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NO. 5

A SONG OF SPRING.

When Spring comes back, how soon forgot
Is dreariness of winter wild;
The earth is pleased with her new lot,
And shows her glee like little child;
The loveliness of growth of good,
Is recompense for former pain;
Joy is in the field and in the wood,
And sends glad echoes o'er the plain!

When love returns in strength supreme,
A vital power like the Spring,
Another world man's heart doth seem—
Where flowers are and sweet birds sing;
Forgotten is the sense of wrong,
And red are darkened clouds of ill,
The woods are green, streams wind along,
And pleasure doth creation fill.

The Spring awaits return of sun,
It needs must wait until the day
The Winter has its journey run,
And April gives its hint of May;
But man has power to turn to love,
Clear shining as the sun on high,
And any moment he can prove—
The heaven of beauty now is nigh!

William Brunton.

A Psychological Experiment.

BY EDWARD INCREASE MATHER.

CHAPTER III.

"We see but half the causes of our deeds
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,
And heedless of the encircling spirit world,
Which, 'thou unseen, is felt, and sows in us
All germs of pure and world-wide purposes,
From one stage of our being to the next
We pass, unconscious, o'er a slender bridge,
The momentary work of unseen hands,
That crumbles down behind us. Looking
back

We see the other shore, the gulf between,
And, marveling how we came to where we stand,
Content ourselves to call the builder—
Chance.

"We call our sorrows Destiny. Rather we
might name
Our high successes so.
Only the instincts of great souls are Fate.
True destiny is but the breath of God,
Still moving in us."

Louise Peyton and Lynde Mantell had
parted five years before at Honolulu in the
islands of perpetual summer.

They met—they who had once been lovers—in
that fiery holocaust that night. How he
managed to effect her rescue and his own
neither of them could have told. When her
power of thought returned to her she found
herself at the Lindell Hotel. Her maid, with
whom she was traveling alone, had perished
in the flames, and Louise had escaped only
with her life.

The history of her acquaintance with Mr.
Mantell had in it some of the elements of
romantic drama; yet it had all happened natu-
rally enough. Miss Peyton was the eldest
daughter of a widowed mother who formed one
of a little community of Quakers in Windy-
mere, Indiana. She had attended the village
academy, and had been, in this quiet and stud-
ious atmosphere, grounded in the essentials
of a solid education. Naturally studious, she
had affinities of temperament with all forms
of culture, and she took her opportunities at
high tide. They were not great, but they had
given her, after all, something of the best re-
sults. The principal of the academy was a
man of cosmopolitan culture. He had been
for many years a professor at Yale College,
occupying the chair of modern languages.
His health failing, he had gone into the pub-
lishing business in New York, associating him-
self with a large house; but the excitement
and care again proved too exhausting. As a
boy he had once passed a summer vacation
with an aunt in this quiet little Quaker com-
munity of Windymer, and the plan of estab-
lishing there a private academy of learning,
that should be simply a nucleus of the higher
education for that locality, suggested itself to
him as an idyllic life that should combine a
certain intellectual and scholastic activity
with the quiet and the rest he needed. If
it is true, as Dickens has said, that the peo-
ple who have to do with our lives are com-
ing toward us from land and from sea; that
they are coming to us and we to them and
that we shall surely meet, then it may be that
Prof. Morris had a certain specific message
for Louise Peyton. His influence inspired her,
and his broad attainments furnished her with
wide areas of knowledge to be conquered.
Naturally, he found a great interest in guid-
ing such a mind as hers, and when, at nine-
teen, she resolved to enter on some remuner-
ative vocation, as limited circumstances sug-
gested, she was better equipped for an en-
deavor than many girls who had pursued a
university curriculum. From a series of cir-
cumstances she had drifted to California,
where she secured a position in the public
schools of Oakland, the beautiful suburb
across the bay of San Francisco. But teach-
ing, which at first prefigured itself to Louise
as the only vocation possible, was unmiti-
gated drudgery. Every instinct in her rebelled
against the enforced regularity of times and
seasons. Years afterward in reviewing this
part of her life Miss Peyton wrote to a
friend:

"I hated teaching. All the same I had a
high ideal of it and if at any time the au-

thorities had come to me and said, 'Miss Pey-
ton, you have no fitness in this line of work,'
I should have replied, 'Certainly, gentlemen,
I wonder that you didn't say so before. I am
conscious that as a teacher I am a fraud.' I
struggled against circumstances, I strove
with my fate. I longed to leave the distastef-
ful work and find some more congenial em-
ployment, but I saw no way. It seemed as if
there were iron bands about me to hold me
fast. Finally—I will remember the day—(at
San Francisco, at my last school) when I had
been more than usually 'fried' (excuse that
word, it's so expressive), I shut and locked
the door when the children were gone out to
play, bit my penholder in two, as if it had
been a straw, and walked the floor as those
desperate heroines do when they essay high
tragedy, and I declared that come what would,
in whatever extremity I was placed, if I
starved, I would never teach another school,
and in whatever perplexity I have ever been
since then there has always been one feeling
of rejoicing, that I was not in the old tread-
mill which I so much detested. I had and
have a high ideal of what a teacher should
be; her work and influence have such far-
reaching results, but I am sure the first essen-
tial of fitness must be that she loves her
work. I felt ill at ease with myself and
everything all the time I was teaching (such
teaching!) knowing that I was in the wrong
place and doing poorly what some one else
would do well. It's all over now; has been
over for three years, but to this day I cannot
bear to visit a school; it recalls old times too
vividly."

So ended Louise Peyton's teaching. The
next chapter of life opened for her at Honol-
ulu.

After all, considered from San Francisco
as a point of view, the Sandwich Islands
were not so far away, and the voyage of
eight or nine days to Honolulu offered itself
as an opportunity. She was invited to ac-
company an old friend, a lady who was the
wife of a naval officer whose ship was sta-
tioned at that part of Hawaii, and there for
a winter Louise Peyton went. Lynde Mantell,
whose operations in civil engineering had
brought him to California, found suddenly
that his late hours of night study had injured
his eyesight, and his physician recommended
to him a voyage to the Sandwich Islands as
the most probable means of restoration. Thus
the links of destiny between Miss Peyton
and Mr. Mantell were curiously woven. When
this wonderful winter on Hawaii had passed
Louise Peyton thus wrote of it to a friend:

"In the midst of my present rather monotonous,
wearisome and conventional common-
place life (commonplace because conventional)
I can draw for entertainment on a stock of
memories—unique experiences of my gloriously
free and enjoyable life in the West—in
those wonderful islands.

"Such days are not the prey of setting suns,
Nor ever blurred by mist of after thought."

or as William Morris says of names remem-
bered:

"Because they, living not, can never be dead,
Nor long time take their happiness away."

"But I did not intend to go into a rhapsody
on this subject, only to tell you of a letter I
received lately, which reminded me of those
times. The letter was written by a woman who
spent last winter in the Arctic Ocean, having
been farther east of Point Barrow than any
white woman ever was before. She was with
her husband, a whaling captain, in his ship.
They were at Honolulu when she wrote, but
were just about to start, via Cape Horn, to
New Bedford, Mass. When they reach home
I am to visit them. She has been all over the
South Pacific, to Japan, and to the Arctic
twice, and can tell what she has seen in such
an interesting way. Is not her life a contrast
to the uneventful monotony of some lives?
When I think of what she has seen, and how
I would love to see it all, and then reflect on
my daily routine, wherein is no variety or
novelty, I am inclined to think it poor; but
remember the next moment that if life ever
seems poor and cheap to me, it is because I
am so. Life is narrow sometimes, but it is
always high and deep, if we can realize it."

It was on her way to San Francisco to visit
these friends in New Bedford, Massachusetts,
that Miss Peyton had stopped for a brief stay
in St. Louis, and, with her maid, gone to the
Southern Hotel on that fatal night. During
their winter in Honolulu, Lynde and Louise,
together with Lieutenant and Mrs. Legrange,
had climbed the peak of Mauna-Loa, and
watched the jet of molten lava thrown into
the air. It was the greatest eruption that
had been known since the year 1852, when a
column of lava had been projected 500 feet in
the air, and formed a river a mile wide, as it
poured down the mountain side. It was the
day after this excursion that Louise had em-
barked on a sailing vessel for the States, a
vessel that was wrecked at sea. It was re-
ported that all on board were lost, but a few
had been saved by a passing steamer, and of
these Louise Peyton was one. But she lay ill
for months after reaching San Francisco, and
Lynde Mantell had chosen to return to his
native country by way of China and he had
thought of her as one long since numbered
with the dead. In this time a singular change
had come over Louise Peyton's life. An al-
most unknown uncle had died and left her his
entire fortune. The girl, who five years be-
fore had gone to California to engage in work
at which she rebelled with all the fervor of a
tropical nature, had returned, a woman, still
possessing her youth and her enthusiasm, with
a large fortune that enabled her to command
the outlook of life.

Undreamed of desires had lain latent in the
mind of this girl of the quiet, Quaker parent-

age and rearing. Hers was an exotic nature,
and the intensity with which, as a young girl,
she had applied herself to study under Prof.
Morris—intellectual life seeming to her, as
she expressed it, "the only way out"—was
merely a passing direction given to a force
then unrecognized, and one so foreign to her
entire life and surroundings as to have been
beyond comprehension to the quiet circle of
her early home—a passionate longing for the
stage. The girl who walked up and down the
schoolroom and broke her pen in two as a
slight relief to her hatred of the mechanical
routine of teaching, was even then under the
possession of this longing for dramatic life.
Just what she had wanted she had never
known until, in the changed circumstances of
her life, and the introduction into the world
of society and amusements, the recognition of
her own affinities with the romantic drama
were awakened.

Something of all this curiously diversified
past flashed over her in vivid retrospect on the
morning of the second day after the great fire.
She had never forgotten Lynde Mantell, but
the chances and mischances of events had
come between them, and, after writing one or
two letters, which, to do him justice, he
never received, and hearing nothing from him,
save vaguely, months after, that he had
gone to China, she gave herself up to the new
world of society. She had strong instincts for
all this gay, social whirl, and she adapted
herself to it very readily. Its conventionalities
was commonplace to her; she required that
her days should be dramatic; but it furnished
her a scenic background from which she had
predicated a career. She had intended making
a brief visit to her friends at New Bedford,
and then her plans were to go to New York
for dramatic study. She had recovered rapidly
from the terrible nervous shock of that
fatal night of the fire. She had really seen
less of its horror than the mere spectators.
From a sound slumber she had been awak-
ened by the tumult, and the moment she had
stepped to the window of her room, Mr. Man-
tell had seen her. She recognized the situa-
tion at once, but her nerves were firm and her
native poise and balance stood her in good
stead as they did on the day she had been
shipwrecked in the Pacific Ocean. Hastily
throwing on a heavy robe de chambre and
wrapping herself in a shawl she had been
about to seek escape as Lynde Mantell
reached her. For the rest, until she found
herself at the Lindell, the scene was almost
a blank. She had not fainted, as would have
been the duty of a heroine of tragedy under
the circumstances, but the confusion, the
noise, the excitement had all blended until it
had seemed impossible to separate fact from
vision. Fortunately she had only taken a
small part of her baggage to the hotel that
night, intending to resume her journey east-
ward in a day or two. Now, the strange
meeting with Lynde Mantell, whom she had
still supposed in the Orient, and the excite-
ment of the city over its tragic event, must,
she recognized, change her plans temporarily
at least. And so as, whatever extremes of
life or death meet us, we must go on living
much according to the old routine, she sent to
the depot for her luggage, telegraphed to the
gentle Quaker mother in Indiana to join her,
and engaged a new French maid. Her natu-
rally elastic temperament asserted itself, and
on the morning she had promised to receive
Mr. Mantell, she looked little like one who had
passed through so nearly tragic an experience.

Louise Peyton had a gift, a fairy knack, as
it were, of making homelike any apartment
she occupied. The piano with scattered
music, the stray books here and there, and
bits of foreign-looking bric-a-brac and bijou-
terrie, had completely transformed her parlor
at the Lindell. She was arrayed in some soft,
clinging fabric of a rich, deep blue, that
suited the Titian gold of her hair and the daz-
zling fairness of her complexion. Nothing
could have been more incongruous than the
identity between this slender, stately woman,
supreme in her bloom and loveliness, and the
pale Quaker maiden who had pursued classics
and literature at Windymer with a vehem-
ence which was then the only expression of
her exotic temperament. Seating herself at
the piano, she was drifting into a few meas-
ures from the jewel song of "Faust" when
Mr. Mantell's card was brought to her. She
gave the order for his admission and waited,
a little wonderingly, as to what their interview
would be. So much had changed, the whole
dramatis personae and scenery of life, that it
was like meeting him in another existence.

"Louise—Miss Peyton," he exclaimed, as he
entered; "and how are you this morning?" he
added anxiously.

"Perfectly restored, as you see," she re-
turned; "or rather I could be if it did not
seem so selfish to have come out of that ter-
rible tragedy alive and well. Be seated, Mr.
Mantell."

"Your adding one to the list of sufferers
would hardly help them, I fancy," he re-
turned, a little surprised at her quiet ease.
The eager, impetuous girl, with whom he had
climbed Mauna-Loa, and loitered away hours
on the barrier reefs of the Hawaiian shore
had been before him and he could not recog-
nize her in this serene and stately woman.

"I am sure there is much I should say to
you for having saved my life," she rejoined,
"only I am not quite sure of the words and
phrases required by the occasion," said Louise.
"Naturally I want to make all the proper ac-
knowledgments in the appropriate moods and
tenses."

"For heaven's sake, Louise," he replied ris-
ing from his chair and seating himself beside
her on the faneuil, "don't jest over that
night, or my part in it. There was more to it
than you know. I had the most extraordi-
nary experience before the firebells rang. I
was sitting at my window trying to pull my-
self together and get to work for the evening
on some writing I had promised to finish for
the next day, when your face suddenly came
before me in the twilight. You know how I
had mourned you as dead. I was annoyed
with myself for being moonshiny and mysti-
cal, and turned away impatiently, when just
at that moment the fire-alarm struck, and I
rushed to the spot. The rest—you know."

"Yes, I know," she said softly; "and I know
that what the ocean failed to do for me the
fire would have done had you not come to
me."

"Could I have failed to come to you when
you were in need?" he questioned in a tone of
deeper feeling. "Louise, you have not for-
gotten the old days? You have not forgotten
all we once were to each other? You will
give to my keeping the life I have saved?"

"Do not ask me," she said, withdrawing the
hand he had taken in his own. "The past—
is past. Five years filled with such changes
as you and I have known, do not find us and
leave us the same. If it is any comfort to
you to know that I did care for you once, you
may know it. But I was only a girl, undis-
ciplined, untutored, longing for the world. You
represented to me something of that life I
vaguely dreamed of, and perhaps if time and
fate had not come between us, I should have
been true and constant to that feeling. Who
can tell? There is no stranger for whom we
could less accurately prophesy than we could
for our own selves. It is practically in an-
other life that we meet now. How do you
know what I am, or what I demand, and how
could I enter into your latter-day life of
which I know nothing? I am sorry if you
thought the full dues of courtesy compelled
you to say this," she added with a little of
her old vehemence.

"You greatly mistake me, Louise," he re-
plied gravely. "I have asked much of life
since we last met. I have received very little.
The rare hours in my life are rare and recur.
I believe, with a certain periodicity. But
forgive me, I will not urge you for my an-
swer now."

"You are very wise," she replied. "Indeed, I
realize all I owed you, Lynde, on that
dreary night. We were friends, or more, if
you will. Let us not be less than friends
now. You must not speak to me of what
you did just now. That is all gone by. You
must make my acquaintance over again," she
continued, laughingly, "if you wish to know
me."

"At your service, fair lady," he replied,
"and by way of a graceful preliminary, a
sort of overture, as it were, will you permit
me to bring two friends to call on you to-
day, and in the evening will you give us the
pleasure of your company to the opera festi-
val? You know we are enlivened and illumi-
nated now by the genius of Germany—a
Wagner musical festival."

"I shall be very happy I am sure," replied
Miss Peyton. "And who are the ladies?"

"Mrs. Maynard of this city, a charmingly
brilliant woman, and her friend, Miss Ver-
non."

"And is Miss Vernon 'charmingly brilliant'
too?" she questioned quickly.

"You shall judge for yourself," he replied
evasively.

"At all events," Miss Peyton replied, "I
shall be happy to make the acquaintance of
any friends of yours. Will you bring them
about four o'clock?"

"If they can meet the hour, which I fancy
quite probable," returned Mr. Mantell. "I
spoke to them of you yesterday, and they are
desirous of meeting you. Till four o'clock,
then, au revoir!" and Louise Peyton smiled a
graceful adieu.

It had been no part of Lynde Mantell's in-
tention to so suddenly and crudely, as he
realized, refer to the relations once existing
between Miss Peyton and himself, and he
took his departure in a state of indescribable
annoyance that he should have done so. An
offense against good taste was to him even
worse than an offense against morals. At
least, so he often asserted, and this conversa-
tion struck him as some way ill-timed and
inharmous. For the moment he had been
surprised out of his usual self-possession and
quiet repose. But did he love Louise Peyton?
He asked himself the question, and the fact
that he could ask it proved he did not.
"It is the tragedy of life," says some one, "to
love blindly and see clearly," but in a perfect
idealizing affection the two are never com-
bined. Nor is love blind, as the poets have
said, but is instead a clearer vision, an in-
sight, a spiritual perception. Only the ideal-
ist is capable of it in its full measure; and
while he is not blind to faults and errors of

character, he perceives them as the tempo-
rary, the accidental only, and as no integral
part of the object of his deepest regard. As
Michael Angelo approached the block of
marble with fervor, declaring he saw an
angel in it, so the true idealist sees, whether
his vision be that of friend or lover. No re-
gard that is genuine enough to be worth the
name is ever wholly lost because of faults, or
errors, or mistakes, on either side, and when
a professed friendship gives way before these
it is not worth remembrance or a regret.
But the outgrowing of a once genuine regard
is a fatal and a final barrier. No miracle
can again set life to the old key. As well at-
tempt to make the oak return again to the
acorn. "Grow we must," says Dr. Holmes,
"if we outgrow all we love," yet beneath this
is a subtle truth, that true love is eternal in
its nature, and that through whatever sepa-
ration or change it may pass, its spirit de-
fies space and time. In a world where mere
attractions and conveniences so often mas-
querade under the name of love, it is little
wonder that its true nature should be so often
mistaken. To the natures predestined to eter-
nal accord and union, the different circum-
stances, the opposite paths of their lives have
little influence. By different paths they meet
on the same height at last.

But between Miss Peyton and Mr. Mantell
no such affinities of nature existed. Their
friendship had been an affair of proximity, of
temporary circumstances. He was pre-deter-
mined by temperament toward the hidden
things of life and curiously attracted by its
shadow and mystery. She was magnetized
toward the sunshine. A phenologist would
have recorded that she possessed to a very
high degree the organ of vitality. She seemed
to bear a charmed life, over which a ship-
wreck in mid-ocean or a burning hotel had
no power. She was magnetic with genius,
though she had not herself realized her own
possibilities. She was designed by nature to
command happiness, success, sway, and in
these she found her atmosphere. She was a
woman who would never suffer through her
sympathies as Helen Vernon was destined to
do; not that she so failed in sympathy as in
its more subtle form—divination. She would
have owned it to her sense of honor and the
honesty of purpose which was her strongest
inheritance, to do all that lay in her power
for others; but after easing her conscience
thus, the results of her endeavors would not
have formed any subject for meditation. She
was too self-centred for that, and a woman
formed to always look forward, never back-
ward. If it be true that temperament is fate,
Louise Peyton's life had, so far, signally
illustrated that theory. At the age of nine-
teen her horoscope prefigured a life of unre-
mitting toil, with the quiet refinement of
the student and the satisfaction of literary
resources alone. At twenty-four she found
herself in possession of an ample fortune, of
a clear recognition of her grand talent, and
the equally clear vision toward working it
out. She had learned that the romantic be-
ginnings of a Rachel or a Bernhardt, who
from the obscurest poverty rise to be the
queens of the dramatic stage, were not car-
eers indigenous to America. Nor had she any
fancy for obscurity and the pathos of drudg-
ery. She was gifted with strong histrionic
genius, but she was also endowed with a sin-
gularly clear and well-balanced judgment, and
she knew that her fortune would enable her
to have that dramatic training and command
of the best means of approach to the stage
that, without it, she would never have
dreamed of attempting.

More apt to regard the impression she made
on others than those that others made upon
her, Miss Peyton yet found herself wondering
vaguely about Helen Vernon. The name cap-
tivated her fancy, and she looked forward to
their meeting that day with a certain eager-
interest.

(To be continued.)

Cheerfulness.

There never was a better time than the
present for the cultivation of cheerfulness. It
is the advent of spring in the soul. We are
responsive to the appeal of nature for a
brighter race of men. All her flowers rebuke
us for dull, dark ways. All the lovely-winged
birds tell us it is wrong to be clothed with
sombreness. All the melodious singing of
bird on bush and tree is the modd of music
for us. We are learning the value of smiles.
We keep a bright countenance in spite of any
happening, and as the true interpretation of
it.

Much of the so-called evil of life, like
slights, vexations, and petty disappointments,
would pass away before the sunny face. We
need humor to put them on one side.
Love is at the back of life; surely it is; and
it is our duty to respond in the spirit of joy
to the formative influences and corrections of
the days.

The heroic soul despises to be less than the
best. It uses hope and cheer in the assur-
ance they are renewed every moment, and
are strong enough to meet triumphantly any
temptation or trial of our lot. Great is the
victory of cheerfulness.

William Brunton.

Training of Children in Harmony With Spiritual Science.

Lecture by W. J. Coleville at Residence of Dr. Ells, 1519 Madison Avenue, New York.

As no subject can possibly be of greater moment than the education of the rising generation we deem it a matter of supreme importance to voice, in no uncertain tone, whatever we feel to be essential to the health, happiness, and prosperity of those little ones who are quickly growing up to take active part in the great drama of the world's incessant life. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and even in old age he will not depart from it," is a well-known Bible maxim, and among household proverbs few are better known than "As the tree is bent the twig is inclined." In these two ancient sayings we have a complete summary of thought concerning the vital question of education in early years, which are the most impressive years with most, if not all of us.

All our readers are probably familiar enough with Plato, or if not with Plato, then with Emerson, to feel pretty well acquainted with the foundation theory in the deductive school of philosophy. Emerson says "The soul is mature in the infant," and uses many other expressions in many of his essays, proving that he agrees with Lessing, and other deep thinkers on the educational problem, that environment has no creative power, though it certainly can, and often does, call into expression latent faculties which it is the province of subjective as well as objective modes of education to arouse.

The first thought which strikes many a teacher of youth concerns the always vexed question of heredity—which is now receiving something like the attention it deserves, though there is yet great work to be done among those who lag far behind the chariot of modern science, and yet vaunt themselves as thoroughly scientific in all their theories and conclusions. Some eminent European scientists, notably Weissmann in Germany and Lombroso in Italy, have thrown much clear light on the limits and nature of hereditary transmissions. Weissmann has said that all vices indulged by parents tend to weaken "germ plasma," children are therefore born with less resisting power when parents have been vicious than when they have lived lives of exemplary virtue. Lombroso, the famous criminologist, who treats all crime as disease, resorts to the very methods pursued by Spiritual Scientists, who teach and practise the theory of repeated suggestion.

Prof. Gates, the celebrated Smithsonian professor, whose laboratory at Chevy Chase, near the beautiful city of Washington, is one of the wonders of the world, insists that repeated suggestion can result in an entire reconstruction of brain, and we have every reason to believe that that tireless demonstrator's ever increasing experiments are furnishing mankind with information of priceless value concerning the training of the young. Particularly useful are Prof. Gates's ideas and methods when brought to bear upon dull or refractory children who remain unmoved by the common methods yet in vogue in schools and homes equally.

Among the many noble services rendered to humanity by that ardent lover of children, Charles Dickens, no greater service did he render than that fearless showing up of barbarity in popular tales which everybody read all over England and America immediately upon their publication. The barbarisms practised in the special old schools of Yorkshire which Dickens held up to world-wide execration were practised to an equal extent in many places besides. Dickens aroused public sentiment against the abuses leveled against children just as Elizabeth Fry aroused public feeling in opposition to atrocities practised upon prisoners. We may happily say that such abuses as were common fifty years or more ago are now practically defunct in public institutions. Schools, and even penal establishments, have been wonderfully improved of late, but it cannot be truly declared that because severity has been relaxed, and cruelty in many places totally abolished, that the ideal has yet been attained in matters educational.

The modern child often rules the parents, and is so pert, insolent, and overbearing that enfant terrible is a truly appropriate title for the bombastic caricature of maturity which has largely taken the place of the meek, repressed, and oppressed child who was made a martyr to puritanical domination. It may truly be said in these days of seemingly over-rapid progress and too intense excitement that children display such amazing precocity at a very early age that it is not possible to exact from them the same measure of obedience and submission to parental authority which was easily exacted in the old days when children were kept back at an age when they are now pushed forward. The old commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother," becomes difficult to obey in cases where parents are ignorant, tyrannical, or even weakly good-natured but unwise.

The writer remembers a delightful interview with a learned professor of archaeology in London some years ago. Provided with a letter of introduction to a most distinguished scholar, who spent much of his time copying and deciphering hieroglyphics in the British Museum, it was only natural that one who visited so august a personage should feel great surprise at coming suddenly upon a merry-hearted man in early middle life, playing leap frog with a little boy on the drawing-room carpet in a handsome house in a fashionable part of London, especially after having been ushered into that drawing-room by an imposing man in stylish livery. This good professor was a man of wealth as well as learning, and had married into a rarely aristocratic family; his wife was, however, entirely at one with her good husband in all matters pertaining to the education of their son and heir, and heartily approved of the elder-brotherliness of the father, who never attempted to control but was always implicitly obeyed by his youthful son.

We all admire the sentiment of the familiar song:

"Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear.
Speak gently; let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here."

But though we admire, do we practise the precept, and do we, on the whole, fairly realize what it is to rule by love, and therefore, to have our desires fulfilled in our respective households? Insubordination is an evil, but it is corrupt fruit of a bad tree; and, being such, it is useless to condemn insubordinate children, when they, for the most part, are only carrying out suggestions made to them by elders, who are supposed to be, in a sense, superiors, at least in knowledge and experience.

"Come let us reason together, saith the Lord," is a delightful text, suggesting as it does the true method of education in a nutshell. Reason is the distinguishing pride and glory of the human race; therefore, whoever seeks to win and hold the affection and respect of others must be a reasoner. We all reverence genius, and bow willingly before heroes whom we believe to be wiser or braver than ourselves. But merit requires no meretricious advertising, nor can it stoop to coercion of the weaker as a means toward its own advancement. Genius is every-

where sovereign—it rules because it can; without attempting to govern, it carries all before it by simple force of its own mightiness. The highest genius is displayed in the words found in the Sermon on the Mount—"Resist not evil (or him that is evil), but overcome evil with good." Return good for ill; render blessing in exchange for cursing; and all similar gospel precepts embody the very quintessence of highest wisdom; but though they are preached all over Christendom, they are very rarely practised by Christian professors, and that is one of the chief causes for the present decay of ecclesiastical influence, and the neglect of so-called religion prevalent among the youth of today. Attempts are being made in Australia, as well as almost everywhere else, to force theological lessons upon children in the State schools, and wherever the attempt is made, wrangling results and the cause of true religion is made to suffer.

It is insisted upon by antiquated theologians and their belated followers, that there can be no sound ethical or moral lessons supplied to the young, unless they are founded verbally upon the Bible, and bolstered up by other religious exercises. This of necessity proves highly distasteful to many parents, however welcome they may be to others. Every fearless thinker needs to strike out boldly for freedom of conscience, and resist, so as to prevent every open and insidious attempt to enforce the fallacy that moral training is dependent in any sense upon theological dogma. In the public schools of Germany, where three distinct kinds of theology are taught by accredited official representatives of the three leading cults—Lutheranism, Catholicism, and Judaism—anything but happy results follow from the entrance into secular schools of pastor, priest, or rabbi. The priest-instructed child often says to the Protestant, "you are a heretic," and the Protestant retorts, "you are a papist," while both varieties of Christians are ready to rend the Jew with the insane old war cry, "you are a Christ-killer," and possibly once in a while an impetuous Jew replies, "you are an idolater." It is not possible to bring children up in public schools in any such manner without fostering a hateful spirit of persecution, which not infrequently blazes forth in disgraceful scenes of outrage, culminating in that hideous atrocity known as anti-Semitic agitation. Ethics do not need to be taught in any sectarian spirit, and as proof of this, one has only to consider that every respectable citizen desires all his children to be brought up honest, truthful, and considerate of the welfare of their neighbors in all particulars.

It is not, however, in the school so much as in the home that the benign influence of sound moral training is most completely felt, and as many years are often passed at home before even a kindergarten is entered, the teacher of Spiritual Science needs to emphasize the importance of the very earliest home influence more than ought beside. It is an undisputed saying, that influence is more powerful than either precept or example; and this is by reason of the not always well-digested fact, that people are far more powerfully influenced by silent mental currents than by all the external methods employed to capture attention and compel regard. The professor we have already alluded to had so perfectly gained the respect and confidence of his little son that there were actually no secrets kept by the boy from his father, nor was there ever the slightest absence of respect in the child's demeanor. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is an excellent text for a sermon to children; but when a parents' meeting is in progress the preacher would do well to select such a motto as, "Parents, make yourselves honorable in the eyes of your offspring."

We instinctively love the lovable, honor the honorable, and esteem the estimable; it needs no force to make us yield obedience where reverential affection reigns supreme. One of the chief defects in modern training is the great lack of sincere esteem felt by juniors for seniors, and the seniors are certainly most at fault or this could not continue. All very young people are hero-worshippers; all love ideal characters in romance or on the stage; and, even though their idols are largely built of clay, they go on worshipping them until completely disillusioned. It is for parents and teachers to make themselves more nearly ideal and thereby attract to themselves the loving affection of their children, instead of allowing themselves to appear either as relentless ogres or weakly good-natured incompetents, who can, to use a common metaphor, be twisted easily around one's fingers by means of a little coaxing. This is clearly a period of reaction, and during an interregnum many strange phenomena appear. The child ruling the parent is an unlovely anomaly at all times, but it is an outcome of the too severe restraint imposed upon childhood in days not very long departed, and it cannot be denied that the wide and rapid spread of common school education has had much to do with the pert insubordination of the present enfant terrible.

Spiritual Scientists are called upon to face facts, not to balk them. Evasion is cowardice; we must conquer if we would reign. Punishment is barbaric, though correction is indispensable to public and private safety and order. Discipline (a word from the same root as disciple), properly means an educational agent, anything by means of which we gain instruction. It is said that the mother of America's first president was a very strict disciplinarian, but George Washington would never have loved and honored his mother, as he undoubtedly did, had she been a scold or a virago, nor would he have respected her as he grew to manhood had she been one of those weak, nerveless (miscalled nervous) women, who shriek at the appearance of a mouse, and demand eau de cologne as an antidote to headache directly there is the least noise in the house, especially in the children's quarters.

It may sound brutal to say it, but you cannot love your mother because she is your mother, and you certainly cannot love your father because he is your father. Marie Corelli truly declared in her memorable letter to Cardinal Vaughan, called forth by his attack on Prof. St. George Mivart, that the Christ as represented in the Gospels laid very little stress on physical relationships. Quite true; but in that fact the Roman Catholic devotion to Mary receives no set-back, because a son's regard for a noble mother springs, not from the fact of blood relationship, but is an outgrowth from the lovely character of the mother whom he adores. To endorse the ultra-Protestant view of some sentences in the Gospels would be to sanction and uphold an attitude to one's mother which deserves anathema, yet Protestants, equally with Catholics, display the noblest affection to their own mothers in many distinguished instances, so do Agnostics, and others who pay no special heed to any religious text book or to the declarations of any ecclesiastical synod.

Nature is stronger than creed in every one of us; our affections cannot follow the line of any circumscribed theory of affection, for if love be not spontaneous it is artificial, and false love is no love at all, except in hypocritical appearance. Even deference, which falls immeasurably short of warm affection, is impossible without sincere respect, and it is difficult indeed to respect anyone because he is in a certain office, or on account of any bond of physical relationship, even the closest. It may be rank heresy in some ears to voice it, but the fact remains that office-holders cannot be long respected unless they glorify their office. In trumpet tones the words should be resounded—the incumbent glorifies the office, not the office the incumbent!

If parents, teachers, overseers, superintendents of works, and all other persons in authority do but make

themselves truly honorable, their power and influence will be so deeply and so widely felt that insubordination will be unknown in the next generation. As well might the ancient Canute demand the waves of ocean not to wet his royal feet while he remained seated close to the incoming tide as any parent or teacher of today seek to put back the hands on the dial-plate of modern progress. Neither children nor employees can ever be made again the submissive and thoroughly subservient acolytes which goody-goody literature informs us they once were and still ought to be. But anarchy is not the only possible outcome of the modern independent spirit, revolutionary though it may appear, for there is steadily and even rapidly working a new leaven in the social organism which is surely tending, not to a final catastrophe when all order has been overthrown, but to a new perception of order and to a far higher and more intelligent respect for law than was ever known under the old regime.

It is impossible to evade the question which confronts religious and secular teachers everywhere alike: What can be done and what must be done to save the Church from desuetude and the State from anarchy? There can be no piecemeal work which will prove finally effectual; half-way reforms are sure to prove abortive. The issue to be confronted is one of the gravest moment and it must be faced unflinchingly. Who am I or who are you, that your or my commands should be blindly obeyed and ourselves accepted as divinely commissioned legislators? Moses could only address the people of ancient Israel effectively when he breathed the majestic daring words, "These are the commandments of the Eternal." If you analyze the Decalogue you will find that the Ten Great Sayings are truly divine precepts, because they embody immortal principles which must guide all noble action. Some people try to keep nine commandments instead of ten, and the one most generally discarded altogether is the tenth, which is the greatest spiritual precept, "Thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbor's." They who say to children, "I will punish you if you transgress my commandment," are only encouraging duplicity in those over whom they are exercising control. They, on the contrary, who proclaim the Law as from a modern Sinai and exclaim, "God punishes transgressors," are on ground which is absolutely incontestable, provided they make it plain that they mean that God's law is the changeless order of the universe, not the variable caprice of some irritable finite being.

The question of introducing theology into public schools must of necessity induce discord, because there are so many varieties of theological speculation thrust upon the world as infallible revelation. Ethical teaching does not rest on dogmatic theology of any sort, nor does anything that is worthy to be included in the phrase, "pure and undefiled religion." Swedenborg's celebrated axiom, "All religion has relation to life, and the life of religion is to do good," lifts religious training entirely out of the theatre of contention by positing it in a realm where creedal strife can have no play of action. We are all sufficiently agreed upon cardinal virtues and their contradictory vices to formulate a code of morals acceptable to all lovers of integrity, but the people at large are not agreed as to how these moral principles can best be carried into practise. No good end can ever be served by getting as far away from our neighbors as possible, and hurling anathemas at practices we rightly discountenance, but which some of our contemporaries may honestly believe to be at least permissible and possibly laudable in certain cases. Corporal chastisement has often been justified on the plea that unless one exhibits force over an unruly child no obedience to reasonable commands can be secured. It is said that monkeys, which are supposed to resemble human beings more closely than any other type of animal, are brought into submission by flogging, but often can be disciplined in no milder way. It is frequently contended that horses, dogs, and other useful and domestic animals, can only be "broken in" by cruel usage; therefore, it is argued that brute force is a necessary factor in the work of educating animals. The same fallacious argument is often applied by parents, ignorant of a higher law than fear, to the case of unruly children, who cannot be "made to mind," unless they are coerced into unwilling obedience at the point of the rod.

If those who arrogate to themselves the hideous task of enslaving their offspring would but consider a far more humane and wiser course of action, disobedience would not be so rampant as it is today. Strong-willed children are often particularly affectionate; they display in large degree all such heroic virtues as courage, loyalty to friends, and every other excellence associated with a strong, fearless temperament. Concerning such children, the proverbial sentence does indeed forcibly apply: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and even in old age he will not depart therefrom." In Proverbs we also find the source whence the mutilated adage has been derived—"Spare the rod and spoil the child." There is positively no literature whatsoever that seems totally incapable of perversion to base ends; and certainly the Bible has been disgracefully dealt with in this direction. Without either scholarship or reason, a text is often entirely wrested from its original meaning; wrenched from all context and made to teach any abominable doctrine its perverser may seek to justify. No texts have fared worse at the hands of mutilators than those just quoted. The word "rod" is used in the Twenty-third Psalm in connection with "staff"—"Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me," is one of the best known passages in the entire Psalter. Does anyone associate divine comfort with a birch rod, a thick stick in the hands of a bully, a cat-o-nine tails, or any other invention of barbarism? Well may civilization bow before the sublime ethics of those sages of the Talmud, who poured forth invectives against all who neglected the education of their children, and in that sense neglected to apply the righteous rod of correction; but the rod, as anything other than a measuring line, was far from the thought of the mild teachers of righteousness, who always insisted, that to train a child in the way he should go was to so instruct him while yet young and pliable, that he might grow up to be a faithful and valuable member of a civil as well as a religious community. Another point at issue is the bent of an individual child's talent or possible genius.

We often say in our synthetic statements concerning health and all that mighty word implies, that we may add four other words to form a completed list—one for each of the five fingers of every human hand. Health, Virtue, Happiness, Success, and Usefulness, are our five universally applied terms, and these glorious blessings can be freely shared by all. Then comes in division of work, or the allotment of special occupations to those specially gifted in various directions. The artisan and the fine artist, the barrister and the baker, the journalist and the jeweler, the hairdresser and the horticulturist, and so on through the entire catalogue of industrialists, can be unitedly healthy, happy, virtuous, successful, and useful. In the same family five children may be adapted to five distinct kinds of occupation, or, if the family extend to ten, each one of the ten may display some distinct aptitude for a definite sort of work for which none of the brothers or sisters have any marked qualification. With or without philosophical, chronological, or astrological aid a discerning tutor of youth can easily see in what direction a child's inclination is most decidedly turned, and it will be well for all to remember that natural inclina-

tions are not base nor should they be thwarted; only perverted inclinations are vicious, and these need not be crushed but must be diverted into righteous channels. To watch a child at play, and even when engaged in so-called mischief, is to acquaint one's self with many valuable suggestions which make that child's education far easier than it otherwise could be for all who undertake to promote it.

One of our earliest acquaintances in London was a lady of rare benevolence and deep insight into children's necessities. This truly praiseworthy woman—Mrs. Georgina Weldon—devoted her handsome house and considerable income to the work of training orphan children, many of whom she literally picked up in the streets, and so reared them that they became capable of giving, under her wise direction, excellent entertainments in a large hall in a good neighborhood. One of Mrs. Weldon's chief measures was to turn the destructive tendencies of children into constructive channels, first allowing them to tear up all the rags and paper they wished to destroy, then teaching them to collect all the scraps which were scattered upon the floor, put them into bags, sew these bags up, and finally use them as cushions, pillows, and other serviceable articles. Such a system carried out in detail would soon convert destructive tendencies into reconstructive agencies, and while permitting the fullest and freest possible play of all natural emotions in the human animal, direct these lower impulses into high and useful channels.

At the expense of frequent repetition of fundamental axioms the public educator is compelled to reiterate with tireless persistency the great central truth on which all true educational practise is built, which is none other than the doctrine of the essential goodness of all that enters into our human economy. The prophets, whose burning words are a large part of the priceless heritage bequeathed to us from past ages, never whined and whimpered over innate depravity or original human sinfulness. The weak sentimentalism which deplores the badness of the human race is a nerveless substitute for the glowing eloquence of those seers and sages of antiquity who lifted up their voices with strength and cried aloud to a transgressing people to return to the way of righteousness. Back to your original, oh ye people, ye must retrace your wandering steps; you have departed from your true self, and have perverted your naturally legitimate inclinations.

Such was the burden of the prophet's message in days of old, and such is the cry of the seers of the present hour. The dogma of human depravity, in which multitudes of children are steeped from infancy, can have but one effect upon the reflecting mind and that a most disheartening one. False theologies have held before the mental vision of the race a gloomy picture of abject sinfulness from which there can be no rescue unless superhuman aid intervenes to save man from the inevitable consequences of his naturally fallen state. Can there be a worse picture to hold before a child than "born in sin and shapen in iniquity"? Truly the Fifty-third Psalm contains the quoted plaint, but if it be a psalm of David, composed after he had committed murder and adultery, it may be fairly regarded rather as a plea of self-exculpation, than as a doctrine to be universally proclaimed concerning the nature of mankind. Heredity may be mentioned in that psalm, and the folly of a mother before her son's birth may have surrounded the babe, while yet in the matrix, with tendencies to pernicious courses. Truly it may be said, in many instances, that because "sour grapes" have formed the diet of parents prior to the birth of children those children have early shown that their "teeth have been set on edge," to use the expressive Bible metaphor. Oliver Wendell Holmes was not astray when he declared that a century or more before a child's birth that child's education might commence.

In another lecture we intend to discuss the hereditary question in extenso, but in this discourse we confine our statements to what can be done with the child already born, even though handicapped with adverse hereditary tendencies. It is certainly more humane to see in childish peccadilloes the upspringing of antenatal seeds of error, than to fiercely condemn as deliberate sin every departure made by a child from the strict line of integrity; but, granting that criminal tendencies are diseased tendencies, and that criminology ranks with pathology in the list of sciences, the educator must look back the dark environment of psychic stain and see the real human being, bright and beautiful beneath. Not only have the excellent women belonging to Jewish Sisterhoods in New York and other great cities found that even in the worst districts of a great metropolis children can be taken from gutters and brought up as respectable and useful citizens, but the world over, is the same blessed fact being revealed to all who approach any little ones, expecting to find the good within them. What possible benefit can accrue from calling a child "bad," though you may be perfectly justified in speaking of a naughty action. People who set themselves up as Sunday school teachers, or who officiate as class leaders in Lyceums, should certainly know enough of spiritual science to cause them to desist from calling children names which they would permit no one to apply to them with impunity. Suggestion is far more powerful than any of us know it to be; and this is a truth which all wise doctors are coming rapidly to understand. If I suggest to you that you are bad, I am doing what in me lies to deprave you, by giving you a reputation to live down to, whereas, when I tell you that you are good, I am giving you a reputation to live up to. I cannot and will not say that a wrong action is right, or that a false statement is true, but I can, when officiating as a teacher, correct an error most decisively while attributing it to the ignorance, not to the malice, of the perpetrator. Why should I preach a "golden rule" with my tongue and live down to an "iron rule" in my conduct with those younger and less well instructed than myself?

The Golden Rule can be stated in all its fulness in both positive and negative terms. Negatively, it reads—"Thou shalt not do anything to another which thou art unwilling another should do to you." In that form Confucius taught it to the Chinese. Positively stated, it must read—"Thou shalt in all thy dealings with thy neighbors do unto them precisely as thou desirest them to deal with thee." Children can readily be brought up to understand the reasonable equity of so sublime and all-inclusive a precept, though they cannot understand the contradictory dogmas which are often forced upon them as necessary to believe. A child's innate sense of justice is so keen that a rigid code of honor is frequently upheld in a nursery or schoolroom by the children themselves, without any prompting from their elders. It is to this sense of justice we must appeal if we are ever to see peaceably settled the numerous disturbances which arise, first, in households, and then spread themselves over entire countries.

We speak eloquently at conferences in favor of peace and arbitration on an international scale; we discuss hopefully the ultimate disposition of Alsace and Lorraine in a manner which will finally settle the long-time feud between France and Germany; but too often we totally neglect the first great effective step which needs to be taken to prepare for a universal pacific consummation, viz., the education of little children in the principle and practise of conciliation and arbitration. No sooner is a

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As all experiments are dangerous, so it is a dangerous thing to experiment with worthless patent medicines and nostrums of the kind that spring up in the night, and "none know from whence they came" or what their origin. It is seeking after an impossible result to look for health in a bottle of alcohol and sarsaparilla, or a package of senna and straw; and such experiments are often disastrous to the experimenter.

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child old enough to double up his fists and menace his young companion than the parent or guardian should step in between the youthful belligerents and call upon them to submit their case to arbitration. The arbitrator in every instance must display strict impartiality; hear both sides fairly, and give a decision, the rectitude and reasonableness of which can be made apparent to both. It will of course take far more time, ability and patience, to pursue this kind and honorable course than to continue in the old blind alley of alternate punishing and coaxing, but the result will more than repay all the energy expended in the process. Spiritual Science is for the child before it is for the adult and also for the adult before it can be for the child, by which we mean that if children are to grow up useful, happy men and women, they must be led instead of driven, and in order to lead them aright their elders must be instructed in the path of wisdom. There is absolutely no limit to the influence which can be exerted for a child's good by one who loves him truly and whom he loves sincerely in turn.

A complete revolution of the educational system will certainly be one of the crowning glories of the Twentieth Century, and it is for those who are in the vanguard of reform to start the good ball rolling along its glorious way. Wherever the affections of a child are enlisted silent mental treatment can be most effectively given, and in giving silent treatment precisely the same mode of reasoning, and even language, should be employed as in the delivery of a verbal message or giving oral treatment, a course which is also to be much commended. Education is going on continuously, when we are asleep as well as when we are awake; it is, therefore, of the highest importance that a home's atmosphere should ever be free from all discordant emanations, and completely saturated with all that is pacific and sublime. The easily led child, who quickly falls into temptation and catches whatever may be in the air, is particularly susceptible to psychic influence exerted by the unspoken thought of the parent or friend who stands nearest to that child in sympathy.

Let us all remember that far above all overt acts is the mighty influence of spiritual force which, though unseen, can never be unfelt. We are helping to educate each other continually by night and by day, and as every thought held concerning another constitutes, in some degree, a mental treatment, the opportunity is unremittently offered to every one of us to continually work in active concert with the Eternal Power that ever makes for righteousness.

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that which God hath given you. A wholesome stomach, prompt bowels, sound kidneys and active liver are your inheritance.

You who read the pages of the Banner of Light are entitled to receive, Free and Prepaid, a small trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine if you need it and write for it. One small dose a day of this remarkable medicine cures the most stubborn cases of distressing stomach trouble to stay cured. Constipation is at once relieved and a cure made permanent.

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The Future Workers.

Where are our young mediums? We know Spiritualism is progressing, but are lectures and demonstrations increasing? We have too few young workers in the ranks of Spiritualism today. The older workers will not always be with us; therefore we must bring to the front the younger members of our family to fill the wide field now ready. The cause of Spiritualism is high; but there must be missionaries working to overcome the conditions adverse to our interests. There are today on the platform in the cause of Spiritualism, some of the ablest workers in America, or the old world, but they will soon have completed their earthly work and others must take its place.

Are we doing as much as we should to interest the young people in the work? It does not look so, for the cares of the daily life have a tendency to bring more earthly thoughts to mind. With the opening of the "camps," let us try to interest the young. Let us make a special effort to turn their thoughts toward spiritual things, that their latent forces may be brought out. As great, if not greater work can be done if we direct and utilize the forces yet undeveloped in our young people. Let us also seek at each camp session, to have a few hours devoted to the children, to have amusements for their benefit, and to interest them in their spiritual homes. Children are naturally spiritual and need but kindly direction to grow in the grace and beauty of the spirit.

Orlin J. Dickey.

For Over Sixty Years

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

Interesting Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Your remarks regarding Fletcher, "The Palmist," are very apropos. I have no doubt that our friend Fletcher and many others, though termed "Palmists," "Astrologers," "Occult Teachers," "Magneticians," etc., are still exercising their clairvoyant and spiritual gifts. The taste of the public for phenomena runs in cycles and naturally changes when that particular cycle terminates. There was a time when clairvoyant mediums were not only in great demand but were well paid; but the times have changed and clairvoyants do not meet from the Spiritualists that generous response necessary to keep up the supplies of life, hence a great number have had to change their modus operandi, but their spiritual powers remain the same.

I have practiced Astrology and Palmistry for many years with the greatest financial success, and I have found that my natural powers of clairvoyance were very essential to correct delineations and predictions. The "Palmist" and the "Astrologer," as Ella Wheeler Wilcox states, "can indeed be very useful people (and they are) when they devote their arts and talents to helping and encouraging by good advice the many who have recourse to them" as you have very aptly quoted in your Editorial Notes. I am certain of one thing, that the clairvoyant Palmists or clairvoyant Astrologers can with a combination of a thorough knowledge of Astrology and Palmistry and their clairvoyant gifts convert to the spiritual ranks more skeptics and truth seekers than the average clairvoyant medium can through his spiritual gifts alone. I have lectured on many psychic subjects for many years past under the one head

of "Spiritualism," and have brought into the ranks from the different Christian denominations some thousands of Spiritualists not only in England and Scotland but also throughout Canada and this country. The true Scientific Astrologer and Palmist does possess intuitive and impressional faculties of a very high order.

Geo. Wm. Walrond.

Denver, Colo.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has cured Coughs for forty years. It is still on the market.

Brooklyn Mass Meeting.

After five days of pouring, drenching rain the clouds broke away on Wednesday noon and the glorious sun flooded our damp atmosphere with its golden splendor and a good sized audience greeted Brother Harvey W. Richardson when he called the opening session of our New York State Association Mass Meeting to order.

Three sessions were held each day with the exception of Wednesday. Our four days meeting proved a success in every sense of the word. Mrs. Edmund Severn, the violinist, rendered the sweetest of music. Mrs. Jessie Graham and Miss Cartada sang exquisite solos. The Verdi quartet also assisted in this important feature of our meeting.

PROGRAM.

Wednesday, March 11, 2.30. Soprano solo, Mrs. Jessie Graham; address of welcome, W. Winslow Sargent; response, Harvey W. Richardson; song, Mrs. Graham; spirit messages, Miss Emma Resch; solo, Mrs. Graham. 8 p. m., invocation, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds; violin solo, Mrs. Edmund Severn; address, Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham; solo, Mrs. Graham; spirit messages, Miss Margaret Gault; Ave Maria, Gounod, Mrs. Graham and Mr. Severn.

Thursday, March 12, 10.30 a. m. conference. 2.30 p. m., soprano solo, Miss Nettie Vester; address, Mrs. Helen T. Brigham; instrumental solo, Miss Dunn; spirit messages, Mrs. Reynolds; recitation, Miss Belle Cushman; instrumental solo, Miss Dunn. 8 p. m., invocation, Mrs. T. U. Reynolds; solo, Mrs. Jessie Graham; address, Mrs. Helen M. Russell; violin solo, Edmund Severn; spirit messages, Miss E. Resch; solo, Mrs. Jessie Graham.

Friday, March 13, 10.30 a. m. conference. 2.30 p. m., invocation, Mrs. T. U. Reynolds; soprano solo, Mrs. Ida Cartada; address, Mrs. H. M. Russell; solo, Mrs. Cartada; spirit messages, Miss Resch; solo, Mrs. Cartada. 8.00 p. m., invocation, Mrs. T. U. Reynolds; music, Verdi Quartet; address, Hon. Abram H. Dalley; music, Verdi Quartet; spirit messages, Mrs. Moore Courlis; spirit messages, Miss Margaret Gault; music, Verdi Quartet; benediction, Mr. Courlis.

Saturday, March 14, 10.30 a. m. conference. 2.30 p. m., invocation, Mrs. H. T. Brigham; soprano solo, Mrs. Jessie Graham; address, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds; solo, Mrs. Graham; spirit messages, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds; instrumental solo, Mrs. Brigham. 8.00 p. m., invocation, Mrs. T. U. Reynolds; song, Richard Ridgely; address, Roy Thompson; address, Hon. A. H. Dalley; solo, Mrs. Graham; solo, Richard Ridgely; spirit messages, Miss Gault; doxology, audience.

On Saturday evening a basket collection was taken for our veteran worker, Mrs. Mary C. Morrell, who has been sick for the last three years, amounting to twenty-five dollars (\$25).

Herbert L. Whitney, Secretary.

65 Howard Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Briefs.

Boston Spiritual Temple, Chelker Hall. —Sunday, March 15, a very fine audience greeted the Rev. F. A. Wiggin at his morning service. The Schubert Quartet opened with singing; the morning lesson, invocation and responses followed. Our teacher gave an able address on "Spiritual Growth." From it we would gather that the earliest consciousness was only of the body in which the great majority of the human family are living today. But the coming and ideal state is a spiritual consciousness of which the body is only a visible expression. The higher self is not a refinement of the lower but rather the quickening and germination of a divinely planted seed. The evolution of the spiritual self is a gradual and painful process for as the spiritual self is developed the senses man is dying by inches. . . . Spiritual growth is the highest proof of immortality, but it comes not from external evidence or reason, but from the fact that man can become emancipated from the dominion of the body while still using it, and as he begins to feel himself spirit instead of body, he grows into spiritual conditions. In the evening the hour was given to communion with the arisen ones of earth. The audience was large and all were deeply interested in the undoubted evidence given by Rev. F. A. Wiggin.—Alonso Danforth.

Commercial Hall, 634 Washington Street. Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. Sunday, March 15, Mrs. Nellie Glover presided in the absence of Mrs. Wilkinson who was ill at her home. Subject of morning conference, "Vaccination," called forth many good thoughts. Mediums and speakers taking part during the day were Mr. Hill, Rev. Brewer, Dr. Brown, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Chapman, Dr. Blackden, Mrs. Fox, Mr. Clough, Mrs. Whittemore, Music, Mrs. Rockwell, Mrs. Hattie Drake; poem, Mr. Webster. Meetings every Thursday afternoon; healing circle Tuesdays at three; anniversary celebration Tuesday afternoon and evening, March 31. The original colored Jubilee singers will give a concert Sunday evening, April 5.—Reporter.

Fitchburg, Mass., March 15.—C. Fannie Allyn of Stoneham was speaker for the First Spiritualist Society Sunday. The attendance was very large at both services. The subjects of Mrs. Allyn's addresses and poems were as usual taken from the audience, and were most ably presented, holding the closest attention of all present. Miss Howe, pianist, finely rendered several special selections.—Dr. C. L. Fox, pres.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society, Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock, president, met Thursday, March 12, afternoon and evening. Business meeting, 5 p. m.; supper served at 6.30, a large number partaking. It is a pleasure to report the success of the evening's entertainment, under the management of Mrs. L. A. Judkins, to whom much credit is due. The little ones showed excellent training and much natural ability. The entire program is printed in another column.—C. M. M., sec.

Christ's First Spiritual Church, Hartford, held a meeting in the G. A. R. Hall on Main St. Dr. Mary A. Haven was in the chair. The lecture, given by Mr. S. Leonard of Torrington, Conn., was on "Truths of Spiritualism." He gave a masterful discourse showing great research and experience. He was at one time president of the Christian Endeavor Association in the district where he lives. We hope to have him with us again in the near future. Questions were in order after the lecture: one of them was "which has the first call on me, Love or Duty?" We would like to hear from some reader on the above question. Dr. Haven gave good psychometric readings for about twenty people, all strangers to her. Miss Gertrude Laidlaw rendered pleasing selections on the piano. Mr. James Baisden, Mr. R. B. Ratcliffe and Miss Gertrude Laidlaw sang a trio which was well received. Mr. R. B. Ratcliffe gave a short recitation; a poem was read by Mr. Brainard. The officers of the society all welcome investigators to the meeting. Dr. Mary A. Haven is president; Mr. Brainard, chaplain; Miss Gertrude Laidlaw, chorister and pianist; Mrs. R. Remson, treasurer and warden.—Robert B. Ratcliffe, sec.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Alex. Caird, M. D., president. Sunday, March 15, was "Mediums' Day." The Cadet Hall society is remarkably fortunate in having a large number of excellent mediums among its members, who are always willing to give their services for the benefit of the Cause. Those participating in the exercises were Mrs. Dr. Caird, Mrs. Dr. Chase, Madame Helyett, Mrs. Maud Litch, Mrs. Ida Pre, Mrs. M. W. Fisher, Miss Bishop and Mr. J. O. Allan. President Caird made an urgent plea for the friends of the society to become members, stating that we should feel justified in asking steps toward the erection of a building when our membership reached three hundred. Circles were held between services, followed by supper, song service and concert by Etters' orchestra.—Sec.

The Sunshine Club, Clara E. Strong, president, conducted the services at Mrs. La Roche's in Somerville on Sunday evening, March 8. A large company was present and all much pleased with the results of the evening.—A. M. sec.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society met in Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton St., Boston, Friday, March 20, with the president, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Allbe, presiding. The public circle was held in the afternoon with fifty-five friends present, the mediums being Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, Mrs. Horace G. Berry, Mrs. C. E. Strong, Mr. Walter Mason, Mrs. E. A. Lincoln, Mrs. L. Shackley, Mr. Thompson and Mrs. E. M. Shirley. Supper was served at 8.30, and the evening service opened at 7.30 with congregational singing. Interesting remarks were made by Mr. E. L. Allen, Hattie C. Mason, Mrs. J. S. Soper, Mr. J. S. Scarlett, Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse and Albert P. Blinn and communications were given through the mediumship of Madame Helyett, Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. C. Cunningham and Mrs. Lincoln. Songs were rendered by Mr. Fred Taylor and Mrs. Mason.—Esther D. Blinn, sec.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met Wednesday, March 18, in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. Regular business meeting called to order by the president, Mrs. M. J. Butler, at 5 p. m.; supper served at 6.20. Evening meeting opened at 8 by the president, Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse made some very interesting remarks, followed by Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Ames, Mrs. Scott, Mr. Cohen and Mrs. Butler with messages and tests; remarks by Mrs. Mason and Mr. Smith, also Violet, Mrs. Weston's guide, spoke interestingly; singing by the audience.—Laura F. Sloan, sec. rec.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1 of Boston, held its regular session in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., Sunday at 11 a. m., with the largest attendance of the season. The subject of the lesson was "Sabbath." After the march, Mamie Phillips, Faith Byam, gave readings; Bertha Crockett, song; Eva Ponny, piano solo; Iona Stillings, Prof. Milligan and Rebecca Goolitz, Prof. Milligan, piano duets; Mrs. Stillings and Dr. Hale sang a duet; Mr. H. Lealle spoke briefly; Mrs. M. J. Butler spoke of the anniversary. The following have signified their intention to be with us on that occasion: Mrs. S. Byrnes, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mr. Scarlett, Mrs. Wiggin, Mrs. Hand, Mrs. Ames, Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Chapman, Mr. J. F. Barlett, Mr. J. Yeaw, Mrs. Butler of Lynn, Mrs. Elm Webster, Mr. A. P. Blinn, Mr. Waterhouse, Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. M. Allbe, Mrs. J.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.



Mrs. E. Austin.

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

New York City, Nov. 20th, 1902. A little over a year ago I was taken with severe pains in my kidneys and bladder. They continued to give me trouble for over two months and I suffered untold misery. I became weak, emaciated and very much run down. I had great difficulty in retaining my urine, and was obliged to pass water very often night and day. After I had used a sample bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, which you so kindly sent me on my request, I experienced great relief. I immediately bought of my druggist two large bottles and continued taking it regularly. I am pleased to say that Swamp-Root cured me entirely. I can now stand on my feet all day without having any bad symptoms whatever. I was in the Hospital—February last before I used Swamp-Root, and the doctors examined my kidneys and said there was no trouble there, but after hearing so much about Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and what it had done for other women, I concluded to try it, with the result that today I am well again. Gratefully yours,

Mrs. E. Austin.
320 West 19th St.

The mild and prompt effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Recommended and taken by physicians, used in hospitals and endorsed by people of prominence everywhere. To prove what Swamp-Root will do for you, a sample bottle will be sent absolutely free, by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root and 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.

Whitlock, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn and others.—Mrs. M. E. Stillings, sec.

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 15 at 8 o'clock. Rev. Ira Moore Courlis, pastor of the church, again occupied his pulpit. A large and appreciative congregation greeted him. After a selection by the Verdi Quartet, an inspiring poem was read by the pastor. Mr. Courlis thanked all those who during his illness had so kindly remembered him in prayer through which he has been restored to health again. The service concluded with a benediction by the pastor; a great many were reached with some message which convinced them of the continuity of life. The grand mass meeting held in Crosby Hall on March 11, 12, 13, 14, in which Rev. Ira M. Courlis, Miss Margaret Gault, and Miss Emma Resch took part, was indeed a great success and will without a doubt further the Cause of Spiritualism in the City of Churches.—Miss E. C. Resch, corr.

Transitions.

Passed to the higher life Feb. 16, 1903, from his home in McMinnville, Oregon, Benjamin Franklin Fuller, aged 73 years. Deceased had been a Spiritualist for forty-six years. He attended the dedication of the Harmonical Church at Stargis, Mich., June 10, 19, 1899. Helped build up the New Era Canto. He was anxious to go and join the loved ones he saw waiting for him.—Mrs. L. J. Fuller.

In Bucksport, Me., March 8, Mrs. Susan M. Stubs passed over the crystal stream to the beautiful beyond at the ripe age of nearly 61 years. She was born in Bath, Me., being the daughter of Richard and Mary Parsley. She was married to Capt. Jabez S. Stubs at Norfolk, Va., in 1831, and accompanied him on many voyages at sea. She has resided in Bucksport over fifty years, has been a subscriber to the Banner continuously since its first issue and has been a true, firm, consistent believer in the truths of the spiritual philosophy during all that time, never for a moment hesitating to espouse the Cause even when it was very unpopular. She has been identified with Verona Park Association since its organization twenty years ago, and has served many years on the Board of Trustees, being one of its strong pillars of support. She has done much for the association in a financial way; her generosity was unbounded, for which she will always be held in grateful remembrance by all its officers and friends. A good, noble woman has gone on to greet the long loved husband and daughter in the Summer Land. Her memory will ever be cherished by all who knew her. She leaves one daughter who resides in Bangor. A beloved niece, Mrs. Mary C. Donnell, has loved and tenderly cared for her aged aunt many years.—F. W. S.

Mrs. Mary Ames, of Waterville, Maine, passed to the spirit world on March the 10th. Mrs. Ames had been sick for a long time and was most devotedly attended during her illness by her sister, Mrs. Julia Emery, at whose house Mrs. Ames passed away and at whose house the funeral services were held Thursday, March 12, at 2 p. m. Mrs. Ames had been a consistent and faithful Spiritualist for these many years and as a neighbor, friend and relative was highly respected. There was a large gathering of friends and relatives present at the funeral services, a number coming from Fairfield. The Rev. F. A. Wiggin, pastor of the Boston Spiritual Temple, officiated. The interment was at the Fairfield Cemetery. Mrs. Ames lived a life of loving kindness and had rounded out seventy-three years. She was the widow of the late Mr. Frank Ames. Mrs. Ames will be greatly missed by a large number of friends and especially at Temple Heights Camp Meetings, where she enjoyed going from season to season and where she had a host of friends.

Who has more soul than I masters me, though he should not raise his finger.—Emerson.

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

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TRANS CASES.—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express must be accompanied by full or at least half cash; the balance, if any, must be paid C. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Fractional parts of a dollar can be remitted in postage stamps.

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No notification is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return censored articles.

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles in question.

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Editorial Notes.

MAN VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE.

Among a large number of works by professed Theosophical authors, which have interested the inquiring public during the past several years, no single book has even attempted to practicalize and render fascinating to the general reader so erudite a theme as that on which C. W. Leadbeater treats with a singular charm and considerable erudition in the volume now before us. A philosophical treatise on the varying planes of human consciousness on which the spiritual entity often called the Ego expresses itself during terrestrial embodiment might prove a barren topic to the lover of entertaining literature, were it not that forms and colors are largely employed to illustrate unusual philosophical concepts.

We are becoming increasingly familiar with the idea that every sound has its color and accompanying form, therefore we are not greatly surprised to learn that trained clairvoyants are capable of tracing various stages in human development by form and color symbolism. Though it may seem improbable that the average reader should be able to intelligently verify all Mr. Leadbeater's statements, there is, notwithstanding their seeming complexity, a great deal of good reason for considering them favorably, because they antagonize nothing we really know, and they give, to say the least, a plausible interpretation of much that we are seeking to discover.

Color is always a fascinating subject, and as it is so fixed in Nature that we find it constantly recurring in precisely similar associations, there is nothing which severely taxes the scientific imagination in any of the intricate and elaborate dissertations upon "auric envelopes" which are described pictorially in a very ingenious and highly suggestive manner. The average intellect failing to grasp aught that is abstract, is often greatly assisted in a righteous endeavor to scientifically demonstrate an ethical certainty, by some picture which reveals an exact correspondence between interior and outward states.

We learn from Prof. Elmer Gates quite as clearly as from any avowed Theosophist that anger, fear, jealousy and other base emotions are represented by ugly colors and unsightly forms, and we learn from varied sources also that health is impaired by every unworthy wish and promoted by every generous disposition. Exact scientific experiments like those conducted by Gates in his laboratory in the vicinity of the city of Washington, lead to results almost identical with the clairvoyant information dealt with

by Leadbeater. The moral and hygienic lessons conveyed, are precisely the same from both sources, and to the impartial student it is profitable, as well as interesting, to discover that physical, mental and spiritual science are but three aspects of one great knowledge, which includes the entire nature of relatively complex, though ultimately simple human nature.

WHAT DOES THE DRUMKAM SEE?

Though the fact of delirium tremens and its terrible attendant visions is unquestioned, it is only through the aid of something very closely resembling Occultism that we have been led to arrive at anything like a comprehensible realization of the nature of the visions beheld in temporary mania occasioned by excessive alcoholism.

The "auric envelope" becomes vitiated and its condition greatly disturbed by inebriety as well as by violent rage and all other indiscriminate excesses. When the "astral atmosphere" which encircles a person, visible to clairvoyance, though unseen by unaided physical vision, becomes perturbed, disagreeable pictures float before the eyes of the victim of the folly which has brought about the auric perturbation, precisely as black spots dancing in the air are often seen by sufferers from liver complaint or biliousness, according to common medical testimony.

These disturbances in one's environment proceed from within oneself and are not caused by the actual condition of the world outside. The logical inference from this is of the highest moral value and forms an adequate basis for a doctrine of inevitable "rewards and punishments," both here and hereafter, which resolves itself easily into an indisputable scientific substitute for those highly erroneous views of heaven and hell, which still linger in the consciousness of many, and such a revelation as we are now considering, serves also to dispel the illusions entertained by many thoughtless people that we can indulge in any mental immortality without entailing upon ourselves any unpleasant consequence unless we do wrong outwardly.

DOES DEITY REWARD AND PUNISH?

Nothing can be more certain in the face of modern facts than that our educational systems, particularly in the department of home training—need very great revision. Children very frequently hear parents and teachers say to them, "I'll punish you," and the punishment is never administered, either because the person who threatens relents, and therefore does not perform, or because the child has learned to practice deception so successfully that the naughty act is undiscovered.

There is far more truth in the phrase, "God will punish you if you are naughty," because it is certainly true that real naughtiness brings inevitable consequences in its train, but all acts are not sinful which certain people imagine to be so, nor are all deeds righteous, which may pass muster with "Mrs. Grundy." We are punished by our transgressions of moral order, and rewarded by our compliance therewith, consequently we punish or reward ourselves in accordance with that unalterable law of the Universe to which all are alike subject.

God's actions are not arbitrary like the caprices of a doting parent or an inflexible teacher who may at one time mean to be very severe and then repent and exhibit foolish tenderness. Children cannot be taught too early that there is an order in the world to which all are subject from necessity, and that health and happiness flow from obedience to that order while all disobedience causes sorrow and pain. This order is altogether beneficent and though we cannot change it, we can lovingly respect and willingly obey it.

This is the perfect love of God which casts out all fear of evil, for as we grow to perceive with ever-increasing distinctness that all our afflictions, trials and disappointments are a part of our education, we shall no longer fret against them, but we shall not tamely submit to be controlled by circumstances when we realize that we are here on earth in one of the many schools which stud the universe to gain mastery over all surroundings. Emerson's famous saying:

"Out from the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old."

conveys exactly the thought we need to carry with us when we address ourselves to the task of interpreting the folklore and mythology of all nations.

Bibles are compendia of information concerning the progress of races and individuals, and the only truly profitable way of studying any ancient and largely figurative literature is to consider it poetically and dramatically. The greatest of all mistakes has ever been to treat literally that which was intended symbolically. More and more are we all coming to agree with Matthew Arnold, who was ever wont to say that very much can be accepted as highly useful and instructive when we get the standpoint of the author and no longer flounder about in the mazes of allegory imagining that great dramas and poems were intended as literal anecdotes.

Human histories are valuable in so far as they are illustrative of the progress of human thought through varied stages of development. Things seem to us as they must seem from our present viewpoint, but when we rise to loftier altitudes in mental and moral progress, we can no longer see as we formerly saw. When we change, we think God changes; when we alter our attitude to others, we imagine they have turned their wrath from us. This is a necessary subjective psychological experience of our own fraught with inestimable value to us, if we do but consider it aright.

ARE THE GOSPEL TEACHINGS PRACTICAL TODAY?

Pulpits everywhere are ringing with stirring addresses by popular preachers, many of them even of considerable learning as well as eloquence, endeavoring to show how far we can and how far we cannot literally observe the precepts of the canonical Gospel narratives.

On Sunday, March 15, a very able Universalist minister in New York wrestled with

certain pressing problems of modern life, and found it difficult to adjust the needs of today to the apparent standard of the Gospel. We are distinctly told in accepted versions of the New Testament, that in order to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, we must resent no injuries and show no animosity to those who would do us wrong, and we are further told to "turn the other cheek" to the smiter, never to go to law with an adversary, and to refuse no loans to those who would borrow from us. As an utterly literal acceptance of these precepts would, in many instances, encourage crime rather than promote virtue, the custom today is to make interpretations so elastic and so varied that at the end of a sermon a conclusion is often reached totally at variance with the inculcation of the text from which it has been preached. This places a minister of religion in a strangely anomalous position and leads many scoffers to style religion "humbug."

There is but one way out of the difficulty and that is to frankly confess that all we are vitally interested in preserving is a moral standard of behavior conducive to the best interests of humanity at large. The underlying truth sometimes obscurely presented in accepted quotations from the New Testament is that there is a higher path than the road of resentment or retaliation, and it is this nobler way that ethical teachers need to make distinctly plain.

If I descend to the level of an offender against equity, then there are two culprits instead of one, and I am one of the two; if on the other hand, I seek to lift my brother to my higher level while refusing to degrade myself to his present lower state, I am actively aiding the moral progress of the community which includes me and him also. Doubtless a restatement of principles is often necessary, and if our ideas are in a state of flux, it is because we are growing and not stagnating.

The safe rule to apply in every instance is what course of action will here and now most largely contribute to the cause of genuine philanthropy. We have no need to think back to ancient days and place ourselves in thought somewhere in Asia Minor. Today's work has to be done with the aid of the brightest light the present century can furnish, and we may safely assure ourselves that we are only truly walking in the path consecrated by the footsteps of all the world's true benefactors when we live to the highest perception of truth, which is now afforded us.

There is a higher and a lower way of dealing with every question. The higher way is ever to consider the general good, subduing personal resentment and subordinating private interest to the common weal. In a given set of circumstances, we may not at once see clearly how to act wisely, but wisdom comes as it is earnestly sought, and we can all consecrate ourselves heartily to the search for truth and to the love of applying it as quickly as we find it to the elevation of all humanity.

PRESENT ATTITUDE OF THEOSOPHISTS TO SPIRITUALISM

While we constantly hear of antagonism between Spiritualists and Theosophists on the score of great difference in doctrine on several important points, it is well to know that there is at present a good work of conciliation going on, though extremists in both camps may still appear at variance. As the writings of that able author, C. W. Leadbeater, are now greatly in demand and his recent books are selling in influential circles with considerable rapidity, it has seemed well to our versatile contemporary, "The Progressive Thinker" of Chicago, to publish a fine lecture from that able speaker—who lectures as well as he writes—from which we call the following excerpt:

"It is not found that any sudden change takes place in man at death, or that he is spirited away to some heaven beyond the stars. On the contrary man remains after death exactly what he was before. It is the same in intellect, the same in his qualities and powers; and the conditions in which he finds himself are those which his own thoughts and desires have already created for him. As we said last week there is no reward or punishment from outside, but only the actual result of what the man himself has done and said and thought while here on earth. In fact, the man makes his bed during earth-life, and afterwards he has to lie on it."

"This is the first and most prominent fact—that we have not here a strange new life, but a continuation of the present one. We are not separated from the dead, for they are here about us all the time. The only separation is the limitation of our consciousness, so that we have lost, not our loved ones, but the power to see them. It is quite possible for us to raise our consciousness that we can see them and talk with them as before, and all of us constantly do that, though we only rarely remember it fully. A man may learn to focus his consciousness in his astral body while his physical body is still awake, but that needs special development, and in the case of the average man would take much time. But during the sleep of his physical body every man uses his astral vehicle to a greater or less extent, and in that way we are daily with our departed friends. Sometimes we have a partial remembrance of meeting them, and then we say we have dreamt of them; more frequently we have no recollection of such encounters and remain ignorant that they have taken place. Yet it is a definite fact that the ties of affection are still as strong as ever, and so the moment the man is freed from the chains of his physical engagement he naturally seeks the company of those whom he loves. So that in truth the only change is that he spends the night with them instead of the day, and he is conscious of them actually instead of physically."

"The bringing through of the memory from the astral plane to the physical is another and quite separate consideration, which in no way affects our consciousness on that other plane, nor our ability to function upon it with perfect ease and freedom. Whether you recollect them or not, they are still living their life close to you, and the only difference is that they have taken off this robe of flesh which we call the body. That makes no change in them, any more than it makes a change in your personality when you remove your overcoat. You are somewhat freer, indeed, because you have less weight to carry, and precisely the same is the case with them. The man's passions, affections, emotions, and intellect are not in the least affected when he dies, for none of these belong to the physical body which he has laid aside. He has dropped this vesture and is living in another, but he is still able to think and to feel just as before."

It is difficult to see wherein any reasonable Spiritualist can take exception to the foregoing

statements, for though it may be contended that many phases of Spiritualism are left unrepresented in the quoted text, we can surely declare without exaggeration, that anyone who admits that we can have real communion with our friends in the "other life" while we are sleeping is to all intents a Spiritualist. It is high time to show a more united front to the materialistic world if we are truly satisfied that we have any definite knowledge of spiritual existence, and surely if we are sane in our philosophy we can seek to compass such depth, height and breadth therein that we find ample scope for diverse expressions explanatory of varying human experience. Clairvoyance is Mr. Leadbeater's pet specialty and it is a subject of great interest and importance, and through its agency it is impossible to estimate how much knowledge we may win from the "great unseen," as the spiritual realm is often called by those who are not yet blessed with superordinary vision.

THE HISTORY AND POWER OF MIND.

This is the title of a book by Richard Ingalese, which is frequently advertised in this paper. The title is attractive and there is much information of interest and value in different portions of the volume. The author certainly presents food for thought in many instances, and for people who have sufficient discrimination to sift "wheat" from "tare," the book may prove useful, but should it fall into the hands of a credulous, easily frightened person who knows next to nothing of spiritual law, the crazy statements concerning some suppositions "Jack the Ripper" might prove decidedly injurious.

When a volume is published with the claim that it "differs from all other New Thought literature, because it teaches the nature of mind and clearly describes the law under which mind manifests, describes the manner in which mind creates and gives reasons for its attracting to itself whatever it dwells upon," we are led to suppose that we are to be treated to a logical comprehensive exposition of what may fairly be termed the certain operation of an unequivocal law of attraction.

Up to a certain point, this claim is measurably justified, for we are distinctly told that if we concentrate steadily and with unfaltering desire upon one hundred dollars we shall draw that amount of money to us, which is probably the case, and though there are higher objects in the universe than a sum of money on which our hearts' affections can be centred, still there is nothing wicked in desiring to attract one hundred dollars or even five thousand dollars by honest means, as reward for faithful industry.

The law of attraction, according to Ingalese, breaks down utterly when he touches Spiritualism, of which he is utterly ignorant and against which he manifests a blind and stupid prejudice. Not content with a rational agnostic attitude, which is always safe and commendable in those who have no definite knowledge, he positively goes out of his way to make his book ridiculous in his coarse endeavor to substitute "Jack the Ripper" for Philip Savage. Rev. M. J. Savage is clearly meant in an allusion to a "Local preacher" who imagines his son who had passed to spirit-life pointed out to him the whereabouts of some private MSS. which he desired should be taken charge of by his father; an incident very familiar to those who have read "Can Telepathy Explain?"

The relation between parent and child when the two have lived together and loved each other for thirty years, is quite conceivable, and even should there be no positive proof of the son's communicating with his father, the nonsensical vulgarity of bringing a "Jack the Ripper" on the scene is the summit of coarseness and stupidity, and only serves to show into what wretched holes people drive themselves to support unreasoning prejudices.

Let any philosophic thinker study Swedenborg, and he may learn much concerning attraction in the unseen spheres, and if he masters Emerson's "Circles," he may derive a great deal of enlightenment. The total absence of moral teaching or of ethical implication in the ribald utterances of Ingalese concerning Spiritualism, renders his worthless opinion totally ridiculous.

We are quite well aware that if it be admitted that there is any communion whatever with the spirit-world, some law of affinity must regulate it, and in that admission there is an ethical kernel at least, but not a shadow of ethics in the hateful supposition that there are always devils at our elbow whenever we seek to obtain light upon the great problem of human destiny. So fiendish a theory as that which spurious ideas concerning Occultism often produces, is simply a relic of Devil worship and belongs with Satanism and other degraded substitutes for genuine Occult Science which modern pruriency has revived.

The fabrications of Ingalese, like the Devil of Dowie, have no longer power to scare honest investigators who are knocking at the portals of the temple of undiscovered but not undiscoverable verity. To demand proofs, and even to remain skeptical in the face of doubtful evidence is quite legitimate, but the old scarecrows which have long been the nightmares of theology need to be incinerated not rehabilitated. This is an inquiring age; people will think for themselves and that last refuge of dying ignorance—fear of the devil when we are searching for truth—has already received its deathblow, but old superstitions die very slowly.

Genuine New Thought literature is very helpful, because it is inspiring, encouraging and optimistic, therefore it does not people the woods and seas of the unseen realm with devils. We can more readily overlook a professedly orthodox Christian's diabolism than that of a professed New Thought advocate, because the former is held by the traditions of his denomination, while the latter is presumably a freethinker.

WHAT ABOUT VIVISECTION?

Quite recently public attention in Boston and elsewhere has been called anew to the pros and cons of a practice which is stoutly defended on the one hand and relentlessly condemned on the other. The argument against vivisection is very strong, and may be power-

fully summarized in a few graphic sentences. It demoralizes all who practice it to the extent that it justifies cruelty to animals and also hardens human susceptibilities where fellow human beings are concerned. It is a violent, unnatural endeavor to wrest facts from Nature in a disorderly manner, and it involves the generation of frightful diseases in the animals upon which experiments are made, and causes many very serious errors in the practice of medicine and surgery.

Eminent surgeons and physicians of exceptionally high standing in the profession they adorn are relentlessly opposed to vivisection and do not hesitate to condemn it in unmeasured terms, declaring that it is a dangerous and misleading, as well as highly demoralizing practice. Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward and other noted authors, especially "Ouida," have taken the strongest imaginable ground against it, and though some of their utterances may be too lurid for the acceptance of dispassionate readers, they put their case strongly and eloquently and they have never been satisfactorily answered by any vivisectionists.

The argument in favor of vivisection, always made as forcible as possible by its advocates, is that it is necessary in the interests of science, and some even protest against any restrictions of the practice on the plea that laboratory work must not be interfered with, as such interference would prove a menace to the spread of useful knowledge.

The Boston Herald (March 18) contained very interesting statements concerning the agitation which is now before the Legislature of Massachusetts. Dr. Harold C. Ernst of Harvard Medical School, a prominent vivisectionist, seemed to think it necessary to emphasize the use of anesthetics and to confine his advocacy to "painless vivisection;" he also insists that "proper persons" can be permitted to witness operations in college laboratories, but before he concludes he lets a large "cat" fully out of the vivisectionists' "bag" by saying, "We welcome investigation by proper persons. We will not submit to it except as a result of force, by improper persons."

Now who is to define how the words "proper" and "improper" shall be lawfully construed? Once let that phrase go unchallenged and let vivisectionists decide who are and who are not proper persons to witness their performances, and we shall find, almost before we can wink, that everybody is "proper" who is in favor of vivisection, and everybody "improper" who is opposed to it. Dr. Ernst let another "cat" out of his same old "bag" earlier in his address when he admitted that two persons who were allowed to witness experiments protested against the cruelty involved, but "one was an anti-vivisectionist and the other was a mental scientist." What is the inference but that all the other people who were permitted to witness experiments, though two hundred and nineteen in number, were presumably pro-vivisectionists?

Now let the people of this Commonwealth insist upon investigation by "improper" as well as by "proper" people unless it can be distinctly shown that responsible persons in representative positions are "proper" because of their standing and influence in the community regardless of their attitude toward vivisection. The opposition to vivisection is growing immensely strong on both sides of the Atlantic, and the present advocacy of this dangerous and frequently atrociously cruel practice is becoming extremely cautious.

The public insists on anesthetics, and the only answer to Mrs. Ward and to many distinguished surgeons, including the venerable Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, is that the experiments justified are painless. Certainly if such be the case there is far less reason than there would be otherwise to protest against them, but we very much doubt whether even painless vivisection will reveal undiluted or unperverted truth. This is a question to be dealt with by legislation, but popular sentiment must control legislation. We should study both sides of every question, but when we are in any doubt, it is always safer to take the side of gentleness and regard for the rights of animals as well as human beings than to side with a cruel policy, which though professedly in the interests of science, opens the door to manifold and grave abuses. The best minds in England are many of them, vigorously opposed to vivisection and high scientific authority is arrayed against it.

PROGRESS OF BENEFICENT SCIENCE.

The Boston Evening Transcript, among very many other items of deeply interesting and novel tidings from various parts of the world, has furnished us with the following truly wonderful reports of scientific progress of a character to delight the heart of all who are truly desirous to relieve the afflicted. It is impossible to assign limits to the marvels which we may yet witness as we are daily growing nearer to a comprehension of the mighty law which works wonders continually, which seem to most of us miraculous. Alabama is indeed to be congratulated for bringing to light an invention and an inventor who can perform the following scientific miracle.

We are informed that on March 13,

Three children, deaf, dumb and blind heard a pianist play Sousa marches, heard a phonograph repeat the sounds, and finally were astonished to hear the sound of their own voices utter the words "mama," "papa," and "hello" in quivering childish treble. Miller Reese Hutchinson, a young Alabamian, who has recently decorated his country, Alexander for his efforts in behalf of the deaf, had invited a few friends to his laboratory to watch some experiments with his newest instrument for making the deaf hear. The invention consists primarily of a transmitter, an ear piece and a small electric battery. It is far less conspicuous than any other form of hearing instrument, no part of it actually appearing in sight except the ear piece, which may be covered with the hand. By means of these instruments sound is projected into the ear in a manner to stimulate the auditory nerve.

The first patient brought out to try the effects of the invention was Orris Benson, who is blind, deaf and dumb. The little instrument was put to the lad's ear, the current switched on and Mr. Hutchinson said in an ordinary tone, "Papa." The youth raised his sightless eyes to his friend, Professor Van Tassel, and worked his fingers rapidly in the sign language. "He says he can hear something, but does not know what it is," re-

marked Professor Van Tassel. The current was made stronger. The youth's eyebrows were raised and he smiled. Then he tried to repeat the syllables, and in a weird treble cried shrilly, "Fah-pah." A girl, born blind, deaf and dumb, clapped her hands in ecstasy when she heard her own voice say "Mama," and reached out wistfully toward the piano when the musician stopped playing and the new harmonies died out of her ear but lingered in her memory.

A DISTINGUISHED FRENCH PSYCHOLOGIST EXPLAINS AUTO-SUGGESTION

Dr. Felix Regnault has contributed an article to La Revue on psychical gymnastics and the education of the will in which he deals with auto-suggestion and gives hints of its practice. He says it is necessary for success to withdraw the mind from external things and to avoid voice and conversation, while such disturbing sensations as cold feet and headaches are fatal to achieving complete control by the will. According to Dr. Regnault, night is the best time to engage in auto-suggestion, just when you are dropping off to sleep. The first thing to do is to think hard and engage in mental repetition. Those endowed with a strong will have obtained extraordinary results by this method, such as controlling the muscles, moving the ears and quickening or stopping the beats of the heart. Similarly, misanthropic persons become gay, the lazy active, and the passionate reasonable by education of the will. A simpler and easier method is to repeat aloud mechanically the suggestion you wish to obtain. Spoken prayers are equally efficacious, even if pronounced without fervor, for they penetrate by the ears and are imprinted on the brain. Some persons are strongly impressed by visual images. Dr. Regnault says he cured a hypochondriac by advising him to write upon the wall of his bedroom every night with phosphorescent powder the words: "I am gay," so that he would fall asleep with them before his eyes.

It certainly appears that France is taking the lead at present in the successful conduct of certain phases of psychic experimentation; this is accounted for to some extent by remembering that the French are a volatile, versatile and receptive people, far more ready than their more stolid neighbors across the English Channel to accept suggestions. Suggestive treatment is certainly of universal application when considered in its widest bearings, but some temperaments are more easily affected by suggestion than others. Dr. Regnault is a deep student and is evidently on the road to still greater discoveries.

Edward W. Murray.

Mr. Edward W. Murray, a prominent business man of Boston, a well and most favorably known Free and Accepted Mason, and not only a most worthy member of the Boston Spiritual Temple, but also a member of its Board of Directors, passed to his immortality Tuesday, March 17th.

Mr. Murray leaves two daughters, four grandchildren and a sister. By these his physical presence will be greatly missed, for while his devotion to all friends was true and earnest, to the members of his family he ever manifested, by every act, a most sincere attachment.

Mr. Murray was always so affable, amiable and sincere that he made many true friends. He was a most consistent Spiritualist and his religious life was such as to win many to the truth which he espoused and always honored.

A kind father, a most genial friend, a successful business man and a conscientious Spiritualist has gone to the other world to meet his beloved companion, who by a few years preceded him. All who knew Mr. Murray will greatly miss him here, but over there in the world of immortals there is rejoicing.

The funeral services were held on Thursday, March 20th, at 10 o'clock, at the residence of the Rev. F. A. Wiggin, officiating and the Ladies' Schubert Quartet, whose music always charmed Mr. Murray, rendered three selections.

Although his daughters are not avowed Spiritualists, they carried out their father's wishes in every respect. There were prominent business men, well-known Free Masons and the Board of Directors of the Boston Spiritual Temple as well as many other friends present. The floral contributions were many and beautiful. The burial was at Forest Hills.

In Memoriam.

On Thursday, March 20, 1902, the spirit of Mr. Rufus S. Ager, of Washington, D. C., passed quietly from its mortal form at his home in Washington, D. C. Mr. Ager had been ill for years, and his passing from the discomforts of a diseased body must have been a great relief to him, although he was loth to leave a loving wife and the two dear children of tender age, a beloved father and mother, sister and brother, and others who were very near in affection to his heart. The subject of this sketch was—and still is—the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Ager, who have long resided in the suburbs of Washington, a couple of sterling worth and integrity, well-known Spiritualists, who have the consolations of our philosophy in their hours of loneliness and pain. Many of the campers at Lake Pleasant, Mass., know this genial couple from their frequent visits there at the summer cottage of their life-long friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wheeler of Orange, Mass. On the Sunday following the ascension of Mr. Ager, spiritual services were conducted over the lifeless form by the writer of these lines, who, under the inspiring influence of Spirit John Pierpont, delivered a discourse and poem appropriate to the occasion, and Prof. Longley, who rendered selections from his uplifting and comforting songs. The chapel at Rock Creek Cemetery was filled by a most attentive congregation at this service, and many expressed themselves concerning the beauty and uplifting power of the spiritualistic ceremonies.

On the day following this funeral service, Mr. Rufus Ager manifested at a trumpet service, to a lady present, speaking in clear tones, giving his full name, and announcing his spirit birth, to the lady who did not know he had passed from earth, and who could hardly credit the fact. This lady is the wife of a very prominent man in Washington, and her statement of the manner in which the communication was received by her, through the trumpet medium, is most convincing of its reliability and genuineness. Since this period, the father and mother of Mr. Ager, have had many communications from their son, and to them, the veil is truly rent in twain, and the beloved one is seen, heard and recognized with unspeakable joy.

In memory of a loving and beloved son, husband, father, brother and friend, these

words are penned for the readers of the dear old Banner of Light, which is a household treasure in the home of the aged parents who are many years shall pass, will greet their loved ones in the land of souls. Although a year has elapsed since he passed on, he is not forgotten, but in tender memory he lives in the hearts of those who knew him best, while his frequent visits to those he left on earth, bear a silent blessing and joy to their souls.

Not dead, not dead, but just away—
Out there in realms of Spirit-Life,
He gathers power from day to day
To conquer forms of toil and strife
That press around the loved ones here.
He bears them tokens of good-will,
And heavenly messages of cheer,
Till, in the shadows of the tomb
Have vanished, and the way is bright
With Love's imperial, radiant bloom,
And all of Life, is bathed in light.

Mary T. Longley.

Notice.

The Spiritualists of Newport, Ky., and vicinity will celebrate the 55th anniversary of Modern Spiritualism at their temple, Sunday, March 29, afternoon and evening at 2:30 and 7:30 p.m., with addresses and messages. Our present speaker, Mr. Frank T. Ripley, will deliver the address of the day, and give messages at the close of the address.

Sec.

Anniversary Celebration in Lynn.

The Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Dr. Caird, president, will hold anniversary exercises in Cadet Hall on Sunday, March 29. There will be short addresses and communications by the "Cadet Hall Mediums" and others. There will also be singing and recitations by the Lyceum children. The musical exercises will be of special interest. Concert by Elfers' orchestra. Song service and circles by various mediums. Supper will be served in the banquet hall. Sec.

To V. S. U. Visitors and Friends.

It is the earnest wish of the officers and members of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union to show every courtesy and attention to visitors and friends on the occasion of the fifty-fifth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. With this purpose in view, the Reception Committee will be in attendance in the parlors of the New Century Building before and after each session. The committee requests representatives to report on arrival, thus insuring a proper recognition.

Mrs. Minnie M. Soule,
Mrs. Mary M. Nichols,
Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock,
Mrs. B. W. Belcher,
Reception Committee.

Ladies' Lyceum Union.

The annual anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will occur Wednesday, March 25, in Red Men's Hall, all day and evening; day services will be free. Evening admission will be ten cents. Good speakers, mediums and good music will be the attraction and the Lyceum children will assist the Union in the evening to entertain the friends. Supper served in Dwight Hall as usual. There will be no whisky party the 25th. Our next whisky party will be held Wednesday, April 1, as usual. Laura F. Sloan, Rec. Sec.

Note from Dean Clarke.

I wish to say to all my kind patrons that I have four poems, printed as tracts, which I will send, with Triumphs of Man (which is 12 cents), at two cents each. They are "The Old Soldier's Funeral," "Heaven and Hell Reconstructed," "Evolution of the God-idea," and "A Song for the A. P. A." (adapted to "Marching Through Georgia"). These are among my best, and I offer them (mailed with T. of M.) at less than half price, hoping for their distribution. Send for them.

Notice.

Meeting for V. S. U. Committee on Anniversary exercises to be held at 177 Huntington Ave. on Saturday, March 28. I wish to inform the public that the number on the afternoon program marked "Messages" should have the name of Mrs. Carrie F. Loring printed after it. Programs not obtainable at the Banner of Light bookstore from the Janitor at the New Century Building, 177 Huntington Ave.

Irving S. Symonds.

"The Triumphs of Man."

This booklet in smoothly flowing verse has given me so much pleasure that I wish to add my testimony as to its worth. It has, in a unique manner, traced the development of man from its lowest form, to that which represents him in soul power but "little lower than the angels." May every Spiritualist favor the author with calls for his offering to the world of spiritual thought and may he be cheered by a just appreciation of his earnest labor in behalf of true Spiritualism, which is above all reproach, when rightly understood.—Belle Bush, Shirley, Mass.

[Send 12 cents to Dr. Dean Clarke, 7 Winthrop St., Roxbury, Mass., for a copy.]

Boston Spiritual Temple.

The Boston Spiritual Temple society will celebrate the Fifty-fifth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism on Sunday, March 29, at its usual place of meeting, Chickering Hall, Huntington Avenue, at 10:45 and 7:30. The pastor, Rev. F. A. Wiggin, will deliver the anniversary address at 10:45. Miss Lillian Brainard, the celebrated elocutionist, will read selections at both evening and morning services. The Ladies' Schubert Quartet, with other talent, will furnish the music. The special attraction of the day will be an address from the Rev. F. E. Mason, the well-known orator of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Mason will deliver his address at the evening service. There will probably be spirit communications as well. For this day an admission fee will be charged and each one will be furnished a good seat.

Carlyle Petersilea.

An "Evening with Beethoven" proved an interesting musical recital, given by Carlyle Petersilea in Blanchard Hall Tuesday evening, March 23. Mr. Petersilea demonstrated to the large and enthusiastic audience present, his thorough knowledge of Beethoven's works. Credit must be given Mr. Petersilea for the selection of his program. He rendered the well-known Sonata Apassionata in a masterly manner, displaying an artistic temperament and wonderful technique. The last (Presto) movement of the Moonlight Sonata was played with a vigor and clearness which

caused intense enthusiasm. Special mention must be made of his playing of the octaves in the last (Presto) movement of the Sonata, Op. 53, most artists being unable to play these octaves as Beethoven intended, using finger action of both hands. Mr. Petersilea surprised the audience by playing them by gliding his thumb and little finger over the keys, a technical feat which few have acquired.—The Musical Herald, Los Angeles, Cal.

Reunion and Celebration in Paine Hall.

Sunday, March 29, The Boston Spiritual Lyceum will hold a reunion and anniversary celebration in Paine Hall. Services at 1:45 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all societies to come and join with the children in this celebration. Many of the past workers are expected to be present. Among those heard from we must specially mention Mr. D. N. Ford, one of the oldest conductors; in fact, the gentleman was serving in that capacity, when we first joined the Lyceum in Mercantile Hall. Mr. Ford, we know, would be pleased to meet the friends who were associated with him at that time, and if this letter should attract the attention of any of them, they will please consider it an invitation to be present. An invitation has been extended to Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, as this society has no celebration at that time in the day. We hope some of them will be present.

Remember the time, Sunday, March 29, afternoon. Admission free.
J. B. Hatch, Jr., Conductor,
Elmer B. Packard, Clerk.

Announcements.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society, Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock, president. Thursday, March 26, the regular monthly dance will be given; lovers of dancing and good music, cordially invited. Please remember the date of our celebration of the anniversary of Modern Spiritualism is April 2.—Sec.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, meet Sunday morning at 11 o'clock in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St. A cordial invitation to all to join us. Mrs. J. Butler, president, Mrs. M. E. Stillings, secretary.

Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists, Mrs. C. M. Hartwell, president, will hold next meeting, Friday, March 27, Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Mass. Avenue. Circle 3 p. m.; business meeting, 5 p. m.; supper, 6:30. 15 cents; evening services, 7:30. Edgar W. Emerson will lecture and give spirit messages.—Mrs. M. Merritt, cor. sec., 35 Brookline St.
G. W. Kates and wife will assist in the anniversary exercises in St. Louis, Mo., March 29, 30 and 31. They desire calls in the Middle West for months of April, May and June. Address them, 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.
Dr. G. C. Beckville-Ewell has located at 386 East Washington Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

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The Sunshine Club, Clara E. Strong, president, will have charge of the services at Mrs. Laroche's, 54 Cross St., Somerville, Sunday, March 29, 1903.—A. M. Strong, sec.

The First Spiritualist Society, Fitchburg, Mass., will celebrate the Fifty-fifth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism Sunday, March 29. Services will be conducted by Rev. Juliet Yeaw.

Edgar W. Emerson has the following engagements for April: Providence, R. I., the 5th; Newburyport, Mass., the 19th; Stoneham, Mass., the 23d. Would like engagements for the 12th and 26th of April, also 10th and 17th of May. Address 128 Bridge St., Manchester, N. H.

On account of renovating Good Templars' Hall, 258 State St., the Unity Church of Spiritualists will conduct the Fifty-fifth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism Sunday, April 5, at the above hall, with a fine program of speaking, tests, literary and musical exercises. We extend an invitation to all Spiritualists near Bridgeport to join with us and make it a day long to be remembered. Service 7:30 p. m.—W. D. Noyes.

First Association of Spiritualists, New York City.

Sunday, March 29, we shall celebrate the fifty-fifth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, and have prepared a most attractive program in honor of the occasion. Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, Ira Moore Courlis and our own psychic, Miss Margaret Gaulle, will give freely of their grand spiritual gifts, and extra music under the direction of that superb musician, Mrs. Edmund Severn, promise a feast of good things not often given to the public.

Since my last communication to the Banner I have to report most successful meetings. Miss Gaulle has been at her best, the attendance large, and the interest in this beautiful truth unabated.

A most successful mass meeting has recently been held in Brooklyn under the auspices of the New York State Spiritualists' Association which aroused much enthusiasm in that city, and gave the Cause an impetus that will long be felt.

Marie J. Fitzmaurice, Sec.

Massachusetts State Association

will celebrate the Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism Tuesday, March 31, in Berkeley Hall. There will be three sessions, all free. The Association is trying to make this one of the banner occasions of the year. The following excellent talent is to be presented: President, George A. Fuller, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, Rev. F. A. Wiggin, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mr. J. Frank Baxter, Mrs. Alex. Caird, Mr. J. S. Scarlett, Miss Susie C. Clark, Mrs. Kate Ham, Mrs. Effie I. Webster, Mrs. I. P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrne, Miss Lizzie Harlow, Mr. A. P. Blinn, Mrs. Bonney, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason. Good music at each session. There are to be many celebrations during the week and all the societies in Boston are to have excellent meetings. We hope the friends from surrounding cities will come to Boston and make this a gala week.

Carrie L. Hatch, Sec.

SCIENCE

AND

KEY OF LIFE.

Planetary Influences.

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

The natural laws and principles which make possible the use of the telephone, the X-rays and the wireless telegraphy have been in operation from the beginning. Their discovery and utilization is a matter of yesterday. In this book are explained the workings of other vibratory forces of infinitely greater importance, forces which have a vital bearing on the well-being and character of every individual now living or who will hereafter exist on this globe. Such a work needs no further commendation. It is a necessity for everyone who seeks to utilize for their own benefit and the benefit of those who come after them the beneficence which Nature offers to those who seek to come in rapport with her forces and her laws.

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The inspired Author of the book is held to be one Zerkow, the Prophet of Tsakwata, whose words and maxims are said to be of elevated and inspiring character. The book is bound most attractively, and the letterpress is admirable. Journal of Magnetism.

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

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

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I am immersed in the "Wisdom of the Ages." It is a volume of absorbing interest, of fascinating revelation, and of deep spiritual truth. PAUL A. VANCE, author of many Essays and Poems of an Occult and Scientific nature.

Your book is rightly named. I have been expressing my honest opinion, I read carefully every word and shall find frequent occasion for referring to it for what it contains.—Rev. V. A. Wilson, lecturer and author of "Odes and Epigrams in Human Life."

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

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

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Wisdom of the Ages.

Automatically transcribed by

GEO. A. FULLER, M. D.

PRESS NOTICES.

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

A purely literary production it is faultless, while the teaching given, and the force with which it is imparted is of a high order. Light of Truth.

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

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

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

"A transparent truth in poetic setting, beauty of thought and loftiness of concept, rich imagery and pure Spirituality render it a book unique, fascinating and marvelous. There is no loftier work among the inspired treasures of the age." The Sun, Toronto, Canada.

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SPIRIT Message Department.

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

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

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seance held March 12, 1903, S. E. 25.

Invocation.

Oh spirit of love, we would be imbued with the influence that comes from thee, would be filled so full of love and tenderness that the very expression of our life would be beautiful and true. Out from the darkness of materiality, out from the woe and destruction into the perfect light of faith and loving trust we would be led by those who have grown from these conditions into perfect understanding of them, by those who have fought the battles and have won the fight, by those who understand because of their own traveling over the pathway. Bless us, oh Spirit of Life, in our struggle after the perfect and may we, too, be able to cease from struggle. May we at last be so illumined with hope, be so sure of our own purpose that all struggle shall cease and we may be content to stand and be filled and to send forth the light of the spirit that is in us even to the uttermost parts of the earth. We would not forget the souls who suffer, the lives which are blighted, the hearts which ache. We would ever remember with great love and tenderness their misconception of life, their misunderstanding of death, and we would tear away that veil of doubt, of superstition, which makes them feel that death is a separation or that God has visited calamity upon them. May they see in the transforming souls only the expression of God's omnipotent love; only the expression of God's omnipresent power and understanding, and may they grow firm and steady and trusting as never before. Amen.

MESSAGES.

To Mrs. Emma Sherman, Martinsville, Ind.

I see standing in the spirit close beside me a woman about sixty years old. She is rather stout, has blue eyes, gray hair, and wears glasses. She is a very strong, energetic looking woman and she did everything with a good deal of force and vigor. Beside her is a girl that I take to be Cora. This girl is very weak from her passing out into the spirit. She says: "Tell my mother I am growing stronger every day. Although it seems so hard for her to have me away from her, it is not what she thinks for I can see her and do even come close into her life and try to make her aware of my presence. I was there a week ago today (Thursday), March 5, in the afternoon, when she was talking with a lady and I heard her speak about me and my conditions. I wish she could feel I am as near to her or nearer than I ever was before. I wish I could talk to you face to face, mama, but I want you to know I am as happy as I can be without having those I love closest to me. I didn't suffer as much as I seemed to and it was not hard after I made up my mind I had got to go. I wanted to stay because there was so much for me to look forward to, but after all I don't see as there was anything more that could have been done for me." This girl writes "Frank" and it seems to be somebody closely connected with her to whom she would like to send a message.

Bertha Chadwick, Ellston, Ia.

There is the spirit of a lady about forty years of age who comes to me. She is about medium height, not very stout, and rather dark complexioned; her hair, of which she has a quantity, is combed back smoothly and she appears like a person who made more or less effort to have herself look nice. She seems to be dressed up and thinks something of her person. Her name is Bertha Chadwick. She says, "I am from Ellston, Iowa. I want to reach Arthur. I think if I could get close to him I could tell him much because I could draw from him strength. I am a good deal weaker than I thought I would be; I thought it would be such an easy matter to just come here and say what I wanted to but I find it rather hard to express myself. Tell him for me that I know the effort he has made in connection with me since I came but I prefer he should just keep still and let matters take their course. Also tell Abe I am with him sometimes."

Isabel Cross, Lancaster, Pa.

Another lady comes to me who seems to be about forty years old. She is fair, rather stout with very fair skin, blue eyes, brown hair and she has beautiful hands, and everything about her looks beautiful as though she had taken great care of her physical body when she was here. She tells me her name is Isabel Cross; they called her Belle Cross. She lived in Lancaster, Pa. She says: "I wish I could get to Frank and tell him he needn't be afraid of anything he sees. I am sincere when I say if I make any effort to go to him I don't want him to be afraid. I don't want him to think he is going out of order mentally but just to understand it is I and therefore I come to help him. The children need me. My mother is with me and she says she will do all she can to help me to express myself freely, so here I come with the same love and the same desire to express that if I could only impress it upon you I believe I could help you. I am sorry I had to come away and I am sorry Jordan's people acted as they did, but never mind, you will get a better condition by and by."

Sarah Frances Carter, to Frank Raymond, Omaha, Neb.

Now comes the spirit of a woman who is stout; she has a full face, dark brown hair with hardly a sign of age in it, and dark brown eyes which have a pleasant, kindly expression in them. I think she is probably fifty years old, and she seems to be a woman who was very much of the world when she was here for she is fussing and planning all sorts of things to bring better conditions ma-

terially to her people and herself. She says to me: "My name is Sarah Frances Carter. I am no different today than I was the day I came away. I died suddenly in the midst of plans and busting and I can't see as my life is one whit different from the day which I left earth and my body was put away. I want to send this to Frank Raymond who lives in Omaha, Neb. I want him to know I understand all about him. It is not altogether because I am attracted through an interest in him that I come but if he thinks for one minute he can go on and do things he wouldn't do if I were alive just because I am dead, I want him to understand he can't. I have power and I shall use it and that power will help me to protect my interests. It is all nonsense for him to think he has everything his own way. If he wants to, he can turn around and work with me and we will make some effort for right that will tell, but at the rate he is going now he won't get any help from me and you can tell him so in plain words as you please." She puts her hand across her head and seems to be trying to think out plainly some problem, then she continues: "My mother is alive; she doesn't seem to have very much energy to look out for herself and that is why I have come to see what I can do. I am much obliged."

Carl Ludwig, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Here is a man who tries to speak. He is young, about thirty years old, bright, handsome, and a beautiful spirit. His name is Carl Ludwig. His hair is dark and wavy, his eyes are blue, strong, and steady looking, and he throws back his head with an air of strength and beauty that attracts me immediately. He says: "We German people know something about Spiritualism, although we may not always be able to express to you what we feel. I lived in Brooklyn and died there. I want to go to a dear friend whose every movement is carefully watched by me. I am so anxious to connect my life with the material life. It may seem strange to you that, after I have come away and there is so much beauty and life over here, I should care at once to take up the physical life again, but I do. I do feel a deep interest in all that was to me before I came. I wish I could speak in such a plain way that my message would bear the strength I want it to, but let this suffice; I am conscious and strong and growing. I find myself growing into a better man and the things that were of great importance to me becoming infinitely more so as I grow to understand them."

Everett Drake, Sioux City, Ia., to Ben Stacey.

There is a spirit here of a man past the middle life, whose hair is gray and quite long, eyes sharp and dark, beard full, and his manner is very impatient as though he used to be in such a hurry to have everything done he couldn't have patience to see anybody else a little slower. He sort of laughs when I say that he says, "Funny how you spirits have a way of singling us out and putting all our weaknesses to the front! My name is Everett Drake; I am from Sioux City. It is quite a trip I have taken; I came from there today. Funny how we travel! We centre our thought on the place we want to reach and we find ourselves moving as we grow intent on our destination. I have wondered sometimes if that isn't the way people grow spiritually. A man centres his mind on great wealth and keeps thinking and thinking about it until pretty soon he moves that way. If it is true, it is quite important for us to be careful about our thoughts, but that has nothing to do with my message. I didn't come here to deliver any sermon. I want to go to Ben Stacey who lives in Sioux City. I thank him with all my heart for the things he has done for me. It is strange that we often do not know how dear our friends are until we pass away from them and as I have looked back and seen all he did for Lizzie and for Alice I find I must thank him for it. I haven't any keys to lug around now. He will know what I mean. Thank you."

William George, Marblehead, Mass.

I see the spirit of a man who must be fifty-five years old. He is tall, strong and very firm looking. His eyes are blue; his hair has been very dark but there is a little white lock right in the front; the rest of it looks quite dark; his features are very prominent; he has strong hands and a strong way of speaking. He says: "I am most anxious to speak. I have been trying to get here for a long time and it is quite an effort now that I have come. My name is William George; I lived in Marblehead. I might as well say that I live in Marblehead now, for I have so many interests and so many things to do there I hardly get time to see what kind of a place I am in over here. I'd like to send word to Joe. Tell Joe for me I am trying to lighten the burden he is bearing. I tried to save him from it but it wasn't any use. It was one of those things over which I had no control and before I knew it he was where he is. There was nothing I could do. Bertie is all right. Mary is here and sends her dearest love as usual, and Maggie who does nothing but laugh with joy at the thought of being able to communicate. I wish I could say more but perhaps this will show you the trend of my thought and give you an appetite to find out more about me."

Edith Rowe, Milford, Mass.

A girl about eighteen years of age, as fair as a flower, is here now. Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown and she has a quiet, sweet way; she seems to like spirit life better than this. She walks over to me and says: "Don't say that because although I was so quiet I did take an interest in everything that other girls did. I know they say now I never was made to stay here long and perhaps that is true, but certainly I am just as much interested in my friends and anxious to speak to them as if I had stayed fifty years. I am not eighteen years old; I was only fifteen years of age but I grew tall so fast that I think I had no strength. My name is Edith Rowe; I used to live in Milford, Mass. I didn't seem to have very much the matter with me except that I didn't have strength to stay. Most of my friends are alive now and in my home where I lived are so many things I used to make. I wish I could make them understand I know how they love them and I know how much they do to keep the things just as I left them. I have a little brother over here; his name is Freddie but he has grown. I never thought of him as anything but little Freddie but he has grown bigger than I am, and is so much stronger. He goes with me everywhere and helps me to understand. I am just as fond of flowers as I ever was and the water lilies that I keep near me are beautiful. Don't ever think, mama, that I could go away from you. There is nothing so beautiful here that I would not give it up to get back and speak to you. Grandma is with me and she says to tell you Uncle Theodore has been found in the spirit. Thank you."

Mrs. Jennie Peabody, New York.

The spirit of a woman about thirty years of age is beside me. She is like a bird, darting here and there, in a bright, fascinating way. She has black eyes, dark hair and seems to be an energetic little body and she says: "I am Mrs. Peabody and put it Mrs. Jennie Peabody from New York. New York is a big place, but there are a good many of my friends who take the Banner

and if some of them don't make an effort to answer this message I shall feel I have been neglected. I don't think it is fair to come back from spirit and try to give your message and then have your friends just let it pass by as though it didn't amount to anything. I never thought it was very nice to let letters go unanswered to say nothing about letters from the spirit. I want to go to my husband of course. I don't think it is much use to fret over it because I am over here and he is in the body. At the same time I wish I could get into communication with him so I could talk to him as I know I could if I had a chance. He is quite mediumistic and he ought to be able to receive word from me. I go there and stand and look right at him and he feels me but he never says a word. His name is Jack. I want to say: Jack if you don't make an effort to hear from me I don't know what I shall do. I get homesick because I want to talk to you. I don't think for me to see you. You know we used to sit down together I never wanted to sit still and let you read and do as you wanted to, but I wanted to talk to you. You used to think you had talked yourself all out all day, but when you came home I had to have you talk some more to me, so that is the way I feel now, and Jack dear, if you knew how much I tried to help you and if you knew how sorry I am to be away from you you certainly would make an effort to see if it would not be possible for me to come. We had a lot of things to look forward to and a good many plans we had made but they all fell through with my coming over here and now I am building air castles and thinking all the time about what I will do when you come over to me, so don't forget me Jack and don't go off and find some other pleasure and forget I am waiting patiently over here for you."

The Role of the Astral Body in Phenomena.

FRED DE ROS.

Allan Kardec was right in urging the study of the astral body, as it is the first step in the study of Spiritualism, if we want to understand its teachings.

The astral body is that principle which assures the connection between the soul and body. What is the meaning of these words: body, astral body, and soul?

As no one denies the existence of the body, it does not need much study. But the soul needs much explanation, so that we can form even a general idea of it. The soul is that principle manifested to us by conscience and that trinity: memory, intelligence and will. The will enables the physiologist to understand what we mean by the soul. The organs of our body which come under the influence of the will are distinct from those which do not, as the heart, the liver, the intestines, etc., etc.

But what is that force which governs the heart, repairing, unknown to conscience, the waste of the organism as it occurs? It is that carried by the blood through the system, it is the Life.

Is the blood life? Yes. Hinder the blood from reaching any organ and it will die. Do not speak of the nervous system, as paralysis shows that an organ can live when no longer under the influence of the will. The body, the life and the will are thus three distinct entities, each one having its own special domain.

How can the will be manifested? Only by the irrigation of the brain by the blood. Let the blood suddenly stop from flowing to the brain, fainting will ensue, that is the rupture of the relations between the body and the will. Should a blood vessel break and the blood flow too rapidly and we have apoplexy. The blood then which is the life maintains the relations between body and will. This digression proves scientifically the assertion of Paracelsus, von Helmholtz and Kardec, that the astral body is the intermediary between the soul and the body.

PROPERTY OF THE ASTRAL BODY—THE MEDIUM.

The life and the astral body are identical words meaning the same thing and the study of one is the study of the other.

We have seen that the life, carried by the blood through the organism, was the intermediary between the body and the will. But is the whole life in the blood? Not at all, a part of life is held in reserve, ready to be drawn out in case of a great physiological effort. This reserve is held in a series of nervous ganglions united together and running through the organism. The totality of these ganglions is called in medicine the nervous ganglionic system or the great sympathetic, whose main centre is near the heart, (the solar plexus) and in the belly. The astral body is now seen as a whole, the exact counterpart of each organ, and so intimately connected with the organism that you could draw it whole, you would have an exact copy of the man. But has the astral body no other function, and is it only the intermediary between the will and the body, that is to say between matter and spirit?

Not at all, and we here see the role of the mediums in the Spiritualist phenomena. Hence we have this formula: Under certain conditions, life can leave the body of man, and act at a distance.

We have seen how the Indian fakirs will put themselves in a cataleptic state before a little seed placed in a vase filled with earth, in less than two hours, this seed will sprout, blossom and bear fruit. This is supernatural (if there is anything supernatural). How has it been done? Moved by his will, the life of the fakir has left his body, has been projected upon the seed which has done in two hours by the force of human life what the vegetable life would require a season or a year to accomplish.

We have the experiments of Mr. Pelletier who hypnotizes three persons, places them around a table and at his command, material objects begin to move without any contact whatever. How is it done? His will takes the life of the three subjects, directs the force of the three astral bodies upon the objects and they obey the influence, for a spirit (will or soul) cannot act upon matter (body) except through an astral body (or vital force).

We can see by this what a medium is. He is only a machine to set the astral body free, which becomes then a means of action for all the visible or invisible wills who know how to control it. Ask the mediums and all will tell you that, when the phenomena of incarnation or materialization are about to take place, they feel a sharp pain near the heart, they then become unconscious. The astral body leaves the medium, and the invisible forces present can act and manifest themselves. As all wills can act on this astral body, I will speak of the influence exerted by the persons present.

Eugene Nuss says that the astral bodies of all the assistants act unconsciously upon that of the medium and form truly an entity which he calls the collective being. The influence of the assistants is important, as such will good or bad and the life of each one act on the astral body of the medium and help or hinder the influences which would act upon it. They form really a fluidic wall which hinders the medium's astral body from losing its force by being scattered through space, and also hinders outside influences from entering the circle. That is why very often mediums will see those present to form a chain in the seances for materialization, as such chain increases greatly the force of the me-

medium and does exert a great influence on the phenomena. The life of the medium being out of his body can be under the control of any one who may hold it; hence the medium runs great danger, and many accidents have happened.

Let us now consider these elements in action, and to that end I will describe a dark seance.

THE PHENOMENA—A SEANCE IN THE DARK.

Why is darkness necessary for the phenomena?

To produce an impression on our physical eyes by this pre-invisible in our normal state called in occultism "astral light," by Spiritualists "astral body."

This vital force can be properly set free only when sheltered from the yellow rays and specially the red rays of the solar spectrum which act on it like water on sugar, this is why the medium must be in darkness or lighted by a feeble light; violet is the best. The phenomena can be produced in a room feebly lighted by gas, but the medium must be away from it. It is said that the light is turned down to deceive more easily, yes, just like the photographer goes in the dark to deceive.

Darkness is necessary in spiritism as in photography, for light, electricity and the mysterious force of our seances have the same primordial laws. It is then for a purely physical reason that we have darkness, those present form a chain, the medium says a few words, or offers a prayer to establish communion of will in all, they sing to increase the fluidic ties among all the astral bodies. Then the medium thus surrounded falls into trance. Every one then can feel like a cool breeze running along the chain, it is the fluidic current, which, invisible to material eyes, but seen by the clairvoyants, circulates above and within the circle, and the phenomena begin. Little blue lights appear here and there, hands are seen, full forms may appear, and sometimes objects are moved. Musical instruments playing different tunes pass over the heads, and many other phenomena occur, until the astral body re-enters the medium, and the chain is broken. Let me, in closing, give you two well-authenticated facts to prove the existence of this fluidic current.

At a seance at Anteuil, the medium S—, being in a trance, instruments of music were floating over the heads of the people, when a man tried to grasp a guitar as it passed over him, and so he broke the chain at once, the guitar fell on his head and cut quite a gash on his forehead.

Three young men wishing to have a dark seance, ignorant of the scientific principles of Spiritualism, went alone in a room in which were only a table and three chairs. Nothing happened for half an hour; all at once there was a great noise, one of the young men cried the other two hastened to strike light, and saw their companion under the table. He had fainted, his head had been split by the marble top of the mantel-piece which had been thrown at him by some unknown influence. He was sick for a long time and never entirely recovered. Had the young men formed a chain, danger would have been averted. In the first case the chain being broken the guitar fell, which is a purely physical phenomenon.

One man well acquainted with Spiritualism before holding seances in the dark, just as one must know chemistry before putting chloride of potassium in sulphuric acid. Mediums know the danger and ask that the chain be not broken, whatever may happen during the seance.

As the medium is unconscious, he cannot deceive. If there is any deception it must be through the bad influence of some one in the circle, or through the power of some joking or evil spirit. Our duty is to banish as much as possible all evil influence from whatever quarter it may come, by never going to a seance in a laughing, idle mood, but with an earnest spirit anxious to learn something which will make us better men and women.

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

[The following poem is the composition of Dr. Derby Clarke who, says Hudson Tuttle, "has added new laurels to his fame by publishing The Triumphs of Man." For sale by the author at 12 cts. per copy. Address him, No. 7 Winthrop St., Roxbury, Mass.]

We greet once more the joyful day
That brought new light from spheres above,
The time that passed from earth away
First came a cry the other two hastened to
We hail again the sacred hour
When spirits came to Katie Fox,
And with a wondrous occult power
Produced the famous "Hydesville Knocks."

The five and fiftieth yearly round
Of Time's diurnal rolling sphere,
Renews again the welcome sound
That startled then the doubter's ear;
'Tis therefore good to celebrate
The date of that eventful time
When spirits rapped in Forty-eight
To demonstrate their life sublime.

Those raps they thought "a humbug" then,
Have since been heard around the earth,
They're now the theme of tongue and pen,
And millions know their priceless worth;
The "till small voice" with which they spoke
To few who then "had ears to hear,"
The silence of the grave had broke,
And now all earth gives listening ear.

That natal day was "big with fate"
To all the race of human kind,
'Twas ominous to Church and State
Of change to come by Heav'n designed;
'Twas day of doom to errors old,
To Superstition's slavish thrall;
No more should man by man be sold,
Nor minds confined by creedal wall.

Destroying Angels, sent abroad,
Then smote the Godless shrines of man,
The worship of a man-made God;
They doomed to die "neath Reason's ban;
There dawned that day an Era grand
When Truth shall make the people free,
And light appeared in every land
To show the path to Liberty.

New fire from Heav'n descending came
On altars never used before;
The breath of God then fanned its flame,
And soon it flashed from shore to shore;
It lit the pile of musty creeds
Progressive minds had long outgrown,
And burned the rubbish and the weeds
That had in Reason's pathway grown.

The Christian's Bible, long believed
To be the only "Word of God,"
Was proved to many thus deceived
To hold full many a "pious fraud;"
But all the truth the Scriptures store,
No matter where, or how 'twas given,
Is held as sacred as of yore
When all was thought to come from Heaven.

The "Spirit Gifts" of Bible days,
Are duplicated in this age,
And now they come in many ways
Not mentioned on the sacred page;
The "burning bush," the "lighted cell,"
The light that blinded Paul of old,
Have come again like magic spell,
With greater wonders yet untold.

By occult art and magic skill,
Our loved ones come before our eyes,
And using wondrous power of will
From out the air "materialize" us.

This last, best gift, now conquers Death,
And wins the victory over the grave,
We fear no more to yield our breath,
For knowledge makes us free and brave.

Thank God we live to see this day,
The best and grandest ever known,
When clouds of error flee away
And "Light, more light," is o'er us thrown;
The spirit power from spheres on high
Fills all pure souls with quickening leaven,
And hungry hearts no more need sigh
For "Bread of Life," it comes from Heaven!

About Books.

THE MELODY OF LIFE.

Sula C. Clarke.

12mo., cloth, 140 pp., 75 cents. Alliance Publishing Company.

Five cantos make up this attractive little book, "The Staff, The Key, The Score, The Rhythm, and The Melody." Prettily written, with a helpful, hopeful, sunny atmosphere; with a breath of reincarnation theory noticeable in several statements, with a candid, rational mental-cure tendency, and all in choice language, with apt figures and an evident appreciation of the beautiful in nature and human life.

As a kind of key-note to the entire work we are told "Music pervades and inspires all life, and from the wide domain of Nature rings its sweet essence everywhere, its ceaseless 'Te Deum.' The chief, primal cause of human woes is the prominence of self, of personal choosing. . . . Only through having our unwise yearnings granted, our imperative demands and selfish prayers answered, can we gain a perfect at-onement with the divine will and a complete renouncing of our own self choosing. . . . This is the royal road to the heights. The personal will has become so perfectly merged in the Divine will, their rhythmic response so complete, that the action of the cause of the choice of the other. . . . The ability to transcend material consciousness is, however, sometimes reached through the psychic plane, through the semi-trance, or the absorption of silence."

I lead guilty to the charge of ignorance concerning spiritual laws and therefore I would ask how about "silence" and music "ceaseless, everywhere?"

Between cantos III. and IV. is inserted quite a lengthy poem that appeared nearly twenty years ago in the Christian Register. It is entitled "The Heavens of the Moon," and was written by Rev. S. B. Calthrop. Shorter poems by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and others are frequent and well chosen.

Growth through love and sorrow is shown to be the natural and permanent character building; and the individual that has known and lived a faulty life then seeing the light has reformed is credited with a fuller development, a richer sympathy and a nobler worth than the shielded one upon whom the blasts have never blown, the surges never beat; one that knows not the worth of secure harbor because of never having known the clash of elemental war.

The most of Miss Clark's illustrations, drawn from nature and life, are familiar to all, and her statements are in accord with the thoughts of the leaders; she has given time to the fuller elaboration of her subject than I or probably you, reader, have done, but her language, like some half-forgotten song, awakens us to a recognition of some of our own thoughts on kindred subjects and we unhesitatingly say, Why yes, I think so too.

MYSTERIES OF THE SEANCE.

By a Life-Long Spiritualist.

Lunt Bros. Paper, 25 cents. Pp. 64. Every good thing is said to have a counterfeit; and because of the efforts of frauds to counterfeit the phenomena produced through genuine mediums of spirit forces our author has written and offered to the public this pamphlet.

Herein is described the methods employed by "bogus" mediums for producing raps, slate writing, platform tests, both clairvoyant and ballot, blood writing, trumpet speaking and full form materialization.

I read every word the book contains and the wonder to me is how the author ever became a Spiritualist. He says, "It is almost impossible to separate the false from the true. Of slate writing we are told: 'The medium wears slippers and has the toe of the right stocking cut off. With a bit of pencil between the great toe and the next he does the spirit writing.' And of mediums giving the number on watches in the pockets of persons present at public meetings, this statement is made: 'Sometimes he will manage to secure from jewelers the numbers of watches owned by a few of the most prominent men who usually attend these meetings.' These and similar statements scattered through the book seem to me to show the credulity on the part of one who would be an honest investigating believer than would be required to accept the most barefaced fraud any intelligent 'fake' would offer as a 'spirit' manifestation.

Investigators are alive, alert, not easy to deceive and some of the methods would be detected in the first seance, others would require a degree of dexterity that would command higher salaries on the stage than in the cabinet. On author doubts and would cast reflections on the statements made by persons, doubtless as honest as himself. 'Sprinkle a little salt on the tale before you swallow it. . . . Put it down as a fairy tale inspired by zeal for the cause or a financial interest with the medium.'

Doubt concerning the truthfulness of friends coupled with the inclination to 'Give the wrong name or misspell it' I should presume would create conditions and attract influences that would be anything but pleasing and satisfactory.

That there are frauds in the ranks of Spiritualism is a sad fact; that some means should be taken to expel them is also a fact; another fact is that means are being taken to expose and punish them, but while I do not doubt the honest purpose of 'A life-long Spiritualist,' I attach but little value to a book like 'Mysteries of the Seance;' its assertions are too inclusive, its explanations do not always explain and the closing paragraph gives a kind of patent medicine advertisement character to what has preceded it. This paragraph reads: 'Furthermore, if an exact statement of the conditions under which alleged manifestations are given, that you want to know how it is done' we will tell you if we can. If not, we will frankly say so. For writing out the details of any of these tricks we are obliged to make a small charge, 50 cents, to pay for the time and labor. Our time is so fully occupied that this is imperative. In making such statements, be careful to give only facts. Do not tell us what you think or suppose, nor what someone else says. There are so many ways of doing these things that we cannot judge correctly unless all the conditions are accurately described. There are few of these manifestations that we cannot 'call down' if this request is complied with.'

FUNDAMENTAL OF ALL TEACHING.

Julius Kuhn.

Pamphlet 25 cents. Natural Truths Assn., Conshohocken, Pa.

Ground Rock as a Medicine.

The rich people of the cities go to the "springs" to be cured of various ailments. They take hot and cold baths in the Mineral water and drink it, gallons of it, and go home relieved, if not cured. Most people cannot afford to do this and necessarily suffer and bear it. The mineral forming such a large part of the water comes from the mineral ore at the bottom of the spring. Prof. Theo. Noel, a geologist, now living in Chicago, discovered a mine of this Ore many years ago while prospecting in the southwest and is now grinding and selling it under the name of Vitae-Ore and as such the medicine has become well known to the readers of this paper.

The ground ore, as sold for market, is mixed with water by the purchaser, and has then the same properties as the water of the springs, only in a highly concentrated form, rendering it much more effective as a medicine. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium and will do for the tired and worn-out system and vital organs what no man-made medicine can.

Prof. Noel, the discoverer of the mineral, has formed the Theo. Noel Company, of which he is the president and principal stockholder, which company occupies the large Vitae-Ore Building at 527, 529 and 531 W. North Ave., Chicago, Ill., and is growing so rapidly that the three adjoining lots, numbers 533, 535 and 537 W. North Ave., have been purchased and another new building is to be erected to accommodate the increase. The Company wants to send every reader of this paper and their friends and relatives a full sized One-Dollar package of Vitae-Ore on thirty days' trial, the receiver to pay nothing unless satisfied and he or she is to be the judge. Read their magnificent offer in this issue under the heading "PERSONAL TO SUBSCRIBERS" and send for a package on trial, mentioning this paper.

Veteran Spiritualists Union.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union observes the advent of Modern Spiritualism in public services in Potter Hall, 177 Huntington avenue, Saturday, March 28, 1903.

PROGRAM

10.30 a. m., America, congregation; invocation, Mrs. Sarah Byrnes; president's greeting; conference meeting. At this session there will be a general interchange of thought by the public workers and delegates from the Spiritualists' societies. These societies have been invited to send representatives to take part in the exercises, and it is expected that this will be one of the most satisfactory sessions of the day. Benediction (12.30), Mrs. S. E. Hall. At the close of this session a reception will be held in the parlors for interchange of greetings with the delegates and visitors.

2.30 p. m.—Hymn—tune "Auld Lang Syne," words by Rev. Minot J. Savage; invocation, Mrs. N. J. Willis; solo, Mr. E. Warren Hatch; address, George E. Fuller, M. D.; music, autoharp accompaniment, Miss Christine Brown; messages, Mrs. H. M. Cory; report by chairman of Ways and Means committee, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule; violin solo, Mr. C. L. C. Hatch; messages; solo, Miss Christine Brown; benediction, Mrs. Juliette Yeaw.

7.30—Invocation, Rev. F. A. Wiggin; scriptural reading; direct, Miss Austin and Yocum; address, "What Constitutes a Spiritualist?" Miss Susie C. Clark; musical selection, Miss Annie A. Watson; messages, Mrs. D. Caird; address, "What has Spiritualism taught us in the past fifty-five years?" Mr. W. J. Colville; solo, Miss Elizabeth Austin; messages by ballot reading, Miss Mattie M. Ham (the medium will be completely blindfolded); musical selection, Miss Annie A. Watson; benediction, Mrs. Hortense G. Holcomb.

W. J. Colville in Boston, Hartford and New York.

On Saturday, March 21, W. J. Colville took leave of numerous friends in Banner Hall, at close of a brief but very successful series of lectures, which in all conditions of weather had been very well attended. The attractive subjects, "The Law of Prosperity" and "Illumination," which were ably treated, called forth much interest and elicited many questions which drew forth interesting replies.

Sunday lectures at Alliance Hall, Chapel St., Hartford, for past four Sundays at 3 and 7.30 p. m., have drawn the largest audiences which have ever gathered in that auditorium.

A conservative class for study of Mental Science at residence of Miss H. M. Young, 3 Tolman Place, Warren St., Roxbury, proved a very interesting and instructive supplement to more public work in Boston.

W. J. Colville's lectures in New York and Brooklyn have met with unqualified success throughout the winter season, and some very good meetings have been addressed by this active speaker in Waltham, Mass., New York, N. Y., and Orange, N. J.

On Sunday next, March 29, W. J. Colville will take farewell of friends in Hartford when two lectures will be given in Alliance Hall at 3 and 7.30 p. m., followed by replies to questions.

In New York W. J. Colville will lecture in Alliance Hall, Windsor Arcade, 5th avenue, Monday, March 30, at 3.30, and Wednesday, April 1, at 3.30 and 8 p. m.

Our Children.

That, as a rule, people follow the religion of their parents, no one will probably deny. They may have less or more devotion to their faith than their immediate ancestors, but the form of faith is usually the same. This being so, it is the more remarkable that the descendants of old-time Spiritualists should be not merely indifferent to Spiritualism but strongly opposed to it; yet this appears to be generally the case.

It is true that there are many with us whose fathers and mothers are or were workers in the Cause. In most of these cases the children had the benefit of Lyceum training. This is an excellent reason for the establishment and maintenance of Lyceums. It explains in a measure the indifference of some of the present generation who have not had this advantage. It does not explain the opposition of others which in many cases is very pronounced. It seems that we must look deeper than the absence of Lyceums to discover the cause of this.

May it be that to the Spiritualists who have passed on are passing on our midst Spiritualism was not often a religion? that it was more frequently only observation of phenomena put to no use or misused? This seems a serious charge to make, but there is much to justify it. Nor do the Spiritualists who join us today show, as a class, much advance towards spirituality. It has been sometimes asserted that there is more Christianity outside the churches than within them. Is it possible that there may be more of the spiritual life outside the ranks of the Spiritualists than within them?

That man continues to live after quitting the physical body is beyond question to all but the most materialistic minds. There has been enough and to spare of phenomenal evi-

dence to prove this to the unprejudiced investigator. What then?

Instead of using this glorious knowledge as an incentive and to guide to a higher mode of living, to live for the unseen, the Spiritualist has expected, perhaps demanded, that the unseen should live for him. He has degraded mediumship by converting it into fortune telling; and prostituted spirit-communication by consulting on the affairs of physical life with those who are or should be released from its ties. Since thoughts and desires reach those on the same plane in which they are projected, hosts of lying prophets and earth-bound intelligences have responded to the call. How much unfulfilled prophecies and undesirable spirit influences have contributed towards placing the children of Spiritualists in opposition to Spiritualism it may be impossible to determine, but the contribution has been large beyond all question. If we would have future generations inherit our Spiritualism, let us make it worthy of their inheritance.

Olneyville, R. I.

F. J. Bowtell.

Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

G. W. Kates and wife were engaged for service at the Temple in Anderson, Ind., each evening March 11 to 15. Their lectures and messages attracted large audiences and won for them many encomiums.

The society decided to celebrate the anniversary of the rappings at Hydesville on Sunday the 15th. Mr. and Mrs. Kates conducted the morning and evening services. Mrs. Kates spoke very earnestly upon Spiritualism, and discussed its relation to human achievements and needs. She held her audience in close sympathy, and won their generous applause.

Spirit descriptions were given by Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Barnes.

The Children's Lyceum conducted the afternoon exercises and gave an elaborate program. The Anderson Lyceum is constantly growing in interest. The Lyceum girls supplied the singing for the entire series of meetings, and they sang well.

At the evening session Mr. Kates gave a grand address upon "The Fruit of the Spirit." Mr. Smith, our regular speaker, followed with some earnest remarks. A sextet of German singers rendered a vocal selection and Miss Wertz sang with good effect.

Mrs. Kates then gave messages and descriptions that were recognized. She does splendid work as a psychic, and has never had her superior appear here. The Temple was packed by an eager audience, and the exercises were praised by all.

A Card to the Public—In Re Spiritual Tracts.

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

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

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

First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society.

This society will celebrate the fifty-fifth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in Appleton Hall, Paine Memorial Building, Friday, March 27, at 10.30 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. Special attention has been given to the musical part of the exercises. The services will be interspersed with congregational singing, and in the afternoon the soloist will be Miss J. Evelyn Harvey of the Church of the Ascension choir, and in the evening the well known tenor, Mr. Harold Leslie, will take part.

The speakers who will participate are J. Frank Baxter, C. Fannie Allyn, Sarah A. Byrnes, Albert P. Blinn, Ida P. A. Whitlock, Carrie F. Loring, J. S. Scarlett, Mrs. M. J. Butler, Rev. F. A. Wiggin, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Miss Etta Willis, Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse. Communications will be given through the mediumship of Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Etta L. Webster, Mrs. Katie Ham, Hattie C. Mason and Mrs. E. D. Butler. Mr. Edgar W. Emerson and Mrs. Jennie Miller are also expected. The pianist will be Miss Gertrude Sloan.

Dinner and supper will be served in the banquet hall.

Esther D. Blinn, Sec.

New Photographs of Mrs. Soule.

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

Festus.

Probably very few of the present generation of readers read "Festus," though their fathers deemed it one of the world's great poems, and Philip James Bailey, whose death is just announced, a poet who was to continue and extend the light and glory of the Georgian constellation. Mr. Bailey, who has just passed away at the age of eighty-six, completed "Festus" in 1829, when he was but twenty-three, and it is no exaggeration to say that it took the world by storm. Eleven editions of "Festus" were published in Great Britain, and no less than thirty in this country. The later "Festus" was to the first what the second part of "Faust" is to Goethe's immortal drama. Probably of all the thousands of lines of "Festus" the only ones familiar to the present generation are found in this passage, which has embedded itself in the thought of the contemporary world as expressing for it its aspirations:—



Mrs. F. Wright, of Oelwein, Iowa, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A Young New York Lady Tells of a Wonderful Cure:—

"My trouble was with the ovaries; I am tall, and the doctor said I grew too fast for my strength. I suffered dreadfully from inflammation and doctored continually, but got no help. I suffered from terrible dragging sensations with the most awful pains low down in the side and pains in the back, and the most agonizing headaches. No one knows what I endured. Often I was sick to the stomach, and every little while I would be too sick to go to work, for three or four days; I work in a large store, and I suppose standing on my feet all day made me worse."

"At the suggestion of a friend of my mother's I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it is simply wonderful. I felt better after the first two or three doses; it seemed as though a weight was taken off my shoulders; I continued its use until now I can truthfully say I am entirely cured. Young girls who are always paying doctor's bills without getting any help as I did, ought to take your medicine. It costs so much less, and it is sure to cure them.—Yours truly, ADELAIDE PRAHL, 174 St. Ann's Ave., New York City."—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter showing genuineness cannot be produced.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best;

And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest—

Lives in one hour more than in years do some

Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.

Nag, Nagger, Naggee.

Don't nag. Don't even nag in your mind. Don't look naggy. It is worse to look naggy than it is to say naggy things, because the naggee is apt to imagine more than there really is.

Some mothers have nagged their boys straight into liquor saloons, and their girls straight into the arms which they naggingly disapproved of.

It is hard, but it is true.

There isn't a bit of love in a nag, however much the nagger may talk about affection.

It is full of unrest and friction and selfishness, and works more destruction than all the cyclones and earthquakes that ever happened. They kill at once. The poison of the nag is insidious, and the naggers and their victims die by degrees.

There is no health and no peace for the nagger.

No hope for the wretched naggee.

'Twere better to die by the dagger.

Or hang from the branch of a tree

Than to live with "Why don't you?" and "Did you?"

"And 'Didn't I tell you so?'"

"If you'd only done as I did you,"

"Oh, oh, oh, oh! and oh, oh!"

—Eleanor Kirk.

The Gentleman from Everywhere

President Barrett in the Banner of Light of Dec. 17, 1902, stated that in his opinion "The Gentleman from Everywhere" is one of the most fascinating books that has appeared in the literary world; almost every phase of human experience is described by the author with a quaint satire, wit, logic, touched by a fine pathos that holds the reader's thought until he has read and re-read every line. One cannot help wishing that he could have just such visits from the angels as Mr. Foss so vividly portrays. This work promises to rival "David Harum" and "Eben Holden" in popularity. We are reminded of this prophetic review of our Editor by reading a handsome 24-page brochure received today which contains about 100 very commendatory letters from as many of our brightest authors and editors who essentially endorse the opinion expressed by Mr. Barrett. Verily, the "Golden age of brotherly toleration" seems near at hand when papers of all religious and political denominations unite in praising a book which so strongly advocates our sublime philosophy. The Baptist "Watchman," Rev. Dr. Merriam, Editor, says, "The experiences and adventures in 'The Gentleman from Everywhere' are remarkable and fascinating. If any one is looking for something interesting to read, here they have it."

Gen. Curtis Guild, Jr., Lieut.-Governor of Mass., in his "Commercial Bulletin" says: "Mr. Foss has given us a well written book which deserves a wide reading." The Methodist "Zion's Herald," Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, Editor says: "The far South and distant west are most delightfully and charmingly pictured in this book. Mr. Foss has a deep, poetical instinct, and a genuine artistic appreciation of the beauties of nature, and his pages have many gems of selected and original poetry." The Sunflower, Lily Dale, N. Y., says: "This book is full of wit, humor, also of the most profound thought, and goes from one to the other as do the sunshine and shadows of life. Everyone should read it; it will drive away the blues and do you good." The Light of Truth, Columbus, Ohio, says: "The author is witty, thoughtful, and at times profound in his touches upon the more serious problems of life. He is kaleidoscopic in presenting the various themes, anecdotes and adventures that fill his book, and in two chapters he presents his proofs of the continuity of life and spirit return in a pleasing, convincing manner which is doing our Cause much good." We do not think that any book for years has received more cordial praise from all sorts and conditions of men and women than this remarkably popular "Gentleman from Everywhere."

Sent post-paid by us on receipt of price, \$1.50.

Children's Book.

TELL ME A STORY.

"Now tell me a story, tell me,"
And the blue eyes hold my own;
For the child can never be sated
With stories that old have grown.

And she turns from the prettiest new one
To the favorite heard before:
To the legend of Cinderella
And the tale of the lass at the door;

And the grim old wolf in waiting
With grandmother's cap and gown;
To the tune of the "Sleeping Beauty";
And the merchant who went to town,

And bought for his three dear daughters,
Gifts that they wanted most;
And for her that was best and dearest,
Red roses at his cost.

I am ready to tell her a story,
I am not too old myself;
To find a great deal of pleasure
In the joy of the winsome elf.

I, too, am fond of a story,
And I love the teller best,
Who brings me the strangest marvels,
And leaves their riddles unguessed.

I am not so keen for the moral,
As I am for the riddle-me-ree;
And my blue-eyed chum and comrade
Is very much like me.

—Ex.

Peteiboy and Dollybugs.

My dear little friends:—
I have a friend who is much interested in you and your little "Nook" in the Banner and I asked him to write something for it. He has done so and I am sure you will be interested in the story for it is about his own little boy and girl. I hope he will write something more for us some time, don't you? Just think of a little girl seven years old having fourteen dolls! She must be quite a little mother. I quite believe in dolls myself for if a little girl is careful of her doll's clothes and takes care of her doll as if she were a real little baby, I feel quite sure that she will be kind and thoughtful to little people left in her care when she grows older. I never go by a beautiful doll that I don't feel as if I would like to take it and play with it just as I would with a baby, for I have never quite grown away from the idea I had when I was a little girl that dolls were real people with real feelings. Write to Uncle John and ask him more about Peteiboy and Dollybugs if you would like to hear about them.

Dear love to you all,

Minnie M. Soule.

Saturday, March 14, 1903.

Would the little men and women readers of this column like to hear about little Peteiboy and Dollybugs? Peteiboy is ten and Dollybugs is seven and they live in a big old yellow house way out in the country where there are woods all about them on three sides, and a nice brook with a waterfall and fishes and rocks and turtles in it. About half a mile away is a large pond and a pretty old mill. There are boats on this pond and it is a grand place for fishing in summer and skating in winter and Peteiboy dearly loves to fish and skate. Of course Peteiboy and Dollybugs are not the real names of the little folks. They are only pet names. When they see Peteiboy or Dollybugs in a letter or when mama reads these names there, they at once know it is a letter from papa, because no one but papa ever uses these names. Peteiboy is named after his grandpa who passed out of our sight before Peteiboy was born, but grandpa dearly loved the old home place and Peteiboy himself, although he happened to be the only child in the family who was not born there, thinks there is no place like the old home. Dollybugs' real name is Elizabeth, but it seemed to her papa such a great big long name for such a little fairy as she was that he called her Dolly at first and then when she got old enough to run and fly about the house just like a little lively bug he changed it to Dollybugs because it described her so well.

Peteiboy and Dollybugs both have blue eyes and brown hair; both are strong and well unless it happens that they have the whooping cough or measles or some of those other diseases which seem to like children so well. Peteiboy always greets you with the sweetest smile you ever saw and Dollybugs, who she is allowed to have her way, always greets papa when he gets home at night, decked out in all the bows and ribbons and rings she can find.

Peteiboy's papa has horses and cows, but Peteiboy does not care much for them. He likes better his little Bantam Rooster. Before the rooster lost his little bantam wife Peteiboy called them "Tommy" and "Grizel" after the characters in a story his mama was reading. But Grizel disappeared one day and so Tommy lives alone and is Peteiboy's only pet. Dollybugs is the happy mother of fourteen dolls. She has a name for each which of course no papa ever could be expected to know and the doll furniture she has would completely furnish a doll's house from kitchen to attic.

Peteiboy is very fond of the brook about which I told you at the beginning. He fishes in it; he swims in it; he builds dams in it and makes waterfalls. He catches frogs and turtles in it, too, and no turtle was ever big enough or cross enough to prevent Peteiboy catching him by the tail and holding him up triumphantly for examination. He got an old snapper one day that measured nearly two feet from his nose to his tail.

Peteiboy is very fond too of flowers, the wild ones that grow all about his home in the fields and woods. Meadow plinks please him and ladies' slippers. As these grow in the low, marshy lands, Peteiboy in hunting for them keeps his feet wet so much that his mama often tells him that she is afraid he will get web-footed like a duck. But Peteiboy doesn't care if he gets the flowers. One day when he was only about seven years old, in looking for flowers he fell into a ditch which he hadn't seen until he slipped into it. The water was "over his head" as he expressed it and the bottom was soft mud. Peteiboy was alone and he couldn't swim then. It looked pretty bad for Peteiboy for a minute. But he bravely dug at the muddy bank holding on to the grass roots with the other hand until he got a place where he could pull himself out. He looked pretty wet when he got home but he saved his flowers and so he didn't care. The bravest part of it was that he didn't tell about how deep the water was and the struggle he had to get out for some days. Peteiboy said he didn't want to frighten his mama. Some of us thought he was afraid that mama would not let him go to the meadow again if he told her. What do you think?

One day Dollybugs went to the grocery store for her mama. On the way a big white bulldog ran after her. She tried to run away from him. Perhaps he thought she wanted to play. So he jumped up against her and pushed her over and broke her arm. As soon as she could get up she ran to the store and the kind store keeper, seeing that her poor little arm was all bent and strangely crooked, carried her home in his wagon. The doctor came soon and straightened the broken bones

and little Dollybugs bore all the pain without crying a single tear. Wasn't that plucky for little Dollybugs?

Now haven't I told you enough for once about Peteiboy and Dollybugs? I think so. Perhaps I will tell you some more other time if you want me to, for Peteiboy and Dollybugs are real children and they have lots of adventures. Uncle John.

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