignorance of my presence. Mother Clark and Alice are with me. Give Mary my love and tell her I desire to help her and will be the first to meet her when she comes here. Thank you."

MY HEAD THOU RAISEST FROM THE DUST.

When in Thy Love I calmly trust
My head Thou raisest from the dust;
Thou mayest see in visions clear
And in the Spirit also hear.
To overcome is right.
I know the future has for me,
Foretold by visions that I see,
A place where I can dry my tears,
And hear these words, sweet to mine ears—
To overcome is right.

My path I know were tracks of dust
In thought of pain, false pride and lust.
The past is past, so let it be.
Then, in this song join thou with me—
To overcome is right.

Philadelphia.

At the very centre of our being there is a something which, in our highest moments, knows itself more than conqueror over all things.—H. Emilie Cady.

Food Reform.

Knowing that many readers of the Banner of Light are interested in humane diet, which is also extremely healthy and highly palatable, I wish to call the special attention of all readers who reside in or near New York City, and all visitors to the Metropolis, to the thoroughly excellent vegetarian restaurant now in operation at 14 E. 23d St. close to Madison Square. The proprietor of this delightful and already highly successful eating establishment, is Mrs. S. L. Emory, a lady whom I have known for several years as deeply interested in all that advances human progress.

Having visited the restaurant myself and enjoyed delicious meals there, I feel both privilege and duty to extend a knowledge of it as widely as possible for two reasons. First, because many people who are sincerely convinced that abstinence from fish, flesh and fowl is conducive to our highest welfare, have difficulty in finding eating houses where they can comfortably respect their honest convictions; and second, because I have personally proved the wisdom of at least greatly reducing the amount of meat employed as a staple article of diet, even in cases where complete vegetarian observance does not seem desirable.

Vegetarian restaurants are plentiful and good in London, one extremely fine one in St. Martin's Lane, just across the way from the Headquarters of the London Spiritualist Alliance, is largely patronized by representative Spiritualists, and there are many good institutions of similar character in Manchester and many other provincial cities. Among the Spiritualists of Great Britain, vegetarianism has taken deep and lasting hold. Wm. Phillips, editor of "Two Worlds," is a vegetarian, and when I last saw him during July, 1902, he looked the very picture of health and vigor. In Australia, W. E. Terry, editor of "Harbinger of Light," is a vegetarian; and from the days of my childhood, when I first met James Burns, editor of "Medium and Daybreak," and other prominent Spiritualists of England, to the present hour, I found a very large percentage of active and able workers strongly disposed to this rational, cleanly and merciful mode of diet.

I find also that prominent Theosophists adopt a like practice in many notable instances, and never have I witnessed any decline in mental strength or diminution of physical vigor consequent upon the adoption of vegetarianism in a sober and rational manner. Some extremists who have endeavored to live exclusively on uncooked grain and vegetables, may have suffered, and so may others who have deprived themselves of an adequate amount of vital sustenance, but vegetarian practice is scoring heavily the world over at present, for in Germany, as well as in England, many of the successful athletes are total abstainers from fish, flesh and fowl.

Without endeavoring to unduly press a thesis or to make a hobby, I am sure we can profitably give diet reform credit for vanquishing far more dyspepsia than it is ever likely to occasion, and certainly from an aesthetic, if not from an economic standpoint, vegetarian diet has very much to recommend it. The high price of meat this winter is leading many families to adopt a better substitute, and it is just in the very nick of time that Mrs. Emory has started her successful venture with "Live and Help Live" as its motto.

W. J. Colville.

"Some Needs Associated with Local Societies."

F. A. WIGGIN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Without law and order, all manifestations of nature would be confusing, disturbing and chaotic. Law and order, being principles of Nature, everywhere proclaim a harmony of definite ratio between all wisely directed energy and results. Nature never is changed, concerning any enterprise whatever, if this law of definite ratio is clearly understood. Insurance "risks" are taken in consideration of a well understood basis of reckoning, deduced from careful calculation which casualty, sickness and death bear to time. So fully and completely is this law recognized that no one can be found who reasons that material fortunes are accumulated as a direct consequence of idleness, that virtue is the legitimate offspring of vice, that health feeds upon disease, nor will it be assumed by any intelligent Spiritualist that the firmly cemented organization of local spiritual societies can be secured upon any easy terms, but that they are obtainable only as earnest and wisely directed efforts, to that end, exist in certain ratio to the object sought.

In any movement of such general interest as Spiritualism, the enterprise will necessitate a co-operation of many men and women and such co-operation naturally develops a partnership in view. No intelligent business firm would admit to partnership anyone until qualifications to the requirements of such a position had been most carefully considered. Here again, the law of ratio between intelligently qualified and wisely directed energy and results is fully understood and known for its unvarying and immutable character.

Why should Spiritualists be so slow in giving due recognition to the force of this law of definite ratio? We are Spiritualists, we are fact, and it would seem that none could be found, who would so expose himself to ridicule as to dispute it, that there exists some most woeful examples of unevenly yoked partners in the field of spiritual workers. While the feature of intellectual qualifications may herein be discerned, we do not now raise this point so much as the feature of inequality of earnest desire among both speakers and mediums, as well as Spiritualists, in the order, to see the cause of true Spiritualism succeed in establishing itself in its true relationship to organized religions.

We have within our ranks of workers many intelligent, unselfish men and women, who have been for years, and are now, earnest workers for the Cause of Spiritualism, and whose chief anxiety is to place Spiritualism foremost and ever higher than any possible personal claims or considerations. But it is also painfully true that there are others whose chief concern for self so far as they are concerned, is to dominate their minds as to lead to their actions no feature which evinces any interest in Spiritualism and its organic success.

There are doubtless some genuine mediums, as well as many who are mediums only as they so designate themselves, whose efforts, although perhaps not intentionally, are nevertheless, directed toward the destruction of the weakening of local societies and their influence in the community.

Reasons for this condition are to be seen in an alarming degree of indifference to the existence of organized local societies, to an engrossment in the pursuit of a personal gain along material lines or perchance in an ignorance concerning public endeavor and organic enterprise, such as fails to give any recognition even to the existence of local spiritual societies. We submit that such conditions are not in keeping with the efforts as we should look to with any hope of such results as every intelligent Spiritualist desires in the realm of organization.

These mediums, some of whom are doubtless genuine mediums (even if their spiritual

Spiritualism may be called in question), instead of throwing their influence toward helping the local society, are holding parlor seances for the exhibition of one phase or another of mediumship (and too often in a manner as to suggest but little more than an attempt at entertainment), upon Sunday and at the same hour that the local society is doing its best, and with no selfish motive, to present Spiritualism to the general public in such a manner as to attract the attention of such people as would be of great help to the Cause, if once interested in its highest teachings.

These parlor seances, held upon Sunday, are frequently advertised in the same column with meetings of regular chartered spiritual churches. This conglomerate mass of stuff, such as "Madam Blowski," "The Celebrated Seventh Son," "The Darling Indian Snow-flake," etc., etc., is mixed right in with the advertisements of spiritual churches which are legally instituted and have received their charter from the Commonwealth in which they are located. The general public notices all this, and is it not about time that the Spiritualists noticed it too, and that an appeal were made to our local dailies to have these advertisements so classified as not to be so misleading? This is a feature which utterly fails to correctly reflect the true character of such services as are held by the regularly instituted churches of Spiritualism.

These parlor seances should not be advertised as church services, for so to do is not only misleading to the public but is a misrepresentation of facts.

Our leading journals are desirous of properly representing facts, but the management of most of these journals is unaware of this feature, and it would seem that all that would be necessary to change this condition would be for the right persons to properly place the matter before them.

We are not unmindful that the class of mediums, to which we have referred, will stoutly affirm that they must hold these meetings in order to make sufficient money upon which to live. With this acknowledgment, the truth, and all, is let out of the bag. I submit that it is pertinent to ask, "Does Spiritualism owe any obligations, whatsoever, to these very causes and elements which are ignorantly and blindly, or otherwise, fettering and hindering its organic progress?"

The spirit of so-called commercialism is no fitting partner to the cause of true Spiritualism. There is no kindness in such a relation; it is only a galling yoke, and there can be no calculation of ratio between sordid commercialism and results which are spiritual in their nature. Come, my dear Spiritualists, is it not time to awake to this situation? The fraudulent medium and the medium who finds nothing higher in Spiritualism than an opportunity to make a living will not awake to the spiritual requirement of Spiritualism, but every true Spiritualist should, and force such as we have referred to, to retirement, by ceasing to extend to them any patronage.

The Spiritualists will sometime awake, but in this matter the awakening can come before crossing to the spirit-world. Too many wealthy Spiritualists have waited until safely landed upon "the other side" and then they return with their doleful information that they wish they had helped the Cause financially while they were living in the body. Such Spiritualists had but little feeling for the general weal of humanity while they lived in the body and they evidently have but little, if any more consideration for humanity now, or they would not come back to deal out to us such stuff when, if they know anything, they know it is too late to do anyone any good or to furnish the cause of Spiritualism with any help whatsoever.

Spiritualists, you may not be rich in this world's goods, and thereby blessed with the privilege of donating financial aid to the Cause, but if you are in the name of all that is true and noble in men, do it now while you can, or when you have gone to your spirit home, remain forever dead. What you would do then for the Cause, financially, matters but little since you are deprived of every opportunity to do it. There is one thing which you will come to know, and that is, how so many feel now who would give but have nothing to give. You would give but you will have no money to give. Did you ever think of that, my worthy brother? The time will come when you will not have one cent to give—Not One Cent. But, all can do something now to weed out these incongruities from the garden of true Spiritualism, and thereby enable Spiritualism to speak for itself and to properly express itself before the world, instead of suffering it to be misrepresented by unprincipled men and women, who are simply pretenders, or by mediums who are too selfish, or ignorant, which is the same thing, to even, at least for the present, of being Spiritualists.

(To be continued.)

"No Cross no Crown."

ANNIE KNOWLTON HINMAN.

One night I threw myself upon my couch in deep despair. Tear-stained my face because stern fate had dealt me such a heavy cross. In agony I cried in questioning tones, "No cross no crown?" and then I swooned or fell asleep, or lay conscious with horror of impending doom. At last a soothing presence came sweeter than I had ever known.

"Art thou of God? Why do I sense from thee the strength of perfect parentage? And why?—her hand was raised as if to check my rapid questions; a smile illumined her face and lit her eyes, and then, even as the sun's overhead dispels the gathered gloom of storm clouds, my tears began to fall until the sunlight from her soul, like a beatitude, pierced the drops, when I beheld the shadowy impress of a promise bow in radiant colors. Spoke she then in soothing tones:

"Of God I am a part, no more no less than thou, but thou, dear child, hath failed to fan thy spark divine into a living flame. 'Tis not a duty nature, because I have obeyed the law which governs self I stand in harmony, in close alliance with and to the First Great Cause. Because I know and speak the truth I am no longer bounden. The bonds of slavery are broken. Truth hath set me free. I am power, wisdom, love, with God-like possibilities for larger growth. Thou and I, dear one, are mirrors that reflect the grand creative principle, God. It lies within us to make or mar the picture."

The torch of God's embrace, power and wisdom. The motherhood of God an all embracing love. Even as the ivy wraps in her embrace the sturdy oak until they seem as one, so the dual nature stands in man the wedded counterparts of parent life, blended and intertwined until we stand at-one with our God in all His manifested life.

No longer walk the corridors of time a cloistered nun. Rouse thyself from that lethargic state that shadows souls. Unloose your shackles and pray for influx of light divine to quick illumine your soul self. Thou hast been touching the minor keys within thy soul, now let the major chords prevail. If thou art bereft of worldly pleasures search the treasure mines within thy soul for more ecstatic bliss. Friends have deserted thee because thou hast ceased to idealize, and so they fell from grace. Hadst thou kept them poised upon a pedestal supreme thy soul, a magnet would have proved to draw them to their higher self. Heaven has strewn thy pathway with priceless pearls, and the strong arm of faith, made tender by a love divine, will gather to thy soul health, happiness, and a wealth of knowledge.

"You cry, 'No cross no crown.' There are no crosses except it be those heaped from out thy pessimistic view of life. There are no diadems to grace the soul except the bitter trials, gems plucked from the casket of experience and burnished by the hand of meek submission to divine decrees, and set by the great Lapidary, the Author and Finisher of our being."

Spoke she thus and vanished, leaving with me the aroma of her sweet presence, and the knowledge that I had been born again. That I had leaped from out the womb of ignorance and blind despair into the newer, larger life freighted with power to be and do, with possibilities for greater wisdom and the crowning glory of a love divine and limitless.

O, the rapture of living in the consciousness of being ordained for higher, holier uses. In the light of this unflinching truth will I climb, with unflinching feet, the rungs of the ladder of progression, while Being and Doing, twin sisters born of God, will lead me to infinite possibilities. Now do I bless God that I was, I am, and I ever shall be and yet I am only a part of the Infinite Purpose.

"A Million for a Stomach."

JULIUS WOLF ELISCU.

A million for a stomach was the title of an article printed in big type in nearly every paper throughout this country for several weeks past. Yes, "A Million for a Stomach!" That is the prize offered by one of America's richest men. Was that call answered? Yes, by whom? By the multitude of learned and unlearned of every known science; by some laymen, as well as doctors, people with good hearts ever ready to give gratuitous advice; and by others called cranks or fanatics by the regular practitioners. Among these were many who offered mental and suggestive teachings not altogether in accord with the usual practices of the Aesculapians (M. D.'s) to whom the great majority readily applied for help, when they find that their complicated human machinery is out of order.

Now, what brought forth this sudden outburst of human passion for charitable assistance? Was it the noble inward soul of each and every one that spoke up, or was it only the outward material man which responded to exchange advice and treatment for that one million dollars? The two factors—the stomach and the million—are evenly matched and each is of vital importance to the other, both playing strong parts, and while the former would receive the greater good the latter proves to be the popular attraction.

We can easily realize the amazement that Mr. Rockefeller might be subjected to if he personally handled all the many letters he receives from the respective physicians, scientists and healers of every denomination, though in all certainty each one of these possesses some knowledge gathered from experience and each proposition is therefore worthy of some consideration.

Then why does not Mr. Rockefeller consider some of these propositions that appear sound in judgment and based on knowledge; why not give someone a chance to demonstrate his ability as a health-giver and thereby benefit by the experiment, as there is little to lose and very much to gain? How does Mr. Rockefeller know that he might not be a great deal more benefited by some everyday, common-sense physician, or even by some practitioner of suggestive therapeutics than by a regular practitioner, particularly when his improvement previously when under medical care was so very little, and whatever improvement there was in his condition brought him but little joy and much misery; yet he was under the care of some of the most prominent doctors in the country, whose services a man of his means can well afford.

Now after all this long suffering this poor rich man cries out in pain and offers "One Million for a Stomach," to be relieved from his fearful sufferings and to experience once more the joy and happiness of knowing that he can live, eat and digest all the food he desires like any other normal being.

Assuming that Mr. Rockefeller would ignore unknown practitioners, three or four prominent doctors have expressed their belief of being able to cure him. Among these three one speaks of suggestive treatment. It is on this treatment that I have undertaken to write after hearing a heated dispute by several physicians at a recent gathering in which some of the doctors ridiculed suggestive practice while others vigorously defended it.

For the benefit of mankind and science, discussion through newspaper columns will attract public interest and spread the fear proper to the mind that creates their aspirations. As my own belief, resulting from experience, I will state that with the aid of suggestion (commonly known as hypnotism) and with that medium alone will the greatly desired cure be effected. Mr. Rockefeller and his attendants may possibly laugh at suggestion and its great possibilities, but this very laughter would but prove that the patient is unknowingly influenced by his advisers to the extent of being, in a measure, hypnotized by those who have kept him on a milk diet for years, which treatment in itself has been greatly responsible for his greatly disordered stomach.

This statement, though it sounds sweeping, should in no way give offence to his early doctors. It only goes to prove how little we really know. If we can trace back the malady of Mr. Rockefeller we find that many divergent diagnoses have been made; one very grave diagnosis was that the affliction was cancer.

Time has failed to confirm the correctness of that judgment, as there is no cancerous case of that nature on record as having lived longer than two years. We find that some of the most ignorant people (in common parlance) among the Hindus, American Indians, Chinese, etc., and collectors of herbs among nearly all nations, possess many valuable remedies which are absolute cures for certain diseases and of which few of our learned physicians dream, while many are ready to ignore every new discovery. Should suggestive treatment be rejected by Mr. Rockefeller he will only hamper the opportunity to better his own condition.

Hypnotism or suggestive therapeutics as practiced by learned and conscientious men and women has done more good to the human race than has ever been recorded by credit given. Hypnotism has been used and abused for over 2,000 years. Christ and all great prophets have been hypnotic healers; why then, can we not be the same today? Of course there would be no sound reason for expecting from a graduating class that all students should achieve the same amount of success in this work, any more than that each musician will become a virtuoso or every aspiring artist in any line become a master simply because he knows how to use a brush or chisel.

For the same reason we cannot expect that each doctor should be evenly successful in wielding the art of suggestion. Even in the present era of advancement when the much talked of hypnotism has been dusted off from its ancient shelves by some new seekers for light, it has been, according to reports, deprived of its full credit by some unsuccessful German physicians, while in this country we can barely count twenty per cent of doctors who are practicing this wonderful art; they rest high at all times and draw them to their feet soon or later come to use, when they have grown tired of longer bathing in their present ignorance. What would some of these doctors say were I to mention from personal investigation the good accomplished

A Psychological Experiment.

(Continued from page 1).

was really one of the throng of honest bread-winners seldom occurred to her. She earned her living, it is true, and had no living that she did not earn. But the life suited her. Had a fortune been placed at her command she would have pursued her vocation all the same, and while to it she brought no exceptional ability, the fact that she was so much in love with her work helped her to hold it. She took it as a divine right, and simply as though she came to her own.

Helen's childish visions of her life as "an author," however, had failed to realize themselves. Something of the stronger creative force she lacked and she had come, rather naturally, to occupy a responsible place as assistant reader and critic in a large publishing house. She held the key of the literary situation. All the new ventures in the field of letters in both worlds unrolled before her as a panorama. She was perfectly at one with her work, and counted off Sundays and holidays as being on the whole rather tiresome interruptions. She liked the semi-business air of the publishing offices; the ring of the telephone; the quiet little discussions of news and events all stimulated her. She had a sense of sitting with her hand on the pulse of the universe. She had found a home in the great city a niche to grow in, in a house where there were plenty of people, but which preserved the isolation that characterizes the apartment hotel, and in her immediate social relations she was domiciled with a family whose quiet domestic drama was one of exceptional sweetness and serenity. Her skies were cloudless and Lynde Mantell supplied to her imagination the trodden spaces of shadow. How it would open and draw her life into its darkness she little dreamed.

(To be continued.)

Notice.

Massachusetts State Association will hold a mass meeting in Worcester Friday, March 6, 1903. All friends interested in organization are requested to be present. A fine array of talent will be present to address the assembly. The following are some of the speakers expected: President, George A. Fuller, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring (second vice-president), Miss Susie C. Clark, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. Dr. Caird and others who will be announced in next issue of the Banner of Light. Good music will be furnished. The meeting will be held in G. A. R. Hall, 35 Pearl St., Worcester, Mass. It is impossible at this writing to announce the time of train that the Boston friends will leave upon, as we are waiting to hear from the Worcester society whether they desire three sessions or only two. The time of train will be announced in next Banner.

Carrie L. Hatch, Sec.

New Photographs of Mrs. Soule.

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

Peculiar Offer.

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

This very valuable work, which has achieved a large sale in England, has not been very extensively circulated in America, though in Australia and New Zealand the sales have been considerable. Mrs. Wilkinson (Mrs. Britten's sister) has on hand a number of these valuable books, beautifully bound and ornamented with handsome portrait of the illustrious lady who was for a great many years one of the very foremost teachers on the Spiritualist platform. Through Mrs. Wilkinson's special offer to send one copy at cost price to any address in America, I am prepared to guarantee the delivery of one book sent from England to any person who sends me full post-office address with 75 cents enclosed which pays all charges. THIS OFFER I CAN ONLY MAKE TILL MARCH 23.

As another anniversary day draws near and information is demanded concerning the early days of the history of Modern Spiritualism, this book will be especially attractive. It is charmingly written, full of thrilling incidents and replete with just the kind of information inquirers as well as historians desire to have at hand. Orders containing remittances I shall immediately take in hand and remit to Mrs. Wilkinson, who will personally send on the books. Only one copy to one person.

(Signed) W. J. Colville.
183 Lexington Ave., New York.
Feb. 24, 1903.

Announcements.

Waltham Spiritualist Progressive Union Church, Shepherd Hall, 185 Moody St. The speakers for March are Mr. J. F. Baxter, March 1; Mrs. M. A. Bonney, March 8; Mrs. Nellie Noyes, March 15; Mrs. A. L. Jones, March 22; Mrs. Nellie Burbeck, March 29. March 11, supper night, Mrs. Katie Ham will be present.—Ella A. Wheeler, Corresponding Secretary.

The regular meeting of the Ladies' Lyceum Union will be held Wednesday, Feb. 25, at Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont St. What as usual; business meeting at 5 p. m.; supper served at 6:30; evening devoted to music, remarks, and messages. All welcome.—Laura F. Sloan, Cor. Sec'y.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Alex. Caird, M. D. president. March 1, at 2:30 and 7:30, Mrs. May S. Pepper. Circles will be held at the close of the afternoon services. Supper will be served in the banquet hall, followed by song service and concert.—Sec.

Dr. Geo. A. Fuller will lecture at Brockton, March 1st; New Bedford, the 15th; Cadet Hall, Lynn, the 22d; and Haverhill, the 29th. Also at the anniversary at Brockton, Tuesday, the 24th, and at Mass Meeting State Association at Worcester, Friday, March 6. Would like engagements for May 10 and 17. Address, Onset, Mass.

Mrs. S. C. Cunningham of Cambridgeport, test medium, will serve the First Spiritualist Society, Fitchburg, Mass., Sunday, March 1. The Children's Progress Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, meets in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock; a cordial welcome to all.—Mrs. M. J. Butler, president; Mrs. M. E. Stillings, secretary.

Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists. Mrs. C. M. Hartwell, president, will hold the next meeting Friday, Feb. 27, 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. Minnie M. Soule will lecture and give spirit messages.—Mrs. M. Merritt, Cor. Sec., 35 Brookline St.

The Sunshine Club, Clara E. Strong, pres., has accepted the invitation to attend the meeting in America Hall, Sunday evening, March 1 and assist Mesdames Cobb and McKenna in their meeting. Home circles Tuesday and Friday evenings at 202 Huntington Chambers.—F. H. Craus.

Essex Hall, 40 Prospect St., Cambridgeport. Mrs. Akerman Johnson conducts Bible spiritual meetings Sundays; test circle, 3 p. m.; evening service, 7:30—reliable mediums take part. Indian Peace Council and dance Monday evening, March 2, 8 p. m.

G. W. Kates and wife will hold meetings as follows and may be addressed accordingly: Rochester, Ind., March 1 to 3; Warsaw, Ind., March 4 and 5; Marion, Ind., March 6 to 8; Anderson, Ind., March 11 to 15. Mail sent to them at 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C., will always be forwarded. They have open time for Illinois and Iowa during May and June. Are also accepting calls for service by the month during 1904.

Miss Amanda Bailey.

Just one year ago, in response to a call made through the Banner of Light, in regard to Miss Bailey and a concert I was to give for her benefit, I was able to collect the sum of one hundred and thirty dollars and twenty-five cents. In the Banner of Light I acknowledged all money received from all societies and individuals.

I wish now to inform the friends who were interested that I have this week paid to Miss Bailey the last of that money, and this good lady has been made comfortable for the past year. During the months of August and September Miss Bailey was away visiting in the East, hence was of no expense to me, nor did she call for any of the money from the fund. Miss Bailey is very grateful to all who have assisted her, and is trying to be in a cheerful frame of mind. She informs me there have been two concerts given by Spiritualists for her benefit, and she will take measure to notify them that her fund as held by me is run out, and undoubtedly they will advance her the money for her living. She also tells me that the First Ladies' Aid Society of Boston voted one year ago to pay her two dollars a week and she has not called for it, as she thought it would make a good reserve fund. So I think Miss Bailey will be cared for for the present.

I make this statement in regard to the funds, as it was contributed by the public, and I feel all will be pleased to know it has lasted so long and has done such good work. Anyone wishing to know more about Miss Amanda Bailey, can correspond with me, and I shall be pleased to answer and give any information I possess.

Carrie L. Hatch.

74 Sydney St., Dorchester, Mass.

The Man Himself.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

CHAPTER V.

We have no right to assume that the process of death enables man to make a hop, skip and a jump into something entirely different from his old personality. The body of the butterfly carries with it earmarks of its caterpillar-life. As its changes are all within the limit of our senses we can see and record them. Man's changes are just outside our limit. All we sensed of him by sight and touch we have burned or buried. The rest of the man was, and is invisible to us. Spirit return gives us proof that the man we knew is still not merged into manhood. But we have equal proof that the invisible portion of the man cannot re-enact the experiences of his old form. He has lost his old personality. He has a new one, of which we cannot sense it—we can only learn by hearsay. Some mortal claims to see, or hear, or sense him, and to report what he says. But as at best not one in a million is thus reported, and those who do come show woeful limitations, our search for the man himself after death must face all these problems and difficulties. It seems to me that our best course is to determine the negative side first, and make up our minds as to what is not, and cannot be our loved one, although it may be what is called spirit return.

Death has taken him away from our sense of sight and touch. So far he has become an impossible visitor. We can neither see his present form, nor grasp his present hand. So much is the actual normal barrier between mortal and spirit. Yet in so called "form materialization" we are told that our friend is himself again, though only for a few minutes. Let us remember we only knew him in earth life as a compound of matter and intelligence. We have seen that one was as important as the other. They are eternal partners in the great business we call "Cosmos," and are never found apart even in the most minute detail. But the old compound has gone forever. We buried it out of our sight. No one claims that the old compound is restored. So that point is settled. Our old friend is not, and cannot be there, as the personality we knew. Something of his personality has found its way into a new compound, which the mortal cannot sense. But it is not the old personality. That has gone forever.

The seeker says, "I don't care for that. It is the mentality of my friend I want." But he does not realize what he is really seeking. His friend was loved as a friend, as well as a mind. Both intelligence and substance were embodied in the personality he loved. And he really does not want one to come back without the other. If its the wife of his youth, he wants the dimple on her cheek, the curl on her forehead, the laugh that was music to his ear. Every emotion that she expressed was through form, and though he talks about wanting her spirit to return, it is form he craves, every time, so although he knows he buried the old form, he tries to persuade himself that it is coming back as a materialized spirit. But his loved one is a new compound now, which he cannot sense. It is impossible for that new compound to show him the old personality, for that has dissolved forever. So the new compound is a new personality; yet he is calling upon "spirit return" to bring him back the old one. Surely the reader sees the impossibility of anything coming back, save an imitation of the one he loved.

So we cannot have father, mother, darling, as realities to greet us, but merely imitations, never twice alike, and very different in appearance from different cabinets. The form, if it come often enough, gains a personality of its own, and is at last imagined as real, and greeted with the old affection. We are not here concerned with its limitations, but only with the fact that it is not, and cannot be the old personality. That is the only way we are now seeking. So we pass on to other phases, keeping in mind that the compound, by which we knew our friend, is forever broken up. And we must not forget our illustration that we are all, in our personalities, just leaves on the tree of life. The leaf

CHANGE OF LIFE.



Some sensible advice to women passing through this trying period.

The painful and annoying symptoms experienced by most women at this period of life are easily overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is especially designed to meet the needs of woman's system at the trying time of change of life.

It is no exaggeration to state that Mrs. Pinkham has over 5000 letters like the following proving the great value of her medicine at such times.

"I wish to thank Mrs. Pinkham for what her medicine has done for me. My trouble was change of life. Four years ago my health began to fail, my head began to grow dizzy, my eyes pained me, and at times it seemed as if my back would fall me, had terrible pains across the kidneys. Hot flashes were very frequent and trying. A friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken six bottles of it and am to-day free from those troubles. I cannot speak in high enough terms of the medicine. I recommend it to all and wish every suffering woman would give it a trial."—Bella Ross, 88 Montclair Ave., Roslindale, Mass.—\$5.00 per bottle if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

falls, but it has been a portion of the tree. As a leaf it is gone. As a tree it remains. The connection between the new form of our friend and the one worn in earth life is not as simple as most believers imagine. Suppose the accounts given us by clairvoyants to be literally descriptive, and that "something" included in our mortal bodies today is freed by death, and takes shape in almost exact resemblance of the mortal, we are but at the beginning of our difficulties. The form we knew so well was familiar to us almost organ by organ, and we picture the spirit as retaining them all. There must be neither mutilations nor additions to that form if we are to recognize it. I am not now alluding to the mother's darling grown into a rounded womanhood, and therefore impossible of recognition, but to the general law of nature which affects all our organs. That law demands that any organ unused or unnecessary shall shrivel and shrink till at last it becomes discarded altogether. Fishes in the darkness of the Kentucky cave lose their eyes; and almost every form has traces of some organ that has been thus disappearing, because no longer necessary. The appendix, of which we hear so much nowadays, as dangerous as well as useless to humanity, was once of size and great value, as it still is to certain animals. We may therefore assume as certain that the spirit form will not long retain organs that are not needed in the new life, just as we assume that deficiencies and mutilations will be presently supplied. If the one-legged man is to have two legs over there, then the three-legged or no-legged monstrosity will also find themselves improved. But legs imply walking and running. If unused, as in animals that have taken to the water, they shrivel until only the skilled eye can discern the trace. The horse, who uses but one toe now, has the shriveled remains of several more. So unless the spirit uses organs as we do he will presently lose such organs altogether. For instance, we are told that children are not born to parents in spirit life. That means that all organs of maternity and maternity must disappear as unnecessary in the Summer Land. That one must alter the shape of the form materially. Again, we are told that advanced spirits do not converse word by word as we do, but flash their thoughts through space. Then it follows, under this law of use, that the organ which flashes will expand and develop, while the unused larynx will disappear as unnecessary. But in a world of mental flashes, the ear itself, as well as the larynx, will become unnecessary, and like the eye of the cave fish, will presently disappear. If such spirits move from place to place by thought power their unused limbs will soon become imperfect; and if they also by thought shape their mental creations, then even their hands and arms must take form, or perhaps no form, beyond all recognition by us. In other words, we are right back to our first thought that matter, which is always form, is as potent as intelligence in its own field. And since I cannot conceive of my loved one without just the organs by which I knew him, therefore it is impossible I could recognize him if he suddenly appeared just as he is today.

If our earth experiences are to be any guide, some of these changes in spirit form will be gradual. If matter has more than its share of power at first, the spirit might look and act as of old. In that case we should talk about undeveloped spirits, and claim that such spirit visitors had not yet outgrown their earth limitations, or else were reducing and picturing themselves down to our level. In other words, that intelligence was compelled to accommodate itself to our matter. But, all the same, we are compelled to recognize that the material conditions and laws amidst which our spirit friends now dwell shape their forms, as much as the conditions in earth life shape ours. That being so they cannot come back "as they are," and grow in form to form. If they send thought we have to imagine a form, for identification of a thought is impossible. The thought of my old friend, which he used to express in deep bass will not be identified in a shrill treble. Identification is impossible without form. In other words, matter and intelligence are indispensable to each other. And the personality of one life cannot be that of another.

To return to our illustration, the man, as we know him, is only a leaf. His experiences all belong to the tree. When we in our turn drop the leaf, we will find ourselves possessing everything of love and friendship embodied in tree life, but necessarily they could not be expressed in the old leaf form. The limited man finds his expression in the grand fulness of manhood.

We have now seen that the change of vibrations through shock is in itself a change

of form, enough to compel another personality. The shock of birth evidently, sometimes, leaves a portion of the form outside our sense limitations. So Sally remains an invisible portion of Miss Beauchamp, with just enough of matter to maintain her personality; but also deficient in much we think most lovable. She is not rounded out. Miss B. was thus herself deficient, so far as the vital force used by Sally, and was left subject to shock. This shock she afterwards experienced, with the consequence that new personalities appeared, but dating only from the time of that shock.

So far as we know, Miss Fancher had no natal or ante-natal shock; at least no such personality has so far appeared. Her various manifestations seem to all date only from one or the other of her cruel accidents.

The reader will now notice that "death" must itself be also a shock in the great majority of cases. That fact will readily account for the non-appearance of many a dearly loved one. The personality we knew has evidently been changed by the shock, but, all the same, nothing is lost. Love is alive as ever, but it cannot be expressed in the old form. And the love that is merely personal love of the form rather than the soul, will have to pass like the falling leaf. Such a love is unnecessary to the full life of manhood. Whatever the form in the next life that conditions may compel, we shall share it with our loved one, for love is not a mere attribute of form, but the very essence of intelligence, the true blending of soul with soul. By "soul" I mean that compound of intelligence and substance which is invisible, and intangible to our mortal sense, but nevertheless personal, although apparently impersonal in earth life.

What we call "spirit return" and "human immortality" are glorious truths. Yet the immortality is of the free, not of the leaf; of manhood rather than of the man. The "spirit return" is of that portion of the manhood nearest in touch with the old form life. It is limited in its intercourse by its new form life. By its new powers it can picture for us old faces, and long forgotten clothes. As a result the mother beholds her child as the babe who died twenty years ago. The daughter recognizes the feeble old age of her loved parent. Neither can have real existence—as form—in the new life. They are simply pictures, moving pictures of the past. And all tales of the spirit's present life must be pictures too. Intelligence can only work through matter, here or hereafter. Substance is thus a limitation to all personal intercourse, on the old level.

Many a truth thus pictured is so interpreted by mortal mind that it serves as what is called a "vest." The old is thus recalled, and the loved one found to be still alive. But the student will have learned the lesson that matter is lord in its own domain, and compels every communication from the inner life to pass only as a pictured thought, flashed from the sunlight of the future down into the shadow of the present.

San Leandro, Cal.

The End.

In the Spirit World.

The members of the Boston Spiritual Temple, on last Sunday morning, enjoyed an unusual treat in listening to a thrilling account of an experience which was once their pastor's privilege of visiting the spirit world. Travelers from foreign lands who return with interesting accounts of the strange scenes and people encountered, always attract a most attentive audience. Of how much deeper import then is the recital of definite knowledge regarding the world to which we are all hastening, that comes from whence we are once thought no traveler returned, how eagerly is welcomed a glimpse beyond the gates into the future home of the soul.

Over ten years have passed since Mr. Wiggin was first permitted to pierce the veil which hides the realm of spirit from mortal gaze, while he was still unacquainted with many of the laws which a knowledge of Spiritualism reveals. On this occasion he was seated in the pulpit of a church while listening to the singing of a double male quartet, when another exorciser spirit took possession of his form, thus deserted by his own spirit, and inhabited it till his return. His first sensation was of the sides of the church being removed, and of hearing the chorus of an angelic choir blending with the faint echoes of the earthly singers he was leaving behind. Presently a guide bade him "Fear not, we have chosen this time to bring to you revelations of Truth which will prove of great use to you and your fellow men." He was perfectly conscious, natural and harmonious, and soon learned that to travel in the spirit world is but to make a wise application of Will, that time there is not measured by the tick of a pendulum, but by good deeds and holy acts performed. The first thing to arrest his attention was the celestial music which seemed everywhere, pervading the entire atmosphere, then the birds of radiant plumage, the flowers most wonderful in color and fragrance, beautiful landscapes and sea-scapes, a new happiness filling every moment. But it was not so much to gratify his taste for the beautiful, as to gain instruction in that visit was made, and the fruits thereof engaged the breathless attention of his hearers, as he answered one by one, the various questions that might arise in their minds.

The food partaken by spirits is a real substance, as is the spiritual essence of that which is absorbed here, which man fails to perceive and yet could not live a day without, but in higher realms it is taken naturally, much as we breathe, and quiet as unconsciously. This spiritual substance is necessary for the support of the spiritual house, which we have here and now, as much as there, but a higher food and instruction is essential to nourish spiritual life, as the disciples said to Jesus "evermore give us of this bread." As order and disorder exist here, so harmony and inharmony are found there. Death in no way affects the immortal man, save to remove the fleshly envelope, encouraging thus his higher faculties toward perpetual progression. He does not go to flowery beds of ease, for disappointment and trial is out to the denizens of the spirit world. Love is made manifest there through experience and suffering. Scenes are held there, and guidance is thus received from those in higher spheres, not as here to gain proof that man lives after death, but to learn how he shall live. The happy condition of children in spirit life was portrayed, the occupations of spirits, their language, their clothing, their homes, and how surely we are building them today, as our acts and mental impulses, how we should live purely, relieve the sufferer, and give to the poor, if we want to adorn and beautify our future habitations. Much incidental instruction and helpful suggestion was given, to which no report could do justice. Further experiences will be added on future Sabbaths in Chickering Hall.

Some Winter Birds.

There are three birds that at any time, if it is not very stormy, will help to make many a winter's day merry. These are the two nuthatches and the chickadee. They are often found together, and are as much features of the season as withered leaves or snow and ice.

Everybody knows the chickadee. Emerson, in a poem, has been its best biographer. But the lively nuthatches have been too much neglected. Perhaps it is because they do not sing; yet they are not mute, and their querulous cries fit well with many a wild

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winter day. But what we can see is as much to be considered as what we hear, and so I wish to say a word about sights at this season which so largely take the place of sound. These three birds are always busy, and this is significant. If never idle, it behooves us to know what is the meaning of their ceaseless activity. Watching them closely, we find they are searching for food. Like ourselves, they must eat to live, but the trunk of a tree does not appear to be a promising field for food.

This is because our eyes are not so sharp as theirs, and we get a valuable hint from this simple fact. If we looked more closely than we are apt to do, we would see more. In winter nature does not display herself for our ready recognition.

Only in the glory of summer days is she on dress parade. With few exceptions, nature's bright uniforms have been laid aside in midwinter. A plainer dress befits the winter season, and it is one so plain at times that sharp eyes are needed to distinguish the moving figures from the background.—St. Nicholas.

Krishna taught that a man ought to live in this world like a lotus leaf, which grows in water but is never moistened by water. So a man ought to live in this world, his heart for God and his hands for work.

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