

## BORROWING, YET ALWAYS REJOICING

DELLE DUSH.

Borrowing, yet always rejoicing,  
Onward and upward I go,  
And no one can measure, or limit my pleasure,  
Or fathom the depth of my woe.

I sorrow because of the sorrows  
That daily encompass me round,  
But oh, I rejoice, in spirit rejoice,  
For the triumphs of truth that abound.

I tread the rough pathway of labor,  
With a weary and care-laden throng,  
But I bear in my heart thro' the crowd of the mart  
Peans and anthems of song.

I fear not the slayer named Death,  
Nor the changes that come in his train,  
For I know of a truth, an ennobling truth,  
If I die, I shall live again.

Hence sorrowing, but always rejoicing,  
Onward and upward I move,  
And no one can measure, or limit my pleasure,  
That's the born of the spirit of Love.

It has taught me the uses of Sorrow,  
And the mystical mission of pain,  
For the fullness of living, is loving and giving,  
And all that we give, we retain.

Thus out of our trials and sorrows  
The flowers of sweet sympathy spring,  
Till beautiful deeds for the sad world's needs,  
Make the heart of Humanity sing.

## The Muscle Bed at Yale.

A Machine which Measures Thoughts. The Interesting Experiments of Dr. William G. Anderson, Director of the Gymnasium.

HENRY WOOD.

The muscle bed is an exceedingly delicate apparatus devised for indicating the centre of gravity of a human body. By its use, changes in the circulation of the blood are registered which are the result of different kinds of thinking. The "bed" consists of a shallow box balanced upon knife edges by delicately adjusted compensatory weights. There are levels, graduated scales and a most sensitive indicator to record changes. The value of a grain added to either end of the bed upon which the person lies causes it to tip in that direction.

The New York Sun has published an account of a few experiments containing statements which purport to have come directly from Dr. Anderson that are of great interest. But being aware how often the statements of scientists and investigators are misinterpreted by reporters for the public press, the writer of this article has taken the precaution to submit the statements quoted to Dr. Anderson, and they have received his unqualified endorsement. The following paragraphs contain but a portion of the whole, which are of the same tenor.

"A subject going mentally through a set of leg gymnastics establishes a new centre of gravity even with perfect equilibrium. The subject may not once move his legs or lower extremities. Thinking the exercises out will cause a rush of blood from the head to the feet and make the centre of gravity move toward the nether extremities almost as much as if the subject actually left the muscle bed to go through the physical exercises and then returned to the bed.

"Experiments comparing agreeable exercises with those which are not so agreeable showed that movements in which men took pleasure set in motion a richer supply of blood than did those which were not to their liking. You see the student who is interested in his work attends to it with greater consciousness than does the one who is not interested. Pleasurable thoughts send blood to the brain; disagreeable ones drive it away.

"If two men exercise the arms and thorax, taking the same exercises, but one standing before a looking-glass and the other not doing so, the former will show a higher centre of gravity comparatively after the exercises than the latter; that is, a richer blood supply to the parts affected. This is simply another illustration of the effect of conscious versus mechanical methods of exercise."

It is obvious that Dr. Anderson is not in the slightest degree responsible for the deductions which follow, but the writer submits that they are logically inferable from the admitted premises. If a change of thought will produce such a recorded alteration in the body, it furnishes a conclusive proof of the truth of a positive spiritual and psychical philosophy. It shows that man is mind, and that causation is mental, while the body is a responsive effect. He must be a soul having a body and not a body having a soul. It indicates that the physical organism is, in some degree, in a state of flux, a vibratory, responsive instrument—not the player but the played upon. It puts a clear negative upon all materialistic philosophy. It goes further. It shows that the whole system of materia medica only deals with effects and does not really enter the realm of causes. The potter should normally dominate the clay and the player the instrument. If a few brief thoughts can set in motion bodily changes which dominate gravitation what should be expected from the positive, continued and systematic exercise of the thought forces and the cultivation of a higher consciousness?

It seems clear that health is the willing and harmonious loyalty of the physical counterpart to the will of its executive, and that an affirmative understanding produces such loyalty. Illness is more or less of a conceded insurrection—an instrument out of tune as the natural result of weak and discordant thoughts. So-called death is the laying off of a cruder form of expression which has served its purpose, for one more primal in character and of higher and finer vibration.

It will be noted that in one of Dr. Anderson's paragraphs it is stated that, "movements in which men took pleasure set in motion a richer supply of blood than did those which were not to their liking." We all know from both experience and observation that joyful and optimistic states of consciousness produce a corresponding physical glow, harmony and strength, but to have these principles mathematically demonstrated by instruments of precision is a gratification upon which the world should be congratulated. A materialistic generation demands sensuous proof for a spiritual proposition, and is not inclined to accept it otherwise.

But science is becoming more refined and every demonstrated achievement is reaching higher. It soon will arrive at a positive endorsement of a rational spiritual philosophy, and not less to the logical truth of the laws of mental therapeutics. There is strong evidence that we are approaching a scientific landslide when the spiritual and psychical realm will be recognized as amenable to exact law, and when scientists themselves will willingly concede the validity of a higher plane of orderly truth and welcome such a grand and inclusive domain into the category of their researches.

Endorsements to the reasonable claims of higher and more ultimate Reality are coming thick and fast. As often noted, the demonstrations of wireless telegraphy render the transmission of thought vibration not only logical but naturally to be expected. The practical service which is included in the forces of the etheric ocean in which we live doubtless is yet only in an infantile stage of development. The various fragmentary sections of truth are rapidly finding their fitting place and inter-relation in the great unitary temple which is silently rising in all inclusive and beautiful proportion.

## A Psychological Experiment.

BY EDWARD INCREASE MATHER.

### CHAPTER II.

But there was no hint of darkness then. It was in the early days of spring, and soft breezes from the sunny South swept over St. Louis. Helen had always loved that city. Something of the romantic drama of its history had touched and thrilled her in childish dreams, and when she came to it there was over all the same subtle spell of enchantment. The mighty river that swept on with its quiet majesty toward the sea; the long streets that led from the water's edge, in gradual ascent, to the grand avenue that bounded the western limit of the city; the beautiful drives to wonderful gardens where a paradise of the tropics had been transplanted by a wealthy and eccentric Englishman; the French Catholic chapels here and there, always open; all combined to invest the city with an air of mysticism for Helen which the people who had lived there all their lives would very likely have found it difficult to understand. It was an illusion that amused Mr. Mantell.

"You will grow out of it," he said one afternoon as they chanced to meet in the art room of the City Library. "Of all the cities in this supposed-to-be-free and equal country of ours, this has the least of either of those commodities. For one thing, there is here no middle class. The population is divided between those moneyed aristocrats who view the world through their carriage windows or their opera glasses, and the other grade who are the most material of plodders. It is out of the question that modern progress should take root here," he persisted. "There is no soil for it to grow in. You have no conception of the pride of prejudice, or the prejudice of pride, as you please, that pervades the descendants of the old French aristocracy. You were asking me the other day of Mrs. Incas. The grandmother, Mme. de Ghatteau, who lives with her, does not speak a word of English. She has always refused to learn it. She regards it as a barbarism. The old lady's vision is bounded by her suite of apartments, superbly fitted up, and she sees the world through her carriage windows. She is almost the last of her class, but much of the spirit lingers through all the best social circles."

"And you call that the best social circle?" returned Helen, her cheeks flushing a little with earnestness and a tinge of indignation. "You ignore all the intellectual activity of this age, and call these people, who stand for nothing, and who represent nothing except a bank account and a family tradition, the best society?"

"For this night only," he quoted, laughingly, "I must confess that I do. There is an air of stateliness and repose about it that gratifies my artistic sense of proportion. I don't pretend to defend it on heroic ground, but it is a decorative feature in the social landscape."

"I should think it the life of a convent," returned Helen.

"The convent is only one stage in it," replied Lynde Mantell; "the daughters are all educated there, as a matter of course; and their lives are as radically different from the distinctively Northern and New England idea as if they were of a different race. After all, the woman who makes beauty and aesthetic decoration her chief aim isn't so far out of the way."

"But isn't it a question after all, as to what constitutes beauty?" questioned Helen. "Dear Mrs. Maynard," turning to a lady who had just entered and was approaching them, "come and help me in my effort to instill a few latter day ideas into Mr. Mantell."

"I shall be delighted to aid in so laudable an effort," smilingly replied the lady addressed, as she drew nearer and greeted her two friends.

"Ah, but your testimony is only that of an exceptional case that goes to prove the rule," said Mr. Mantell. "We were speaking of an ideal state of society. Ideals are synonymous with the impossible, I believe; and I was indicating mine as types of repose in an atmosphere of luxurious beauty."

"That is to say," said Helen impetuously, "that your ideal woman must be seen through a glass case. Your goddess must stand on her pedestal, and even Pygmalion must not transform the statue into too much vivacity."

"Let us sit down," suggested Mrs. Maynard, "if we are to discuss the great problems of the day."

They were standing near the marble statue of Beatrice Cenci, and at Mrs. Maynard's words the little group seated themselves in a recessed window where they watched that beautiful creation of Miss Homer's as it lay before them in the eternal silence and repose of marble.

It is a life-size reclining figure, with the head resting on a rude block of stone; the long, unbound tresses escaping from their confinement, flowing over the fair, dimpled shoulders. The face, turned to one side, is resting on one little hand, while the other, from whose relaxed grasp falls a rosary, hangs by her side in the careless abandon of sleep. Artists have painted, poets have sung, sculptors have modeled and historians have written of the subject here represented, the beautiful, high-souled, tragic-stricken Beatrice Cenci. Than hers no sadder life was ever lived. Than hers no more severely tried and suffering soul ever entered heaven.

Perhaps no life ever wrought with more force upon the world of art and letters; and perhaps no name, so universally familiar, is yet so enshrouded in mists of poetic fable. In the Barberino gallery at Rome hangs the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, from the pencil of Guido. In every wayside village of Europe and America copies of it, of various degrees of excellence, meet the eye, and this picture will often be found in rude, untaught households to whom the name suggests nothing of her tragic story.

The wrecked hope and passionate pain that engulfed the girl-life of Beatrice Cenci forms one of the darkest chapters of history. Guilty as she undoubtedly was, yet who, reading the tragic story, can fail in sympathy for suffering humanity? Her crime was so involved with the intense suffering a highly-wrought woman may know, and in her own words, as conceived by Shiells:

"Am I not innocent? Is it my crime?  
That one with white hair and imperious brow  
Who tortured me from my forgotten years,  
My father yet should be? Oh, what am I?  
What name, what place, what memory  
shall be mine?"

An unseen destiny hurled on the deed of death. On the 9th of September, 1599, Lucretia and Beatrice Cenci dragged their victim and introduced the assassin into his apartment. Count Cenci was murdered as Jael killed Sisera. The body was thrown off from a piazza, and for some time no suspicion was entertained of foul play. At last it came and the whole family were thrown into prison. Tortures were used and Lucretia and Beatrice confessed their guilt.

The statue of Beatrice Cenci represents Miss Hosmer's conception of her as she lay in her cell the night before her execution. The face of chiseled marble is the very saddest ever pictured. It is a perfectly quiet, hopeless sadness that you feel rather than perceive. This statue alone would fix Miss Hosmer's place as an exalted one in art.

It was hardly possible to sit before this creation of the artist without feeling something of its spell.

Helen Vernon looked very beautiful that day. The dark, clustering hair was brushed carelessly upward from the broad, fair brow, and her eyes, matching it to a shade, were earnest and questioning. The little excitement of their talk, or perhaps rather of her

own thought, brought an unwonted flush to her face and a new sparkle into the play of her expressive countenance. In profile her features were so exquisitely chiseled as to be at once an artist's dream and his despair, and a new impression of her beauty came to Lynde Mantell as he caught the changeable glow of her face. Mrs. Maynard had known Helen in former years, when for a short time she had lived near Mr. Vernon's home, and when Helen had come alone to St. Louis she had insisted on welcoming her to the dainty suite in an apartment hotel that she called home. Both Mrs. Maynard and Helen were fond of loitering in the atmosphere of the library, even without set purpose, and they frequently chanced to meet each other in its rooms.

"To go back to the question of social life," resumed Mrs. Maynard, "I believe we are coming to a new standard of essential beauty and fitness. The old French regime in this city must necessarily give way before modern progress. But this progress does not, in my opinion, imply crudity, or lessening refinement. Helplessness, personal dependence, decorative surroundings, by no means imply beautiful ideals of life or nobility of conduct. Self-help is self-development, and the inexorable friction of contact with the world brings out generous impulses, consideration and sympathy—qualities without which no one can lay claim to true refinement. As Emerson somewhere says, you know, 'Tis the fine souls that serve us, and not what is called fine society.'"

"Still," rejoined Mr. Mantell, "do you not admit, Mrs. Maynard, that a woman loses something of that finer delicacy, as a usual thing, when she comes into competition with the market, so to speak?"

"No, I do not admit it," she replied. "Culture is the key to life; and its finest perfection lies in that development of all our faculties which the use of them alone can give. True refinement must be the highest expression of individual life that is harmonious with its highest known condition. I do not call a woman cultivated because she knows this fact, or has that accomplishment, and is ignorant of some other; but rather when all her faculties are trained and receptive in a way to make her appreciative of the best life of the age and also to enable her to contribute something to the advancement of that life. And by way of our own contribution to universal advancement, let us go home to dinner. Mr. Mantell will you give us the pleasure of your company to dine? Mr. Maynard is unfortunately out of town tonight, but we shall appreciate your company even if we deprecate your social philosophy," added Mrs. Maynard.

But Lynde Mantell had an appointment at his club that night, and he excused himself. Mrs. Maynard and Miss Vernon took their departure together.

Late that evening Helen Vernon sat alone in her room. A charming apartment it was, with its sea-green hangings, and the filmy lace draperies at the windows looped back with the green bands; and a knot of pansies, —pansies for thoughts,—caught in the centre. Over the little writing table, with its scattered papers, hung an engraving that was a secret talisman to her. It was from a painting called "The Angel in the Garden," which she had chanced upon in an art gallery the first day of her arrival in St. Louis. To her dying day she would never forget that hour. It was near six o'clock and the throng of picture-lovers had gone, as Helen, in a strange sense of loneliness, wandered into the gallery. In the place of honor on the walls, surrounded by rich maroon drapery, hung this figure piece. It was the face of a woman, with lifted hands, and tender, appealing face, a countenance whose expression of mingled pathos and ecstasy held Helen spellbound before it. Yet more than this to her was a flitting, intangible likeness to the face of the lost mother, who was only to her a far-away memory. Day after day she returned to gaze upon this picture. There was inspiration and benediction in the face and when at last she found engravings of the painting she hung one in her room, and placing under it a bracket for a tiny lily-shaped vase, she always kept white flowers before the picture.

The low book-cases on either side the mantel held a miscellaneous collection. The poets and essayists almost had the field to their exclusive possession, for Helen's one-sided education, combined with the natural selection of temperament, seldom led her to any range of reading outside of belles-lettres. The complete sets of Emerson and of Arnold told their story of constant use, and the modern French essayists were, evidently, daily favorites. A few water colors, some foreign photographs of classic scenes, and an engraving from "The Angels" of Millet were about the room. On the writing table stood always, in a closed velvet case, an ivory miniature of her father.

It would have been difficult to judge of Helen's religious faith by any chance indications about her apartment. A rosary and a crucifix lay on the mantel; her table held a Roman Missal as well as her prayer-book, and the "Imitatione Christi" lay side by side

with "The Perfect Way." The bookshelves held Lacordaire, and a volume of the discourses of Pere Hyacinthe, with volumes of Channing and the sermons of Phillips Brooks. Of theological conflicts and creeds she knew little, and perhaps cared less; yet they interested her, as the battlefields of human opinions must always interest one by the vital magnetism they retain.

Opening a manuscript book, apparently kept for miscellaneous questions and extracts, Helen read:

"I have certain words in my possession that have been given me that they might be said to others, few or many. I know also that I shall not rest till I have said them. And yet I cannot do it. And I yearn for the thing which I see might have been mine, and would have been blessing and sunshine and cooling dew,—and yet—and yet—"

They were words from Emanuel Deutsch, those dreamy words of the spirit that are often of the nature of revelation. Helen liked his thoughts partly, perhaps, because they often said so little and suggested so much. Something in this paragraph vaguely related itself in her mind to Lynde Mantell. She believed in him more truly than he believed in himself. She believed he had thoughts worthy to give to the world; a special work that he should meet, in some Chaldean way she seemed to read his life backward, and to know that what seemed cynicism or superficiality on his part was a transient expression of some peculiar experience he had met.

She felt that he, too, like the German mystic, like all strongly marked individualities, had a message to deliver, a certain responsibility to meet. She wanted him to see it, and to apply his force to the vital interests of progress rather than dissipate it in a half cynical iconoclasm.

Yet his conservatism attracted rather than repelled her radicalism. His lack of sympathy with her aspirations and ideal beliefs only stimulated them. She felt that there was a latent disapproval in his mental attitude toward her. But on the whole she rather liked it. She did not approve of herself. She would like to be compelled to gain larger outlooks and firmer bases in life. And curiously enough there always came into her thoughts of him a little yearning solicitude. She knew he was not happy, and that knowledge to an imaginative girl gave large mental areas for speculation. "Life is a riddle to which I have never found the key," he had said to her only that day, "and I do not think, Miss Vernon, that it is worth searching for." These words came back to her with look and inflection emphasized by the silence as she sat alone in the dainty, sea-green room.

"Which is the truer impression, I wonder," she questioned, "that which we receive from our friends when present, or the spiritual image in absence? And are there not," her questioning thoughts ran on, "two distinct natures in each individual,—the outer, which impresses us more in actual meeting, and the spiritual, which we only apprehend aright through space and silence." She questioned this theory in her thoughts, remembering how Mr. Mantell impressed her when absent and how he repressed her, however unconsciously, in his actual presence. Her woman's instinct went straight as light through all social superficialities, and she felt vaguely that they two needed each other. He held her by her latent perception of some loss and failure in his life as he never could have done by success and triumph. There was a nobility in his nature that compelled her entire respect. The unaccountable element that he had in so marked a degree might defraud himself, but would never defraud another. If ever a man could inspire and hold a perfect trust, an unquestioning faith, it was Mr. Mantell. He might wrong himself in some flash of the recklessness that had its spring in an intensity of nature, but he would never wrong another. Had he been less noble she could not have been interested in him, and had he been more evenly poised she would have been less so. As it was, the conditions met for this psychological drama between them.

Mr. Mantell's attraction to Miss Vernon was less an affair of imagination and more real. She had interested him at first as a new type of womanhood, and he was curious to see what she would do with her life. He had hitherto relegated womanhood into two very distinct classes,—those who were in the usual conventional life of home and society where all his social affiliations had been, and the class of women workers whom he vaguely knew, or, rather, knew of, and with whom he would scarcely have expected to find social pleasure. He had been bred in the St. Louis atmosphere where men must work, if any one works, but so far from fulfilling the rest of the poet's line, the women were exceptionally gay. His years of study in Boston at the Institute of Technology had not served to enlighten him much regarding the new standard of womanhood, which he thought, if he thought of it at all, to be merely an affair of the professional reformers. And so Helen Vernon, with all her quiet

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## OF LIFE AND DEATH.

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

In Autumn time she passed away.  
'Twas in the stillness of the night.  
The air bore distant music sweet  
And waited perfume from fair flowers.  
An angel whispered, "peace be still."  
And such a holy calm there fell  
That my own soul a cup did seem  
Which filled up to the very brim  
With comfort from the angels near.  
My tears were dried, and now I know  
No more could I be satisfied.  
Had I not slipped the bars and bolts  
That held her spirit back from mine,  
For tears and bitter wallings oft  
Do drown the sound of spirit voice,  
And so I hush the storms within  
And to myself I oft repeat:  
O, soul of mine, I pray, be still—  
Thus inner sense made more acute  
Doth catch the sound of music sweet.  
And like an overwhelming wave  
Her larger love doth surge o'er me.  
Annie Knowlton Hinman.

## Why John Simons was not Vaccinated.

F. L. AVERY.

"Say, Dorinda, I'm going to sell this ere place and buy a farm that's got a house on it that is a house."

"Sell this farm? Why, John, you must be crazy, didn't your good old father build it, poor man? and died just before he could move into it, and here we have lived for ten years. To me it seems the dearest little house on earth. What kind of a house do you want anyway?"

"Now look here, Dorinda, I ain't got nothing to say agin father; he was a mighty good little man, but somehow I get to think a hun's body cures his soul, and his skin gets shrunk so tight that his soul don't fit no bigger than its cage. Father was a dreadful little man; never weighed more than a hundred, and he built this house to fit him. If he had a died just afore he built it, reckon I'd been more reconciled to his going. I have ducked and squeezed through his little doors 'till I'm round shouldered, and knocked my head when I didn't 'till I wonder I hain't had percuSSION of the brain. I've done cussing enough anyhow. Then the shed is so small I can't git more than an armful of wood into it at a time and the rest has to stay out in the rain and snow. Ten years is enough of pine, they say, for a big house, Dorinda, and you and I will have some real enjoyment the rest of our lives."

"Well, John, do as you think best, but a big house ain't a living. I'd want a farm to go with it."

"Oh dun the farm! I can make one out of rocks anywhere, but I can't build a stoue boat when it comes to carpentering. You know sister Jane out in York State has always wanted us to come out there and visit her, but we ain't never had the time, ain't hardly been out of sight of this blasted little house since we married. I believe it's pizen to a man, body and soul, to be always a ducking and never dare to look up or stand up straight. I'm going to let that land agent have it; he wants it for a city chap and he offered four thousand for it a year ago. If he will give it now it's his and we'll go out to Jane's soon as we can have an auction and git packed up."

So the farm was sold and in a few weeks John and Dorinda were fairly on their way to York State, where a cordial welcome awaited them. When the news and family matters had been thoroughly discussed Sister Jane said:

"Now, John, you just stay right here a while and I'll take you around and maybe you can find a place to suit you about here."

A trip to the Shakers was planned for the next day, and after breakfast Sister Jane, who was a jolly spinster, John and Dorinda, were snugly stowed in the new democrat and jogged off through the country. A fire of fun and jokes kept them merry as school children. Coming out from a bit of woodland into a beautiful little valley surrounded by low hills covered with orchards and groves of pine, they saw a small group of deserted buildings, several small ones on one side of the road, on the other side, a big two and a half story house. The blinds to the houses were all closed, rank grass and tall weeds filled the yards. Young elms reaching to the second story windows seemed to be throwing out their green, loving arms as if trying to dispel the feeling of gloom that ever rests over a deserted village.

"Well, by the shouting Ebenezer, there's the house for us!" cried John. "Let's git out and peek around a bit. I'll hitch Jim to this old cherry tree, and we can do our visiting here."

A wide walk of slate stone led up to a flight of granite steps to the front door; to the left a magnificent spruce grove, and on the right a wide lawn showed how beautiful the place could be made. John was in ecstasy.

"My, but them Shakers must 'a' had nothing but time and money to have built such buildings. I'll just measure this ere castle."

So he paced carefully up one side and across the end.

"Gracious, must be near forty by sixty feet. Say, Dorinda, here's the house for us. Look at them stone walls all around it; it's a regular Solomon's temple and I'll be old Sol if them Shakers will sell it. It's just one of the healthiest spots in America."

"Well," cried Dorinda, "if you are going to play second Solomon, you better go out to Utah and get a hundred or two of wives for you'll need 'em all to keep this house clean."

"Oh, blame the keeping it clean!" said John. "Just open 'er up and let in the air and sunshine and shut up what we don't use and play it's out doors."

The place was bought and John and Dorinda moved in. Before many weeks had passed the old place took on a cozy, home-like air. With its great trees all about it seemed to be surrounded with an air of deep content, like some aged mother with sons and daughters all about her. Two years sped away in this quiet home when a letter came that changed all. A simple missive of a neat page, yet it set in motion a train of events destined to bring about a wonderful change of conditions.

On reaching home from the village one morning, John threw a letter down into Dorinda's lap and seating himself in his big chair, was soon deep in his daily paper. Looking up as he turned a page, he glanced at Dorinda and seeing her looking unusually grave he said, "Gracious! what's the matter; somebody died and left us a million?"

"No, John, but I rather have it than a million, for it would make us far happier. Cousin Frances out in Iowa has just died, and left a little girl five years old—left her to me if I will take her. She wrote the letter, to be sent as soon as she died. If we don't take the child, she will stay at the Orphan's home where she is now."

She looked so wistful, her grave, gentle eyes shining with the light of the mother love that went out long years before, when her own and only little one closed its big, blue eyes in the sleep that knows no waking,—as she waited for John to speak. Sensing her feelings, he exclaimed:

"Take 'er, of course we'll take her. What made you think we wouldn't?"

"Well, we are not used to children and I was afraid the noise and litter of a child would worry you, and you'd object."

"Object! not much! We have a house to put 'em in now where we won't have to hang 'em up like clothes on a nail to keep from steppin' on 'em. Just set right down, dear, and write them folks to send her by express or telegraph, any way so she gets here safe, and I'll carry it right down to the postoffice."

Dorinda's only answer was to go to her husband, and running her hand softly over his hair, said, "God bless you, John."

The letter was sent, and while waiting, a sunny little room next to their own was fitted up all in pink and white, with a little bed of iron and brass, and everything done for the health and comfort of the little one soon to be theirs. At last she came. John first caught sight of her as a tall, pleasant faced conductor led a golden haired, frolicking child to the platform, then stopped and seemed to be looking for some one else. "Hold on a minute, conductor," cried John, "guess that little gal's the one we are looking for."

Making his way through the crowd he came up to the car steps, and putting out his arms said, "Are you looking for Uncle John, little girl?"

"Yes, I is, come take me!" she cried, springing to meet him with a glad confidence that won his heart at once and forever. Then he carried her to Dorinda, and getting her things they were soon on the way home, with the third child sound asleep in the loving arms of her foster mother.

Helen Gray was the child of one who in girlhood had been the one chosen friend of Dorinda. She had married happily, and this only child came late in life to brighten her last years. Her husband died a few months after Helen's birth, leaving a little competence to the heartbroken wife, who a few years later passed on to meet her lost love, leaving Helen to her old friend, well knowing that next to herself, no one would prove so true a mother. The child was well born in every sense of the word. Large of her age, perfectly healthy, never knowing a sick day, she seemed a child born of prairie breeze and sunshine. She had golden, wavy hair, big blue eyes, fair white skin and rosy cheeks, and was as bright intellectually as she was well developed physically. She at once won the hearts of her friends and filled even their big house with the sunshine of her presence. Two years passed and she began to attend the public school, where she won all hearts, from the teachers to the youngest, never exciting the envy or jealousy of others, for as she took all favors and attentions as hers by divine right, she gave to all as freely and graciously of her love and good will as she received it from others. Her rapid progress both pleased and surprised her parents.

The turn of the second winter had hardly commenced when a family of Canadian French moved into town. They built a log house in a locality known as Jones Hill where a large tract of woodland was to be cleared. This family and a dozen others who had been hired to cut the timber composed "French Town." Soon after a sister of the last new comer's wife came to spend the winter. She was taken sick. The doctor pronounced it measles at first, but as the disease assumed a virulent form, he called in an old doctor who had had wide experience in the army. When he saw the unfortunate woman he exclaimed, "It's small-pox; a very bad case; she won't live twenty-four hours," and she did not.

Then, as the news spread, began a panic. "French Town" was rigidly quarantined. People rushed pell mell to be vaccinated, for none knew who had been exposed. So great was the fear that none could be found to bury the body, till the chief of police and an assistant officer came forward, and took charge, burying the woman at night, first wrapping the body in tarred sheets and covering the coffin with quick lime. Strange to relate, not a case of small-pox occurred in town as the result of the exposures. The board of health, "acting with commendable zeal," as the local paper termed it, went to the schoolhouses and vaccinated every child whose arms did not show a fresh mark, and then gave orders for a house to house canvass.

Not caring to fill the child's mind with fears, her foster parents said very little about the matter before Helen, only to laugh at the neighbors' vacillations. Helen had no idea of his youngest sister many years before, and he had been a staunch opposer of the infamous system; ever since, so it was with feelings of disgust, alarm and hot anger on John's part that they heard Helen say one night, "Mama, they vaccinated me yesterday and my arm feels bad, and smart as if I had burned it."

This was at supper: when through Dorinda undressed the child for bed, and examined the spot where the poison had been applied. John bent over to see it, saying as he felt the hot flesh, "Yes, it's taking all right; let us hope it will go light."

But that was not to be. The soft white arm swelled rapidly its entire length, the wound became an ugly ulcer with gnawing, ragged edges; others appeared in different parts of the body 'till it seemed as if the pure young blood, so free from taint, had met with a poison so deadly in its character as to paralyze all nature's powers of resistance. The soft, fresh body of the child yielded to the deadly taint of syphilitic virus as readily as tender yields to the match. Her strength began to fail; her eyes to lose their brightness, and a general listlessness, broken at times by extreme irritability, took the place of her old time joyousness. The best local doctor was called in; he was chief of the board of health, and happened to be the one who had vaccinated Helen. After a careful examination of the child he turned to John as they went out and said:

"It's blood poisoning, with syphilitic taint, due no doubt to some hereditary taint lingering in her blood."

John, no longer able to contain himself, burst out: "Oh, you infernal fool and liar, ain't it enough that you poison the child without trying to lay the blame on her parents? I've a notion to forcibly vaccinate you, as you term it, and if I did the only secondary symptoms you'd develop would be a hole in the ground. You—you miserable wretch, have poisoned her, and if she dies you are more guilty than if you had cut her throat or given her arsenic, for then her sufferings would have been short, but now, Lord only knows how long it will last. By what right of God or man do you medical lunatics perform such operations on helpless children without their parents' consent, and even oblige the parents to submit or else be fined or jailed? Where is the liberty of 'Free Americans' we brag of, when such things can be done, and no remedy exists for those who have to suffer? But hark to me, you killer of children, and body poisoner of grown people, you have done enough in my family and I tell you here and now, don't you ever undertake to force it on me or mine hereafter 'till I send for you to do it; if you do I'll send you to hunt up the inventor of your devilish scheme, do you understand?"

blasted John as with blazing eyes and clinched fists he looked sternly at the doctor, who felt the intensity of the older man's passion, and knew he meant all his words implied.

Smiling faintly, the doctor replied, "Yes, I am sure I understand you. You have nothing to fear as long as I am on the board and I will do my best for the child. Good day."

Slowly the weeks dragged by as the dread disease developed its hideous character in the once lovely child. Long and stubborn the

fight made for her recovery; all that love, care, and the best medical skill could do was done, but all to no purpose; before the year closed, death in one of its most disgusting forms claimed Helen Gray, one more victim to man's superstition, and to medical ignorance and avarice. "Oh," do you say, "if they did not think it best our doctors, men, we all know would not vaccinate, just for money."

Wouldn't they? Did you ever know a clique or fraternity of any kind to loosen its grip on the people unless forced to, when that grip meant dollars at the expense of human beings? The pain of the lash on the back of the slave never disturbs the ease of the master. We can but pity those who fall victims to diseases of a syphilitic nature even when it is through their own sin and ignorance; how then shall we view it when it is inflicted on childish innocence and those whose lives are only pure and clean; and done, too, by those to whom the community entrust their health?

Not long after the little one had been laid in her grave, the men came up. One of them jumped out and ran lightly up the steps and as John appeared in answer to his ring, he said:

"John Simons, I believe."

"Yes, that's my name," answered John.

"Well, I represent the State Board of Health. We are making a house to house canvass of the state and mean to do our work so thoroughly this time that small-pox will be wiped out for good. Have you and your family been vaccinated lately?"

"Not very," said John dryly, his eyes darkening and breath coming quickly as he sensed the coming storm.

"Well, then, I will step in and vaccinate and give you certificates."

"Oh, certainly! walk right in," said John, and he led the way into his den, as he called it, a large room, plainly furnished, but whose walls were covered with bookshelves and curiosities.

"Only two in your family? Then it won't take long to fix you," said the doctor.

"But," answered John, "I've seen all I want to of this accursed vaccination humbug. It's dollars to you doctors, disease and death to the people. Thirty years ago I saw my youngest sister die of consumption given her by vaccination. There wasn't no healthier home or spot in the country than ours; no more danger of small-pox on that hill than there is of frost in Cuba. Then I've just buried our little girl, and there wasn't no stronger, healthier child of her age in town 'till the vaccination poison was put in her arm, and she never had a well day afterwards till she was buried, and when wife said to me with the tears running down her cheeks, 'John, they have killed my baby,' I vowed then and there to fight the evil as long as I lived, and I guess here's a good time to begin."

"You nor the State has no more right to force this operation on me than you have to say I shall be a Methodist or a Baptist. If it has come to the point in this state that a person has no control over his body in his own house, I say it's high time to fight, and I am ready to begin."

"I can in a measure sympathize with you," said the doctor, "and do not blame you for feeling as you do, but you see the health of the community demands that we do our duty. I never like to use force, so only one of us goes into a house unless obliged to. I understand your position and hope you do mine, and as time is valuable, must ask you to give me your arm, then call your wife, and I will soon be done here."

"Guess then I'd better take off this coat," replied John, as he turned away with the lines of his face growing deep and tense. He stepped to the closet, hung up his coat, at the same time took down a large Colt's revolver which he cocked and leveled full in the face of the astonished physician who had just got point and sculpin ready.

"Now," said John, "in a low, even voice, don't you make a move only as I tell you to; if you do, off goes this gun. If there's any vaccinating to be done, reckon I'll do it. You come into my house to perform a surgical operation, and if I object you force it on me and mine. We have to submit because you are backed by a tyrannical law, a law passed at the demand of you doctors and for your benefit. Now I have the drop on you, and I tell you the truth when I say in your present vocation, I have no more respect for you than I have for a skunk in my hen house. Force and law are on my side just now and your way out is to fill out a couple of vaccination certificates, one for John Simons and one for Dorinda H. Simons; sign them all straight, then—git out and hold your tongue. Now, doctor, do you accept my terms?"

"I never was so treated in my life. You outrage the majesty of the State and its laws. It can't be done," gasped the frightened doctor.

John took a step forward, his voice was almost musical as it rolled out deeper and lower. "Don't you fret over the majesty of the law or the State. They won't suffer from this little game, it's your skin or mine that has to be pricked, and I happen to hold the points. As to saying it can't be done, there's pen and ink on the table there, you can write if you ain't too scared, can't you? And I'll see you do it right. Your partner seems kinder uneasy out there, so you better do as I tell you this time. It ought to be kinder interesting to get a new treatment once in a while. Just do your writing, I ain't a going to fool any longer."

The doctor sank into a chair and slowly, with trembling hand, filled out the certificates and laid them out on the table.

"Are they all straight?" asked John.

"All straight," answered the doctor.

"And you keep 'em?"

"I do, you may be sure," replied the doctor.

"Then," said John, "I guess we'll loosen up the tension a bit, and remember, sir, that as man to man I bear you no spite; it's the damnable law behind you that is to blame and that law has got to go if I live long enough."

The doctor gathered up his points and papers, nodded stiffly and, still white as a sheet, went out to the carriage. In reply to a question if he were sick, merely said: "It was very close in there, but I will be all right now I am out in the air once more."

John picked up the certificates, laid them in the drawer, then sat down; long he sat there, till at last, drawing a deep breath, he arose and went out to where Dorinda and Jane were sitting talking as only two can talk whose hearts are drawn close to each other by the bonds of a common sorrow. Looking up as he entered, they saw the light of a determined purpose shining in his face. Turning to his wife he said:

"Dorinda, I feel sometimes as if we have been so happy as to not take heed of those who suffer around us, though, Lord knows, we have suffered enough the past year, but we are only one family among thousands that suffer. I believe it points to a work for me to do, and to enlist others in. This vaccination by force must be done away with. Now I propose we put up just a little slab to Helen, pure and white as was her little life, and it shall say to all, 'Vaccination Killed Her.' We will take the money that was hers and build her a lasting monument, by turning it over to help get this wicked law repealed. We can shut up this old house for a while. I'll go out and talk as well as I can, to help the work along, and perhaps sister Jane will take you home with her. What say you, my dear?"

Dorinda looked up, the tears filling her eyes as she said, "God bless you, John, I always knew you would do some great work. I can only say, do whatever seems best to you; my heart is lonely and I feel that I must get away from here for a while anyway."

"Yes," joined in sister Jane, "just come and make your home with me as long as you wish, if it's as long as you live."

So the big house was closed again. John went to the capital city and laid his plans before the Anti-Vaccination Society. They were brief and right to the point. Helen's little property amounted to three thousand dollars. He proposed to give one thousand to the society, changing it to a corporation and its name to "The State Anti-Vaccination Society." Another thousand was to be used in organizing for campaign purposes and for literature, and the remaining thousand, to be used, one third of it each year, for three years, for literature and speakers.

The question was made a political one. Speakers were put in the field and meetings held in every school district. John was tireless; going from town to town, he canvassed the entire state. His plain, homely logic, and deal earnestness, did much to help on the work. Finding an organized body fighting in the field, thousands who had remained silent no more, and gave their aid to the silent but real movement. In many districts a candidate could not secure a nomination who refused to pledge himself for repeal. So the fight went on till public sentiment was thoroughly aroused, and four years after Helen Gray was laid to rest, as grim and ghastly a sacrifice to medical superstition and avarice as was ever human sacrifice offered on the religious altars of paganism, the infamous laws for compulsory vaccination were wiped from the statute book, and John Simons was free to go back to his old home feeling his work was well done and the sacrifice not in vain.

Ayer, Mass.

## PASSING.

[My old lady friend was pillowd in her chair. When I called she was intently gazing on the blue sky. I felt that she was about to pass away. She passed on in a few hours after.]

Passing through the shadow to the sunshine, Eighty years entanglement to untwine.

Going from the darkness to the light, Going to the morning from the night.

While her eyes are resting on the blue; Passing through the shadow to the sunshine.

She has done the work was given her to do, Now she contemplates her future in the blue.

Ah! though silent, weakly, olden, Yet her rest is calm and golden.

Passing through the shadow to the sunshine; No fears disturb her thinking.

Material worlds are shrinking, And the hopes of former days.

Have gone their various ways, Passing through the shadow to the sunshine.

Her children gather 'round her for her blessing, They may weep, but she can smile at love's

expressing. For the fault of yonder sky, Speaks to her of home on high,

While passing through the shadow to the sunshine. Dream on! 'tis coming, coming,

List the distant music humming As though to soothe the weary.

Still in the twilight dreary, But passing through the shadow to the sunshine.

Thos. Harding.

## The Shakers.

Manifestations of Spirit Power among the Shakers previous to those at Hydesville, N. Y.

In the early part of August, 1837, there were manifestations of spirit power occurring first among the Shaker children not yet in their teens and afterwards spreading throughout the various Shaker families. The history of these manifestations has been given me by a present member of the Mt. Lebanon Society, Alonzo G. Hollister. He was born in 1830 and taken to the Shakers in 1838, where he has since resided. Many of the occurrences he was eye witness to and retains a wonderful memory as to details.

It was the custom among the female children to meet on Sabbath mornings to learn to read, sing and labor in the exercises for worship. On the 16th of August, about sunset, three of these children were taken with powerful exercise, such as turning and shaking, and acted as though worked upon by a force outside of themselves. These girls, Sarah, Elizabeth and Clarissa, became unconscious and were laid on beds in a room used as a shop in one of the dwelling-houses. Here nearly all of the sisters came after the family's evening meeting, and as soon as they entered, the children sprang off the beds and began to turn. Many present were also taken by the power and such a scene of bowing, turning and shaking ensued as cannot readily be described. The room was filled with a display of power "like a mighty rushing wind" for half an hour.

When the exercises stopped the children fell to the floor, but were taken up and again placed on the beds. Then Clarissa began to sing the words:

Where the pretty angels dwell, Heaven, where the pretty angels dwell forever.

Oh, how happy pretty angels are, Oh, how happy, oh, how happy.

The sisters learned the little song before they retired.

Clarissa was asked what she saw at this time, and replied as follows: "The first I knew, Mother Ann came to me and asked what family I was from. I told her 'the South family.' Mother said, 'Do you know me?' I answered, 'Nay.' 'Did you ever hear of Mother Ann?' I replied, 'Yes.' She said, 'I am Mother Ann. You must be a good girl and mind your elders, whether the rest of the girls do or not. I will tell you who your guardian angel is; her name is Anna Bryant (a sister who had not long been parted from the body). She will teach you a little song I have made for the girls to sing.'"

The children continued with their gift of singing, first one and then another for a long time and it was truly beautiful and very interesting to hear them. Eight witnesses have put their signatures to the above statements.

On Sept. 10, 17 and 19, Elizabeth and Clarissa saw visions and later they increased in frequency. In November two young girls, Ann Mar and Ellett, living in another family had remarkable visions and experiences.

The members of the various families were frequently exhorted by the spirits of loved ones, speaking through the selected mediums, to lead righteous lives, maintain fidelity, integrity and loyalty to principle and to test their motives and conduct by the best light and conviction of truth and duty. They were encouraged, corrected, entreated, exhorted or comforted collectively and individually in public and in private according to their various needs and conditions. They felt for a season that they were constantly under the inspection and instruction of the heavenly hosts, and were being prepared to be messengers for the conversion of the world to spiritual things.

After this baptism of refining fire and the purification of their lives, the spirits of their leaders and their manifestations became less frequent, but many written communications were given in the names of ancient prophets,

patriarchs and sages of changes, revolutions and chastisements to come upon the world of the careless and disobedient.

The whole assembly were frequently called upon by inspired lips to get down and knock upon the floor in the same manner as they did, and all obeyed, knocking with their knuckles. This was several years before the Rochester knockings, and it was frequently foretold that when they had accomplished their work among the believers, the same power would go forth and operate among the children of the world in diverse ways, according to their state and condition, and that it would ultimately extend throughout all nations.

Next followed the visitation of spirits of various ages and nations, of varied stations and callings in life. Learned and ignorant, kings and subjects, civilized and barbarians, with all their native habits clinging to them, characters noted in history and those who lived and died in obscurity, were freely represented. Tribe after tribe of native Indian spirits were instructed in the Shaker meetings how to be wiser, how to worship the Great Spirit and in the importance of confessing and forsaking sin, forgiving injuries and returning good for evil. At first they exhibited through their chosen mediums rough and uncouth behavior, but soon after they expressed gratitude and became docile and gentle. Many post mortem experiences were written through chosen mediums which were designed to instruct and inspire in wisdom's ways all aspiring souls.

I have mentioned the four different phases of mediumship as they occurred at Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., where each expressed the chief share of attention in its initial season, though all four were somewhat interblended for about fifteen years. The special work of Mother Ann and her helpers lasted about four years from the commencement. Similar manifestations to those narrated also commenced with little girls in communities at North Union, Ohio, and Watervliet, N. Y., in August, 1838.

In January, 1850, they received authentic accounts of the "Rochester Knockings" which the spirits who had ministered to them gave them to understand by rapping through the Fox girls' soon after said by two of the Shaker Elders) was the beginning of the manifestations predicted by their mediums.

There are many phases of mediumship now commonly known to the world that did not occur among them, such as moving material objects without physical contact, materialization, independent slate writing, etc., but there was an abundance of clairvoyance, clairaudience, visions, trance speaking, writing, acting, inspirational speaking and singing.

Lida Briggs Browne.

Utica, N. Y., March 1, 1903.

## Some Startling Phenomena.

Before Christmas I sent you an article dealing with some experiments which my wife and I had made, and which resulted satisfactorily. This article appeared in "Light," of January 3, under the above heading, and since it was written our experiences have come with great diversity.

On December 19, 1902, Madame Zora was about to write a letter to a friend, and for that purpose took a sheet of notepaper from a fresh packet just opened, and laid it upon the table. Before commencing to write she moved across the room to fetch something (probably pen and ink). On turning back towards the table she remarked to me: "How plainly Polly shows herself tonight! Surely you can see her."

I replied that I would like to do so, and asked what she was doing, and in what part of the room she saw her.

"She is sitting in the seat I have just left," said my wife, "and now she is writing on my sheet of paper."

My little girl was with us, and as we looked at the sheet of paper, to our intense surprise, writing began to appear on it. First one line at the bottom of the sheet, then another above it, and then a third above that.

Hastened to the paper as soon as my wife said the note was finished, and took it up and read the message, which was of a private character, but in the well-known handwriting of the one mentioned, who has been gone to the higher life more than four years.

It is apparently in blacklead, and was done before three pairs of eyes in a brilliant light. The curious thing was that the writing was upside down. Thus the line at the bottom of the sheet was really the top line when the paper was reversed. Although clairvoyantly seen sitting at the table and writing, the spirit would have had to be in the centre of the table to write it as we view it.

Later in the evening Madame Zora and I were alone when she suddenly felt some water splashed on her hand. She came to me and I thought it was scent, as she often gets scent thrown on her in that way. It was water, however. I did not say anything, but watched her closely. A few minutes later she threw something down out of her hands, screamed, and jumped up on to a seat, crying, "It's alive—it's a frog!" I picked it up. It was some beautiful leaves of lilies of the valley, all wet and fresh.

On December 22 we decided to try for writing, and for that purpose put three half sheets of notepaper inside a large book, one under each cover and one in the centre—each doubled and with the edges towards the binding of the book. Before sitting down I took each of them out and critically examined it before a good light, and placed it back again. At the last minute I decided to try without the book; so I took a new sheet of paper and laid it down flat on the table. I then took both of Madame Zora's hands and laid my right hand upon the sheet of paper, holding Madame's left hand in it, and with my left I held her right upon my knee. After a little while she said there was writing. I found her left hand immovable—being in a cataleptic state. I released it and pulled the sheet of notepaper from under it. To our surprise there was a doubled half sheet within, and on the inside of that were two messages. In blacklead (apparently). The first was in the handwriting of my sister, who has been dead about fourteen years, and was as follows:—

"A bright and happy Christmas from all the friends of the spirit world.—Lella, Mother, Polly, Uriah."

The signatures were in well-known handwriting. The other message was in a strange hand, and was as follows:—



# IT WILL PAY YOU

It will pay you to look into the investment offer Dr. Peebles is placing before Spiritualists of the country.

A few months ago the doctor incorporated his medical business at Battle Creek, for the purpose of perpetuating the good work he was instrumental in starting and has carried on successfully for many years, and now that the success of his plans is assured, he invites Spiritualists and Liberals all over the country to share in the success of his company.

You do not need to be wealthy to share in the doctor's company; the small investor is just as welcome as the large. The man investing \$50 or \$100 will use his influence for the company just as will the one investing many thousands, and it is the good wishes and support that is desired more than the money.

A small amount properly invested where it will draw good dividends and continually increase in value is worth many times the same amount if allowed to lie idle or put away in a bank where it will draw only 3 or 4 per cent. at best.

It is the careful and wise investor who places his money where it will increase that amasses the fortune. Money invested in Dr. Peebles' Company today

## Will Draw Handsome Dividends (7 Per Cent.) From the First,

and in addition thereto, the stock will increase in value so that at the end of two years at most it will be worth two or three times what you paid for it.

If you have any amount above \$10 you can spare for investment, write for full particulars at once. Seven per cent. dividends are guaranteed from the first, and much larger ones can be expected after the first year.

Address Dr. J. M. Peebles, Chairman, Box 2421, Battle Creek, Mich.

## Transitions.

Passed to spirit life from Northport, Me., Mrs. Annis, wife of Capt. William Elwell, aged 80 years and five months. She was the daughter of Royal and Jane Davis and spent all her life in her native town. She became interested in Spiritualism many years ago and was a close attendant at the meetings held annually at Temple Heights, even when it was necessary to be carried to the auditorium in a carriage. She was charitable and kind, especially to the young and her interest and love of spiritual work did not abate in the long illness suffered. Three sons, Hudson, of Lynn, E. Burke and Harvard W. a daughter, Mrs. Flora Brohan and a sister, Mrs. Adelia Lane of Northport survive her.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Packard of Northport, Me., have the sympathy of friends in the loss of their son Aurelius, who died suddenly from pneumonia at his home a few weeks since. He was a popular young man and needed in his home by his aged parents, whose family circle has been often broken and where sorrow by departure has been frequent. Mr. and Mrs. Packard are prominent workers at Temple Heights, where he has been for several years a director and has many friends who will extend sincere sympathy.

Orrin J. Dickey.

Tampa, Fla., March 1st, 1903.

Dr. Charles Shepard passed to the higher life, Feb. 21, aged 65 years. Dr. Shepard was born in Alstead, N. H.; he practiced in his native town for several years, then removed to Massachusetts fourteen years ago. He bought a farm in East Whately, where he has lived a quiet life, and ministered to suffering humanity. Dr. Shepard was a stanch Spiritualist. He lived his religion in his every day life, and was ever true to his spirit guides. He was a man of strong character and had a large circle of warm friends. He is survived by one brother and several nephews and nieces. The funeral was held at his late residence Feb. 25, Mrs. H. T. Brigham officiating.

## 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 Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

## Notes from Detroit, Mich.

The Occult Temple of Detroit has recently opened its seventh church year. Its pastor, Dr. C. W. Burrows, believes in practical Spiritualism and strives to demonstrate the phenomena as well as preach the philosophy. The mediums associated with him represent mental, rather than physical phenomena, which does not fail to convince the average investigator.

Dr. Burrows was ordained by Moses Hull, and though under the State Association, his methods of instruction are original. Recognizing the fact that the human mind grasps at some tangible object in seeking knowledge, he endeavors to appeal to this faculty by a display of paraphernalia that gives a somewhat spectacular aspect to the Temple and its religious ceremonies. For instance, the pastor wears an elaborate white robe, surmounted by a heavy white silk cord and tassel, symbolizing "a girdle of strength." The mediums wear regalia, and the Temple itself is beautifully decorated with symbols. A large oil painting of Christ in the act of healing, occupies a prominent place. Busts of ancient philosophers and healers are placed on pedestals and a forest is skillfully represented back of the rostrum by means of painted awnings, flies and background, the object of which is to appeal to the love of nature. The dear old sunflower is not forgotten, but blinks cheerfully forth, prominent among other symbols and symbolic colors. A confession of faith, or creed, is printed on the song cards to be read in response by the congregation. Other ceremonies are used objectionable to some but highly pleasing to others.

Prof. Lyman Stowe is the best known astrologist in the city. By the way, he bears a strong resemblance to our honored teacher, Lyman Howe. The similarity of names will also be noticed. Mr. Stowe is an enthusiastic writer and student in all departments of occult knowledge. He has sim-

plished the study of astrology by means of an ingenious calculating machine of his own invention. He is the author of "Our Universe," "Secrets of Palmistry," and other books. The writer was permitted to hear the manuscript read of a new book, a record of his varied experiences in the psychic state. His soul flights from the body are vividly described, together with life on the various planets which he visited accompanied by his spirit guide. The book is well written and will, no doubt, take a prominent place in occult literature.

I am now located in Allegheny, Pa., and find flourishing societies both here and "over the River" in Smoky City, of which I will speak hereafter. Mrs. McCaslin.

## The Bower of Beauty Lyceum, Monson, Me.

Report of the year ending February, 1903.

Mr. Editor and dear Banner readers: I am sure you will be glad to hear from our Lyceum again and to know we have existed two years and are prepared to still keep on in the battle for truth.

Although our numbers have not increased during the past year, there has been a marked increase in the interest manifested, and a deeper spiritual element pervades our meetings.

My dear old father, seventy-three years of age, has never been absent but twice from our Lyceum. He is an interested listener and lends to us much cheer and help. As he sits in his arm-chair, Sunday after Sunday, proving to us by his presence the value of Spiritualism, we catch sweet glimpses of that home which he will soon enter, and are thus bound more closely to the spiritual realm. How much these aged ones, rich in the experience of life, aid us as we struggle on to advance the truth, they may not know until they have donned the garments of immortal youth in the "Summerland" of the soul! My beloved mother, with her silver locks as a crown of glory about her head, is ever at her post of duty. "The Bower of Beauty Lyceum" owes its existence to her untiring zeal in the Cause of Spiritualism. The children think that the meeting and Lyceum at Grandma's is one of the sweetest joys that come into their lives.

It is no wonder that we are progressing and unfolding and look forward to the coming years with glad hopes. I am fully convinced of the value of the home circle when I see what good has come into our lives, and I pray that every home may become a seance room and every heart a chamber for the indwelling of the spirit of truth.

We have found "The Progressive Lyceum," edited by John W. Higg, Galveston, Texas, a valuable helper, and I would ask every Spiritualist to take it both as a benefit to himself and for the sake of the children, for surely we can never do our best work in the cause of truth until the children are properly educated and become a part of all the work of Spiritualism. The child of today is the man of tomorrow. Spiritualists have forgotten their crowning work, when they have left their fair buds of promise (the children) to be gleaned by other hands. Let us no longer do this, but give to the children that knowledge which will make all their lives like a sweet summer day.

Dear Banner readers, let us not miss the golden opportunity of helping the children, by loyally coming to the support of "The Progressive Lyceum" and make it indeed, a messenger of truth, robing the minds of our children with beautiful thoughts, which shall blossom into noble, sweet characters.

Ever sincerely yours for the children,

Mary Drake Jenne.

Monson, Me., Feb. 17, 1903.

## No Person Should Die

of any kidney disease or be distressed by stomach troubles or tortured and poisoned by constipation. Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine will be sent free and prepaid to any reader of The Banner of Light who needs it and writes for it. One dose a day of this remedy does the work and cures perfectly to stay cured. If you care to be cured of indigestion, dyspepsia, flatulence, catarrh of stomach and bowels, constipation, or torpid and congested liver, if you wish to be sure that your kidneys are free from disease and are doing their necessary work thoroughly; if you expect to be freed from catarrh, rheumatism and backache; if you desire full supply of pure, rich blood; a healthy tissue and a perfect skin, write at once for a free bottle of this remedy, and prove for yourself, without expense to you, that these ailments are cured quickly, thoroughly and permanently with only one dose a day of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine.

The original and genuine Palmetto Berry Wine is made only by the Vernal Remedy Co., 120 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Jottings from Elmira, N. Y.

Dear Readers of the Banner of Light:

In behalf of our progressive Cause in Elmira, where I have been employed for eleven months as speaker and test medium, I send a few jottings.

We have a suitable edifice, purchased by the society one year ago this coming March, and an undertaking for a new hall, society, organized in November, 1901—less than four months old. The work was led on by a zealous spirit and is scarcely equalled in the recorded history, I believe, of any organization during the fifty-five years of the work done in the name of Spiritualism.

I often think societies are like young children: they are liable to atmospheric contagions like whooping cough, chicken-pox, measles, etc. If the parents look well to the welfare of the afflicted child, without stuffing with poisonous drugs, the patient readily recovers. Their best nourishment is harmonious influences that enable the mental and physical to balance, and almost in every instance the circulation between the magnetic and electric forces establishes equilibrium, and all is harmony, health again. So it is with societies. If the unity between speaker and members can be harmoniously adjusted, such a society can grow in numbers and strength, spiritually, mentally, physically. This in another sense means the illumination of the lives of all with success in all ways.

The society as an organization is a magnet and attracts according to the highest crowning thought; if governed by wisdom, love and justice, the lives of all communicants will be purified so that health, happiness, prosperity will organize their forces in this positive centre.

The stronger the concentration and the more you unite, the greater will be the interest, just as an engine representing one hundred horses in power, is greater than one only half the horse power.

In union there is strength. The way to ally the conditions we would all escape is to use our powers unitedly; to set up the highest vibration; to decentralize unfavorable conditions by taking the very opposite which is the optimistic side of life. The pessimistic side, the negative side and can be changed into sunshine and beauty by the positive, optimistic mind. Chaos, so called, can be organized into beauty and loveliness by the true mind in working in at-one-ment with the fixed law of the unchangeable. I am that which I am. We can find our real selves by searching within. Heaven is within. Hell is where love is not.

Our society has sent forth unitedly a supporting, living force, harmonizing with the law to uplift Brother and Sister Barrett from mortal weakness. Baby Xilla, with open eyes, the spirit of the spirit, will be seen, felt and heard in the beauties of a life where no earthly influence will retard her happiness, except when her sympathies are acted upon by the undeveloped minds of others who fail to obey the mandates of the law of Love.

Dear brother and sister, let the brightness of the sphere she has entered be your guiding star. Look up! Light and strength will come from the spirit world. No greater sorrow in mortal loss could have been allotted to one that came to the one who pines these lines. My strength came when the dear one from out the ether spoke and bade me "Look up!"

Our society has an additional membership of ten, and we face the future with a will, at one with omnipotence and blessed by all humanity.

"Peace on earth and good will to all mankind," our motto.

Fraternally,

Mary C. Von Kanzler.

804 W. 1st St., Elmira, N. Y., Feb. 22, 1903.

For Coughs and Colds, children take Piso's Cure for Consumption without objection.

## Letter from Tampa, Florida.

Dear Readers of the Banner:

How often have I longed to again speak to the dear readers of the Banner, but the duties and the busy weeks as they flit by, have robbed me of the opportunity.

Living in a land where there is so much beauty, we feel the strong influences of dear friends and the sweet condition of knowing, that while perhaps we are alone in earth-life, we are endowed with a social richness because associated with unseen friends. What can be more enticing for one than to feel the gentle influence steal swiftly over the physical form, and to know that the powers of earth have been mastered by one granted to a higher sphere: to feel the strong influence of an Indian; then to drift to the gentler influence, when as with the zephyr of a setting sun, the soul becomes illumined and the soft touch of those who have been elevated from one sphere to another, comes sweetly over you, and love is manifested in administering to others.

Steadily humanity is progressing, and forested among the banners which have been furled is that of the soul-inspiring Spiritualism. We have lived under reverses; we have lived when it was considered almost a crime to be a Spiritualist, but Spiritualism is now quite universally believed. Let us work for the Cause, reverse the name and try to assist those who desire to know more. The working out of a more universal brotherhood of man and sisterhood of woman, must come. We are to see in the coming century, no retrogression, but the equalization of man to man, be he white or black, red or brown. The education of all classes will be brought about.

We had the pleasure of having Mrs. Kate Stiles in the city recently; she gave some very interesting lectures to good audiences. Mrs. Stiles is one of the good workers in the Cause and has many friends. We are planning a visit to Lake Helen, Florida, before our return home.

Yours very truly,

Orrin J. Dickey.

## Missionary Work by G. W. Kates and Wife.

Our labors during February have been blessed by some good results and other disappointments. We have not been able to fill all of the time owing to the lethargy of some localities to provide help. We expected to find my place in Ohio where we could hold meetings, but received very little encouragement from towns where, in the past, good work has been done. Alas! so many old friends of the Cause have passed on and none are taking their place.

Our people are sadly neglecting the children and youth. The children's Lyceum movement demands for us something more than resolutions and speeches for its development, offered at our conventions. It must have an active development by each person in his own locality. Each society should take a little time from "getting tests" and give a little time to testing their children and applying spiritual power for human growth and thus develop a few Spiritualists and save us the need of converting them.

We have tried to stir an interest towards saving Cincinnati, Ohio, from a crude class of workers who seem to hold the fort there; such are dominant in many places and usually are opposed to organization. The Queen City of Spiritualists, Billards and rain storms prevailed and interfered with us, but we had fairly good meetings each Sunday night. There exists quite a desire for good, local society, and we need here what must be arranged everywhere—a local speaker of ability and zeal. Brother M. G. Youmans is the warhorse in Cincinnati, or, as some one called him, the local father of Spiritualism. He faithfully helped us, as he will any faithful worker. Two local societies are in process of development called respectively: "The Cincinnati" and "The Truth" associations. We expect to hear good results from each of these.

We served the Temple association in Newport, Ky., three Sunday afternoons and one week night. The meetings were well attended, considering the weather. They have a splendid little Temple here, well appointed, and a zealous society. The Temple was created by Edwin Crawley, an earnest Spiritualist, who lived here for many years, a year ago and left a debt upon the Temple unpaid for. The association will make every possible effort to pay this debt of \$3,000, and they feel sure that spirit and mortal help to that end will be given them. Mrs. Sarah Charles is the president, and is an energetic officer and wholly devoted to the Temple and the Cause of Spiritualism. Such a devoted spirit must succeed.

We held meetings in Massillon, Ohio, February 9 to 12; five evenings. Here we found a deep interest in our Cause. The meetings were well attended. Brother S. Burd is the active spirit and supplied his excellent hall; also entertained us in his elegant home. A little society is assured here, to once more take up the local work and co-operate with the State association and the N. S. A. The city of Canton, close by, is also developing a society. This locality, like all others, needs a medium and speaker who will locate. We must have such upon circuits if we cannot get one for each locality. To such an end neighboring towns should co-operate.

Our month of labor concluded with large meetings at Hicksville and Antwerp, Ohio, held in the Opera Houses. Here exists the Wentworth Grove Meeting Association that for thirty-five years has held an annual meeting. The other members of this association are passing away, and we feel sure that the younger generation will not forsake the Cause of the Father. But there must be active and wholesome assistance given to them. They, too, need to be encouraged by the State Association and the N. S. A. We hope to see Brother J. F. Dunken give his whole time to this district and get this association and these towns each united with the State association. He is a competent speaker and does much to help the Cause; but he

should be officially appointed and cared for. This crying need of local workers confronts us everywhere. We were admirably helped by Jacob D. Wentworth at Hicksville and R. R. Champion at Antwerp. Missing so many old, familiar faces here, we felt a sadness for want of their good cheer, but were made glad by the greetings of many children and youth at our meetings. May our good Cause find a redress in their lives and the future find them as active workers for the spiritual welfare of humanity.

## Briefs.

The Boston Spiritual Temple—At a meeting of the directors of this organization held Monday eve, March 2, 1903, it was a unanimous vote that Mr. Alonzo Danforth become the corresponding secretary of this society.—E. L. Allen, president of B. S. Temple.

March 1, The Boston Spiritual Lyceum met as usual at Faneuil Memorial Hall. Subject for the day "Band of Mercy." Mr. Fred Taylor, E. W. Hatch, Mr. Dean Clarke, Mr. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Mr. A. Danforth and E. B. Packard made remarks. Those taking part in the literary program were as follows: Nellie Bonney, Merrill Bill, Neagh Boyden, recitations; Mr. F. Taylor, song; Chas. Hatch, violin solo; Florence Bonney, song; E. W. Hatch, song; closed with Banner March. E. B. Packard, clerk.

Fitchburg, Mass., March 1. Mrs. S. C. Cunningham of Cambridgeport spoke for the First Spiritual Society. Audiences that filled Pythian Hall to its utmost capacity attended to hear this most gifted speaker and test medium. The larger part of the time was given to spirit messages, fully recognized. Miss Howe, pianist, finely rendered several selections.—Dr. C. L. Fox, president. The Golden Rule Society, Washington Hall, 573 Mass. Ave., Cambridgeport. Sunday, March 1, meetings were well attended; mediums present: Mrs. Buck Hall, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Graham and Mrs. McLean. Mr. Hicks, our permanent speaker, made remarks. Mrs. Annie Banks Scott will preside over all meetings until further notice.—Fowler, secretary.

The Montpelier, Vt., Spiritualist Association met at E. J. Fallon's Feb. 5. The president and vice-president being absent, Mr. Henry Childs took the chair and transacted the following business: The secretary's and treasurer's reports were read and approved. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. E. J. Fallon; vice-pres., Dr. P. L. Templeton; sec., Mrs. E. J. Fallon; treas., Mr. Henry Childs; clerk of managers, Mr. Henry Childs; Mr. Walter Ainsworth, Mr. Elmer Jacobs; auditor, Mr. J. G. Scribner. Mrs. E. J. Fallon, Sec. 5 School Ave., Montpelier, Vt.

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 eve, March 1. After an organ recital by Prof. Decker, the Verdi Quartet rendered a beautiful selection. Rev. Ira M. Courlis still being unable to be with us, the services were conducted by Miss Emma C. Resch, a pupil of Mr. Courlis, assisted by M. R. Thompson. A short Bible lesson; a poem was read entitled "A Creed." The sermon was delivered by Rev. Dr. Geo. Buchanan through the mediumship of Mr. Thompson, which imparted to all present a great deal of spiritual food. A selection by the quartet; seance was given by Miss Resch, who has just begun her spiritual work, and through her dear guides in the other world has many a heart happy through the lectures and messages from the unseen land. The services were well attended. The Ladies' Auxiliary of the church will hold a progressive euchre on Thursday eve, March 19, at 8 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. R. Slater, 518 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and we are sure this will prove a very enjoyable evening.—Corr.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Alex. Caird, M. D., pres. March 1, Rev. May S. Pepper was the speaker and did her usual good work, giving excellent addresses, followed by large number of accurate communications. The house was filled at both services long before the time of opening, and the sale of tickets stopped. Circles were held from 4 to 5, followed by supper in the banquet hall, song service, and concert by Eiters' full orchestra. March 15 will be Mediums' Day and a very interesting program will be presented.—Sec.

The Sunshine Club, Clara E. Strong, pres., attended the meeting of Mrs. Cobb in American Hall on Sunday evening, March 1, where the president and vice-president worked.—A. M. Strong, sec.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met in Dwight Hall, Wednesday, March 4. Whist party from 3 to 5; business meeting at 5; supper served at 6:30; evening meeting opened at 8 o'clock by president, Mrs. M. J. Butler. The following assisted: Remarks, Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse, Mrs. Hattie Mason, Rev. Mr. Parris. Congregational singing from the new song cards. Messages, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Webber, Mr. Cohen and Mrs. Butler; also pleasing remarks by our co-worker, Mr. Shaw. After a profitable and pleasant session, meeting adjourned until March 11. The society numbers over two hundred members, earnest, faithful workers. The hall is taxed to its utmost capacity each session. All are welcome. Come to our whist party, which is very social; good prizes are always given. The annual anniversary will be held Wednesday, March 25, commemorating the birth of Spiritualism. The finest talent has been engaged. The services will be held all day and evening. Tests and addresses and good music will constitute the program.—Laura F. Sloan, rec. sec.

## Self-Control.

Self-control and healthy habits of concentration can be acquired only by attention to the little things of life. Each act is like a single brick in a large wall—it adds to the strength or weakness of the structure as a whole in proportion as it is well or poorly laid.

The first step towards self-control and the most important one, is to keep still and hold the mind and body in a state of poise. Every living man and woman can cultivate ability in this direction.

When you have learned to simply keep still you are on the road to opening communication with the soul and its limitless powers. You are ready to receive impressions from the inner self, and to successfully picture mentally what you desire to accomplish.

When you have a clear, steady, definite idea of what you want, and have the ability to remain still, you are in a position to attract the things you desire by completing the connection with the soul.

In the process of becoming acquainted with your higher self, you will always find it necessary to make this your first and principal object in life. You cannot neglect this growth for more material things. The inner self constantly affirms, "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me." You must be in earnest. The trifles cannot succeed in finding the way to the soul. You must also be patient. This is the soul's growth. It is a process of Divine Alchemy. It necessitates that your whole being be readjusted.

When I say that you cannot safely neglect this growth for other things, I do not mean to insinuate that it is necessary to give up your daily work, or neglect your ordinary duties. I simply mean that you must set aside a certain period of time daily to be devoted to the study of the higher self and to

## ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

Thousands of Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.



An interesting letter to our readers from Mrs. Gertrude Warner Scott, of Vinton, Iowa.

Vinton, Iowa, July 15th, 1902. In the summer of 1893, I was taken violently ill. My trouble began with pain in my stomach, so severe that it seemed as if knives were cutting me. I was treated by two of the best physicians in the county, and consulted another. None of them suspected that the cause of my trouble was kidney disease. They told me that I had cancer of the stomach, and would die. I grew so weak that I could not walk any more than a child a month old, and I only weighed sixty pounds. One day my brother saw in a paper an advertisement of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. He bought me a bottle at our drug store and I took it. My family could see a change in me, for the better, so they obtained more, and I continued the use of Swamp-Root regularly. I was so weak and run down that it took considerable to build me up again. I am now well, thanks to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and weigh 145 pounds, and am keeping house for my husband and brother, on a farm. Swamp-Root cured me after the doctors had failed to do me a particle of good. Gratefully yours,

Gertrude Warner Scott

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 it, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root will send you a sample bottle will be sent absolutely free, by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root and its wonderful cures. 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.

making yourself susceptible to the promptings of the soul, and then let nothing interfere with this study.

If you are hypnotized by the senses, are a slave to appetite in any form, or deeply immersed in material things, it will be necessary to let go of them all mentally while you are seeking the way to the soul. All prejudice must be laid aside, all hatred, all envy. Not until you are ready and willing to make every earthly thing secondary in importance to Truth are you in a position to reach the Inner Light. No real happiness need be cut off; nothing that is permanent in its nature need be given up. You simply need to let go of your false conceptions of life, of the false ideas with which you have been hypnotized from birth.

All material things are good to use. But when they occupy the mind to the exclusion of all else they serve as a thick veil between the consciousness and truth. Seek truth first and material things will assume their proper relation to you.—W. E. Towne in The Nautilus.

I earn that I may eat; get that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, and content with my own.—Shakespeare.

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## Reincarnation.

WILLIAM BUNTON.

I read with interest any serious word on this theme, because it is before us now for consideration. We may not like the idea of it, as it is foreign to our general way of thinking, but we cannot escape the presence of the thought. It is in poetry and novel, and crops out in magazines and newspapers and conversation.

I confess to having had my full share of prejudice against it. It seemed a very, very foolish notion, and only had to be looked at because it was native to the East and had permeated their religion and philosophy. The superior man of the Western civilization, I thought, must consider it a childish thing. And that was the way I dismissed it from my list of believable things. I had no use for it, and so I can sympathize with any who feel about it as I used to. It is something we must grow up to in order to see its sweet reasonableness.

Here we are confronted with the problem of our existence. When we awake to consciousness, the whole world seems a familiar friend to us. There is nothing new or startling in any scene or happening. It dawns upon us that we are thoroughly at home. We get acquainted in some other time of living here. That seems the most natural explanation of the fact that it is all so familiar and well-known.

Then we have certain powers to begin with which assert themselves. We do things as if we had been in the business, and knew how it ought to be done.

Some are workmen of one sort and some of another, and you take to this or that as by instinct. You find your task in your gift. It comes to you because it is in you to do it may be a very common duty or it may be exalted—but you drift to it, as if you had come from a previous school and were now ready for it.

Some claim this is not so in their case. They are like the scholarly tramp, who after being fed, was asked if he was equal to chopping some wood. He replied that he was not only equal to it but he was superior to it. Many think they are better than their circumstances, but that is to be measured by the need of a fully trained mind, and here is the place that is for their patience or polishing.

I take it that character is the great end of existence, but this is growth and unfolding, and to match the universe, should have the experience of the universe from the germ to the genius, and on and on. We seem to

have in us everything below us to what we are this hour. We certainly carry marks of animal life with us and therefore it would seem as if we each had passed on this climbing way through the rounds of all these lower forms.

There is certainly nothing disagreeable in this picture, on the contrary, it has a charm of knowledge, of adventure, that is full of fascination. I follow out the dream with the sense of music and poetry in my soul, as if I were the closest friend of every living thing in the world. The creatures of life and activity, of grace, of song, and power, are brothers of my life, and somewhere I have had their gifts and gladness.

But the answer is—"You do not remember this, and therefore it is no use to you."

That does not seem a very forcible reply, because character is the embodiment of all that memory has known. I remember by being the result in skill of all that I have learned. What I referred to as the first impression of consciousness in myself, was all that I could ask for in previous experiences. I came with their education and furnishing, and with the refreshment of a new-beginning. I take up the old task, and carry on my character a little further by what I am learning now. This is the good of the days, and the good of the buried days is that I am not burdened with too much memory to dishearten me from doing what I know I am now capable of doing. The blessing of forgetfulness is one of the precious helps of true living. It is what many a disheartened one needs to learn so that the yesterday shall not be the hindrance of this hour.

And then it makes death no more than a sleep to us, and a reclothing of our lives when the new morning comes. And our friendships are ours through these changes, and the ones we love we learn to love the better and sweeter, and so enter into celestial devotions, which are revelations of the justice of the schooling, however severe and hard it may have been.

As a new view of life, reincarnation has its interest. As a warning against the pomps and vanities of any wicked world, it is one of the most impressive teachers. As a guide to right doing with all its rewards, it has the beacon splendor the sailor bails in darkness for the guiding of his ship. As a destroyer of the fear of death, it is like the coming of morning to drive the beasts of prey to their hiding. I see in this thought help and inspiration for a full and noble life of manhood. To me it is not a dogma but a suggestion of beauty and blessing and hope!

## The Divine Immanence.

SUSIE C. CLARK.

In this centennial year of the anniversary of Emerson's birth, every reminder of the sage of Concord, our American Plato, whose perspective of time is not yet sufficient to accurately gauge his true worth, holds an especial interest. Rev. John W. Chadwick has recently suggested that as there are twelve volumes in the standard edition of Emerson's works, it would be of great profit to the student as well as a fitting tribute to the beloved teacher, to read one of these books each month, throughout this centenary year, to which advice another admirer of the great philosopher strongly objects, on the ground that he had spent two hours recently over one of these volumes and discovered as he closed it, that he had read but ten lines. Yet during this precious interval, his mind had traveled far, gained many glimpses of transcendent truth, of rare illumination and upliftment into true soul consciousness, which would have been quite lost had his stent been to read a certain number of pages in a given time. A single essay of Emerson's, if indeed it is ever fully appreciated by the elect, would be quite beyond the digestion of the hasty, superficial reader. We all read more than we think, we glean more than we convert into grain. We are a race of mental gormandizers, and thus rendered incapable of that fine literary discernment and true culture realized by studious absorption of deep thought.

It was fitting that the first word of commemoration in this centennial year should be heard in the Old First Church, whose principles are still expressed in the Covenant of 1630, which hangs upon its walls, the church of Emerson's childhood; and it was likewise appropriate that the eulogist should be Dr. F. G. Peabody, representing the Harvard Divinity School, which called forth Emerson's masterly address that sounded the keynote of his wide fame. Yet so slowly was its grand message appreciated that the lecturer quoted divers criticisms upon it, even the President of Princeton College once writing in regard to it: "Words are incapable of expressing its nonsense and impleity, which reflect some of the ideas but without the genius of Carlyle." Another noted critic declared that "Emerson was the sweetest creature God ever made; if he should go to hell, the Devil himself would not know what to do with him, but he knows no more of religion than Balaam's ass knew of Brahminism."

Put to attack Emerson was like smiting a feather pillow that gives no defense. He was the most helpless of men to any adversary, often declaring that he knew nothing of argument, his serene and sagacious mind pursuing its steadfast way in tranquillity, patience and confidence. The poet, Jones Very, complained of his lack of fervor, affirming, "Emerson sees the truth better than others, but his presentation is too cold." To a poet's hectic mood, the calm dignity of his repose may have seemed a cold restraint, but in his attitude of criticism, which ripened later, there was a strength which at times exhibited a latent fire.

But the characteristic which perpetuates his influence with ever growing power as the years increase, is that he is the unfailing friend of those who walk in the spirit, and also his great diversity, which might be compared to the shadow and sunshine of an April day, which through all its fluctuations, still exhibits the same normal temperature. He was still so young, only thirty-three, when in 1836 his first book was published.

The key-note of his philosophy was struck very early in life; in later years he only elaborated the original motif with greater richness and beauty, whether the strain touched upon was psychology, socialism or theology.

His two chief axioms were first, the doctrine that the soul knows no personal, and second, the Immanence of God, which the speaker held to be cause and consequence, or the negative and positive aspects of a single truth. He even took exception to the primal axiom, since character creates insight. Truth creates the personal. Jesus was a spiritual leader, but his matchless personality qualified him therefore. The Truth that makes free necessitates an interpreter who is a pure light. Even Phillips Brooks confessed his inability to decide regarding a great leader how much of his power was due to intellectuality and how much to his personality, and the same query might be raised concerning the good Bishop himself. Emerson likewise was a singular contradiction of his first doctrine, since his wide influence is that of a person, whose quickened and illumined soul must needs find expression in his great work.

But his recognition of the divine in man is glad and unrestrained. His second axiom is the positive, abiding statement of Truth. Men had come to speak of God as if He were dead. Emerson claims the life of the living God in the living soul of men. The Spirit ever awaits the seeking soul of man. "The walls are taken away. We lie open on one side to the depths of spiritual nature, to the attributes of God." Emerson, although the scion of eight generations of Puritan ministers, his roots struck deep in New England Congregationalism, was pre-eminently a mystic, and it is the mystics of every age who have done most to bring the love of truth and the love of men within the love of God. He thus affirmed and re-affirmed the Soul, the Over Soul, their close, direct relations to each other, and the Beautiful Necessity by which all things work for truth and right forever.

"O, my brothers, God exists. Ineffable is the union of man and God in every act of the soul. The simplest person, who in his integrity worships God, becomes God, yet forever and forever the influx of this better and universal self is new and unsearchable. . . . When we have broken our god of tradition and ceased from our god of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with his presence."

## EMANCIPATION.

REV. MALTBY BANCROCK.

Why be afraid of death as though your life were breath?  
Death but abolishes your eyes with clay. O glad surprise!  
Why should you be forlorn? Death only husks the corn.  
Why should you fear to meet the thrasher of the wheat?  
Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping you are dead,  
Till you awake and rise here or beyond the skies.  
Why should it be a wrench to leave your wooden bench?  
Why not with happy shout run home when school is out?  
The dear ones left behind. O foolish one and blind,  
A day and you will meet—a night and you will greet!  
This is the death of Death—to breathe away a breath!  
And know the end of strife, and taste the deathless life,  
And joy without a fear and smile without a tear.  
And work, nor care to rest, and find the last the best.

## Editorial Notes.

## THE BEECHER CELEBRATION.

It is now sixteen years since Henry Ward Beecher left the scene of mundane activities to enter upon the next stage of the soul's unending career. Great preparations are being made to erect a fitting memorial to this great and remarkable man who stood forth for many decades of years as one of the very foremost of American preachers in a day when great orators both in the pulpit and on the lecture platform were, perhaps, more numerous and conspicuous than today. Beecher in his three-fold capacity of preacher, lecturer and author, will always remain dear to the hearts of the English, as well as of the American public, for his fame was almost as great in Great Britain as in his native land. Beecher's personal magnetism, as well as his astonishing eloquence, drew and held the multitudes who thronged Plymouth Church in Brooklyn twice every Sunday, and on Friday evenings for more years than many people who have long passed their majority are willing to acknowledge as their own.

Beecher forcibly illustrated the power of a singularly strong individuality expressed through a very striking personality, and when discussing these often confounded terms, we shall do well to remember that personality from persona, the Roman actor's mask, means literally that through which the soul reaches us. Beecher possessed a mind of unusual activity and a heart brimming over with human sympathy. A Nature so forceful and so affectionate as his, could not stand idly by and watch with indifference the cruelties and gross injustice which disgraced America when Beecher was a youth. A sensational preacher in one sense, he certainly was from beginning to end of his long and highly eventful career; he made great sensation wherever he appeared, but a sensationalist of the lower type he never was.

## WAS BEECHER A "YELLOW" PREACHER?

The New York Evening Journal, which rejoices in calling itself a "yellow" newspaper, claims Beecher is an agitator after its own heart. In a recent editorial we have been informed by Mr. Hearst, that Beecher's attitude on all great questions of his day was singularly brave and outspoken, and that he fearlessly denounced the corruption of the times, even going so far as to many times greatly shock the conventional feelings of his friends and supporters by resorting to unprecedented behavior in the pulpit, in order to arouse popular indignation against slavery, and compel church-going people to accept the simple logic of the Gospel, or else abandon all claim to be its advocates.

The most thrilling incident recorded of Beecher's pulpit "antics," was the auctioneering of the slave girl in Plymouth Church in a day when partisan feeling was running dangerously high, and when churches were rent in twain through pro-slavery and anti-slavery proclivities. An unusually beautiful mulatto girl was brought to Brooklyn from the South, as a man's property, bought with his money, and therefore his to dispose of as he thought fit. Though of colored race, this girl was almost white, and displayed considerable intelligence. The popular preacher, who was never afraid of adverse criticism, and who, indeed, delighted in doing deeds of extraordinary daring, auctioned off this girl in his pulpit, raising a good deal more than enough money to liberate her from her captors, and enable her as a free woman to accept an honorable position among respectable and humane people, who rejoiced in dealing a death blow to slavery, even though their church and minister must be severely condemned in many quarters for employing such heroic and sensational measures for accomplishing a worthy end, and calling attention yet more forcibly to an iniquity which was sapping the moral life of a great and growing nation.

The color yellow, so often applied to a style of journalism we cannot completely admire, in its esoteric meaning stands for wisdom and all its derivatives. The yellow robes worn by Buddhist priests in China and Ceylon are the historic garments of the teachers who were originally clad in robes of golden color, because that hue typifies illumination, which through the scale of color correspondence in Nature it indubitably suggests.

It may be the special province of the "yellow" preacher to throw light even into the dark caverns of iniquity, and as it is the function of golden sunlight to reveal everything impartially, the same bright ray disclosing the secret lurking places of filth and corruption which brings to view hidden grace and loveliness, so the revealer, the seer or prophet who leaves his mark indelibly imprinted upon the age in which he labors, must show up the corruptions of a civilization, which must be reformed, even though the preponderant influence of his ministry must ever be to reveal truth and beauty and lovingly appeal to the holiest and humanest sentiments of mankind.

Beecher was always a builder more than a destroyer, and though at times the destructive torrents of his energy directed against wrong resembled the impetuous flow of a mountain torrent which defies all barriers, the usual tenor of his ministrations was beautifully and harmoniously upbuilding, though again it must be said, that no preacher did more than he to break down the cruel degraded and degrading theology of Calvin and other theologians who have caricatured and libeled the Almighty by attributing to Deity actions and passions of which any decent dog would be heartily ashamed.

## BEECHER IN ENGLAND.

A most beautiful, loyal friendship always subsisted between America's greatest pulpit orator and the far famed Joseph Parker of London, who has never had a rival among popular Congregationalists across the Atlantic.

When Beecher first appeared in England, he was not very graciously received, there was indeed a historic occasion when he was greeted with groans and hisses and given to understand that his political views were not agreeable to his audience. That was in the old days when the Lancaster Cotton Spinners were the topic of almost every sermon and lecture in the United Kingdom. Beecher was for the oppressed working people against their tyrannical oppressors, and it was from the ranks of the upholders of cruel industry monopolies and usurpations, and from such ranks only that the "cat-calls" proceeded, of which Beecher apparently took no account, for it has passed into history that he spoke eloquently and at length on the topic nearest to his heart, despite the wild confusion, as though no outcry against his sentiments or utterances had been made. On all later occasions when Beecher spoke in England, he was greeted, not only by enormous crowds, but by multitudes who loved the man and hung on his words with delight, finding in his brilliant sentences, not only balm for their sorrows when he was in pathetic mood, but inspiration for a more rightly strenuous and nobly successful life.

## BEECHER AND TALMAGE.

Now that both these celebrated Brooklyn preachers have passed away, it may be permissible to compare and to contrast the work and characters of these two widely dissimilar men.

Talmage was certainly a sensationalist, and one of not the highest type. Though his sermons were circulated all over the world, and read by eager multitudes, and he drew immense audiences to his lectures and congregations to his church, he could never hold the people to him as did Beecher. At one time, so we are told by Major Pond, Beecher's church had a standing membership of 2800, and though he always attracted, as did Talmage, visitors to New York from all parts of the world, he never depended upon the transient throng for the constituency of his congregation.

Talmage was never beloved in England as was Beecher, and so far as Dr. Parker was concerned, there seemed almost enmity between them, not on account of rivalry, but because Talmage's business methods were regarded by Parker as utterly unbecoming and unjust.

Talmage was "orthodox;" Beecher was "heterodox." A dying form of so-called Evangelicalism found voice in the rasping tones of Talmage, while the mellow voice of Beecher denied everlasting torment, and favorably considered the doctrine of human evolution.

Beecher's religion was unmistakably Christianity, he never drifted into simple Theism or lost anchorage in the old traditions; he was Trinitarian, not Unitarian, but he dwelt so much upon the love of God, and was so broad, generous and hospitable to people of

all creeds and no creed, that even the most agnostic thinkers of the 19th century, felt that there was certainly some good in Beecher's religion, as it unmistakably tended to make men kinder and juster to each other.

## BEECHER AND UNIVERSALISM.

Though considering favorably the "larger hope" as put forward by Farrar, and in the least averse to the great truth proclaimed in New York in his days by the famous Dr. E. H. Chapin, it seems difficult from his extant sermons to gather exactly what the incumbent of Plymouth Pulpit really believed concerning the final destiny of the unrighteous. It is clear that he considered the doctrine of Conditional Immortality, though it is not clear that he thoroughly indorsed it. To many minds while in transition state, the "destruction of the finally impenitent" comes as a great relief from that hideous nightmare of a false theology, useless everlasting agony.

Beecher was not quite sure of the final salvation of every soul, but he was sure that no one would be kept forever in useless torment, therefore he denounced in vigorous terms, the blasphemy which attributes to the Supreme Being a course of action, not brutal but diabolical, and left it open to his hearers to gather from his gracious words that God was never unwilling to save any one, and if any were unendingly unresponsive to divine persuasions, such foolish sinners would drop out of existence, as nothing but righteousness can abide forever.

We may find much in Beecher's theology which seems inconclusive, but he was a voice crying in the wilderness and paving the way for fuller light to come; his services to the cause of liberal religion cannot possibly be over-estimated, and his lectures on behalf of all kinds of philanthropic work served to almost revolutionize penal institutions and to correct every form of injustice to the distressed.

## BEECHER'S ATTITUDE TO SPIRITUALISM.

Though it cannot be said that Beecher was a Spiritualist to the full extent to which his sister Isabella Beecher Hooker has proved herself a Spiritualist, no impartial historian can deny that he very often alluded sympathetically to Spiritualism, and in many instances investigated phenomena, which partially, if not wholly convinced him of the reality of communion with our departed loved ones.

It is difficult to say just what type of phenomena may prove most convincing to certain peculiar types of mind. Beecher was extremely individual and accustomed to think out every question for himself, and treat all subjects from an independent standpoint. It is very possible that manifestations which appealed very strongly and favorably to some equally great or even greater men might not have met the peculiar needs of Beecher's temperament. It is not fair or kind to rebuke a man whose whole life proved his brave sincerity because he did not publicly announce himself a Spiritualist in company with one of his enthusiastic sisters. There is often more heroism and true sincerity in honest reticence, when one is not entirely convinced, than there could be in positive declaration of an imperfectly formed conviction. Spiritualism to Beecher was always an interesting subject, and no Spiritualist who attended Plymouth Church was ever made uncomfortable by its venerable pastor.

Toward the close of his long, active and venerable life, Beecher became more and more distinctly spiritualistic, alike in speech and feeling, and after he had passed beyond the limit of material vision and the great throngs of devoted friends gathered in the church or visited the house which had been his home, they saw no black crape, no signs of woe or mourning, but a profusion of beautiful flowers, making the occasion of the funeral of his remains appear like a glad festival instead of an occasion of mourning and depression. Beecher set an example which all can wisely follow, and most of all should Spiritualists depart from the utterly unspiritual and most depressing custom of wearing sable attire and using black-bordered note paper, because some loved one has exchanged the present for the next forward stage in the soul's expression.

## THE BEECHER MEMORIAL.

The splendid building to be erected in Brooklyn, and toward the erection of which contributions are pouring in from all over the world, is to be very appropriately consecrated to purposes of education and philanthropy. Beecher was ever an educator and a philanthropist; he loved children dearly, and took a vital interest in the welfare of the young; his sympathies were always on the side of higher education for the masses, and he also believed in the good to be accomplished by a wise mingling of recreation with sober study. The theatre found in him a reasonable champion, and it is but fitting that many distinguished members of the theatrical profession should offer their donations to a monument in honor of a man who always had a good word to say for the stage, though he occupied a pulpit.

Finally it needs to be remembered that Beecher was an untiring and incessant worker. Major Pond, who was often the manager of his great lecture tours, declares that he never had a lecturer under his management who could lecture so frequently and travel so continuously, and remain almost always in the best of health, as well as in the highest of spirits.

To a good age, though not to a phenomenal age-limit, did Beecher's earthly life extend. For all the good he has accomplished, let us show abundant gratitude, and while refraining from blind indiscriminating eulogy, seek to follow in the footsteps of a great venerable American hero and patriot, at least in this respect, to be gracious to friend and adverse critic alike; to always uphold a righteous cause no matter at what cost of personal self-sacrifice, and most of all seek to win by love the weak and the unwise, that they may be raised by kindness, as harshness could never lift them to new-found heights of purity and usefulness.

## THE PAPAL JUBILEE.

The celebration of the ninety-third anniversary of the birth of the present Pope of



Rome, Leo XIII. and the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the Chair of St. Peter, has called forth many retrospective discourses in which the events of the past quarter of a century have been graphically reviewed.

In 1878, when Pius IX passed away, things looked very dark for the Catholic Church, not only in Italy, but almost all over the world. Leo XIII. has certainly shown most wonderful diplomacy, and his very recent action with regard to affairs in Ireland and concerning the settlement of disputes in the Philippine Islands, has added much lustre to a name which is now identified with most amazing vitality, and the execution of an enormous amount of arduous mental work at a remarkably advanced age.

To study the activities of a man ninety-three years of age, who is in one of the most responsible positions on earth, cannot fail to prove an instructive exercise. The Papal Jubilee should be an incentive to people who are complaining though not much over sixty or seventy at utmost, that they are getting too old to work, to renew their youth like eagles, and instead of pessimistically declaring that people cannot do anything after they are sixty-five or seventy, call to mind that the old man in the Vatican has spent the most active twenty-five years of his life from sixty-eight to ninety-three.

We are not discussing the Papacy as an institution, but the Pope as a man, and the world is particularly interested in biographies. It is even within the range of probability that ere long we shall give up writing and reading fiction and study actual biography instead. The power of an individual is oftentimes so enormous that when we contemplate it, we are amazed and even appalled, but it is not reasonable to feel that behind every singularly great and influential man or woman, stands a spiritual host, and that the human person we outwardly behold is only the visible one, who stands forth as the representative and mouthpiece of a mighty, countless, unseen thought?

#### MAN VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE.

Among books recently published of more than common interest, is a profusely illustrated volume by Leadbeater of Theosophical fame, bearing above attractive title. Students of human auras and the colors of auric radiations will be fascinated with this extraordinary treatise. Much of the information given is based on clairvoyant revelations and have seemingly been gathered from a great variety of sources, and carefully compiled after much corroboration of independent testimonies.

The three bodies of man causal, mental and astral, within the physical sheath, are most interestingly explained, and though the doctrine as well as terminology is specifically Theosophical, the book as a literary curio, is sure to win wide attention from that large and ever increasing array of inquirers into occult mysteries who are ready to delve for truth in all districts and seek for light through all apertures. Whatever helps us to consider ourselves as vastly more than mortal, must help to lift our lives above low sordid levels and thus inevitably prove a priceless blessing to society in general.

W. J. Colville.

#### The Gentleman from Everywhere.

"The Gentleman from Everywhere" is winning laurels all over our country among the masses who enjoy "a racy, blue-dispelling, instructive and inspiring book." "The billiard-ball club," however, do not regard as complimentary Mr. Foss' characterization of its members as "human hogs who stuff themselves as full as sausages, and then stretch themselves on the rest of the dough to keep others away until another gormandizing is possible for themselves." This club vainly denies that their only prayer is "God bless me and my wife; my son John and his wife; we four and no more, amen."

Despite these denials, you will all read the chapter in this book called "Looking Forward," which paints in thrilling colors the picture of the near future unless "King Trust" is dethroned, shows clearly the way to prevent "the reign of terror," and closes with one of the most beautiful poems ever seen on earth. An exceedingly interesting and entirely original revelation of the wild, weird, pathetic as well as humorous inner life of our greatest Reformatories is given in the chapter entitled "In Shadow Land," from which we quote a few words.

"In this great Reformatory we enjoyed the work of uplifting these wretched souls of life, conceived there where in sin and born in iniquity; they responded appreciatively to the influences of kindly words and acts, even as the aeolian harp yields its sweetest music to the caresses of the air of heaven. It was inspiring to watch the blossoming of purer thoughts and higher aspirations, and to feel that we were co-operating with the invisibles in developing the hidden angels in this youthful army. All at once the shadows fell, the baneful greed of those organized wolves called 'Tammany Hall,' which neither fears God nor regards man, reached out to our blood." Then follows a description of a fierce struggle between the powers of darkness and the powers of light—tragic, exciting, masterful. We notice very commendatory reviews of this book this week in the "Kansas City Journal," "Kansas City, Missouri;" "The Cleveland Plain Dealer," Cleveland, Ohio; "The Malden Mirror," "The Boston Boot and Shoe Recorder," "The Eastern Argus," Portland, Maine; "The Ocala Banner," Ocala, Florida; and all give this popular book a "glad hand," and words of good cheer. For sale at Banner of Light office. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, \$1.50.

#### Announcements.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society will give a musical and literary entertainment, Thursday, March 12. Tickets 25 cents.

Newark, N. J.—Wednesday, Mar. 18, The Woman's Progressive Union, an auxiliary of the First Church of Spiritual Progression, will hold a meeting in hall, corner of West Park and Broad Sts., at 8 p. m. Miss Margaret Gaulie will occupy the rostrum. All are welcome.—G. A. Dorn, pres.

The Golden Rule Society, Washington Hall, 573 Mass. Ave., Cambridgeport, meets Sundays at 2 and 7:30 p. m., Thursdays at 7:30 p. m. The best of mediums will be present. Come and get a message from your loved ones in spirit life. Good music.—Fowler, sec.

Temple of Honor Hall, 591 Mass. Ave., Cambridge—Thursday evening, March 19, a reception and benefit will be given for the president, Mrs. Fredericks, at 9 Salem St., Cambridge. All are cordially invited.

Friday, March 13, The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society will serve supper at 6:30; monthly whist party at 8:15. Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated Friday, March 27, forenoon, afternoon, evening.—Ester H. Blinn, sec.

The Vermont State Spiritualist Association



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and eliminates  
waste matters in the  
quickest, gentlest  
way.  
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tion has arranged to hold its next quarterly convention at Hardwick, Vt., June 19, 20 and 21. Mrs. Elsie Webster of Lynn, Mass., a fine test medium and speaker, has been secured and all the state speakers are expected to be present. Full particulars will be given later.

E. J. Bowtell is at liberty for Sunday and campmeeting engagements. Address Box 82, Olneyville, R. I.

Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists. Mrs. C. M. Hartwell, president, will hold the next meeting, Friday, March 13, Cambridge Lower Hall, 681 Mass. Ave. Circle, 3 p. m.; business meeting, 5 p. m.; supper, 8:20, 15 cents; evening services, 7:30. Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock will lecture and give spirit messages.—Mrs. M. Merritt, cor. sec., 33 Brookline St.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, of Stoneham, Mass., the eloquent inspirational speaker and poetess, will address the First Spiritualist Society, Fitchburg, Mass., Sunday, March 15.

#### The Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union will hold its anniversary exercises in the beautiful new hall on first floor of the New Century Building on Huntington Ave., Saturday, March 28, morning, afternoon and evening. An excellent program has been prepared.

#### "The Artist and the Angel."

This beautiful little poem by Miss Belle Bush, so well known as a song writer and teacher in the ranks of Spiritualists, has been published in leaflet form, and is now for sale at the extremely low price of five cents per copy. Miss Bush has been a faithful servant of the "Good Cause," but misfortunes have overtaken her in her declining years, and she is now in need of aid. She offers this poem for sale with the hope of adding a trifle to the contents of her purse, knowing that her patrons will receive the worth of their money. Miss Bush is now in Shirley, Mass., and will promptly fill all orders that may be sent her. We hope the friends of the Cause will remember this needy worker in her extremity by ordering copies of the poem, and by inducing others to do the same.

#### "The Triumphs of Man."

This booklet, in verse, by Dr. Dean Clarke, is an excellent presentation in smoothly flowing lines, of man's development in physical, industrial, social, moral and spiritual expression, through recognized evolutionary processes. All this is most tersely expressed in compact yet melodious rhythm and rhyme, which makes no less pleasant than instructive reading. In conception and execution it is indeed a "triumph" of poetic art, creditable to the accomplished author, and sure to prove highly entertaining to the general reader. It is not only a happy method, but a grand gift to teach great truths in such clear, strong, measured words, adapted and full of wisdom's ways, the comprehension and enlightenment of earth's children.

To the reader:—May this word to the wise suffice.  
St. Albans.  
[Address Dr. Clarke at 7 Winthrop St., Roxbury, Mass., and inclose 12 cents for sample copy.]

#### 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.

#### All are Cordially Invited.

Paine Hall.—Grand Reunion and Anniversary Celebration, Sunday, March 29, at 1:30 p. m. At a meeting of the Boston Spiritualist Lyceum, it was voted to hold a reunion of old workers and Lyceum members. This Lyceum meets in the same hall, where one of the largest Lyceums ever held, used to meet, and therefore we thought it would be a good place to come together, compare notes and experiences, and renew old acquaintances once more. We all realize that we are every year growing one year nearer the other shore, and it is pleasant to have these reunions as often as possible. It is impossible to reach all personally, as we have not the addresses of many, so if each one who sees this invitation will consider it especially written for him, we will indeed have a reunion. This reunion will take place Sunday, March 29, in the afternoon, and it will also be the occasion of the celebration of the anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. We have been informed by members of other societies in the city that there are to be no celebrations that afternoon, and therefore we extend cordial invitation to all societies to come and join the children upon this occasion. More particulars will be printed in the next issue of Banner of Light.

J. R. Hatch, Jr., Conductor,  
Elmer B. Packard, Clerk.

#### Mr. J. S. Scarlett.

Haverhill, Mass.—The Helping Hand Association had a very pleasant and profitable meeting Wednesday, March 4, with J. S. Scarlett, the missionary for the N. S. A. Through his efforts we had six applications for membership to our society, all true, good Spiritualists but not connected with any society. His appeal for workers and for the support of the N. S. A. in its great work was one that all Spiritualists should hear, then we would have large and working societies connected with the N. S. A., as all should be for the advancement of the Cause we love so much.

Bro. Scarlett is a great favorite with us. We find in him the principles of a true man, and when we find principle we find the foundation for a true Spiritualist. We hope to see and hear him again soon, and we bespeak for him a crowded house. He has a warm place in our hearts and we know the N. S. A. made a wise choice in selecting him as missionary. May success crown his every effort. I hope all societies will try to have him with them. Yours for the truth, S. S. Ham, president of the N. S. A.'s youngest child.

#### Boston Spiritual Temple.

The energetic pastor of this society, Rev. F. A. Wiggin, on last Sunday morning again yielded his organism to the inspiration of his eloquent guide, and the subject chosen was very appropriately that of Spirit Return, the text being taken from Shakespeare, who puts into the lips of one of his characters, the

query: "Aye, but will they come?" Two aspects of the subject were dwelt upon. First, are spirits ever influenced to come by the invitation or request of their friends? Second, what right have we as mortals to summon the presence of those who have departed to a higher state of spiritual consciousness, sometimes designated as the other world? The error of a selfish desire for the assistance of spirits in making money, or other material aims, was emphasized, its detriment to both spirit and mortal alike, as well as the ready response of angelic workers in an honest demand for light and truth, or aspirations for spiritual growth and soul unfoldment, which was likewise a mutual benefit.

The spirit world is constantly impressing itself upon humanity, in interchange of thought as never before. It did not rest until it had proven that clairvoyance was not alone a truth, but that kind of truth that could be of great practical use in the world. So the X-ray was impressed upon the brains of certain individuals, and the fact of mechanical clairvoyance was revealed, which enables even doubting Thomases today, to thrust his hand where the spear of Science has pierced the side of Truth. Clairvoyance, with its keen, penetrating glance, has also punctured the mask which ecclesiastical ignorance and hypocrisy have drawn across the face of Omnipotence, and enables mankind to behold a smiling Deity, and so God's Love is revealed through clairvoyance.

The monthly supper and entertainment of this society was held on Monday evening, in the New Century Building, on Huntington Ave.; the weekly social and seance on Wednesday evening, in Pierce Hall Annex. Both of these gatherings proved delightful occasions.

#### Mrs. Mary J. Hayward.

The sudden and tragic death of Mrs. Mary J. Hayward was announced during the past week and came to her many friends like a lightning flash from a clear June sky.

Mrs. Hayward was the widow of the late Dr. A. S. Hayward. She resided at 34 Magnolia Street.

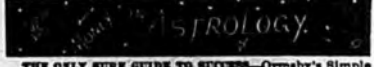
On Wednesday morning, the 4th inst., while preparing breakfast, her clothes took fire from the gas stove, and she was terribly burned before help arrived. Her brother, who was in the house, heard her cries for help and ran to her assistance as quickly as possible and rendered all the help that he could, but it was of no avail. She lived only a few hours.

Mrs. Hayward will be greatly missed, for she was a woman constantly employed in performing acts of kindness for others and

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Following is a list of the chapters contained in this book: Mind: Its Past, Present and Future. Divine Mind: Its Nature and Manifestation. Dual Mind and its Effects. The Art of Self Control. The Law of Attraction. Colors of Thought: Vibration, Meditation, Creation and Concentration. Lesser Occult or Psychic Forces and Their Dangerous Hypnotism. The Law of Cause and Effect. Higher Occult or Spiritual Forces and Their Cause and Cure of Disease. The Law of Omnipotence.

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was one of those sweet natured persons whose company was always most agreeable. She had a very large circle of friends, and was a most faithful, helpful member of the Boston Spiritual Temple and a member of the Board of Directors of that society. Her aid to the Boston Spiritual Temple and her constant and ever encouraging presence will be greatly missed in that society.

The funeral services were held from her late residence last Friday at 2 p. m. The Rev. F. A. Wiggin, pastor of the Boston Spiritual Temple, officiated. The Ladies' Schubert Quartet, which Mrs. Hayward always so much admired, sang three beautiful selections. The floral offerings were many and in loveliness were most fitting symbols of the arisen one's life. The body was borne by loving friends to Forest Hills and tenderly consigned to the embrace of mother-earth.

Mrs. Hayward was a sweet and lovely woman and heaven received her most cheerfully. She had earned such a reputation. For her faithful service to humanity, she will be long and lovingly remembered.

#### The Amanda Bailey Fund.

Feb. 5, 1902, Ladies' Lyceum Union collected	\$2.00
Feb. 12, 1902, collected	2.00
Feb. 12, 1902, Mrs. Kempster	.50
Feb. 19, 1902, collected	2.00
Feb. 26, 1902, collected	2.00
Dr. Wesley, Miss Yenton, Mrs. W. S. Butler (\$1.00 each)	3.00
Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse	.50
Mrs. W. S. Butler	4.00
Apr. 16, received from Mrs. Sarah Byrnes from the following ladies in Marlboro, Mass.: Mrs. L. Wescott, Miss E. Moor, Mrs. G. Wescott, Miss E. Corey (\$1.00 each)	4.00
Total	\$20.00
Paid car fare to Salem	\$1.50
Balance	\$18.50

Mrs. M. E. Stillings,  
Fin. Sec. Ladies' Lyceum Union.

[The above report did not reach the Banner of Light office in time for insertion last week.]

#### The Philosophical Journal.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
Greeting:—It is with pleasure that I have to announce that arrangements have been effected whereby the permanency of the Philosophical Journal is assured. At a meeting of the Board of Directors, on Friday evening, Mr. J. Munsell Chase and myself associated ourselves with the management. Mr. Chase has been engaged as editor. The Journal will appear regularly, and we trust as time goes on, improvements will be made.

Please give this notice in your paper to above effect, which will be appreciated, as we wish to counteract any impression that the Journal is liable to suspend. It is too important an acquisition to the Spiritual Cause to be allowed to go out of existence, and it will not. Yours sincerely,

J. Shaw Gillespie, Sec.

San Francisco, Cal.

"If any man must fall, for me to rise, Then seek I not to rise; another's pain I seek not for my good. A golden chain, A robe of honor is too poor a prize To tempt my hasty hand to do a wrong Unto my fellow man."

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Dr. Peebles has, no doubt, done more for suffering humanity than any other one man living, and with the aid of a corps of distinguished scientists and specialists, he is curing more chronic sufferers than any other physician in America.

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## Message Department.

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

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule 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.

These circles are not public.

### To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seance held February 12, 1903. S. E. 55.

### Invocations.

Up to the peace crowned heights of God we would climb this morning, our aspirations after better things making our feet strong and our hearts light. Up above the sordid cares, tumult, trial, we desire to rise, stand serene, triumphant over all things and find peace, strength in the light and glory of truth about us. With this God-given strength we would send happy, helpful thoughts to those who are still climbing, to those who do not understand that the light is ever shining. Never can we forget, nor would we, those whose eyes are dimmed with the tears of sorrow, those whose hearts are not beating with joy but are stilled, almost paralyzed, with the fear of what may come, but remembering the devious paths by which we have come, remembering our own dark hours, our needs we long to convey to them the knowledge of truth, love, beauty and joy that has come through effort, through suffering and through constant aspiration. No soul so lonely is, no life so forsaken or so isolated that the penetrating gleam of truth cannot enter in and bring comfort, strength and joy and so with hearts bounding with love and confidence, with souls eager to spread the glad word we would today send out greeting to the uttermost parts of the world, to the farthest corners of the earth, to the very lowest and darkest conditions that may come to human mind. This greeting is one of love and confidence and above all hope. May the word be carried by those who are mightier than we, may the hope shed shelter and bring forth new hope and newer joys even out of the midst of darkness. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

Joseph Hardy, Allston, Mass.

The first spirit this morning is a man about fifty years old. He is tall, not very stout, but a strong forceful looking person. His eyes are quite blue, his hair is dark brown mixed with gray. He has a broad brow, quite free from wrinkles. In the most placid tone he says: "This is my first effort to return in this way. I am glad to find a ready entrance here that I first of all give thanks to you and hope I may be able to speak as clearly as I have planned to do. My name is Joseph Hardy; I lived in Allston, Mass. I have friends and near relatives who know nothing at all of this subject but to them I would like to send word to induce them to make some effort to find out whether it is true or not that I can return. My father is with me. He says: 'Tell them that although we were rather religious we have come into a broader view of life and today our religion doesn't shut out our desire to know and understand every expression of God.' We were Congregationalists and hadn't much use for spiritual phenomena. In fact I don't know as I ever seriously considered the subject until I came over here and saw Annie in such great need. Then I felt I must send some word if possible. I am happy, that is, as happy as I can be to go unrecognized and unknown amidst the friends and the scenes familiar. I would be much happier if I could speak once in a while. I feel like referring to the letters that have been received lately which have brought a little consolation to the family, especially to Isabel; I want to say: a firm hand is about the only method to pursue."

Frank Blount, Sacramento, Cal.

The spirit of a man about thirty years old is standing beside me. He is fair, has light brown hair, a very full mustache, blue eyes, strong chin, and a sort of debonaire air as though he cared very little about anything except the thing for which he has come. He says, "You might think by the way I come that I am careless of my message. It isn't true. You never had a more eager spirit than I am, or one who needed to come more than I do. My name is Frank Blount, and I lived in Sacramento, Cal. It is a long way to come, but I was interested in this part of the country because I went to California from here. I didn't meet with the success I expected; I didn't find much to encourage me to live and so I came over here. There has been more or less question about the method used for my departure and of that I say nothing. I only want to say I am sorry I came. It would have been better and better for me if I had stayed and fought it out, but I didn't have the courage, and I thought a man's life belonged to himself and if he had the willingness to take it, it was nobody's business but his own. I find now it is much better, even if conditions press hard, and even though everything slips away, it is better to face things and fight it through than it is to run from them. I wasn't over here twenty-four hours before I realized my mistake, because my death complicated matters so and because one who was dear to me was so distracted and unhappy. I refer to Eva and I would, if I could, send a word of comfort to her and tell her that although I grieve because I did what I did I am striving to do all I can to make it better and to bring some strength to her. I know what Charles did and what Edward has done to do. It isn't much and if they had done it before I came it would have been better than afterwards, but I appreciate their efforts now and I want you, dear, to believe me when I say I am sorry for your trouble and send love and what I last told you is true today, as true as when I spoke it to you. I have seen you often wonder how I could do what I did if I believed what I said to you or if I expected you to believe it, but it was an impulse not a premeditated plan. That may help you to understand."

Will Adams, Concord, Mass.

I see the spirit of a man about forty years of age. He laughs and says: "You guessed

it just right." He is short, rather stout and has one of those happy faces; it seems as though he took life lightly. He says: "Want my name first? Well, it is Will Adams. I lived in Concord, Mass. I worked hard every day loading around a store. I smoked, which of course was quite an effort, and talked and settled the affairs of the government right on my own box. I knew as much about the affairs at the White House as any President possibly could, and if there was anything in politics that I didn't know I am sure I didn't know where to find out about it. I don't know as that has a thing to do with my coming back today. To tell the truth it made me rather mad to see the way things went after I came away. If I had known I was coming I might have made a little calculation on it but goodness when a man is snapped up in a few days he doesn't have time to pack many things in his trunk, and about the first thing I knew after I was first taken sick they were taking my body. It was a mighty funny sensation to stand around and see my own body mauled over the way mine was and some of the things that were said about me made me want to speak in meeting and tell a few things I knew. Funny thing, how when a man is dead everybody takes liberties with his past life, and transposes it to fit the occasion. The things I did were so changed in the telling about them that I would not have known it was I at all—they were talking about a man that Mary ought to be helped. I think now, she is a mediumistic enough from my point of view now to receive impressions and help, but she is so scared. Every time I come near her she gets frightened about out of her wits. I hope by this message to make her understand I don't come with any thought of troubling her or doing anything except to bring a word of cheer. It was a long time she kept her lamp burning, afraid she might see me and I was trying to have her see me, so we were kind of fighting across purposes. If I could walk into the house I suppose she would be glad, but because my body was put away she is afraid to have anything like a semblance of it presented to her vision. If I could get to her and talk as plainly as I am talking now I am sure I could help her and show her the way to a more peaceful life. I am greatly obliged to you for letting me come. I never took your paper and wouldn't have read it if I had had it passed to me, and I feel rather cheeky in using it now, but when a man is in a tight place he will do almost anything to accomplish the purpose, and so I have come to send word to my wife."

Fanny Osgood, Exeter, N. H.

I see a woman standing here who is about medium height, rather dark eyes. I think she is about thirty-two years old. She is very nervous and excitable and says: "It is because I am so afraid I won't say all I want to. My name is Fanny Osgood, I am from Exeter, N. H. I have been over here quite a little while, that is some years, I have been trying to study the law that governs us. I found myself free at any time to go to those in whom I was interested, but I haven't been able to speak to them as I want to. Sometimes I see them much more plainly than I do at others. I am never able to give a direct impression or word when I hear others talking about it it makes me so anxious because I want to get to my daughter. I have so many people over here with me who are interested in this same subject and they all want to go to Ella just the same as I do, but it is so hard for us to know how to go to work and we really came here today as much for the experience and the instruction as we did to give the word. My father is very anxious to tell Ella she isn't going to stay where she is very much longer. He wants to tell her because she is getting so discouraged and needs to hear the assurance of a new condition to make her faithful while she stays. I am glad to know about the bank book and glad she found it. Tell her that and also tell her a mother's love never lessens even though years may pass before the child is in her life again."

Mrs. Sarah Wilkins, Meriden, Conn.

Here is a woman about sixty years old who walks over to me with a funny little bustling movement and seems to be so full of business that she can't stop for anything. She is very stout, has a full face and almost white hair. She isn't so particularly dressed but she wants to get here and so comes in ordinary clothes. She says: "My name is Wilkins, Mrs. Wilkins, Mrs. Sarah Wilkins." She says over two or three times in an impetuous way, "I want to go to Carrie. I want her to pay attention to what I say. I haven't come just to send a message of condolence to her or to tell her how I am getting along, but I do want her to pay attention to what I say. She must take care of herself and get out of the clutches of the people she is with. They are doing her no good and she is doing them no good and just wearing herself out for nothing. It is all very well for people to talk about sacrificing love, it is all very well, but there are some duties one owes to oneself and there is a duty she owes to herself. I am surprised that George for a moment would countenance what she is doing and yet I might have known it. He hasn't enough gumption to look ahead and see what ought to be done, but just stands right there like a child and lets the thing roll up until it is almost impossible to get out of the way of it. I like him all right, but I would like to see him have a little more get up and get. Lizzie is the best friend she has. She sees things clearly and is willing to help Carrie, and it will be better for Carrie to write her and make some effort to connect with her again. Bertie is with me and sends a bushel of love and great numbers of kisses. Uncle Raymond is here also and says he can hardly wait for the rest of the family to come over because he wants to have a regular good time. I used to live in Meriden, Conn."

Mrs. Thomas A. Hackett, Long Island City, N. Y.

A woman comes to me now. She is very graceful and ladylike, and is pretty. I hear her say: "I am Mrs. Thomas A. Hackett of Long Island City, N. Y. My own name was Carrie Hackett. I want this message to go to Thomas. I want him to know I am with him oh, so many hours of the day. I try to impress my presence on him; I do feel sometimes that he is conscious of it. Tom, dear, do you remember our plans, how we thought the coming Summer would bring so much joy to us? It was hard for me when no Summer came and you were not with me. I couldn't quite settle down to this new life without you and when I saw you so lonely it bothered me more than I can tell and yet I had my mother and Ethel, but it seemed as if I could not quite be content without you, but I have learned that just to be in the house with those we love is not the highest comfort or the most perfect expression of love. I hope I am growing better. I understand better that although I am separated from you in a measure, yet my love makes it possible for me to be with you at times and prevents complete separation. Oh, Tom, I wish you could see how beautiful it is over here; I want to tell you about the life and what I do. I stay out of doors and see the beautiful flowers and hear the beautiful music of the birds, and the children, oh so many children everywhere! I see them and they are so happy, and I have tried to become interested in their life and work so as to forget my own unhappiness. I will be happy too when you come over here and you

will see just what I mean when I tell you that the fairest dream we ever had of beautiful life hereafter could not compare with the reality. You know I send you my love whether I speak it or not. Do try and get into communion with me."

Edna Carr, Nashville, Tenn.

A girl about fifteen years of age comes to me who is a very nervous, impatient sort of a child; I think her impatience comes from her anxiety. She doesn't quite know how to express herself, but with her is her grandmother. The girl's name is Edna Carr and the grandmother's is Lucinda. The girl says: "We want to go to my mother and father; they both live in Nashville, Tenn. My father's name is Robert, Bob they call him, and he won't believe much in this Spiritualism. He has tried to get some communications. He tried whether I first came away but he was so fussy that he couldn't get the things right. Lots of the times I was there with him and I tried to speak but he was so rude and kind of fussy to the medium that I couldn't seem to say what I wanted to. He didn't mean to be but he didn't believe it and he couldn't quite be himself when he thought they were trying to deceive him. I don't think they were. I think they were trying to tell him about me all right and I wish he would try again. I am sorry they put so many of my things away. I don't see any sense in putting them away where nobody can use them. It is awful foolish. What's the use of having things unless you can use them? I know about the little piece of my hair that you have, papa, and I tried to tell you about it one of those days but I couldn't get to it. I wish you would tell Mabel I can see her and I would like to play duets with her again, but it isn't much use to wish for it."

Henry Banks, Greenville, Vt.

A young man stands before me. He looks about twenty-two years old and is rather dark and very thin and tall. I am sure he suffered a long time and a great deal because as he returns instead of feeling strength from the spirit he is weak as he was before he went away. He says: "My name is Henry Banks; I am from Greenville, N. H. I want this message to go to John. Tell him he did see me but I did it to help him. It was to save him; I shall do it again if I can and there is need. I am well now. I didn't feel very strong when I first came over. I seemed to know what you were all doing but I didn't seem to have any care about it. After a while I began to get better and I wished I could speak. I wished I could long before I came. For all I was so sick I had hope I would get better and that last day we were together I had no idea it would be so soon. The shed has so many things of mine in it that sometimes I feel like rapping around the old place just to show I know it. I didn't live long enough to accomplish very much. Sometimes I wonder what I lived for anyway. Just as soon as I began to make any start in life I began to see sick and then of what I did of life and help me to understand something over here. You remember grand-dad? Well he is with me smoking away as fast as he ever did. I don't know as he will ever get over that habit. He says to tell his friends the one thing he likes about his heaven is that he has taken his pipe along with him and he says it is just the same quiet way and is just as unconcerned about the effect on anybody else as he used to talk when he was in the body. I am glad I have had this chance and I think I shall try to come again."

Emmeline White, Wheatland, Wis.

The last spirit this morning is a woman about thirty-five or forty years old; she is a very sweet woman with blue eyes, rather dark brown hair and dressed rather plainly; the last of her dress is like the one I had left, that is, I was very curious to see all the ins and outs of it and to tell you the truth I could not see as it was a bit different to me than the life I had left. That was when I first came, but I gradually grew lighter or in some way seemed to have new power so I could get away from earth conditions more, and then I began to have a different view of things. Everything seemed so much more beautiful; the people were much easier to talk to than ever before. I found the manner of transporting myself was easier than when I first came into spirit life, so it shows me there is great growth; when one begins to become spiritualized every movement becomes easier, more natural and of less effort. I found Milly; she was so changed at first I did not know her, but strange as it may seem I instantly felt our kinship and was so glad to know she had known me all the way along. She took my hand and it seems as if she hadn't left it alone since. She has been my constant companion and help. I wish I could say a great deal more, but I will try to come again. Thank you very much."

### Verification.

Gentlemen: Please accept many thanks for the "Banner" with a marked copy of a spiritual message from my old and valued friend, Edwin Fellows. I consider it a perfectly reliable communication, and just such an one as, from my long acquaintance with him, I should expect to receive from him as a test of undying love and devotion to his friends in earth-life. Please tender my thanks to Mrs. Soule of the Free Circle Department for her interest in the matter, and believe me,

Yours truly,

Orrin Beaver.  
Shakers, Albany Co., N. Y., Feb. 25, 1903.

### Spiritual Healing.

In a few simple and comprehensive sentences are here given the principle of Spiritual Healing. The Holy Spirit can heal disease if we know how to hold our selves—our souls—in relation to it. To be whole (holo) we must be both positive and negative—positive in closing our minds to all fear, doubt, bigotry, intolerance and superstition, and negative and receptive (in the Silence) to the Higher Powers—God, the Holy Spirit and the Holy Angels. This is the way to live in the Spirit, and to attain to strength and power and the Most High.

A great Soul says: "This hour is the soul's opportunity. Spirit is a substance having two poles or gates. To live in health it is only necessary to keep the gate closed which opens downward into the realm of shadows and unrest, and to be always positive in that direction, and negative always upward toward the source of all Life, which we never can exhaust—the unfailing, everlasting fountain of

strength, of power and wholeness. 'Walk in the Spirit.'"

Close thy lower mind to pessimism. Open thy higher mind to optimism. Learn to be thoughtless, calm and serene at times, thus permitting while in this negative or receptive state, the Great Spirit to thrill thee with soothing and healing and strengthening vibrations.

Listen! Know that thou art an eternal soul with a body, and not a body with a soul. Live less on the plane of Thought and more in the realm of Spirit.

"We are all component parts of a Perfect Unit." Health and Strength and Power and Joy and Bliss are ours when we fully live in the Spirit—realizing that we are everlasting souls, uncreated, and not physical bodies.

What can hurt or disturb the soul? It is the mind that suffers through its own false thinking. The soul cannot be sick; neither can it be created nor lost. It is. Dis-ease is the effect of the mind dwelling in the body rather than in the soul—the Spirit—Magazine of Mysteries.

### About Some Books.

Continuity of Life. A Cosmic Truth. By W. M. Lockwood. Cloth, 12 mo. Pp. 210. Published by the author.

Prof. Lockwood herein writes to prove the continuity of individual life, but to me it seems, however entertainingly the matter may read, that we often go afield in our journey and finally stop short of the point we started out to visit and know.

The work is not entirely satisfactory as a book. One instance on page 26 we find "(see cut)" no page given. The cut referred to I take to be the one opposite page 170. Only a minor matter, I grant, but nevertheless one that detracts from the worth of the book, lessens the pleasure of its perusal and shows the lack of careful editing that should mark a scientific publication.

In the greater portion of his book the professor has a pleasing style, a ready wit and a ray class of argumentative statements that I think will prove popular. But carefully considered, compared and weighed these same statements seem to conflict with accepted scientific statements and with themselves. Instance, in one place we are told, "Science whose sphere of effort is to trace the unknown through the phenomena of the known," opposed to "Science investigates only the natural," and "Science demands demonstration."

These two latter definitions agree with the generally accepted ones, but they come late in the book and are not the ones from which the controversies are made. I lay no claim to a scientific training, and because of that I feel that the ordinary reader would be placed in class with me, and we should be ground to flour or powder between the millstones of Prof. Lockwood's statements and the accepted ones of that most widely read and popular scientist of the liberal "new school," Herbert Spencer. So, to save my poor self, I just quote from the two thus hoping to extricate myself, and if grinding must be done, save myself from being a party to it.

Lockwood says, "Science affirms that it is this 'invisible, active life principle of the atom,' this 'primary motion of atoms,' as voiced by Democritus, this 'shaping spirit' or 'Nous' of Anaxagoras . . . which lies behind and promotes cosmic process and develops every form and type of life known to infinitude." Now Spencer treating on this same subject says, "Science, however, like Religion, has but very incompletely fulfilled its office. As Religion has fallen short of its function in so far as it has been irreligious, so has Science fallen short of its function in so far as it has been unscientific. . . . When certain facts were said to show 'Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum,' when the properties of gold were explained as due to some entity called 'aether,' and when the phenomena of life were attributed to a 'vital principle,' there was set up a mode of interpreting the facts which, while antagonistic to the religious mode, because assigning other agencies, was also unscientific, because it professed to know that about which nothing was known."

Spencer's language lacks the smoothly flowing elegance of Prof. Lockwood's, but his approach to the altitude of scientific discussion of great problems are longer, easier, more gradual and his carefully chosen words express more exactly the shades of meaning he wishes to express to the mind of laymen of science.

Because of this care in the use of words, this less abrupt ascent, and this 'stone-by-stone' building of the structure of his arguments, Spencer's work seems to be the better, and his positions seem the tenable ones. Prof. Lockwood tells of the results of recent scientific thought, and describes some of the later implements by the use of which disquiet and anxiety, and when the life of man broadened and enriched; and the relation of these material instruments to spirit manifestation is entertainingly told and illustrated by several photo-engravings.

Regarding the conflict between Science and Religion, I quote from "The Continuity of Life," "that the time will ever come when science and religious platitudes will be one and the same, is the idle dream of intoxicated religious zeal. All religions deal with the supernatural. Science investigates only the natural. Religions include faith, the mystical, the wonderful and miraculous. Science repudiates the marvelous, and the metaphysical. . . . Religion asks only blind adherence to faith. Science demands demonstration. A religion that contains an unknowable postulate is antagonistic to scientific investigation and analysis. As all religions known to ancient and modern thought do contain unknowable factors, they can never be a scientific religion, or the main aim of the world must be changed."

Now by the reading of this quotation and the context, taken with the heading of the chapter, "The Relation Science Holds to Natural Philosophy," I understand the author to mean that religion and science can never be and exist on a peace footing. If this be the meaning of our author I regret his conclusion, for where there is no principle to be fought for I am a man of peace, and I think one of the methods of fermenting warfare is to talk about and expect it. And if the conclusion of Spencer be correct; and he gave the subject a lengthy and careful consideration, the warfare of religion and science will cease, and the energy and time devoted to this war may be employed in doing far greater good to mankind. I have no argument with either of the men, but I hope that Spencer is correct and that I may live on earth to see the dawn of peace. And it will be too bad to go out then, earth held in the grip of religious fanaticism. I will quote Spencer's conclusion, and dismiss the subject. "From the first, the faults of both religion and science have been the faults of imperfect development. Originally a mere rudiment, each has been growing into a more complete form; the vice of each has in all times been its incompleteness; the disagreements between them have throughout been nothing more than the consequences of their incompleteness; and as they reach their final forms, they come into entire harmony."

Henry Ashton. Published by the author, R. A. Dagne. A novel. Handy size. 234 pp. Cloth, price 75 cents.

Mr. Dagne, editor of Dagne's Plain Talk, a newspaper published in Alameda, Cal., has

in Henry Ashton put before the public a story that as a story pure and simple would be very readable, but the reader is caused to feel that the story is a sugar coating only by means of which he is to be induced to take a pill that ought not to be hard to take without the coating, but we are children still and enjoy that tickling of the palate.

The medicine thinly disguised by the story-coating is the remedy offered by the socialistic school for the cure of the economic ills of today.

The great body economic admits its diseased conditions and many of the members of that body look to Socialism to furnish a cure. Even the great old party dailies are editorially considering the growth, the claims, the causes and the justice of Socialism. They find that the oppressiveness of the trusts has much to do with the rapid growth of this new party, and they admit that the claims and principles of Socialists are correct and that the adoption of such reforms would go far toward establishing a pure democracy, "A government of the people, for the people and by the people."

The story tells of a wealthy Australian and of his family, of an adventure of a lawyer, of a shipwreck, of an interrupted marriage; it tells of the young engineer, Henry Ashton, of his love for and marriage to the daughter of the Australian, and then it tells how the young folks used their wealth for the good of their fellows.

The why of the story can be found in the official statistics of the United States. "In 1850 the total wealth of the United States was \$5,000,000,000. The producer's share was sixty-two and a half per cent.; the non-producer's was thirty-seven and a half per cent. In 1890 the total wealth was \$61,000,000,000. The producer's share had fallen to seventeen per cent. and the non-producer's share was eighty-three per cent. . . . One-eighth of the people own seven-eighths of all the wealth." Dun's Commercial Report for this year shows that in five years "The wages of miners were increased but ten per cent., while the cost of living increased thirty-four per cent." "We have volumes upon volumes of statutes and decisions defining the rights of property, but the enactments for the protection of life of men, women and children, might be contained in one small book."

That these conditions exist is but too painfully evident. That some remedy should be applied the most plangent admit. What remedy is the question considered by the editor in his sanctum, the preacher in his pulpit, the professor in his chair; the statesman studies it;—as I write a group of men on the street under my window are discussing it, and the toiler at his task ponders over the problem and speculates as to the course to be taken, and the advisability of "submitting his case to the treatment of the new school—Socialism. Here is what it would do as claimed by its exponents: "For war they would substitute arbitration; for confiscation, co-operation; for selfishness, generosity; for charity, justice; for monarchy, democracy; for slavery, liberty; for cruelty, kindness; for hate, love and sympathy for their fellowmen." It would practically apply the Golden Rule to everyday life. Our author says: "If the Nation's income is twenty-five billions a year, and the trusts and monopolies take five billions more than their goods or services are entitled to, there are five billions less than there ought to be to go to the farmers, the merchants and laboring men." Looks logical, doesn't it?

Here are some of the cutting things we are told, all the more cutting because they are true; our investigating committees found them to be. "The stockholders tolled not; they rendered no services to the public, yet they became possessed of inconceivable wealth, not one dollar of which they honestly earned; they spent with contemptuous scorn with cruel scorn the hunger, while they contributed largely to the missionary fund of their church. . . . The life and liberty of the toilers, and the slavery of the children of the poor in mines and factories, were matters of insignificance to them, but the sacredness of their property, acquired by watered stocks and by exploiting other people, was a consideration of supreme importance." Yet all are not painted black. "These millionaire monopolists are not personally bad men. Many of them are kind men and so were the slave owners of America."

The warfare of Socialism is not against men, but against systems and principles. In Zealand the new Co-operative Commonwealth instituted through the efforts of our united lovers, the following are some of the reforms instituted: The initiative and referendum, securing to the people their rights by direct legislation on matters of great importance; imperial mandate, or the right of recall, giving to the people the power to depose any of their elected servants at any time without regard to term of office whensoever that servant's acts are contrary to the wishes of his electors; the enfranchisement of women; one legislative branch only; state ownership of lands, of railways, steamships, telephone and telegraph systems, of lighting and water systems and of hospitals and stores.

Reforms also were made in other matters, notably in schools, pupils being furnished not only books but food, clothing and lodging; the saloon was abolished with other competitive stores; maternity hospitals were founded and the production of a good line or race of men and women received as much thought and care as marks the efforts of the fancier of horses and dogs.

When visitors asked how the cost of taking on and maintaining these various state enterprises was met, they were told that the saving, in various lines, to the people, was sufficient; advertising being one item mentioned, and the cost of battleships another; I will not enumerate more concerning the details of that government or the arguments offered in proof of its value or practicality, you want to read the book and think for yourself about the changes it advocates, then if you have fears concerning a change, remember what our forefathers in their wisdom wrote concerning man's proneness to endure the wrongs to which usage had made him callous, but they declared they would and must have a change and the opinion of the world for more than one hundred years has sanctioned the change they made.

Visitors to this Zealand Utopia were told by a resident: "The Commonwealth feeds, clothes and educates every child and fully equips him for the race of life. It guarantees to every boy and girl equal opportunities with every other one; it furnishes employment to all able-bodied adults, and guarantees that he shall receive the full benefit of his labor; it provides for the aged and renders their life free from toil and want. . . . It holds up, to young and old, the high ideals of justice, brotherhood, good citizenship, and peace on earth, good will to men, and lastly, but more important than all, it honors wifehood and motherhood, and by its maternity hospitals guarantees to future generations that they shall be well born."

Arthur O. Smith.

### The Art of Helping.

There is "a time to keep silence, and a time to speak," saith the Preacher. Never is this truer than when we are in the presence of those who sorrow. Grief sometimes seeks counsel, and then it is our time to speak. If we can do it wisely and fearlessly. But sometimes grief seeks sympathy by telling its own story; bereavement in such cases is consoled by self-expression, and then it is our time to keep silent. Hugo's famous hero, Bishop







## A Phycological Experiment.

(Continued from page 1.)

refinement and elegant, if one-sided culture, and eager application to a special work, was an anomaly to him.

When Lydia Mantell sought his own apartment that night, it was with the intention of preparing an editorial article on the tendencies involved in some points of the International policy. He had been quietly reading up the matter from all sides for several days, and only awaited the momentary impulse to record the result of his deliberations. Before beginning, however, he seated himself by a window commanding a distant view of the Mississippi.

Something in his thoughts took him back, by an untraced law of association, to a period of his life that he had believed forgotten, and in the deepening twilight he could have fancied he saw a face that once made up the world for him. The fancy annoyed him. "I seem to be growing becalmed in mysticism and nonsense," he said to himself impatiently. "I must get decently to work—to some downright, practical hard reading." Still, he lingered by the open window. The evening had been one of those mild ones of early spring that seem so sure a prophecy of the approach of summer. But before midnight a cold wave swept over the city and the sky was overcast with darkly gathering clouds. Watching the signs of a storm, Mr. Mantell heard an unwonted sound. "It is but a steamer whistle on the river," he thought. Again it filled the air, a clanging and clashing of bells, a hurry as of the rush of a multitude through the street. He turned to the opposite window, gave one hurried glance, and seizing his hat and coat he ran down the stairs. The tumult increased. The crowd blocked the streets. Shouts and cries arose. "Where is the fire?" was heard, and a glance at the locality too surely answered the question. The Southern Hotel was in flames. An immense structure occupying a block; towering seven stories in the air; the flames shooting through the roof in fiery darts, clouds of smoke alternately darkening the air or swept away by the current of the fire, men and women just startled from sleep appearing at the windows like white spectres, with wild calls for help,—this was the scene, awful beyond all description. No horror painted in Dante's Inferno ever rivaled it. Overhead the skies grew dark and then masses of black clouds were thrown into luminous relief as the flames mounted higher and higher. All the firemen of the city were on the spot, but they fought almost helplessly with the liquid ocean of fiery flames. Long white ropes of sheets and blankets were tied together by despairing hands that attempted to let themselves down through the windows by means of these, only to have the lapping flames reach them half way, burn the improvised rope in two, and leave the victim to fall to the ground into that blazing furnace.

Suddenly from the guards a terrible cry arose, commanding the excited crowd to fall back. "The wall is falling," rang that shout, and almost as it rent the air the awful crash came, mingled with the last shrieks of burning victims. Why linger upon the terrors of that night? No one who witnessed it but must ever pray that God will be merciful, and draw a veil over its memory.

Lydia Mantell had stood with the crowd, barred by the ropes, gazing in fatal fascination at the scene. Suddenly a jet of flame reached to him a face that he had believed was forever beyond earthly vicissitudes. Was it she, or a ghost, come back to that hour of tragedy? Again the flames leaped up, and he saw, beyond doubt or question, that it was her face. Had the sea given up its dead? Was this holocaust the last judgment, and were time and space no more? No time to question or to think. She must be saved; and flashing through the bars of ropes and guards, unheeding shouts or warning, he rushed into the surging sea of flame. (To be continued.)

## Letter from Lake Helen, Florida.

Dear Banner Friends:

I see your valuable issue of February 23 has my last camp report to you, so I will write you another little story of camp happenings.

For a while our hearts were saddened by the extremely serious illness of Dr. H. H. Brigham, but much to the surprise of even the most hopeful he recovered sufficiently to return with his children to his New England home. The combined forces of spirit power, mental demands and medicines accomplished this result. The good wishes of the camp go to him often, we hope he feels them.

Now we have another grief. Another New England doctor has come for the first time to Lake Helen, and he too is very ill. Dr. Pratt, formerly of Boston but now of Attleboro, Mass., came to us with his wife, Mrs. Carrie Pratt, who is an old camper here. He at first seemed to be improving from a serious illness from which he had suffered in the North, so much so that he tried to help others. I saw him treating a very bad foot of Bro. Kellogg, formerly largely interested in the Lake Brady, Ohio, Camp; even though ill himself, his desire to do good was as strong as ever; but he had to give up for a time, and was moved from the hotel to their cottage yesterday. I saw him this morning and although very weak, he means to rise above present conditions. Let us give him all the strength we can to aid him and Mrs. Pratt also, for it is hard to be far away from home with sick ones to care for.

The affairs of the camp have been progressing finely, new arrivals every day, and of course, some departures.

The speakers, Prof. Peck, Mrs. Prior, a speaker and test medium, have been added to by the occasional aid of Mrs. Kate Stiles, well known in New England, Mrs. Laura G. Fiken of Chicago, Mrs. Dr. Stryker of New York, Carrie Firth Curran of Toledo, Ohio, and Mrs. M. E. Clark of Syracuse. Mrs. Clark is also the camp organist.

J. Clerg Wright has been holding a series of lectures, or rather a class in the Budington parlors.

The seances every Wednesday afternoon have been given by Mrs. Bartholomew (who gave two), Mrs. Prior (one), Mrs. Twine (one), and Mr. Altemus (two). These seances for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid have been well attended; much interest has been manifested, and they have added to the revenue of the camp.

The Wednesday evening entertainments held at the Auditorium, have been, under the management of Prof. Peck, very successful. Mrs. Carrigan of Pawtucket, R. I., Miss Cole of Michigan, Mrs. Prior and Mr. Peck have been much appreciated by the campers and townspeople here. The play, "Popping the Question," was brought out most admirably. Mr. Peck was demanded as a husband by two old maids (in the play), while the young girl he desired to marry ran away and married a younger man.

Enchre parties and camp dances have also added to the pleasures, while the spiritual work has gone steadily on.

There is a renewed interest in Spiritualism among the near by residents, and more are attending the meetings from Deland and Orange City than before for years.

The kindest wishes of the camp friends are sent out to Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, and the regret is intense for their terrible bereavement.

Our camp closes March 15, and then I will



Health and beauty are the glories of perfect womanhood. Women who suffer constantly with weakness peculiar to their sex cannot retain their beauty. Preservation of pretty features and rounded form is a duty women owe to themselves.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound removes such troubles.

## Case of this Prominent Chicago Woman Should Give Everyone Confidence in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It affords me great pleasure, indeed, to add my testimonial to the great number who are today praising Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Three years ago I broke down from excessive physical and mental strain. I was unable to secure proper rest, also lost my appetite, and I became so nervous and irritable too that my friends trembled, and I was unable to attend to my work. Our physician prescribed for me, but as I did not seem to improve, I was advised to go away. I could neither spare the time nor money, and was very much worried when, fortunately, one of my club friends called. She told me how she had been cured of ovarian troubles, and how like my symptoms were to hers, seven bottles of your medicine cured her, and she insisted that I take some.

"I did so, and am glad that I followed her advice. Within six weeks I was a different woman, strong and robust in health, and have been so ever since.

"A number of my friends who have been troubled with ailments peculiar to our sex have taken your compound, and have also been greatly benefited."—MISS ELIZABETH DALEY, President of the St. Ruth's Court, Order of Foresters, Catholic.

What is left for the women of America, after reading such letters as we publish, but to believe. Don't some of you who are sick and miserable feel how wicked you are to remain so, making life a burden for yourself and your friends, when a cure is easily and inexpensively obtained? Don't you think it would pay to drop some of your old prejudices and "Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is better than all the doctors for cures?" Surely the experience of hundreds of thousands of women, whom the Compound has cured, should convince all women.

Follow the record of this medicine, and remember that these cures of thousands of women whose letters are constantly printed in this paper were not brought about by "something else," but by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.

Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure. Moral—stick to the medicine that you know is the Best. Write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

**\$5000 FORFEIT** If we cannot forthwith produce the original letter and signature of above testimonial, which we prove its absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

write a summary of this most delightful gathering.

We would like you all to get a breath of the warm, beautiful air this morning. It is like an ideal June day.

March 4, 1903.

Carrie E. S. Twine.

## Mrs. Barrett Browning.

Her Belief in Spiritualism.

The London Times recently contained two remarkable letters, one from Robert Browning expressing his belief in the Medium Home, and one from Mrs. Browning describing her faith in Spiritual Manifestations.

Now comes her son, who confirms the accepted story of the devotion and zeal of his mother, and what is not generally known, the acceptance by his father of the genuineness of the manifestations adding by way of rescuing her name from the obloquy which to him the charge appears to throw upon it, that "her views were much modified."

This son of an illustrious mother says:—"Mr. Hume, who subsequently changed his name to Home, was detected 'in a vulgar fraud,' for I have heard my father repeatedly describe how he caught hold of his foot under the table. I also know that when Mr. Hume called at our house he was turned out of it."

"What, however, I am more desirous of stating is that toward the end of her life my mother's views on 'spiritual manifestations' were much modified."

It is further remarked by this son, or an editor, rehabilitating his letter:—"Elizabeth Barrett Browning's infatuation with Spiritualism is the single and perhaps the necessary jarring note in the idyll of her wedded life."

If the conjugal conduct of her idolized son, which made his name notorious and nearly broke her heart, was not a jarring note—well probably that son is the only person in the world who can say so. Should the great poetess, every fibre of whose soul responded to spiritual influences, return and find her son defaming her fondest belief, it certainly would be another "jarring note."

That the Brownings lived happily, as the world goes, is usually agreed to; but it must be remembered that she married against her parents' wishes, and for her husband lost the good will of her father, who probably knew the character of the man she would wed. Mrs. Browning, intensely sensitive to word or thought, affectionate, charitable and blameless of fault, was united to a man who at a word flew into insane passion; egotistical to a degree often unbearable and ludicrous; selfish and exacting. That there was no "jar-

ring" was simply because she bore in silent patience his overbearing boorishness.

It is true, when Mr. Home went to England he changed his name, because he found that the original ancestral name was Home and not Hume.

This son may have heard his father say that he detected Home in deception, and that he turned him from his door, but the evidence is all against the story.

Why was Browning rabidly enraged at Mr. Home? The explanation is an interesting bit of biography.

Mr. Browning met Home only twice. The first time while Home was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Rymer, noted Spiritualists at Faling, they invited Mr. and Mrs. Browning to a seance. During the seance at which varied manifestations of spirit presence occurred, Mr. Browning expressed himself repeatedly, as pleased and satisfied.

A wreath of flowers had been brought by the children and lay on a side table. Near the close of the seance, this wreath was taken up by supernatural power and was slowly moved toward Mrs. Browning. Browning saw the wreath moving and quickly came to his wife's side, evidently expecting that it would be placed on his own head. It was, however, gently let fall on hers. When he went away he expressed no doubt of the occurrence, but he could not conceal his disappointment and chagrin.

The second meeting was a few days after, when Home, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Rymer came to London to make a few farewell calls. They visited the Brownings.

When shown into the drawing room, Mr. Browning advanced with a tragic air, shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Rymer, but when Home held out his hand, Browning threw his over his left shoulder and passed by.

When Home approached Mrs. Browning who was standing, pale and agitated in the centre of the room, she put out both her hands, and said in a voice tremulous with emotion: "Oh Mr. Home, do not blame me. I am so sorry, but I am not to blame."

No "jarring note," in such a life! Browning, whose grievance was envy that the spirits crowned his wife and not himself, an inflated egotism and selfish vanity, repulsed, at once set to writing one of the most scurrilous attempts at verse.

The title was "Sludge the Medium." He poured out his hatred and venom in doggerel, attempting to be as licentious as Don Juan and vulgar as Fielding.

He set the story afloat that he intended his character of Sludge for Home; as unlike as an angel and Browning.

These are the facts, published at the time in "Light," a high-class and widely circulated journal, and were never denied. There

were many witnesses of Home's character and the facts recorded such as Prof. A. H. Wallace, Prof. Varley, Prof. Crookes, Robt. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, and others equally eminent. Had there been the least misstatement it would surely have been corrected.

The editor of Light remarks: "There are many coarse jesters and hard men of science to whom it is allowed to deny all spiritual action in the affairs of men, but for the husband of Mrs. Barrett Browning it was not permitted to desecrate her memory and her sweet muse by this ribald nonsense."

In her "Notes on England and Italy," Mrs. Hawthorne says in an account of an evening at Casa Guido: "Mrs. Browning introduced the subject of Spiritualism and there was an animated talk. Mr. Browning cannot believe, and Mrs. Browning cannot help believing."

Mrs. Browning was an inspired poet, and her faith in Spiritualism was a part of her; and even her recreant son, determined as he is to stand by his father's defamations of his mother's belief, dare not make more than a qualified statement that his mother's views on spiritual manifestations were much modified. Hanson Tuttle, Editor-at-Large, National Spiritualist Association, in Boston Ideas.

## Children's Book.

UPIDEE.

Upidee! Soft the word came out rippling From the red lips of grandfather's pet, A blue-eyed flaxen-haired girl elfin, And its melody lingers here yet; I was deep in the "Snow Bound" of Whittier.

When up came a doll on my knee, Then a wagon and picture book followed, And a tender voice: "Please, Upidee."

Upidee, who coined it pray tell us? In "Webster" no mention is made—Latin, Greek, have no assimilation With request of the sweet little maid, "Please, grandpa, take up the whole pizness."

And away go my dreams out to sea; The soul realm sends here a new convoy, Who lisps "Grandpa, Upidee."

Ah! angels are near when we wot not, And when she was busy at play, Who knows but they whispered to sunshine And told the fair witch what to say. So grandpa builds bridges and houses For tenants his eyes may not see; But plain to the little girl's vision Who murmured so soft, "Upidee!" Frederick L. Hildreth.

Worcester, Mass.

## From Spirit Nannie to the Banner Children.

It is a long time since I gave anything to Lady-mother, for you, my dear little friends of the Banner; but I have been busy, and then, others have had many things to tell you, so I knew you were not left alone. Many things have happened since my last letter, and one of them was the going of baby Xilia to the lovely spirit-world. Of course her dear mama and papa feel dreadfully about it, because they miss her here, and they cannot see her in the beautiful home where she lives; but if they could only see the sweet lady that takes care of her, and the bright people that love and watch over her out there in Summerland, they would not be unhappy at all about her going, for she is just the same sweet, loving baby girl that she was here, and she comes to her mama every day with a new light and power to do her good. I know what I am talking about, because I have seen Xilia several times, and she is a happy little thing, full of love and sweetness, and she will grow to be a messenger of joy and love to aching hearts below. Xilia is already in a music class and is showing the music that is in her, and she will give it beautiful expression some day, so the teacher says.

I am growing all the time like any little girl on earth, and will very soon be ten years old. Lately I have commenced to go to another school besides the classes I went to before, for I have not left them yet. The new school, for me, is an astronomical class, with other times, and she is a happy little thing, full of love and sweetness, and she will grow to be a messenger of joy and love to aching hearts below. Xilia is already in a music class and is showing the music that is in her, and she will give it beautiful expression some day, so the teacher says.

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Of course we are not learning everything, because no one can learn everything in a few years. I know has been to many schools and to different spheres, but he does not know everything—he says it would be dreadful to know so much there can be nothing more to learn, and he will be studying millions of years from now, and not know all then. Lately he has been throwing pictures of grand events and of forms of life, in red and others colors, on the outside of the white globe, and many people have seen, and learned about them, not in our regular class. We are going to see plants grow, and life form, in many shapes, but I doubt if I can tell about this now, perhaps I can when I get to be a teacher myself.

I want to tell the little folks, about the nice time I had here in this home on earth, at Valentine time. St. Valentine sent me so many pretty tokens of his remembrance and love; two came by way of Boston and were fine, as pretty as you can think. Then, a dear girl way off in Los Angeles, sent me such a funny one, the covers are made of orange wood, and the verses in the booklet are very funny. I guess we always think the best poems, and songs, and valentines, and gifts we get, are those that are made just for ourselves and no one else—don't we?—and so I think the best Valentine that came my way was the one that my dear chum, Miss Agnes made for me. It is a lovely, heart shaped one, the cover has a pretty picture, every leaf has beautiful lines; here they are:

"I wait for a kiss, oh, my fair valentine, A kiss that is freighted with love—

No missile on paper, all flimsy and fine Nor sent by a carrier dove, But only a kiss that I fling to the wind To seek thee, nor tarry nor rest, Until, from thine own ruby lips, it shall find, A loving response to its quest.

"'Twill seek thee o'er mountains and valley and seas, 'Twill borrow the song of the birds, While soaring aloft on the wings of the breeze A song that has need of no words;— And out of the heart of the flowers 'twill steal

The sweets that the honey-bee sips, And perfumes the choicest that petals conceal— All this it will bear to thy lips.

"And too, from the moonbeams and star-gleams of night, 'Twill bear thee a rare, flashing gem, And out of the sunshine all gleaming and bright

'Twill fashion Love's own diadem, A filmy white cloudlet, its chariot shall be, The skurrying wind, for its steed— And thus shall my tribute be borne unto thee As swift as the lightning's speed.

"So when, Nannie Darling, on this sainted day, A soft thrilling song fills the air, And dewdrops, bespangled with gems, dance and play, With perfume and sweets everywhere, Oh then you may know, little sweetheart of mine, My message has silently come, The tribute that whispers, 'You're my Valentine— A kiss, from your own loving Chum.'"

Now I must go, some time I will write to you again, and tell you more of the world out there, and perhaps, of the world that I find here when I come to tell the earth people of their spirit-friends. I bring love to you all from the Angel land.

Nannie. Mrs. M. T. Longley, Medium.

## Dickie.

A Hint to Mothers.

"Muvver!" "Well, sonny boy?" And the mother looked up from her sewing cheerily. Dickie stood in a most painful position before her, with one leg twisted about the other, and squirmed and screwed.

"Muvver!" "Yes, dear," encouragingly. "What is it?" He pulled desperately at the tortured lock of hair hanging over his nose, and shut his eyes and opened his mouth.

"Nothin'!" he finally gasped, and bolted back to his card-house. His mother rocked and sewed, smiling a little to herself. She knew Dickie. In less than five minutes he was back again.

"Muvver!" The tone indicated an unmistakable anguish of soul. "What, my son?"

"Muvver!" It was almost a wail. "I am listening, dear." Dickie seemingly realized that, but, after a few minutes of silent agony, he blurted out, "Nothin'!" and again retired precipitately.

His mother placidly rocked. Presently she noticed that he was lying on the floor, rolling and kicking. She spoke very gently. "Dickie, dear, did you break one of the barn windows this morning?"

An angry "Nope!" came from the despairing figure. "Well, did you let the chickens out, or fight with Percy Brown?"

After a sullen pause, again, "Nope." The mother sewed thoughtfully a minute or two.

"Did you spill my mucleage, dear?" "Didn't!" Dickie seemed to be taking breath for a howl, but she persisted.

"Did you whip Carlo, then?" "No, muvver, I didn't." And he sat upright and glared at her. She looked puzzled.

"Well, sonny boy, what have you done?" Dickie lay back and kicked. "Muvver!" "Yes, Dick."

"Tell me all about it, dear." "I—I slapped Mamie, 'cos—'cos she wuz mean,—an—'an—she went home."

The mother dropped her sewing, and went and sat beside him on the floor. "Don't you think," she said persuasively, "that you had better run over and tell Mamie?"

"No, no! I won't!" Dickie began to purse his face up into such ugly little knots and wrinkles that she quickly changed her tactics.

"Why don't you go and build card-houses, sonny?" "Don't wanter. Muvver, tell me whatter do?"

"You might hitch up Carlo, and ride down to auntie's."

"Don't wanter." "Run out and hoe in your garden, then."

"Don't wanter." Dickie's lower lip began to drop, and his eyes to screw up.

"Well, dear, shall mother tell you a story?" "Ye-es, muvver," and a very subdued, if very cross, little boy put his head down in her skirts.

The mother was a wise woman, but now she made a grave mistake. It is sometimes better to trust to one's instinct rather than to the Mothers' Club. This is how her story ran:

"Once there lived a knight, and such a good knight, Dickie! He was brave, but he was polite, too, and if he ever happened to hurt anybody—"

It was just here that a muffled voice interrupted the story, which was never finished: "Don't want old story. I won't tell Mamie I am sorry."

With a mental comment on her son's precocity of intellect, the mother resolved to leave the Mamie question unsettled for the present.

"What do you want, my dear?"—very patiently. "A 'my dear' is always the index of patience."

Dickie stuck his head up, and regarded her with determined eyes. "The house Jack built, the pig who wouldn't go over the stile, three little kittens, an—'an—Chiny Chin Chin. Now, muvver," and he settled himself comfortably.

By the time the pig was finished, Dickie condescended a smile. Interest in life was revived with the conclusion of the three little kittens (who lost their mittens, you remember); and when his mother had said "Chiny Chin Chin" for the last time, with an audible breath of relief, Dickie was capering around her with a beaming face. As she turned to her sewing again, with a disappointed look dimming the brightness of her cheerful face, he capered out of the room.

But very soon he popped his head in at the door. "Muvver," he said, in a business-like way,— "muvver, there are two nice little cakes down on the table. Can Mamie and me have 'em?"—Alice E. Dyer in The Sunday School Times.