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PHILOSOPHY

MENTAL

VOL. 93.

Banner of Light Publishing Co.,
204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1903.

\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 6

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

DR. J. H. NEWMAN.

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that
Thou should'st lead me on,
I loved to chase and see my path; but now,
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will, remember not past years.
So long this power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
Till the night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

Memorial Services for Frances Matilda (White) Brown,

wife of Albert W. Brown, were held at Mt. Auburn Chapel, Cambridge, Mass., on Sunday, February 22, 1903, at 4 o'clock p. m. There was a very large attendance of relatives and friends, the services being conducted by Rev. William H. Lyon, D.D., of the First Parish Church (Unitarian) of Brookline, Mass.

The services commenced with the singing of the hymn "Lead Kindly Light" by the Beethoven Quartet, at the conclusion of which the following selections were read by the Rev. Dr. Lyon:

AULD LANG SYNE.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast:
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But, oh! 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Though they are here no more!

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whatever betides, thy love abides,
Our God forever more.
(John W. Chadwick.)

SELECTIONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

"The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon Him in truth. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."

"Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit or whither shall I flee from Thy Presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there. If I make my bed in the grave, behold, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me. The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee."

"And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, 'What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?' And I said to him, 'Sir, thou knowest.' And he said unto me, 'These are they which came out of great tribulation. Therefore are they before the throne of God and serve Him day and night in the temple.'"

"Though Jesus were a son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered. For it became God, for Whom are all things and by Whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through suffering. 'Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the children of God. And such we are. Beloved, now are we the children of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him. And every one that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as He is pure.'"

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God; and, if children, then heirs—heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with Him that we also may be glorified together. For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens. For this mortal must put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, 'Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?'"

"For which cause we faint not, but though our outward man perish, the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a

far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

"The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Surely goodness



Mrs. Francis Matilda (White) Brown.

and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

ABSENCE.

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
While thou, beloved one, art far from me.

For thee, I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this weary blank of absence make
A noble task time, and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this darksome time build up in me
A thousand graces which shall thus be thine;
So may thy love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

(F. A. Kemble.)

Wherefore with these words comfort one another.

The hymn "Passing Out of the Shadows" was then sung by the quartet.

PASSING OUT OF THE SHADOW.

Passing out of the shadows,
Into a purer light;
Stepping behind the curtain,
Getting a clearer sight;
Laying aside a burden,
This weary mortal coil;
Done with the world's vexations,
Done with its tears and toil.

Tired of all earth's playthings,
Heartsick and ready to sleep;
Ready to bid our friends farewell,
Wondering why they weep;
Passing out of the shadow,
Into eternal day;
Why do we call this dying,
This sweet going away?

REMARKS BY REV. DR. WILLIAM H. LYON.

Death, my friends, is always tragic, always sad. Under the very best circumstances there is the parting, there is the dreadful blow, and there is the thought of separation that must come; and there is the conflict, the struggle that goes on, I presume, in most spiritual natures between faith and sense; and that tragic element which is found in every death is not lacking in the death of her whom today we mourn. She was one from whom it was hard to part; one whom the earth is poorer for the loss of.

Twenty years have passed—nearly twenty years—since I saw her, and I think the impression which she made upon me then is as living as though I had seen her yesterday,—so rich, so well-defined, so strong a personality was this; and the years that have passed since then, and the trials through which she has passed, and the great demands which life has made upon her have proved that the im-

pression which you gained when you first saw her was a correct impression. She maintained through all these trying circumstances, which we will not sully the sacredness of the place by mentioning, an unbroken cheerfulness. She was to her husband not only the keeper of his home, the provider of things material in the household, but she was his spiritual helper. Her faith, which was founded upon the unshakable belief in the reality of the hereafter, in the permanence of the life of the spirit, and in the nearness of all those that have gone before—her faith sustained her through very many trying hours, and enabled her also to sustain those whose strength, perhaps, without her, would have broken. Such courage, lasting, let me remind you, through years enough to make a generation, is a very, very rare thing; and today we praise it by her ashes.

Let us cheer and encourage each other by the thought that such courage is possible in human life, for no one knows how soon you and I may need exactly that fortitude. Today, whether we be happy or unhappy, we cannot tell what waits for us around some corner which soon we may turn. If we are unhappy, we know not what good fortune awaits us; if we are happy, we know not what evil fortune there stands before us. Let us remember, therefore, that courage, such as we have seen, so rare in itself, is yet possible for us all; and let us take heart as we face the evils that have come upon us, or may come, as we think of this very bright example. Nevertheless, bright as it was, the very brightness deepens today our sadness.

The tragic element which belongs, as I have said, to all deaths, belongs to this death also; but, in addition to that, there is a special element of tragedy which, it seems to me, is almost as pathetic as anything which I have ever heard. It was hard, to struggle through a generation, but was it not hard that she should reach almost her termination of it, almost the point where she could put out her hand and touch the prize for which that long battle had been waged, and then should lie down and die? One's thoughts go back to that great leader of Israel, who stood on Pisgah's height, and saw afar off the Promised Land, but was never allowed to enter it. He was buried upon the height where he stood, and he never shared the milk and honey of Canaan with the people whom he had trained, and up to that moment had led. And our dear friend, having fought the battle so bravely, having kept up not only her own courage, but the courage of those about her, lay down before the end had come, almost, as I have said, where she could lay her hand upon the things for which they all had struggled, and saw them not.

And yet these things are but for the moment. "Our light affliction," said the scripture, which I have read, "is but for a moment." All life, with its victory, its defeat, its struggles and its joys—all life is but, after all, a moment, and then the gates swing wide open and we enter into that eternity where all the prizes of this life will seem to us as nothing. They were not nothing; they trained that immortal spirit, which is the only valuable thing in this life, and as we think of our sister going out of life we must not think of her as unfortunate, even though she passed away before the end was reached. On the contrary, God had trained, and disciplined, and sweetened, and refined that soul so that when, at last, she entered into whatever tasks or whatever joys there are for her hereafter, she was the better for the long struggle, yea, even better, perhaps, for the disappointment, if she felt it at all. And so today let us share not only her courage, but her faith. We think of her in that life which is so hard to picture to ourselves, which sometimes in our depressed moments it seems to us cannot exist, those moments when the cold form lies before us, and we find it hard to believe that the spirit is not also impersonally therein. Let us believe, as she believed, that death is but the merest transition, the slight passing through a gate, into a hereafter that is perhaps nearer to us all the time than we think it is.

For my part—and I think I speak your feelings also—I feel that I turn away from this moment, and from these ashes, refreshed, and strengthened, and uplifted by the thought of this life, of its courage, and of its faith.

Ah, my friends, it cannot be long for any of us before the final moment comes, before we pass through the gates, and know those things about which we so finely speculate today. What is to be hereafter we may not know. It has been established by a power and wisdom greater than ours. But there is one thing that is in our power, and that is the life that now is. Whatever the life that shall be may prove to be, it is the continuance and it is the consequence of the life which we live here. Let us, therefore, not speculate too deeply upon the life that shall be, but turn our attention and our strength upon the life that now is, sure that we can gain no spiritual height, and that we can lay up no spiritual treasure that shall not be upon the other side a grace even more valuable than it is to us here. And that is why this, after all, is not anything but a victory; that is why it is not the shadow of death which is uppermost

in our minds, but the sunshine floats all over this house, and this place of graves, telling us that the light of the countenance of God is upon us, telling us that the life beyond is, after all, but one life, that which is best and sweetest here.

Let us pray.

PRAYER.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, who art the Lord both of Life and of Death, to Whom all the dead are alive, in Whom indeed there is no death, we thank Thee for the bright sky that arches so serenely and so purely over this city of the dead, telling us that even so over all our sorrows and griefs and bereavements Thy love broods and hovers; that however dark one spot or another may seem to us, yet the whole is held in Thy hand, is protected and nourished by Thy wisdom, and kept close to Thee. Thou hast taught us by Thy Servant to hold that, though we feel after Thee if happily we may find Thee, Thou art not far from any one of us; yea, even at this moment, when out of the midst of our griefs we cry out, Where is our God? He is here with us by our side. It is He who speaks to us in the trembling voices of our friends. It is He who shines upon us in the tears that are shed for us. It is He who beats with his own life in the hearts which sympathize with us. Grant, therefore, that whatever may happen unto us, whatever dear ones may be taken from us, that our hearts may be kept steadfast in our faith and grounded upon our trust in Thee.

And now we thank Thee, first of all, for all the happy memories that come crowding up into this still hour; the recollection of many words spoken and many deeds done that in the course of the heaping and piling of years have been hidden from sight. We thank Thee for all the steady influences that pour out of all of those deeds and words into the present moment, lifting us up, and bearing us on so that our friend, though dead, yet liveth in us. May all that is beautiful, sweet and womanly in the life that has passed, remain to make our time glad, may make life seem better living, to us, not only because of the expectation of reunion, but also because of the recollections that survive and strengthen us.

And then we turn around from the things that have been, and look forward to the things that shall be.

Oh, how great a mercy this is Thou hast conferred on us, that we should not only live the life that now is, with its joys, its satisfactions, its privileges, and its opportunities, but we should also live that eternal life, of which this life is a part, and which stretches on and on and out of sight.

We know not how near to us those who have gone before us may be; we almost feel the brush of their wings, we almost hear the whisper of their voices, but help us to welcome the hour when they shall come, when the thin veil of sense that has dropped between them and us may fall entirely away, and we shall see as we are seen by them, and know them even as we are known by them, and so shall memory turn into fact, and all the things that have been shall come back again glorified and transfigured in a great and beautiful reality.

Let Thy blessing rest upon those who are more especially bereaved at this time, from whose circle one has been taken upon whom they relied for so many years, and who was to them so dear and so helpful. Grant unto them in the years that remain to them here upon the earth all happy recollections, and all the inspiration from the life that has been, and all the help and exaltation that come from the contemplation of the life that is to be. For our friends are always with us; they live in us; their strength is our strength; and their goodness is our virtue. And be with all others of kin, of companionship, or of neighborhood, or acquaintance; all who have come here this day to show their respect to the dead, and their sympathy with the living. Help us all to be lifted up by the memory of the things that are beautiful and grand, and help us all to wait with seriousness until our time shall come, and when that time shall come, when Thy hand shall be placed upon our shoulders and the words shall be spoken in our ears, which we cannot refuse to hear, and which we cannot evade, may we go willingly, and gladly, as those who have learned to live with Thee here and are not afraid to live with Thee hereafter. Which things we ask in the spirit of Him who brought light and immortality and life. Amen.

The hymn "Abide With Me" was then sung by the quartet, and the benediction pronounced:

May the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, which the world cannot give nor take away, abide with us and in our hearts and lives forever. Amen.

That flesh-bound volume (man) is the only revelation that is, that was, that can be. In that is the image of God painted; in that is the law of God written; in that is the promise of God revealed. Know thyself; for through thyself only canst thou know God.—Ruskin.

A THOUGHT.

If you might always have, Love,
The sunshine and the flowers,
And I the cold and loneliness
Of bitter Wintry hours:
If any sweetness in my life
Would answer to your name,
And I might bear whatever loss,
Whatever wrong or pain,
Would otherwise fall to you, Love,
As falls the Autumn rain;
I think I could not ask, Love,
For any happier hours,
Than just to know God gives to you
The sunshine and the flowers.

Lillian Whiting.

A Psychological Experiment.

BY EDWARD INCREASE MATHER.

CHAPTER IV.

Helen Vernon had the faculty, rare enough, it may be, of being able to sit perfectly still and take a mental impression. She felt the subtleness to a degree that often impelled some expression in a word or action which she herself did not quite understand, and she would wonder afterward that she had been so swayed by the impelling force. She had sometimes been told by some of the spiritualistic fraternity that she was mediumistic.

There was an interpretation of it in which she believed, though it was rather the Emersonian than the materializing phase of this truth. Emerson's assertion that all knowledge is in the atmosphere, as it were, and that the most impressionable brain would announce it first, attracted her, and there were certain rare moods in which the girl caught something of the powers of the seer and the prophet. A temperament so vibratory, so mercurial, so tremulously responsive to every change of atmosphere or wave of influence is a most unfortunate endowment. Measured by the code of the Medes and Persians of society, its possessor is adjudged inconsistent, perhaps unreliable and in actual effect this judgment is not altogether unjust. Helen Vernon was often in this conflict of the consciousness of her real and genuine constancy of feeling, of a certain true polarity of nature, but of the deflection from strict, outer observations that she suffered from her susceptibility to transient influences. There were days when she felt as if the wires were all down, when she could not place herself in rapport with the people about her; when she felt as if she were insulated under glass, and could look out and see all the world, but could not take part in it; when she was merely a spectator not an actor in the drama. Her temperament thus seemed one more of her moods and tenses than it was in reality, and in these curiously isolated hours no one had ever touched her as did Lynde Mantell. There were between them strong latent affinities of nature, while their differences were more purely external. It was in one of these far-away moods that Mr. Mantell found her that day when he called at Mrs. Maynard's to accompany the ladies to call on Miss Peyton. The servant ushered him into the parlor. Helen was not there, but the room held traces of her presence. A filmy handkerchief, with its faint fragrance of violet, fluttered out of a half-opened volume of German philosophy.

Masses of pond lilies were placed here and there on mantel and bracket, and a marine landscape of rocks and sunset sky at Newport was touched into new brilliancy by the flitting gleam of sunshine that rested on it. Mr. Mantell was looking at this wonderful bit of coloring and wave-motion as Helen entered. Costumed in some delicate pearly-gray, gown, hat and gloves all repeating the shade, with no hint of color save a rose, which gave its faint reflection of a flush to the delicate face, with its dark, luminous eyes and masses of dark hair, Helen had never looked more beautiful. She entered the room with her own peculiar gliding grace and seated herself by a small table that stood in the bay window.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting," she said, "but you know I am 'a woman of affairs.' I have a fancy for hearing myself say it sometimes, as a sort of guarantee of reality. This life is all so new and strange to me, that half the time I feel as if I were in a dream. I ask myself a dozen times a day, 'Am I really myself, or somebody else?'"

"It is a great change in your life, this work-a-day atmosphere?" he said, interrogatively.
"Not so much change," she replied, "as realization. I have done this thing, just what I am doing every day, in day-dreams ever since I can remember, and while in a way I expected this fulfillment, yet now it has come, it is half phantasmagoria to me. It is all a wonder-land. 'Do you perceive,' she continued, "this new trend in the novel writing? I have been tracing it out in the similarity of construction today in three or four of the latter-day notables, by way of acquiring a standard for the manuscripts we have submitted. The day is quite past, I think, when there is much point to the question, 'Who reads an American book?' Just why should we look for a foreign stamp before we admit it worthy our attention?"
(Continued on page 8.)

THE ODDER MAN.

There was a man at Stevenson,
The oddest in the West;
He always rose with morning's sun,
With evening's, went to rest.

He thought the bright day made for toll,
The dark night made for sleep,
That man's work was to till the soil,
Woman's their house to keep.

He wept when grief brought others low,
He smiled when others smiled;
He seldom wore a darkened brow,
And seldom was he riled.

When losses came to field or fruit,
He'd neither fume nor fret;
And though he wore a threadbare suit,
He ne'er had suit for debt.

So odd, he neither smoked nor chewed,
Yet was he strong and hale,
Earth's golden fruit his chosen food,
His drink pure Adam's ale.

Around the winter fire he joked,
Told stories with a vim;
He said sometimes his chimney smoked,
That was enough for him.

One day his boy came on the run,
To tell him Brindle's dead;
"There'll be more hay for t'other one,"
Was all the old man said.

"But, Pa, the lightning's killed her too,"
His weeping child did say;
"Don't cry, 'tis well for me and you;
We'll sell the hides and hay!"

So queer in speech, so strange in life,
He praised his children four;
He said he had the loveliest wife
That ever swept a floor.

The lark that sung so gay and glad,
Was not more blithe than he;
Wandering alone he said he had
The best of company.

He said in ways of trade men ought
The sacred truth to hold,
He ne'er run down what'er he bought,
Nor praised what'er he sold.

"Do unto others as ye would
That others do to you;"
He thought men in a horse-trade could
Be honest, just and true.

He thought in countries we call free,
That women ought to vote;
He said he did not quite agree
With all that St. Paul wrote.

When winter snows were cold and deep,
He fed the birds with corn;
The nightingale sung him to sleep,
The lark woke him at morn.

He thought the world was made for beast,
As well as made for man;
He did not think it right to feast
On life's great caravan.

He said, all things since time began
Strove upward to the sun;
A higher class of beast and man,
Before the world is done.

On points ofologic strife,
He spent but little breath;
He thought Christ saved more by his life,
Than he did by his death.

He seldom heard the Priest rehearse
The wisdom of God's ways;
He thought that murderous war was worse,
Than breaking Sabbath days.

That oft repeated rites and prayers
Were vain in church or state;
That Love to man doth build the stairs
Up to the golden gate.

That God is love, and loves man well,
And will be forevermore;
That Memory makes our heaven or hell
On the eternal shore.

How calm his life from youth to age;
He changed all grief to mirth,
Then joyful to a higher stage,
He lightly stepped from earth.

Upon the marble at his head,
His Epitaph these words:-
"Here lies a man who always fed
The little winter birds!"

They came where'er the tidings ran,
To grasp his honest hand;
I wish you could have seen this man,
The oddest in the land!

William Goldsmith Brown.
Stevens Point, Feb. 10, 1903.

The Man of Tomorrow.

A Study of Spirit Return.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

Modern Spiritualism has professed to tell us so much concerning the life of man after death that it seems to be our own fault if we remain ignorant of the details of our own future. Medium lips have been opened to teach us, and inspired pens to give us vivid pictures of our coming life "over there," till it has seemed to many as if death were but a stepping stone across an invisible boundary between one state and another, with a slight change in climate and social conditions. The writer has, in previous articles, shown and proved the unreliability, in many respects, of the most genuine spirit return as a truth bearer to weary mortals. Tales and teachings so brought will not bear analysis, although personal identity has been reasonably proved again and again. But it is one thing to give greeting to an old friend, and quite another to accept the teachings and preachings he gives us as gospel of the higher life.

His ability to sometimes talk wisely and well about this life is, of course, recognized. It is his talk about himself, and the details of his present life that compel the student to pause, and, like the careful elephant, test the strength of the bridge before he accepts it as safe to trust himself upon it. It is not only what the returning spirit says, but much that he does not or cannot say that arouses our suspicion that our friend has either changed for the worse, or else is compelled and limited by conditions he cannot control.

For instance, we all believe in progress after death, and it has seemed most reasonable that wise and learned men of earth life should become yet more wise and learned after death, if personal immortality be a fact. That implies teachings by those who know more to those who know less, and are desirous to learn. It implies gatherings, whether we call them schools or colleges, for such purposes, with libraries and museums adapted to a student's need. But progress will surely impel the individual spirit to pass on, from time to time, into new fields with advantages of further study, and he will, as surely, have left footprints by which he may be followed. In other words, the wise teacher in spirit life will certainly have contributed to the stored knowledge which we call libraries; and it is equally certain that museums will carefully hoard his gathered facts and curiosities, as in earth life.

So much is a pleasant picture of the pres-

ent belief of the intelligent believer in his own immortality, and coming experience. It is reasonable. No one will dispute it. Yet it is at this point that the student is startled to discover that all is not so clear and plain as he has imagined. He even fears lest he may have been building a mere castle in the air, a structure that is without any real foundation. It thus becomes most important that we gather every fact at our disposal as essential in our search for truth. Let us now take a most interesting fact of today, using it as a practical illustration to see what it can teach us.

I presume most or all of my readers are aware of the recent startling discoveries at Nippur, near Babylon. Professor Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, has spent fourteen years exploring in the deserts of Babylon, and has at last discovered the old city of Nippur—or rather fifteen old cities of Nippur, the ruins of one serving as the foundation for the next. He has discovered already some 23,000 tablets, and expects to find many thousands more, written, probably 7,000 years ago. He proposes to devote his life to deciphering the hieroglyphics graven upon these tablets of unbaked clay. He has already discovered that the scientists of Nippur were magnificent mathematicians and astronomers 5,000 years ago. He has a tablet with minute and carefully correct calculations as to the constellation of Scorpio. Yet our modern instruments of precision were unknown to them. He finds that the children in the schools had to learn one language than that of their parents. The poor little wretches had to learn the multiplication table up to 39 times 39; and the astronomers carried out this table to 1,300 times 1,300. So much, at least, is now known of that ancient people. The habit of the conqueror of a city in those days was to destroy every building, and thus as far as possible leave no sign of the city's existence. This has happened to Nippur again and again, as we have said, one city and civilization thus building upon the ruins of its predecessor, and in its turn to be destroyed in the same manner.

So the explorer digs his way through the ruins of that remote past, finding strata of centuries upon centuries, which, like the rocks, are records of convulsions in earth history. While thus digging and delving their way through histories and civilizations yet to be studied these American explorers have chanced upon a vast library that was not, and could not be destroyed by conquerors because its pages were unbaked clay tablets, the most indestructible material yet known. There, but in hieroglyphics, we have the detailed history of a civilization thousands of years before history was believed to have been born. The savage and barbarian has no history. He just lives and dies unknown and unsung. Some day his sons evolve a manhood which builds temples and pyramids, which, all the same, the ages will reduce to impalpable dust. But the humblest utensil of unbaked clay outlasts time. The art demanded of its discoverer is to learn its lessons; and when he finds that clay tablet covered with an unknown written language, he faces an all but impossible task.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century a talented young physician devoted his manhood's prime to the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics, with a success that has unveiled some of the secrets of a wonderful civilization founded upon a river's mud. Fortunately some one of the remote past of our own era, but who lived before the hieroglyphic was entirely a lost art, bethought him of engraving its side by side with its translation into then known languages. So it has happened that the famed Rosetta Stone has proved a key that has unlocked Time's hidden secrets in Egyptian history.

But the men who could have done the same for the writings of Nippur have died, and left none of their knowledge behind them. So the question before the present writer and reader is to discover what has become of those men who knew the details of that past, and could have told it to the present. And the Spiritualist who dares to think must face the problem, as the writer of these lines is doing in these hours of his midnight studies. We have a starting point in Nature's law or rule of eternal change. She does not seem to be particular whether it be progress or retrogression. She simply demands eternal changes of all molecular gatherings, leaving only the unchanged atom, or unit, as an eternal fact. So it has pleased us, in the light of modern spirit return, to picture an era of progress as specially adapted to the life of a man after he has died away from this little planet. Even if some mortals should in the process shrivel into nothingness, others will go on evolving an ever higher manhood, with greater powers and increasing knowledge. So much has been the inspired teaching of Spirit Return, whether ancient or modern. Yet while it commends itself to our hopes and longings, the student must be careful to demand proof of this growth into an eternal progress by the man of tomorrow.

Those men of Nippur, if human immortality be natural law, passed, as all of us must, into what we call the higher life. Not only the humble peasant but the learned scientist and student each in his turn "slept with his fathers." But, if spirit return, tell the truth, that learned man of Nippur woke to find his brothers of the new family circle very wide awake and eager for knowledge. If he would also learn he must study and have teachers, and material to study. So that new born scientist would go to school and college. Libraries and museums would be certain to hold for him treasures of earth history as well as that of the higher life. No conquerors could come to destroy and bury those records. It is true the student in that spirit college might learn and pass on far away from our ken or greeting, but everything he had studied and recorded would remain.

So Spiritualism, while asserting that the man of Nippur has long passed beyond greeting from us, cannot and does not deny that he may, and in all probability has left his knowledge and traditions in the spirit college, library and museum. In other words, those hieroglyphic pages of Nippur's history would have been open secrets to the Nippur spirit. Therefore any spirit student who chose would have an eternal Rosetta Stone by which to read them. The spirit-man of the remote past may reasonably have passed far beyond our present reach, but the spirit student of today holds, if human progress be a fact, all the records by which the Nippur tablets can be easily translated. The man who spent his life on earth in vain search, makes his way through death to the very knowledge he was seeking. Why then does he not come back and become our teacher?

All that we have pointed out as the unexplained in Nippur history is equally true of the civilizations, with their hieroglyphic records left in Central America. It would equally apply to the still more ancient Atlantis, only we have no written or pictured records of that remote past. So we assume, and have the right to assume there are in existence existing records of Nippur, and other ancient civilizations, written and accumulated by the actors themselves after they had left earth life. This must be so if progress be the eternal law we are taught to believe. Yet in the face of what is claimed to be a stream of spirit return all along the ages, man the mortal gets no reliable help from man the immortal, who could solve his problems. As for the asserted marks made by some medium, and then claimed to be translated by another inspired medium, we pass them by as utterly unverifiable. Such then is the problem before us. We demand to know why we are left helpless and ignorant, when the very knowledge we seek lies open

to the seeker who has entered the life of the Borderland? Our study must now include an examination of the very essence of Spirit Return, based upon our knowledge of natural law in earth life.

San Leandro, Cal.
(To be continued.)

Genius—In the Light of Modern Spiritualism.

MR. E. WAKE COOK

The case of Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie seer, is by far the most interesting and instructive of all the hypnotic subjects. He from the inside view has described all the phases of mesmeric sleep, through the dream-state, ordinary somnambulism, the open vision of Swedenborg, up to independent clairvoyance. So all these states, or strata of consciousness, may be claimed for the individual without mediumship. Where mediumship is added we may get a wide range of personalities manifesting through the medium, of varied character, unlike each other, and unlike the medium.

Davis, as you will remember, was an intelligent youth who missed the advantages of education, but who escaped its disadvantages in lampering and in warding his mind. On discovering his wonderful powers in hypnotic trance he for some years successfully treated disease, and then by interior direction appointed Dr. Lyons to be his hypnotist, and the Rev. William Flashbough to act as scribe; and various witnesses were also appointed to watch over the great work which was to be given through him. Then in one hundred and fifty-seven lectures of varying length, beginning November 1845 and finishing in January, 1847, he gave to the world "Nature's Divine Revelations." This work I have had in my mind for nearly forty years, always watching the bearings of new discoveries upon it, and I deliberately pronounce it—Mr. Podmore notwithstanding—to be probably the most remarkable work in our language, and in some respects the greatest. This is a large order, when the thousand and one mistakes, the vain repetitions and other blemishes, are remembered, but that is my well thought-out judgment which I could prove if time permitted. I do not think that Spiritualists as a rule quite recognize what a wonderful work it is. Being addressed to all mankind, it is both popular and profound. The popular reader will miss its deeper significance, while the profound scholar will be offended by the unprovable nature of many of its statements, and the many demonstrable errors scattered through its pages.

I need not say that in his recent "History of Modern Spiritualism," Mr. Podmore has quite failed to fathom its significance, and his hints that it is a fraudulent concoction, rendered possible by an extraordinary memory on the part of Davis, inspires me with a feeling of amused contempt! You can judge the calibre of a man who should see nothing wonderful in Shakespeare because he reflected the thought of his time, made geographical blunders, and helped himself to the plots of his predecessors. Mr. Podmore's finding of "Nature's Divine Revelations" is just as shallow as such a judgment of Shakespeare. Of course Davis is a mere novice in handling language compared with our supreme poet, but just as Shakespeare transcended all previous poets in the depth of his insight, and the central rightness of his views, so did Davis transcend the thought of his time. If Davis was not a seer as he claimed, then he was a consummate genius. The marvelous instinct that took him straight to the broad, vital facts, to the right side in nearly all controversies, and enabled him to reconcile contradictions in higher synthesis, has, I firmly believe, no parallel. Swedenborg, his spiritual predecessor, was a great scientific man and a great seer, yet the young unlettered Davis gives what is really the apotheosis of his system; transcends what Emerson calls his "adamantine limitations," his "theologic cramp," drops his Infernos and devils and other nightmares, and soars aloft into God's pure air, picturing spheres above sphere of ever increasing loveliness.

It is difficult to say how many of the ideas were original, and it does not matter much, as Davis said that he did not write because truth had not been discovered before, but to give it a new and more attractive form; and throughout he speaks of the knowledge already attained, sometimes confirming, sometimes criticizing, and sometimes correcting it. The essential thing from our present standpoint is that, while using all attained knowledge and appropriating the thoughts still in the air, he did what only a clairvoyant or a great genius could do—he transcended all the information he used by his wonderful selection of the right facts and increased their significance by the new setting he gave them. They probably lost value from the literary point of view in the loose and redundant manner of his statements, but the truth, as immediately by the way they were all fitted into living principles, every fact corresponding with larger or minor facts and becoming at once a history and a prophecy, pointing back to a measureless past, and pointing upwards to an illimitable future of ever ascending progress.

With what rare instinct he diagnosed the needs of his time and pointed out the remedies. In dealing with the Principles of Nature, how surely he seized all that was highest in the existing state of knowledge. By the application of electrical principles throughout the Cosmos, and the tracing up of the progress of every atom, he arrived at an extraordinarily brilliant conception which turned the duality of cause and effect into a trinity of cause, effect and ultimate. This idea, if it had occurred to a scientific man, would have placed him beside the intellectual giants. Whether Davis originated it, or only adopted it, I do not know, but it was the work of a consummate genius to have seized it and turned it to such account. It will probably take sectarian science fifty years to come abreast of that splendid conception. Yet it is a common assertion that Spiritualism has taught us nothing; and even the great Faraday demanded of D. D. Home: "If the effects are miracles, or the work of spirits, does he admit the utterly contemptible character, both of them and their results, up to the present time, in respect either of yielding information or instruction or supplying any force of action of the least value to mankind?"

Surely Spiritualism was sent to confound the wisdom of the wise, and betray the feet of clay even of the most brazen physicists! When Davis describes what he calls the "Universe" he rises to the occasion, and, while transcending the highest dreams of poets and scientists, and keeping strictly on scientific lines, he gives the grandest conception of Creation that ever passed through the mind of man, meeting as never before all the demands of the Materialist and the Spiritualist, and laying the foundation for that unique fusion of Science, Philosophy, and Religion which is a leading characteristic of Modern Spiritualism.

He gives a sublime conception of a stupendous Spiritual Sun, a Vortex of pure Intelligence, an Infinite of Matter and Motion, a Great Positive Mind, uniting Omnipotent Power and all the Attributes, Principles, and Essences that are displayed not only in the Material Cosmos, but also in Mental, Spiritual, and Celestial realms of inconceivable extent and grandeur. This Spiritual Sun throws off, by its inherent creative energy, circle upon circle of suns of such unthinkable splendor that our own sun is treated as a

mere planet and its planets as mere asteroids, revolving round one of the fifth circle of these stupendous suns! The astronomers have staggered at such statements of the profundity of the star depths, telling us that light, traveling faster even than a lie, takes some incredible number of years to reach us from the more distant stars revealed by the space-penetrating telescope. When the baffled eye can penetrate no further the patient camera takes up the watch, and recording night after night rays of light too feeble to affect our senses, reveals stars still more distant lighting up the abyssal depths of space! But what are these statements compared with the revelations of this young clairvoyant! He tells us that all the visible stars belong to only one of the Circles of Suns of which our solar system is but a poor relation! To the eye the heavens present but a chaos of stars and nebulae, but to the seer all is order and harmony, and he tells us that "the great worlds that are distributed throughout the immensity of space are incessantly reciprocating particles and substances with each other, almost intellectually. And in accordance with their density or rarity, with their lower or higher degrees of development, with their gross or refined conditions, are their distances determined, and their motions established." He says:—

"The vast ocean of materials in ceaseless motion and activity, from whose bosom these systems were developed and born into existence, and each inconceivably extended system and system of systems involved together, with all their accompanying excellencies and beauties, are everlasting indices of future, inevitable, and corresponding emanations from the exhaustless Fountain from which all these have successively flown. All these suns and systems of suns with all their accompanying worlds—are but as one particle, are but one breathing forth of internal qualities from the great eternal Fount, in comparison to the grand and glorious developments that are to be produced and extended throughout the height, and depth, and length, and breadth of the whole Universe! Thus but one atom has been developed; and but one second has elapsed in comparison to the corresponding extension of time!"

"Thus," he continues, "the thought finds no resting-place. It feels the material form, and is conscious of its habitation. It meditates definitely only upon objects that are suitable for its comprehension and association. Anything beyond such objects is but a vacuum in which imagination, whose flight is swifter than the sunbeam, seeks for a resting-place. It searches throughout the chambers of the heaven of heavens, and roams through the labyrinths that are continually opening into new fields of celestial beauty which utterly transcend all minds but that Mind which produced them. It returns from its flight in the infinitude of space, and inquires with breathless and inexpressible amazement: When was the beginning, and when the end, of eternal time and unbounded creations?"

Leaving the "Universe" as utterly beyond the limits of thought, he turns attention to that comparatively small part of it which we call the Universe, which is yet thought and language-begging in its immensity. He traces the physical formation of our solar system through all its stages; describes the birth of the planets, hints their history, and describes their inhabitants, their customs, and their relations with the spiritual spheres. Taking all this merely as imaginative flight, it is always grand and suggestive, even when not convincing.

He then takes up the history of our world from its birth as a "fiery cloud" to its present state. Every stage is clearly described—the geological strata, the meteorological conditions, the first beginning of life; then the flora and fauna of each stage, the gradual development through time inconceivable up to Nature's crowning glory, Man, the synthesis of all below him, and a prophecy of endless future development through successive spiritual spheres.

Glancing at universal history, he gives special attention to the Bible, giving an account of its contents, analyzing the various books, and psychologizing their authors. He then dissects with vigor the theological doctrines of his time, and denounces with warmth their cramping narrowness, as dishonoring both to God and man. After discussing with rare intelligence the questions involved in theology, he gives a most cheering philosophy of death, describing the painful outer appearances as deceptive, and the inner experiences as indescribably beautiful. This is the prelude to a growing description of the six higher spheres of existence. Speaking of the Second Sphere, he says:—

"I behold the spiritual Sphere as containing all the beauties of the natural sphere combined and perfected. And in every natural sphere these beauties are represented though in the first and rudimentary degree; so that every earth is of itself an index and an introduction to the beauty and grandeur that are existing in the Second Sphere. For from the natural the spiritual is unfolded, or made manifest."

From the second sphere he ascends to sphere after sphere of ever-increasing splendor until in the Celestial Sphere he seems lost in the Ineffable Light. In spite of diffuseness and irritating repetitions he shows something of Shakespeare's art of making language go beyond itself, hinting the glories that never expressed.

Such in brief and broken outline is this remarkable work, which is a liberal education in itself, and an inexhaustible mine of suggestion. What are we to think of it? If produced as Mr. Podmore hints, then we must claim Davis as a consummate genius who out-soars the poets of his imaginative flights. So it requires less credulity to accept it for what it claims to be; and I have dwelt on it at length to show the unrelenting range of faculty and of knowledge possessed by this inner genius of ours, which in this case of Davis was released by mesmeric trance from physical trammels. As he was able afterwards to go into this higher condition without the aid of hypnotism, it shows what a thin veil separates us from our higher selves.

If the works of this great seer stood alone it would be unsafe to build my argument upon them, but they do not stand alone. They are supported by masses of corroborative evidence in the literature of Modern Spiritualism and Theosophy; and probably all the different Bibles that have moved mankind were given to the world through some form of mediumship, or through channel from the supra-conscious minds of the seers or prophets.

I can only glance at my second proposition: that normally we are like instruments played upon by Omnipotence; are like imperfect electrical machines on whose wires the whole thought of the Universe is playing, and to which most of us can as yet only respond with a few conscious dots and dashes. It is very strange that we should so entirely overlook the legitimate deductions from the most generally accepted postulates of philosophy, that of the Unity underlying the Manifold, the one including the Many. If we are part of the great Cosmic Life, we are related to everything that is; knowledge is a consciousness of relations, and we are gradually awakening to our underlying relationships. We must also be parts, indivisible parts, of the Great Positive Mind, and must be unconscious partakers in Omnipotence. In the deeper experiences of the soul this momentous fact is dimly realized.

This thought is grandly hinted by Coleridge, who asks:—

"And what if all of animated Nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed
That tremble into thought, as o'er them
Sweeps
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of All?"

My third proposition, that we are, or may be, made of communications from higher individualized intelligences, and that ordinarily we are in unconscious telepathic communication with sympathetic minds, needs no argument to support it when addressed to Spiritualists.

The argument that there is a consummate genius in each of us might be greatly strengthened by many other considerations which I cannot even glance at now. This genius is active in all, building, sustaining, and repairing the body, and also in elaborating the thoughts that flow into our consciousness; but it is manifestly hampered by the dullness of the physical organs. It can, in so many of us, only get through into consciousness by the accustomed channels which are usually narrow and choked up with rubbish; all we may be dull and commonplace, and as the higher manifestations remain potential only.

How then can we evoke this higher self? If I could tell you I should be a genius myself; but there are a few hints that may be given, even if I am compelled to play the part of a finger-post, which points the way without going that way itself!

Now, genius is of two kinds. First, there is genius allied to madness, the "Divine Madness," as Plato calls it, which seems to break through the crevices of a shabby organism. Secondly, there is the essentially sane genius, whose grand, all-round development makes him soar above his fellows like an eagle among sparrows. This type is, of course, the one to which we should aspire.

The first essential is hard work and all-round culture. There is one point which Frederic Myers, himself a genius, thought important, and certainly much might be said for it. You are aware that we nearly all use one side of our brain more than the other. The right side of the body is controlled by the left side of the brain, so that right-handed persons develop the left-side brain more than the right, and, contrariwise, left-handed people develop the right brain most. It is a noteworthy fact that acrobats, who do such marvelous things, are first trained to be ambidextrous, to use either hand with equal facility. This would tend to develop both sides of the brain equally up to a certain point, and may account for the wonderful quickness of perception, accurate judgment of distance, and other things on which their life often depends. Whether the one-sidedness extends to the higher intellectual centres is another matter; it probably does; and we might not only conserve our vital forces, but add greatly to our brain power, by cultivating both sides to act in unison.

Another essential is, of course, the power of Concentration. Gladstone was a splendid example of all-round genius, based on a magnificent physique. Mr. G. W. E. Russell, writing of him, says:—

"Great as were his eloquence, his knowledge and his financial skill, Gladstone was accustomed to say of himself that the only quality in which, so far as he knew, he was distinguished from his fellow-men was his faculty of concentration. Whatever was the matter in hand, he so concentrated on it, and absorbed himself in it, that, for the time being, nothing else seemed to exist for him."

Thought is apt to come like a song with an accompaniment, which fills in with interludes and divides attention. While following a leading train of thought we are dimly conscious of a grumbling bass of other thoughts or feelings, with accompanying flourishes and embellishments. When these accompaniments are in tune they may be helpful, but as a rule they are in different keys and are distracting. There is a theory of the nature of electrical power which will serve as a good illustration, whether it is true or not.

The particles of electricity are conceived as being in violent motion, like the material atoms they accompany. These vibrations, causing collisions on all sides, contract each other and no power is available; but introduce an electrical machine capable of giving these confused and impotent movements a given direction, and make them all flow along a single channel, and then we have a stupendous force. Now, Andrew Jackson Davis told us half a century ago that the human brain is a perfect galvanic battery, and Mr. Lawson today tells us that thought is a high-tension electrical current of enormous potency. Ordinary confused thinking represents thoughts neutralizing each other like the conflicting atoms; concentration focuses them, gives them direction, and thus produces an immeasurable power. So we see, in the inner world as in the outer, Niagara's of Thought Forces running to waste in futile interludes.

Concentration is of two kinds—intensely active, as in artistic production, where the experience of a life inspires every touch; or it may be passive and receptive, merging into mediumship. The mind may be so stilled that a trance or semi-trance state is induced, when the spiritual faculties emerge into partial consciousness, and we have that form of Inspiration, or of intellectual Intuition, which are distinguishing marks of genius.

The Yoga Philosophy throws some light on these matters, and its high pretensions should be practically tested. It is somewhat discredited at the onset by the thoroughly false and pessimistic view of the purpose of life on which it is based. It seems like an elaborate attempt to shirk our school tasks. We are sent into this world to learn every lesson that every phase of experience can teach us; and to attempt to evade these disciplines, and to try short cuts to Nirvana, seem futile efforts to frustrate the Divine Purpose. But the exercises prescribed promise a rapid development of spiritual powers which might be put to better use than trying to evade reincarnation.

Many of the exercises appear somewhat grotesque, but they can only be judged by results. Temperance rather than asceticism is advocated. Various objects are recommended for contemplation or meditation, such as an imaginary thousand-petaled lotus in the brain, or in the heart; and the solar plexus is also given as an object on which to concentrate the thoughts, the purpose, apparently being to induce trance-like states, clairvoyance, or that voluntary trance in which Swedenborg passed so much of his time, and which Davis used for the purpose of writing the "Great Harmonial Philosophy."

Various kinds of deep breathing have to be practiced. One exercise is to "draw in the breath by the right nostril and expel it through the left, and then reverse the process. This interchange is probably for the same purpose that the use of the left hand equally with the right is recommended, to promote balance.

Now, the habit of deep breathing, filling the lungs to their utmost capacity, is the best tonic in the world. There is profound significance in the statement that man was dust until the breath of life was breathed into his nostrils, and he became a living soul. There can be little doubt that we draw in spiritual forces with air, and, therefore, the practice is to be recommended both for physical and mental health.

The results of the Yoga discipline are stated to be the attainment of magical powers, and something like omnipotence. Whether these magical powers are anything more than the healing and other things accomplished by

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the right direction of Thought Forces, I cannot say. The "omniscience" claimed will probably resolve itself, after discounting Eastern hyperbole, into that extension of cognitive powers shown by Swedenborg, A. J. Davis, and other seers in the superior condition. The same high rewards are said to be attainable by the normal methods of spiritual and intellectual culture; so we shall, perhaps, be safest on these more familiar grounds.

A thorough realization of our Divine genesis, our high destiny, and our indissoluble unity with the Great Positive Mind and Soul of the Universe, will be, perhaps, the best discipline of all. The realization of the consummate Genius imprisoned within us, which is a partaker of the vast knowledge and the spiritual forces of the second sphere, will be the first step to the grander conception. The immense possibilities thus latent within us will confer a sense of dignity, power, and responsibility, and will greatly aid us in getting rid of hampering pettiness, worries, and "fear-thought," all that rubbish which checks the influx of thought and power from the higher self. The whole aim should be to cultivate all the superior faculties, and so spiritualize and refine the organism that it will respond more readily to the inner promptings, and bring us into closer touch with friends who have gone before. Then if we do not attain to Genius, we may attain to something still more desirable.—London Light, Feb. 23.

WHY DO YOU HESITATE?

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A small trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine will be sent free and prepaid to any reader of this publication who needs it and writes for it. One small dose a day quickly cures the most stubborn case of constipation or the most distressing stomach trouble to stay cured. Its influence upon the liver, kidneys and bladder is gentle and wonderful and restores those organs to a condition of health, so that they perform their functions perfectly and painlessly.

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Ladies' Lyceum Union.

The Fifty-fifth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated by the Ladies' Lyceum Union, Wednesday, March 25, at Red Men's Hall, all day and evening. The forenoon session was opened with remarks by the president, Mrs. M. J. Butler, followed by Mrs. Horace Berry, Mrs. Annie Banks Scott, Mrs. B. W. Belcher and Mrs. Moody. The afternoon session was opened by Rev. Fred A. Wiggin on "Lyceum Work." Mrs. Carrie Loring, Mr. J. Frank Baxter and Mrs. Sarah Byrnes added their bright thoughts and well repaid us for listening to them. Mr. Cutter favored us with a song entitled, "The Model Church," and received an encore. Mr. Albert P. Blinn spoke in his usual earnest manner and was followed by Mrs. Willis, remarks, Miss Etta Willis, an original poem, and Mrs. Ham of Haverhill with messages.

While a detailed account of the speaker's remarks is not permissible at this time, we would speak of a few remarks which we were able to gather from so many, all of which were able and interesting. Mrs. Byrnes gave a very enjoyable account of her mediumship and her first knowledge of the truth of our natural belief or religion as one may desire to call it. Mr. Wiggin and Mrs. Loring spoke for the good of the children and those who are to follow in their footsteps. Mr. Blinn claimed the need of a dignity in our services, for higher education, and particularly in the line of mediumship. Mrs. Willis' thoughts took the line of upholding our Banner, keeping it pure and clean: "Float it o'er our land in truth and purity."

The evening session was opened by remarks by Mr. J. S. Scarlett, Mrs. Hattie Webber, Mrs. Waterhouse, Rev. Mr. Parris, Mrs. Hattie Mason; recitation by Iona Stillings; reading, Mrs. Wood; duet by Miss Baker and Mr. Harold Leslie; solo, Miss Baker; songs by the Misses Backerack; tests and messages from Dr. Charles Hunt, Mrs. Butler of Lynn, Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mrs. Chapman and the president, Mrs.

M. J. Butler. The pianist was, as customary upon these occasions, Mrs. Willis Milligan, who always brightens us and gives to us new inspiration with his music.

The work of the officers and committees was quietly and creditably performed, and we closed our anniversary without even a ripple of inharmonious during the three sessions. The decorations were fine and the supper served in Dwight Hall as famous as is always to be found upon these occasions.

The next regular meeting will be held Wednesday, April 1; whilst as usual. We hope to see all the friends present every week. The weeks are going by and we shall soon be obliged to close and part our ways for the summer. We have over two hundred strong, earnest working members. Join us in the good work which our worthy president and officers and members essay to carry on.

Laura F. Sloan, rec. sec.

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Lincoln, the Noble Son of God, was of the Jewish Faith.

Editor Israelite:

In the March issue of the National Magazine appears an article by Col. Jas. Matlock Sevel, on Abraham Lincoln, in which the great emancipator stated his creed—the same as the lawyer read in response to the question of Christ. The lawyer asked the Nazarene what to do to inherit eternal life, and was told to keep the law and read: "Love the Lord with all thy heart and soul and thy neighbor as thyself." This statement Lincoln endorsed as embodying his creed, thus substantially placing himself in the Jewish or Jewish faith. The commendation of Rev. Peter Cartwright, a heroic preacher by a certain prominent official will grate on the moral sense of those broad minded and scholarly theologians who remember that the said Cartwright, in his campaign against Lincoln, assailed him because he was a deist, or "infidel," as certain "pious" but inadequately informed persons term those who do not assent to their belated theological views. Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Grant and Lincoln were of the Jewish faith. In the words of an eminent and scholarly divine of the congregational cult, they stood too near God to be misled by unreasoning theologians. They illustrated the sound declaration of one of the prophets: "The soul is an older authority than prophecy and its voice the gift of God from the beginning." The noble dictum, "He that doeth righteousness is righteous even as He is righteous" is a compact creed to be treasured.

Jewish Quaker

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (the Clothier), says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder Diseases will write him he will direct them to the perfect home cure he used. He has nothing whatever to sell you.

Notes from New Hampshire.

Edgar W. Emerson closed a ten days' engagement Sunday, March 15, with the Ashcroft Valley Spiritualist Association of Winchester. He spoke afternoon and evening in the town hall, to large and enthusiastic audiences, composed of the intelligent people of the town; the three churches were represented by their pastors and a large number of their congregation. Mr. Emerson was controlled to speak with great force and power, closing each service with a test séance which opened wide the door of communication between the loved ones in spirit life and those in the mortal.

By and through the public and private work of Mr. Emerson and his able spirit control, a profound interest has been inaugurated which it is hoped will develop to grander proportions at no distant date. It gives me great pleasure to state also that through the efforts of Mr. Robert A. Aberton, a gentleman of ability and who has the courage of his convictions, interest has been created in the city of Keene where Mr. Emerson has recently filled his sixth engagement. Commencing with an audience of thirty or forty a few months ago, the attendance has increased to more than five hundred. It seems to the writer that the Ashcroft

Valley offers a golden field for successful missionary work; Keene should have an organized society and organized work before the close of the coming season. We have a small society in Winchester organized about two years ago, but for want of funds have been progressing slowly. We shall open correspondence with Mr. James S. Scarlett, N. S. A. missionary for New England, at once. Dr. W. G. Barrett, Winchester, N. H.

An Outrage Upon Moses Hull.

HIS PSYCHIC EDUCATOR AND THE MORRIS PRATT SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have now issued four numbers of The Psychic Educator. In December, 1902, I made application for The Educator to go through the mails at regular second class rates; that is at one cent per pound. The Postmaster at Whitewater assured me that he had not the least doubt but that the application would be granted.

The Educator fulfills every condition the law requires as second class matter. It is in no sense of the word an advertising journal; it offers no premiums nor prizes. The Postmaster here fully believes in our magazine, in our school, and in its work, and so wrote the authorities at Washington.

Judge of my surprise when, just before we were ready to put number four in the mail, we received notice from Washington that we were indebted two cents each for nearly three thousand copies of The Educator already sent out; and that we would be required in the future to pay two cents on each and every number sent through the United States mail. This is the attempt made to defeat the matter of education.

The paragraph on which this embargo rests is quoted in this notice, but as no such language ever appeared in The Educator, I have no idea to what is referred. The nearest approach to the thing to which reference is made is from my first editorial, and reads as follows:

"This magazine being in close touch with The Morris Pratt Institute and in a certain sense its organ, seems a necessity, and, filling the place it does it is appropriately named The Psychic Educator."

The presumption is that the man at the head of the Department presumes that Spiritualism is all a fake, and that the work of The Morris Pratt Institute is to teach its students to go out and guile the people. Hence this unchristian attempt to kill The Psychic Educator. At any rate as near as I can find out, the writing of that sentence will compel me to either abandon the publication of The Educator, or to pay from two hundred and fifty dollars to three hundred and fifty dollars as an extra tribute to the Post-Office Department.

I do not intend that a little thing like that shall either drive or frighten me off the track. As long as I can raise the money this "Shylock" shall have his "Pound of flesh."

I shall probably make no more appeals to the Post-Office Department for the reason that I will be likely in any future number to make as wicked a remark as the one which now deprives me of my just rights. I want no more trouble with the authorities.

Until my subscription list demands an increase, I shall hereafter print just one thousand copies of The Educator each month. About one hundred of these will go to exchange agents, and the rest will go to a few good people who want The Educator but are not able to pay for it. This bill I will freely pay. There will then be about 800 subscribers. The extra postage on that number will be one hundred and sixty dollars.

There are on my books today the names and addresses of nearly four hundred persons who subscribed with the promise that they would pay on the receipt of the first number, but who have not kept that promise. If all this will send in what they are owing, with an extra twenty-five cents to pay the extra postage, I will get out of this all right. Even at that rate it will be conceded that The Psychic Educator is a very cheap magazine.

This last oppression proves that governments, in the hands of ignorant, wicked or malicious men can be as oppressive as any other monopolies. Such mal-administration of governments is the thing which drives people into anarchy.

With the determination not to be crushed, nor to have The Educator nor The Morris Pratt School crushed,

I am as ever,

Moses Hull.

Cancer Increasing.

This disease has quadrupled itself in the last 10 years. This is made manifest by the increased number of patients applying to Dr. By, of Kansas City, Mo. His offices are crowded continually by patients from every state in the union. Dr. By is the discoverer of a combination of Medicated Oils that readily cure cancer, tumor, catarrh, piles, fistula, and all skin and womb diseases. Write for Illustrated Book. Address Dr. W. O. By, Drawer 1111, Kansas City, Mo.

Twenty-fifth Anniversary and Surprise Party.

Wednesday evening, March 18, fifty or more of the society of Progressive Spiritualists of Manchester, surprised Edgar W. Emerson at his home, 136 Bridge St., it being the twenty-fifth anniversary of his mediumship for the spirit world.

Mr. Emerson was completely surprised when he opened the door to answer to the ring and found the party ready to take possession. He quickly ushered them inside where they were made welcome and comfortable.

Mr. Emerson was then presented with a life-size bust of "Hiawatha," as a token of respect for his spirit guides and himself. His feelings so overcame him that his guides entranced him and expressed their appreciation. The first spirit was Theophilus Ward, who entranced Mr. Emerson twenty-five years ago and has been his principal guide since that time. He interestingly reviewed the past, and wished them all much success and happiness in years to come. The next speaker was Miss H. E. Kimball, the first white lady to entrance him; she has been with him all the twenty-five years, adding her help and encouragement. Next in order came Miss Sunbeam, an Indian maiden of the Narragansett tribe, who is known by so many; she is the spirit that gives messages through Mr. Emerson. Twilight, a maiden of the Pennacook tribe, came next; she was the first Indian to control him in his early mediumship. Then came Miss Sally Black, a young lady of dark complexion, who was born in Virginia. She was followed by a spirit, giving the name of Flora, who greeted the company with poetry which was very nice and fitting for the occasion. Wabash, a Medicine Man of the Blackfoot tribe, who has prescribed medicine for many patients, was heartily greeted, for many of the friends had been benefited by his treatment and it was well for him to come and add his word to the rest.

These spirits were all members of Mr. Emerson's band, and have been for many years. They are rarely heard in public, except Sunbeam, but this being anniversary night it seemed to be the time and place for them to come and they all gave us words of kindness and good cheer; after which we refreshed

the material man with cake and coffee of which the ladies had provided in plenty with the aid of Mr. Emerson's sister, who lives with him and who knew about the party. Conversation and cards were indulged in. Every one enjoyed the evening and wished Mr. Emerson many more anniversaries of the same kind. Time passed so pleasantly and swiftly it was soon time to take the last car home.

Letters were received from friends and during the evening a telegram from "The Ladies' Lyceum Union" of Boston sending greeting to "Sunbeam," for which she was much pleased and returns thanks.

The party was planned and carried out by the secretary of the society, Mrs. Albina Warren and she made it a success. G. F. R.

Briefs.

Boston Spiritual Temple, Chickering Hall.—Our services were of an impressive character consisting of singing by the quartet, the morning lesson, invocation and responses. Subject of discourse by Rev. F. A. Wiggin, "There is no Night in the Spirit World." He referred to the more advanced minds who had become living entities full of new life and anxious to reveal to us the glories of the world of spirits. There is no night in the spirit world—meaning there is the spiritual light that all possess by being obedient and true to their calling in the mortal life. The spiritual man is the man of character, the moral soul transfigured by the glory of the spirit; one who has seen the world has known its temptations, and whose soul is touched by the deepest compassion for his fellows. He has gained his spiritual ideal through prudence, reason, physical health, by purifying everything in life, by being helpful, faithful, true. The energy of power, the moving force of aspiration, the impulse of desire are all his, and he is marching on in the ranks of those lofty ones whose mission is to toll on until man becomes uplifted into the sphere of universal love. The evening hour was given to communications from the world of spirits.—Alonso Danforth, cor. sec. of B. S. Temple.

Commercial Hall, 64 Washington St., Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor.—Subject of morning circle was "Has Spiritualism Brought a Message to the People?" Talent assisting during the day: Mr. Hill, Dr. Brown, Dr. Blackden, Mr. H. L. Clough, Mrs. Millen, Mrs. Julia Davis, Mrs. Ida Pye, Mr. Billings, Mr. Dearborn, Mrs. Woods, Miss Sears, Solos, Miss Carrie Still, the colored vocalist. Meeting every Tuesday for healing, and Thursdays for spirit messages. April 5 the colored troupe of singers.—Reporter.

Newark, N. J.—The Woman's Progressive Union, an auxiliary of The First Church of Spiritual Progression, held a meeting on Wednesday evening, March 18, to increase our building fund. Our friend and co-worker, Miss Margaret Gaule, kindly tendered her services for this benefit, for which the Union is most deeply grateful. The meeting was a great success and we cleared for the fund the sum of \$24.00. If there were more prominent mediums willing to help in this way we might soon succeed in building a temple for our society.—G. A. Dorn, sec.

Fitchburg, March 22, Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn was speaker for the First Spiritualist Society. Pythian hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The addresses were very interesting and presented in a masterly manner, and the spirit messages were correctly given. Miss Howe, pianist, finely rendered several special selections. The society observed the fifty-fifth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism with appropriate services.—Dr. C. L. Fox, pres.

The Church of the Fraternity of Soul Communion held services in the Aurora Grata Cathedral, Bedford and Madison Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday eve, March 22, at 8 o'clock. Services opened with an organ recital by Prof. Decker; the Verdi Quartet rendered selection, "O For a Closer Walk With God;" a poem was read "There Is No Death." The congregation again had the pleasure of hearing from Dr. Geo. Buchanan through the mediumship of Mr. R. S. Thompson. We are thankful to God and the angel world for having restored to us our good friend, Rev. Ira M. Courlis, pastor of the church who gave the messages. A host of witnesses came from spirit land to comfort the loved ones here. Mr. Courlis thanked the many friends who so earnestly prayed for his speedy recovery during his illness.—Miss Emma C. Resch, cor.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1 of Boston, held its regular meeting in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., March 22, at eleven a. m. The subject of the lesson was "Religion." Dr. Hale gave a brief talk on the subject. After the march Bertha Superior, Ethel Weaver, Mollie Fleishman read selections; Rebecca Gollitz, piano solo. Mr. A. P. Blinn was present and spoke in his usual bright, cheerful way. He was surprised to see so many children on such a disagreeable day. We are always pleased to welcome Mr. Blinn, and all mediums and speakers who are interested in Lyceum work. Mr. Leslie read the notices and closed the session.—Mrs. M. E. Stillings, sec.

Bronchial Troubles are often permanently cured by Piso's Cure for Consumption. 25 cents per bottle.

I. S. P. Conference.

The first Conference of the I. S. P. was held during the evening of February 26. The members of the conference committee who were present, were Dr. La Forest Potter, Dr. Carleton Simon, Dr. Henry Frank, Dr. Paul Tyner. Many new members were enrolled. The audience was deeply interested by Dr. La Forest Potter's vivid recounting of his seven years of study and research through laboratory and institute in the interests of Therapeutic Psychology, Suggestion and Hypnotism as practiced in the clinics of Drs. Berillon of Paris, Tuckey of England and Moll of Berlin; he also referred to the work of Dr. Boris Sides in the New York Psychopathic hospitals. Dr. Erickson referred to the powers of auto-suggestion. Dr. Tyner dwelt upon the living principle of love as the promulgator of all noble work. Dr. Loomis touched upon the Science of Vibration. Prof. De Launey Allen dwelt upon Phreno-Anthropology. Madame de Vaux-Royer gave a few illustrations of spontaneous Telepathy with verified records. The subject which Dr. Osmond Mason had selected was The Influence of Suggestion in the Training and Development of Mentally and Morally Deficient or Perverse Children, but his paper was postponed for the next meeting. Musical selections by Edward J. Tosselman completed the program.

These meetings formed into classes will be continued regularly each Wednesday evening, and a lecture upon Practical Metaphysics and kindred subjects will be given for the benefit of these classes and regularly subscribed members and their friends each month. The first lecture in the Spring series was given in the interest of the I. S. P. by W. J. Colville, on Saturday evening, March 7. The subject was Psychological Research. Its General Bearings and Practical Utility. 23 E. 75th St., New York City.

An excellent cabinet photo. of "The Poughkeepsie Reer" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 35 cents.

NATURE'S GREATEST AID.



An interesting letter to our readers from Hon. H. L. Dunham, Ex-Mayor of Dover, N. J.

Dover, N. J., Nov. 12th, 1902. I had both kidney and liver trouble for over three years. I tried the best physicians in Washington, D. C., Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Chicago, and regret to say that I received very little benefit until I commenced taking the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. After taking the first bottle I noticed quite a change which satisfied me that at last I had found the right medicine. I continued on until I had taken four bottles, by this time I noticed such a marked improvement in my health, in every way, that I felt satisfied I was cured. Not to be positive beyond a question or doubt, I was in Chicago during July, 1902, and went to the Columbus Medical Laboratory, No. 108 State St., and had them make a thorough and complete microscopic examination which showed my kidneys and liver to be perfectly well and healthy. I have their written report in my possession, signed by the doctors of the above Medical Laboratory, which is recognized as one of the best in the country.

Very truly yours,

H. L. Dunham
Ex-Mayor of Dover, N. J.

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, nurses 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.

Notes from Magazines.

CLUBWOMEN AND PHILANTHROPY.

Somehow clubwomen have a little way of putting the shoulders to the wheel when a philanthropy needs to be pushed before the public, a noteworthy instance being the recent agitation of the Chicago Woman's Club for a children's hospital. Back of this project, however, is a most tragic story.

One bitter cold day this winter a frantic father, holding in his arms a baby girl ill with diphtheria, rushed from hospital to hospital in Chicago seeking a bed on which to lay his burden. The provision for children with contagious diseases is so limited, unfortunately, that the father was turned away from every hospital, and the little one actually died in the open street. The publication of this almost unbelievable tale aroused the Chicago Woman's Club to instant action, and through its reform department a public meeting was held the following Sunday, two-thirds of those present being men. The amazing piece of information offered by a woman physician shows this city has only three hundred and fifty hospital beds for children and but sixty-four for those with contagious diseases.

The outcome of the must-do-something attitude of the club will, of course, be adequate provision for the sick children of Chicago. Whether a new structure will be erected especially for this purpose or the children's departments in the present hospitals extended, is a question on which there is division of opinion. But in this undertaking, as in its unnumbered activities, the Chicago Woman's Club is admirably living up to its motto of "Nothing human is alien to me."—Bertha Damaris Knobe, in The Pilgrim for April.

THE CENTURY CO.

The April Century promises to be a Washington issue. Charles Moore, clerk of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, has written the leading article of the month, "The Restoration of the White House," lavishly illustrated by Jules Guerin, Alfred Brennan, Otto H. Bacher, and Cecilia Beaux. Francis E. Leupp will tell about "Some More Humors of Congress"; and the Honorable W. R. Merriam, Director of the Census, has written with authority on "The Evolution of American Census-Taking." Lucy Norvell Clark's "Valjean" will be a story of a noble St. Bernard and diplomatic life in the nation's capital.

Drawings made from valuable exhibits in the South Kensington Museum, London, will furnish the illustrations for John Russell Coryell's "The Letters of the Prince of Youba and the Prince of Pomba" in the April St. Nicholas; and the story and drawings will be likely to impress young readers with a new sense of savage peoples' skill in communication by means of rude symbols. The pictures and their interpretations will suggest also to St. Nicholas readers a new and delightful game, the carrying on of correspondence with string, feathers, shells and nuts.

MARKS OF CONCRETE PROGRESS IN SOUTHERN EDUCATION.

When Dr. Curry entered on his great educational crusade as agent of the Peabody Fund there was no public-school system at all in any State of the South. He lived to see a public school system established in every State. When he began, there was not a legislature in favor of free schools, nor a college or university willing to co-operate. He addressed the legislatures and urged school taxes and appropriations. He opposed the universities and schools in their conservative position. He saw the legislatures one by one yield to his arguments; and in due time colleges and universities became not only reconciled to free public schools, but began one after another to establish departments for the training of public-school teachers. The legislatures would have given him almost any political honors; and as for the universities, fourteen of them offered him their presidencies with flattering inducements. He had lived to see wonderful progress, and he had a right to believe in the future.—From "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for March.

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 19, 1903, S. E. 25.

Invocation.

Out of darkness into sunshine, out of sorrow into hope, out of wickedness into righteousness, out of all things unclean and impure into the glory and purity of the spiritual life we would go this morning with the hand of the dear ones clasped tightly in our own to make us sure and fearless. Leaving behind all the shattered past, all the wreckage of the years, all the disappointments that have come sweeping over us at times, we would go forward this day guarded with the armor of Truth and strength of Love. Oh, may we be so filled with love that the peace which cometh from us may be as a mighty river to many a darkened soul. May love spring up like a flower at every step of our pathway through our effort to express something of what Thou hast been to us, through our effort to make man understand that God is, and the sorrowing world is in his keeping. Whatever misunderstanding the sorrowing ones may have had of death, may the light of truth shine in and illuminate the very darkest corner of the soul, until this may be seen and understood that death is but a step onward, but a step up and on and into a freer life, a more hopeful condition, and may the dear ones who have passed the border speak back a word of peace and tenderness and understanding. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Henry Worthen, Exeter, N. H.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a very tall, thin man. He has long arms, a strong looking face, his hair is slightly tinged with gray, is rather heavy and hangs down at the sides of his forehead carelessly as though he took very little pains with it. His eyes are blue gray and he has a very happy expression in them. He says to me: "Well, this is rather a surprise after all. I have been coming here for a number of weeks and trying to get a word with the spirit, but I couldn't seem to make myself understood and now to be the first one to speak is quite a surprise to me. My name is Henry Worthen; I belonged in Exeter, N. H. I would like very much to speak a word for myself and Lucy. We are getting along about the same as usual, living happily and trying to understand our present life a little better than we understood the earth life. My mother, who was an invalid for a great many years, is with me and she is as strong as a young maid and seems to be so glad to give her message to the people. We would like to have this word go to Issie; we want her to feel that we are close in her life and are trying to help her to overcome the difficulties that are about her. Tell her things look as bright as the average and that it is only a question of a little time when she will be able to take advantage of some of the conditions and go away from where she now is. Thank you."

Will Clark, Rochester, N. Y.

The spirit of a man who is short and stout stands beside me now. He has blue eyes, brown hair and looks to be about fifty years old; one of those over-fat men that grow stout so suddenly that he can't seem to manage it very well. It is something he isn't used to, so it is a burden to him all the time. He puffs away and looks at me saying, "Well I guess if you had been a thin young man and all at once grew as fat as I did you would make as much fuss over it as I do. My name is Will Clark; I am from Rochester, N. Y. I don't know what to say now I am here. I thought of a thousand things I wanted to say but now it seems so good just to be what I am and to be able to speak a little of myself that the other thoughts fade away. Send this message to Emma. I want her, if she can, to get into communication with me so I can tell her some of the things that need to be told. I don't mean I can save her from any great trouble because nothing of the kind is hanging over her, but I would like to have her know a good many of the things that came into her life after I passed away that seemed to be directly given by me were not so. I had left things in better shape and it was only because my ideas were misinterpreted that the matter caused such trouble as it did. Johnny is with me and is anxious to send some flowers to his mother. Johnny says, 'Tell mama I bring her flowers every day, such a lot of them, and want her to be sure and understand that I bring them because I love her.' I see with these two, a woman who calls herself Granny. She is quite old, about medium height, with gray hair just as smooth as it can be and twisted a little on the side. She says: 'It is quite an effort for me to speak but I did not think the message would be complete without a word. Tell Emmy I don't have to use my cane now. We all send love and we are all anxious to help in any way we can.'

Alice Horner, Albama, La.

There is a spirit of a woman about forty years old who comes over to me and puts out her hand; she is crying, oh, so bitterly; she says: "I am crying because I am so anxious. It seems to me I can never stand it to be over here so long and get no word back to those I love. My name is Alice Horner; I am from Albama, La. I want to get to my little Fanny. It seems a dreadful thing to me to be over here and hear her crying and without my care. Mothers who mourn for their children gone to spirit do not realize that we mothers over here in the spirit have heart breaking times over the sorrows that come to our little people left in the earth life. You have the knowledge that kind friends will take care of your little ones while we can see ours many times abused and being treated unkindly. If I could only have the power to speak loudly enough to attract the father's attention, I might be able to change matters, but as it is it seems almost impossible to do

anything except to stand close to my little girl. She is a medium; she doesn't see me, but her little spirit responds to my influence. I thought by coming here I might get some strength to carry back an influence that would be mighty over her life. I thank you very much. I hope some friend will see this and find my child and tell her her mother loves her. I have only known about Spiritualism before I came away it would be easier for me, because I would have felt I could turn the thought in this direction, but I was narrow and bigoted in my belief and I am afraid this is the price I pay for my narrowness."

Abner Clark, Baltimore, Md.

The next spirit is a man named Abner Clark. He says, "The Clarks seem to be in evidence today. I was a little amused when my friend came before me. I knew my turn would come soon, but I am from Baltimore; I wish I could stir up my friends in that city. This is absolutely a new thing to me. I was a doctor; I was used to the hallucinations of dying people and had been in the medium state in the same class. Oh, I had heard about manifestations of one kind and another, but I didn't put much stock in them. I presume though if I had not been so busy I might, out of curiosity, have tried to find out something more. Well, be that as it may, I didn't find out and I am here, and I am anxious to get word to Sarah and Maud. They both need my influence, to say nothing of Frankie. I am busy; those who know me will know very well that I couldn't be here long without finding something to do and while I am not healing in the same way I did, whenever I see anybody in trouble, the old tendency to lift them out of it comes over me and I see if there isn't something I can do. The thing that surprised me most when I came was to find my sister who had passed away many years ago so conscious of everything I had done. She took my hand and led me to our mother and it seemed that nothing in my life had been covered from them. I am happy—yes, I am happy as I can be with other interests in another condition of life. I try to be philosophical about it and try to get ready for the coming of those I love and I suppose the very fact that I know they will come to me helps me more than all else. Please tell Danny I would like to sit down and have a good smoke with him and talk over old times."

Angie Bradford, Galveston, Tex.

Here is the spirit of a woman about forty-five years of age, tall, slender and fair. She has particularly blonde hair, but she is of medium complexion, rather fair, and is very sickly looking as though she had been ill for a long time before she came. She says: "Yes, this is true. I ought to have been prepared to come. I had suffered so much and had known there was no help for me long enough to have come with a better grace than I did. My name is Angie Bradford; I lived in Galveston, Texas, and my husband's name is Elmer. He would laugh this thing to scorn, but I don't know as that makes a bit of difference to me. I don't expect to convert him the first time I speak, but when I tell him I know of a trip he took alone in my behalf a few weeks ago and that it proved futile, he will understand. In my behalf, means in behalf of those who are dear to me and with my name constantly on his lips. Oh, if you would but open your ears to the truth and let me speak to you as I know I can, it would help me so much; I am sure I could help you too. Jennie is with me and says for me to ask you to tell Fred to let her come close to him. Aunt Abbie has been as good as gold to us and is so motherly about everything; she says she will be mother to us until our mother comes. I love you just the same as before I came. There is no change that I can see except my inability to make conversation with you. Everything you do is just as important, everything you say is just as real and I do long to have you talk with me. Thank you."

Thomas Hyde, Cambridge, Mass.

A man about thirty years of age is here. He is dark with dark blue eyes, dark skin, dark lashes and hair, and has a very nervous, irritable way. I am sure he passed out quickly to the spirit because he seems to be so well, but suddenly he found himself over in the spirit land. He says: "My name is Thomas Hyde; I am a Cambridge man. Everybody knew me as Tom Hyde. With as strong an expression as I dare to use I want to say to you that it is a piece of business to suddenly find yourself transported and unable to speak. I used to think God was good; somehow everything turned out all right, but I can't see any particular sense in dying and being able to see your friends and not have a chance to speak to them. For my part, I don't know but what I would feel better if I were so far off I could never see them, then I would not have the desire I have now. I know you don't find many people who agree with me, but I don't want to stand here and want to speak to people who want to make all sorts of efforts and not be able to do it. I want to say to Annie, if I can manage to get a message to her it will be more than anything she can realize. To really be able to speak to her would make heaven for me. Her life is hard; it isn't because she hasn't plenty to do with and it isn't because there are not plenty of people around, but it is because she needs me; that makes her life hard, and I am going to keep at it until I make her know, I am there. The other night when you came upstairs and thought you saw somebody at the head of the stairs, it was I. I didn't dare to have you see me any plainer for I was afraid you would faint, but I am bound to get at you somehow and let you know how much I want to help. Thank you."

W. Ham Avery, Plattsburg, N. Y.

A spirit by the name of William Avery comes here now. He laughs right out loud when I spell the name and says: "By gorry, that is pretty good. I didn't speak it. You must have got it right out of my mind." He lived in Plattsburg, N. Y. He says: "Well, this to me is a moment of supreme happiness. I haven't been miserable a single moment since I came over, but at the same time to really be in contact with people who believe in Spiritualism is a great happiness. I knew something about this; I had made a little investigation on my own hook and it was satisfactory too. I don't know but some scientist might explain the things away that I had understood, but I didn't want to see how it could be done. When I came over into this life it was exactly as though I had put a door into a sitting room where sat the friends I had known. They didn't seem to be the least disturbed over my coming but just made every effort they could to make me comfortable and they didn't try to make me forget what I had left, but on every occasion made me see and be conscious of the conditions of my friends. I want Bertha to know I was at the funeral. It was a pretty hard thing because she was so disturbed she couldn't seem to calm herself enough to get the impression but suddenly just in the midst of the singing she felt I was there and I say this to make her sure she was right. I have been trying to rap some of the things around the house and make a little noise now and then in the house that would make them understand I was not dead but I go kind of slow and take it easy so as not to disturb them. Tell Clara her uncle is still with her, she can't lose him and he would give a good deal to hear her singing. Tell her to sit down and play it whenever she feels the mood because it will help him. Thank you."

Horsee Martin, Foxboro, Mass.

Here is the spirit of a man named Horsee Martin; he came from Foxboro, Mass. He says: "I was dazed when I came to the spirit and knew nothing for a long time. I at last awoke from a sleep and here I was away from my people and in a new life. It didn't seem a strange life though for I had Mary, Ellen and George with me; they tried to make me happy and easy. I was so weak for a long time I could not seem to get into connection with the people left behind, but now I wish you would send to Albert and tell him I am ready to give him the communication. He is a Spiritualist and will understand and will be so glad to get word from me."

Mrs. Julia Carr, Malden, Mass.

The last spirit today is a woman named Julia Carr. She says: "I am from Malden, Mass. Mrs. Julia Carr. I am perhaps no more anxious than anybody else to come and yet it seems to me it is an important thing for me for I have children in the body who will heed my word when I speak from out this life. Since I came away there has been more or less misunderstanding and I know that all they need is a mother's influence and guiding hand. Will you say to them that every time there is any trouble it troubles me as much as ever; I am not away from them. I live in some home where they can't see or hear it. I have an opportunity to see and go to this other life, my interest is with them. I would like George to feel I am anxious for him to do the best he can in the new place. I mean the place he got since I came away, and tell Edith mama is trying to help her and knows how hard it is for her. I would go out more, Edith; it will be better for you just to leave your work a little while and get a rest. Don't be a slave and don't neglect things, but know that I am there. Never mind about the picture; it is all right. Don't fret over it. The picture will come when you will understand better; and send word to Aunt Belle I have come back and am glad to send love. Thank you."

Notes from the "Moltke" Cruise.
No. 2.

ADA L. PRATT.

Mr. Editor:

Again I greet the Banner readers from across the sea. We awoke Sunday morning, Feb. 15, to find the "Moltke" anchored at the base of the great Rock of Gibraltar, one of the wonders of the world.

At first it seemed disappointing, but when the sun was well up its huge proportions stood again before me. The island, the promontory two and a half miles long, is honeycombed with natural passages, where enough provisions are stored to withstand a five years' siege. Steam launches took the party from ship to shore, and we spent our limited time going into the markets and shops. I saw here a novel method of feeding poultry. A man outside the market had some fine looking live turkeys for sale and he was in the act of giving them their breakfast. He would seize one, open its mouth and force down its throat a handful of corn, making the creature swallow it with one gulp. I said to him, "Is that the way you feed turkeys in this part of the world?" He grinned and nodded his head.

From Gibraltar we took the steamers for Granada, where we spent the night. The two hundred mile ride through the mountains in Spain was a beautiful one, with its bold, varied scenery. We had a fine chance to see the cork oaks, as well as the fruit and olive trees of the fertile valleys. The almond trees were laden with blossoms, the pink and the white alternating, and the dark green of the almond trees made a picture not excelled in California.

It was evident the Spaniards of the lower class haven't much love for the American visitor. As our party rode through Granada in open carriages the rabble jeered at us, and in several instances were insolent. In riding from depot to hotel in the twilight I was covered with a volley of gravel thrown into the carriage as we galloped through the streets. In the morning as we rode around the city in parties of four, a Bostonian had his hat knocked over his eyes by a feather duster in the hands of a woman. No damage was done, but we were heartily glad to leave Spain and the horde of beggars that ran after us whether on foot or in carriages. I do not think Baranum's Circus parade could have caused more commotion than the advent of the "Cookies" in Granada.

The Spanish women with their wealth of glossy black hair dressed in a pompous way were admired by all, but the handsome Spanish men, with their picturesque cloaks trimmed with a wide band of bright colored plush, seemed in greatest favor with the ladies.

We visited the Cathedral and looked upon the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella. We were shown the box Queen Isabella gave to Columbus. All this was very nice, but to tell you the truth, most of the party wished there had been a bull fight on, but we had to content ourselves with an exterior view of the arena, where they take place later in the season.

The great attraction of Granada is the Alhambra, that wonderful Moorish palace, whose beauties have been so marvelously told by Washington Irving. We spent several hours wandering through the halls and courts, admiring this grand monument of Arabic genius. From the Alhambra tower the city of Granada, with the white capped mountains of the Sierra Nevada in the background, was a beautiful picture, never to be forgotten while memory lasts.

We arrived back on shipboard at 1 a. m. As we neared the "Moltke," in steam launches, colored lights were burned and the band gave us a concert. The captain stood at the head of the steps leading up the side of the ship and called down to us, "All right?" Back went the answer from four hundred, as one voice, "All right, and we gave three rousing cheers for the "Moltke" and Captain Dempwolf. He greeted each one of us as we came up the side of the ship and welcomed us home again. Our regular seven course dinner, including roast turkey and ice cream, was served just the same as if it had been 6.30 p. m. Instead of 1.30 a. m. Few of us retired till 3 a. m., for the opportunity to see the great fortress of Gibraltar by moonlight was incentive enough to keep us awake.

From Gibraltar to Algiers we had high head winds and the Mediterranean Sea was much rougher than the ocean had been. Many were made sick again, your humble servant being among the victims, and I was truly thankful when we dropped anchor inside the breakwater at Algiers, our third port of call.

Algiers being the capital of the French colony of Algeria, it was quite Parisian. The streets were fine and our party made a raid on them for souvenirs. In the narrow streets were seen a motley population of Arabs, Turks, Moors, Bedouins, negroes and all the curious features of oriental life. We had two days to enjoy the novel sights in this popular winter city of the Mediterranean. The first day was spent in driving about the steep streets, visiting the large mosque, the Cathedral, the Museum and other important features. The second day I spent on shore alone, for in order to obtain my photos I must be "fancy free" from all encumbrances. I first went through the Arab quarter in

the early morning to see their market. I could not hear myself think for the din as the throng of buyers were all talking at once in their different tongues. I walked up and down the narrow, well smelling streets without any molestation save to my olfactory senses which was outraged beyond description. Would you believe the smell of chloride of lime could ever seem as delightful as perfume? Such was the case as I breathed it in, in walking about the Arab quarter of Algiers. I hope my kodak faithfully recorded some of the scenes I enjoyed. Tiring of the city I took a most enjoyable car ride along the rocky shore, far out into the suburbs, where I saw another phase of life in Algiers. As I sat on the front end seat of these tiny electric cars I felt as if I were on earth once more.

From Algiers the sail was a calm, delightful one and we were in the best of spirits to do Malta. This famous island, fifty miles in length and but twelve miles in breadth, is so situated in the direct route between Sicily and Africa that it has been an important commercial station from a very early period. This is another of Great Britain's fortresses and red coats galore were on every hand. On this island St. Paul was supposed to have been shipwrecked and if you do not believe it they will show you the exact site. Valletta the capital was founded in 1566 and ruled for 258 years by the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John. The Knights in our party had a gala time while here visiting the "Temple of St. John"—once the Conventual Church of the Order. We visited the Governor's Palace, once the residence of the Grand Masters. The climate of Malta is excellent and great numbers of foreigners resort to this island for the benefit of their health. The soil is so fertile that it produces two crops a year and the fields were a mass of color. Potatoes and beans as well as fodder for the cattle, constitute a valuable branch of local agriculture. It is a herculean task for the small tillers to rid this ground of the stones, for the field walls are high and several feet thick, and cover fully one-third of the land.

The most desirable article to be obtained here is the beautiful world-renowned Malta lace, made by the women and girls of the lower class. Our party simply went beside themselves in their scramble to obtain this precious handwork. A good sized shop could have been readily stocked with the choice specimens brought back to the ship. The Malta women's headgear was most novel, being made of black silk or alpaca, consisting of a bonnet and cape as worn by Sisters of Charity. Even little girls wore them. The streets were filled with gaily dressed children in grotesque costumes as the annual carnival preceding Lent was its height. The din from horns, on the holiday, reminded me of our 17th of June.

The most gruesome place visited in Malta was the Chapel of Bones. It is situated beneath the Soldiers' Club, formerly the Hospital for incurables, and is a singular piece of ghastly ingenuity arranged about 1852 by the chaplain of the hospital. Every detail of the architecture of this chapel is rendered in the bleached remains of those who were buried in the cemetery attached to the hospital.

I had the great pleasure while at Malta to meet the American Consul, Mr. Grant, a native of Beverly. After five years' residence here he is thoroughly homesick and hopes soon to be transferred to Canada, where at intervals he can visit his beloved countrymen. Constantinople, Feb. 25, 1903.

Not More Children but Better.

HUDSON TUTTLE

A census was taken by reporters of the number of children belonging to 300 Fifth Avenue families, and of the number belonging to 300 Cherry Hill families, and the number of children born to each for the year. The former gave 91, with 6 births for the year; the latter 660, with 111 births for the year. Fifth Avenue is the abode of wealth and luxury; Cherry Hill the resort of abject poverty and degradation, yet in eighteen times more prolific than the former. For every home where every want could be provided for, there was one child, while 18 came to divide the pitiable crust that was not half enough for the hungry brood already there. A metropolitan journal preached a sermon on this text exclaiming: "Is wealth an enemy of childhood?" How differently things appear from different standpoints!

It is because, as a rule, the wealthy are educated into self-restraint and do not follow blind impulses that they are wealthy. They, or their ancestors, looked ahead, and did not blindly yield to impulse.

The denizens of Cherry Hill exhibit in their reckless bringing into the world numerous children they cannot care for, and have no means of supporting, the thoughtlessness which has kept them where they are.

There is no compulsion resting on any one to rear a family. It is a matter of choice. The old commandment to multiply has been one of the chief causes of woman's degradation. It has been taught in the home, and as a part of religion. Well organized children are a blessing. They unite the parents with a strength of no other tie. They are treasures provided against the coming of age. How many? Wisdom not passion should determine.

The country is not in danger because the enlightened and wealthy rear so few children, but because the degraded rear too many! Too many diseased and distorted children, thrust into existence with less thought or feeling than the beasts of the field give to their offspring. The bird first builds a warm nest, and both parents give their entire time and energies until their nestlings are able to care for themselves. The child of the street has scarcely a rag to protect its emaciated form, and the enslaved mother sufficient food to give her strength. There has been a strife among the newspapers to report the ages of old men with large numbers of children.

Sometimes the astonishingly large family have had one mother, at others as many as four! In a list given in a Philadelphia paper some of these octogenarians, who had three or four wives buried in the churchyard, boasted of twenty and even twenty-five children. All they were noted for was their age and number of offspring. As for that a cool fish has a million in a season!

Not one of these numerous progeny arose above commonplace. The struggle for existence of the crowded brood exhausted individual energy, and the father who might have assisted two or three, was incapable of helping a full score. In the words of one of the patriarchs, "They just shifted for themselves," (referring to his method of "turning his boys into the woods to root for a living.")

Is it commendable to have twenty-five children, and three mothers in the graveyard?

On the contrary it should be held as a crime for which words are weak to express bathing and contempt!

A child received by the arms of Love; cared for by the mutual tenderness of father and mother, and in this protecting atmosphere educated in ways of right living is an honor and a blessing.

A score of children, more or less, for whom their mothers have been immolated, robbed of the joys of life, and inalienable rights, ought to fix the brand of Cain on the forehead of the father, and make him an object of scorn of all right thinking people.

Flauntily it is said in extenuation, that sometimes a mother of a large and neglected family will, by force of his her own energy, gain position and honor. True, and for every such one, a thousand who struggle with

the obstacles which oppose them go down in failure and despair. No one ever ascended a mountain easier because the path was made difficult. Parents may be so situated that they are enabled and competent to give each one of many children the attention necessary for their culture and advancement. This does not affect the argument.

Nature, in her motherly way, does all she can to prevent the consequences of a surplus of badly organized human beings, crowding up from the hotbeds of ignorance and vice. She thins their ranks with the deadly inheritance of accumulated disease, and spares only the most vigorous. She is not partial to any class, and wealth affords no shield against her stern decrees. They who continue to disregard the laws of well being, perish from the earth, and the one child of wealth may inherit the fruits of more violation than a dozen of poverty. There is no escaping the consequences, and therein lies the awful sin of diseased parentage forcing into existence offspring whose inheritance is weakness and defeat; who, however bright the promise of their youth, exhaust their vitality early and perish, stained and soiled physically and spiritually.

Call it a dispensation of Providence that the children of this father die in their youth with tubercular disease, or their mother is doomed to weep for all children in infancy. It is a delusion fraught with appalling consequences. It is not Providence, it is the result of appeasement law. The "indiscretions" of the father, or of ancestors, is visited on the children. The poison of their immortality is eliminated only by death, though transmitted through many generations. The mother of perishing children may trace their defective constitutions to her own unwholesome habits; to hereditary, or to contamination of a love that has absorbed the seeds of death.

When mankind are shocked and frightened, instead of referring the sins of life to Providence and expecting atonement by the vicarious sacrifice of another, there will be reform that will give the health of pure blood; the beginning of pure morality and spirituality. It will be realized that reason shall guide and restrain every action. There will not be more children, but better.

Hints About Books.

CURRENTS AND UNDERCURRENTS.

Sara Elizabeth Browne.

This is the attractive and suggestive title of a charming book by Sara Elizabeth Browne, of Hartford, Ct., who has been for many years a practical and highly successful demonstrator of mental healing. The author says in her descriptive preface that her object has been to throw real light on several perplexing psychic problems which present grave difficulties in many quarters, and she has certainly fulfilled her promise.

The story, founded on actual incidents in Mrs. Browne's protracted and diversified experiences as a demonstrator of the power of thought to regulate material conditions, is replete with telling anecdotes and is singularly well written from start to finish. The characters are intensely natural; the reader feels thoroughly at home with every one of them, and they move through scenes, some grave and others gay, not like marionettes upon a stage, but as living human beings move in actual life. The scene is laid in New England, and abounds with fine touches of local coloring, though the subject matter is of universal interest.

The author plunges quickly into the ocean of her favorite metaphysical philosophy, which is at first expounded by an attractive and highly cultured young gentleman whom a seeming accident has made a visitor at a prosperous New England farm. Mrs. Browne evidently knows the ins and outs of farm life and also of love-making, and she has deftly woven together a great variety of sentiments and situations and presented in striking contrast widely different types of character, each interesting in its own particular way and all serving to illustrate and elucidate the great philosophy she undertakes thus attractively to teach.

The tale passes through many vicissitudes in the lives of the leading characters, but it ends quite satisfactorily as well as altogether naturally. Though the author displays much elegance of diction in many places, as well as giving her readers samples of local dialect in others, there is no straining for effect; the writing throughout is that of a refined and very thoughtful woman, and one who has felt deeply as well as reasoned keenly.

This book is of great interest as it treats of what is happening to all classes of people at all times, and has since the world began. It shows the influence of one mind over another and the dominance of the positive quality of mind over the passive in either male or female. This dominance is more active today than ever before because better understood and is consciously as well as unconsciously used both for good and evil.

The book shows how seeming trifles affect the growth of communities and describes the evolution of a town from such a trifle as "A rolling stone that gathers no moss." Pictures of society, business and rural life are shown; the different theories of advanced New Thought are touched upon; love, society, city and country life and what comes of it, all are depicted. The story is intense and thrilling and calculated to interest all classes from its breadth of scope and application to our daily uses. It will appeal to all readers, especially to thinkers and those interested in love and marriage, as who is not?

The press work and binding could not well be better. The volume is published by the Abbey Press, 114 5th Ave., New York, which always turns out excellent and tasteful work. The book extends to 242 pages, retail price \$1.25; on sale at Banner of Light Bookstore.

W. J. Colville.

WAR AND WORSHIP.

Henry Bedlow.

Truth Seeker Company, Pp. 190, duodecimo. Price, \$1.25.

The author states that this poem expresses "convictions based on recollections of the revolts of 1848." That was a turbulent year, prolific in events calculated to stir the thoughts and move the pen of the philosophical observer. It began with disturbances in Milan, which were followed by fighting in Paris, and the proclaiming of the French Republic. There were income-tax riots in London, insurrection in Vienna, and attempted insurrection in Ireland, with wars and rumors of wars from the Peninsula to the north of Europe. These verses were suggested and sketched on the shores of the Dead Sea, in Syria, while the author was attached to Lynch's expedition. For three years he was mayor of Newport, R. I.

In lambe tetrameter of smooth and pleasing movement the author tells in a manner that reminds one of Shelley's work, the story of war and worship. Tracing much of war to the diverse forms of worship, and all forms of faith to the old sun worship, Mr. Bedlow shows a vein of philosophy true and rich; the frequent and natural companion of the better class of poetic composition.

Of course to understand a line you must know the context, but the beauties of the line, as a line, a detail of the picture can be appreciated even if viewed by itself alone and its connection presumed from its form. Space permits me to quote lines where it should be quotations. Insurrection is portrayed thus: "Marching

with Haver's bounds unaltered. "Riot is shown to be a strife 'Where License reigns, and Law is dumb.' A battle-field is called a place 'Where men are friends, and torment reigns.' Another definition of a battle is, 'A trying place of Man with Death.' With the writer you are asked to pass over the field after the battle to note the... 'vintage of the dead,' to view the wounded and observe how pain acts on different temperaments, how some curse, others moan, while still others 'wait'.

The crowning dignity of death. "A charge of a brigade becomes... 'A flashing, thunderous flood' and after 'Then comes silence, where the hearths are lone'.

Enough of war, we will consider worship. We are told that, 'Our heavens and hells are born within,' and 'Nature's totality is God.' The association of ideas in the poet's brain is sometimes startling, as in this line: 'Epochs of frailty, faith and faith.' or of the poor donors to the church's wealth, 'Leaving, like silly sheep, their fleece Ever on Canning's hedge and thorn.' The church he sees to be a school of politics where priestly agencies are taught 'to rule Triumphantly blockhead multitudes.'

Not a wall, not a protest only is this poem; only these dead factors in life described that the conditions producing them may be amended, and we are pictured a future 'By scholarship enriched' in a realm and time where and when 'Science no longer is held as foe to Faith,' where shall exist

"The race no longer foul in plight"

"Heaven no more a 'Great Perhaps,' Of the existence beyond the grave he sings, 'Radiant mattered life, which draws Godward, through Evolution's laws.' Patriotism as well as philosophy finds place in the poem, witness

"Dear land, impregnated in north, The pride of every patriot's heart, The refuge of the wronged thou art, A people's ruler, The hope of earth."

The book is printed on heavy paper with "deckle" edges, and with a gilt top and gold side-stamp. It has, as a frontispiece, Truth triumphantly emerging from the well, despite the combined efforts of representatives of church and state to keep her down.

I don't need to tell you that you want "War and Worship." You know the fascination of musical, thoughtful poetry. You often want a selection for the circle, Lyceum, or meeting, and the fortunate possessor of this poem will know where to look for such a quotation.

From canto XXXIV. I select the following for a close to this inadequate review:

"When nations, weary of the cant Of the dogmatic priest, And made by culture, wise, resist The claim of the Hierophant,

"And ruthless rule falls to divorce, From honored labor, half its store, And peaceful masses dwell no more Will-shackled in the grip of force;

"Then feuds will perish, wars will cease, Freedom invoked, a god adored, And all mankind, in full accord Chant psalms to perpetual peace."

Arthur Smith.

Question and Answer Department.

W. J. COLVILLE.

Question by Ferdinand Oyster, Portland, Oregon:

I am freely used as a writing impressionist medium, but can never communicate ideas not previously entertained. How can I obtain advanced ideas beyond my present knowledge?

Answer:—The fact referred to by your questioner is one of the commonest experiences among writing mediums, and it can be accounted for at least in two ways.

In the first place, "impressionist" mediumship, usually signifies stimulation or excitement of certain faculties already fairly well aroused in the sensitive, but not always under anything like complete command. An outside influence suggests but does not infuse actually new knowledge, and it is always much easier to revive a memory and occasion increased fluency of expression than to impart or convey information which is strange to the recipient.

In the second place, we need to note that there is no latent prejudice or subjective hesitancy to be overcome when ideas presented are in accord with theories already accepted, and there is a great deal of subconscious resistance, often coupled with timidity, in the mind of a sensitive, who may be more conscientious than bigoted, but who fears that some erroneous statement, may be made through his instrumentality.

The facts in the case are simply these. We are not usually very willing to completely relax or let go mentally and resign ourselves for the time being to become simple receivers and transmitters of ideas and knowledge. There is a reason for this in the fear which possesses most people that they may "lose their individuality" by complete temporary surrender of certain organs of their bodies, hands or tongue, to some outside intelligence who wishes to send a message through our instrumentality. This fear is unfounded if we are sufficiently masters of our own thoughts and action to allow nothing to take place against or even without the co-operation of our own will. We must learn to discriminate clearly between voluntary and involuntary passivity or receptivity, and to the extent that we attain unto the former we shall grow free from the annoyances of the latter.

Our questioner has an intensely positive mentality which makes it difficult for him to thoroughly "let go," or as disincarnate teachers say "relax," but if he will cast away all fear of losing individuality and all dread of making misstatements in consequence of allowing an outside influence to communicate freely through him, he will certainly find ideas filtering through his mind giving evidence of an origin foreign to his previous acquaintanceship.

It is well to select the quietest time and place possible, and hold a pencil or simply open yourself to influx of spiritual light. Take for preliminary meditation some topic in which you are interested, and on which you are seeking information. Be sure and make up no conclusions of your own regarding this topic, but peacefully and confidently affirm that knowledge concerning it will flow into you and through you. Welcome whatever comes, no matter how extraordinary, and without giving credence to it if it does not appeal to you as true or valuable, make note of it and reserve judgment on it till further light is given.

There is a timidity and also a non-receptive mental state brought about by over-consciousness which hampers the psychic development of many sensitives. Let your aspirations reach out to the source whence enlightenment can come on the "advanced ideas" beyond your present knowledge, and steadfastly declare that you will receive illumination. Do not allow yourself to believe that you cannot get it, but open the door by aspiration united with expectation.

Question by "a seeker after Truth," Boston.

Do you consider so-called Peace Councils a help to the cause of true Spiritualism? I attended one lately, and the sight of men and women yelling and dancing to the tune of Mr. Dooley, I think a disgrace to Spiritualism. A great many friends would like your opinion on this matter.

Answer:—It is not fair to pronounce anything a disgrace to Spiritualism, if honest-hearted people gather together in the interests of peace, even though their behavior is sometimes quite erratic. We quite sympathize with the critic's feeling that much that goes on during such "councils" is an offense against aesthetic taste, but all Spiritualists are not highly aesthetic, and it must be admitted that aestheticism and true spirituality are not always synonymous, even though it is highly desirable to present spiritual teachings to the world in the most beautiful and attractive manner possible.

The "Peace Councils" referred to by our questioner, are supposed to be inspired by North American Indians, the "forest children" who still surround us in this continent, and are seldom in fact from other parts of the world, unless American mediums travel and take their Indian influences with them. These untutored dwellers on the prairies have often displayed marvelous protective and healing power, but they have not shown forth what is commonly designated culture, though some Indian chiefs are truly dignified.

The undesirable features of "pow-pows," as certain gatherings are sometimes called, is the lack of order, which prevails, but when people who are not themselves in the love of orderly behavior gather together for "a real good time," they naturally attract around them influences which are disorderly in the milder sense of that not very gracious term. The great question must always be concerning the nature and moral tone of the communications at any seance or gathering of any description. Is a spirit of peace or of strife in evidence? Is there any unkindliness or disposition to induce discord, or are the messages conveyed of pacific tone, even though inelegantly delivered?

It seems a pity that people should be so easily disturbed by a little commonplace gaiety, though we do not like it, and would gladly see it utterly discontinued, and superseded by quiet dignified proceedings at all reputed spiritual gatherings. If dancing to the tune of "Mr. Dooley" is right in one place, it can hardly be wrong in another, but exception may reasonably be taken to all promiscuous dances, and if the objection be made general, we heartily endorse it.

It is quite true that all that borders on religion or spirit-communion is regarded by many people, not unnaturally, as peculiarly sacred, but sanctity should not be confined to special topics and occasions, and a great many people would consider the conduct referred to most unseemly at a spiritualistic meeting, they would really enjoy it if made part of a simple secular entertainment.

A great many Spiritualists have as yet taken only one step on the road to real emancipation; they have disabused their minds of the old belief that there is a hard and fast line between sacred and secular, but have not yet learned to sanctify all occasions and avoid rough conduct everywhere. We must not judge harshly, kindly people who are not very refined and who let certain exuberant moods of feeling in danger of a type which would not be tolerated in fastidious society, but the great question usually overlooked, is whether there is anything like so much subtle mischief in the riotous fun of outspoken people as in the hypocritical affectations of those who are rigidly bound by rules of social etiquette.

We do not consider anything a "help" to the cause of Spiritualism which calls forth the opinion that gatherings are disorderly and that vulgar dancing takes place on such occasions; rather do we consider that such proceedings serve to hinder the progress of the spiritualistic movement in certain quarters. It is always extremely indiscreet to invite the general public to any sort of affair where unfavorable criticism would be naturally called forth by undignified behavior, but if among themselves certain people want a certain kind of dance, it cannot be prevented except by educating such people to desire what is more dignified.

We never find that ferocious condemnation of a practice puts it down, but only awakens out and vigorous protests from critics who feel themselves attacked. Spiritualists are recruited from all sorts of people, and there is inevitably a wide dissimilarity in the tastes of different sections of the Spiritualist fraternity. While holding high the purest and wisest standard we know how to bear aloft, let us exercise kindly forbearance, one with another. We may show a better way, but we must not be too indignant against our neighbors.

French Translations.

I have translated into French—No. 8 of M. Paraday's pamphlet "Dissolution or Physical Death—How Spirit Chastity Produces Materialization." This will be published by the Star Publishing Company, 91 Sherman St., Springfield, Mass., price 10 cts., with special rates to agents. It will be for sale by every publisher of our Cause. Would be pleased to hear from those desiring one or more copies; orders will be filled as soon as pamphlet is published. I will soon have one of Samuel Bowles' pamphlets, No. 4 translated and ready for sale, a notice of which will be given later. Both these pamphlets should be read by every nation upon the earth; and those wishing to do good and to aid the Cause, should try to place these translations in the hands of the French-speaking people.

Virgile Barrett.

1915 Broadway, Indianapolis, Ind.

"It is the small joys and hopes of life that refresh the soul, stimulate the warm, kind and gentle impulses of the heart and drive from the mind the phantoms of despair."

CULTIVATION

OF Personal Magnetism.

A Treatise on Human Culture.

BY LEROY BERRIER.

SUBJECTS TREATED. Personal Magnetism; Pleasure and Pain; Magnetic Control; Cultivation; Life-Sustaining Systems; Temperaments; Anatomical Temperament; Chemical Temperament; Waste of Personal Magnetism; Etiquette and Ethics; Man, a Magnet; the Attracting Power; Magnetic Influence through Suggestion and Hypnotism.

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Printed by the Association. 75 copies of the Reports of Conventions of '79, '84, '85, '86, '87, '88, '89, '90, '91, '92, '93, '94, '95, '96, '97, '98, '99, '00, '01, '02, '03, '04, '05, '06, '07, '08, '09, '10, '11, '12, '13, '14, '15, '16, '17, '18, '19, '20, '21, '22, '23, '24, '25, '26, '27, '28, '29, '30, '31, '32, '33, '34, '35, '36, '37, '38, '39, '40, '41, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46, '47, '48, '49, '50, '51, '52, '53, '54, '55, '56, '57, '58, '59, '60, '61, '62, '63, '64, '65, '66, '67, '68, '69, '70, '71, '72, '73, '74, '75, '76, '77, '78, '79, '80, '81, '82, '83, '84, '85, '86, '87, '88, '89, '90, '91, '92, '93, '94, '95, '96, '97, '98, '99, '00, '01, '02, '03, '04, '05, '06, '07, '08, '09, '10, '11, '12, '13, '14, '15, '16, '17, '18, '19, '20, '21, '22, '23, '24, '25, '26, '27, '28, '29, '30, '31, '32, '33, '34, '35, '36, '37, '38, '39, '40, '41, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46, '47, '48, '49, '50, '51, '52, '53, '54, '55, '56, '57, '58, '59, '60, '61, '62, '63, '64, '65, '66, '67, '68, 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A Psychological Experiment.

(Continued from page 1.)

"Our innate reverence for Culture.—Culture with a capital C,—I suppose," he returned teasingly. "Confess that you are conscious yourself of unsatisfied longings toward the infinite, the unknowable."

"I will confess the longings," she returned, "but they are to be satisfied, you know. I am going—not to Europe but—to Boston. Oh, not tonight," smiling at his expression of surprise. "I am going there just as I am going to Europe some day. I don't know when, I only know it is to be."

"Have you secured the Sibylline leaves? Did the oracle so declare?"

"Oh, you needn't laugh," she said. "Things come to me that way and I know them. I don't analyze the process. I could tell you instances of this that would surprise you—only you wouldn't believe them, and I have no fancy for posing as a mere dreamer."

"I am not altogether sceptical concerning the possibilities of knowledge or of phenomena beyond the limits of my own horizon," returned Mr. Mantell. "And I have thought many times that the world is approaching a new revelation of its laws. The supernatural, according to Dr. Bushnell, is but the operation of a set of laws just above the natural; and phenomena are just as amenable to that higher set of laws as are the senses to the physical causes that we see."

"You believe this? You have thought of it too?"

"Oh, I am not quite the practical plodder you give me credit for," he said, not without a faint tinge of bitterness. "I have my speculative realm and a trifle of real estate in Spain. Because I don't talk poetry and bric-a-brac to you like Esmond you think me a commonplace old fellow."

"I never thought you commonplace," she said. "That's as great a vice as to be dull, which is the most heinous offence against the code of social ethics. I could forgive anything except stupidity; that sin is hopeless. I have not much patience," Helen continued, "with all this current rhetoric about brains versus heart, and that affection is more to be prized than intellect, and that people without talent are more 'comfortable' than those with it. I could forgive anything to the person who gave me intellectual sympathy. That always seems to me the strongest possible tie,—something immortal and enduring. If I am going to accept my share of the inevitable friction of the world let it be from those who at least give me something satisfying in my highest demands. 'Genius is selfish,' is it? All very well. I'd rather minister to the selfishness of genius than to be ministered to by ordinary commonplaceness. Everyone has an ideal of happiness, I suppose, and that is mine. Material triviality and detail may have its uses, but heaven deliver me from living in its atmosphere. You know," she continued, "that I was conscious of the most intense sympathy for Carlyle's letters. Most women, I know, consider it quite tragic that the author of Sartor Resartus shouldn't have 'sympathized' with his wife,—I believe that is the phrase,—in her researches for dust and cobwebs, or her impromptu tailoring and house-serving. On the contrary, I think it is he who merits sympathy from being condemned to such an atmosphere of petty detail. I quite agree with the man who declared that he had been in Carlyle's place he would have committed murder first and suicide afterward."

"Ah, you go to extremes in this," rejoined Mr. Mantell. "A little lower life to stand upon isn't half a bad thing, as our English friends would say."

"If you'll only quote Mrs. Browning aright," laughed Helen, "instead of perverting her words to such base uses, you will see that her recommending the lower life to stand upon is merely conditional; it is only that we 'may reach up into the higher.'"

"Exactly," he replied, "but it is a question of just what that higher life is. Someone has said that 'Reading and writing are about the Eternal Beauty, while living and loving are close to and in it.'"

"You remember the fate of the poet who loved the star, do you not?" said Helen.

"No, I do not recall it. What tragic fate did he undergo? Was it some penalty of the gods for looking too high?"

"He loved the star so well," Helen answered, "that for his sake the star came down and became a woman, and then, as the stanza runs

"'I miss from heaven,' the poet cried, The Star that drew my spirit to it, And to the man the woman sighed, 'I miss from earth my Poet.'"

"This quite supports my argument, too," said Helen. "He should have kept his poetry, and she her radiant brightness and there would have been no disillusionment on either side. But I wonder Mrs. Maynard does not come in. It must be nearly four, is it not?"

"Lacking twenty minutes," he replied, looking at his watch.

"Tell me about Miss Peyton," she said a little abruptly.

"I don't know what to tell," he replied, with the true masculine failure to perceive the drift of her questioning.

"Will she remain long in the city?"

"I fancy not," he returned, and Helen felt an unaccountable exhilaration of spirit at the genuine indifference of his tone. If one does a man the honor to feel the least bit of abstract interest in him, one doesn't want him unappreciative, as a matter of course. And Helen held very decided convictions of a certain standard of thought that would be desirable for Lynde Mantell to attain. She was more subtle in her temperament than he, more mercurial and spiritually impressionable, but he had a depth and uncompromising genuineness that held her as the needle is held in magnetic relation to the pole. Had he realized this truth then, he could have won this girl to a never-failing and an immortal devotion. She was capable of it, only no one had ever compelled it from her. From an almost fatal susceptibility of temperament she had the name of being inconstant, which at heart she was not. Only life so far had been a series of experiments to her, and cer-



Mrs. Tupman, a prominent lady of Richmond, Va., a great sufferer with woman's troubles, tells of her cure by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For some years I suffered with backache, severe bearing-down pains, leucorrhoea, and falling of the womb. I tried many remedies, but nothing gave any positive relief."

"I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in June, 1901. When I had taken the first half bottle, I felt a vast improvement, and have now taken ten bottles with the result that I feel like a new woman. When I commenced taking the Vegetable Compound I felt all worn out and was fast approaching complete nervous collapse. I weighed only 98 pounds. Now I weigh 109 pounds and am improving every day. I gladly testify to the benefits received."

Mrs. R. C. TUPMAN, 423 West 30th St., Richmond, Va.

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me?"

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak and sick and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. You have some derangement of the feminine organism, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as surely as it has others.

Mrs. W. H. Pelham, Jr., 108 E. Baker St., Richmond, Va., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I must say that I do not believe there is any female medicine to compare with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I return to you my heartfelt thanks for what your medicine has done for me. Before taking the Vegetable Compound I was so badly off that I thought I could not live much longer. The little work I had to do was a burden to me. I suffered with irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea, which caused an irritation of the parts. I looked like one who had consumption, but I do not look like that now, and I owe it all to your wonderful medicine."

"I took only six bottles, but it has made me feel like a new person. I thank God that there is such a female helper as you."

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tain persons had insisted on taking her more seriously than she had yet taken herself. The abstract atmosphere of literature rather than life, in which she had been reared, and within whose quiet limits her very expression had been so tenderly and lovingly interpreted, had not particularly fitted her for general contact with the world. The harmless little theories and assumptions of positive convictions that had merely amused her father were sometimes looked upon with distrust by new acquaintances, as if they were a species of social dynamite. Her positivism was very largely in transient flashes of rhetoric rather than in constant conviction, but Mr. Mantell did not quite realize this. Had he read her aright, had he seen her truly, he could have won her love at this time, and she would have laid all her present, all her future in his hands. She would have brought to him sympathy and inspiration, as he would have given to her a steadfastness, and an appreciation of the relative values of life, of which she was so greatly in need. She was formed by nature to worship, to reverence genius. Her entire home life had fostered and stimulated this attitude, till it had become, indeed, an unjust and one-sided one. But the man who would win her love could correct all this. She had, to an inordinate degree, the feminine capacity for adaptation, for the adjustment of self and of all the inner nature to that of the object of her devotion.

Had Lynde Mantell perceived this then, they would have found the clue to both their lives and threaded the labyrinth together, and there would have been no story to tell.

Has some one said that the happiest woman, like the most fortunate nations, have no history? Helen was making hers, though she did not realize it; but none the less each day was surely forging the links.

When Mrs. Maynard and Helen went that afternoon to call on Miss Peyton each felt a latent disturbance that neither of them would have acknowledged. Yet their perception of it came in wholly opposite ways; to Helen through her intuitions; to Mrs. Maynard by a knowledge of the world. The call had been, naturally, a brief one, and it was at the opera in the evening, when they sat in their box in decorous silence that Helen took her

first clear impression of Louise Peyton. Mr. Maynard, who cared little for music and had by no means arrived at that advanced epoch of musical culture essential to the appreciation of Wagner, had retreated to the back of the box, where, like the Philistine that he was, he sat reading a newspaper, while his wife, who regarded Wagner chiefly as an outer barbarian who had mistaken noise for harmony, sat carefully scanning the house through her lorgnette. Miss Peyton alone was absorbed in that wonderful music-drama on the stage; for Helen Vernon was thinking of her, and Mr. Mantell was thinking of Helen Vernon, as he watched her abstracted air. He had seen Miss Vernon at the opera many times before, and never, previous to this night, that she had not been enchanted and enthralled by the music.

The fashionable world was assembled in the Opera House that night. Toilets of dazzling beauty made the scene resplendent. The wonderful orchestration had just finished the rendition of the overture, and the air was still vibrating to that heavenly melody.

The opera that night was "Tannhauser." The overture is a poem in itself in its solemn strains of religious aspiration; its wild, thrilling, enchanting chorus of sirens interpreted by the violins; its Bacchanalian revelry, and then the final melodies of triumph. The struggle between good and evil, between sin and virtue, was never more wonderfully expressed.

(To be continued.)

"Some day, some time, we will cease to see either good or bad—only Eternal Progress."

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Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Children's Book.

THE CHILDREN'S MORNING SONG.

Rise, children, rise—
Wipe the slumber from your eyes.
The day is here with play and cheer,
The morning breeze awakes through the trees,
The sun just peeps above the hill;
All Nature wakens with a thrill,
And dew-kissed little flowers
Spring up in fragrant showers.
Come out into this paradise
That just beneath your window lies,
And listen what the birds sing,
Or wing, out in the blossoming:
"Wake up, you little sleepy-head;
The hour for dreams is o'er. Instead
Of curling up in bed,
Come out and help me sing
My glad song of Spring—
Tiwit—Tiwit—Tiwit—
I'll chirp for you a bit.
If you can't sing, just whistle it.
Now, listen!—Tiwit—le-ree-le-ree;
It's very easy—don't you see?
Tiwit—le-ree-le-ree! Tiwit—tiwit!"
—Elsie Traut, in Mind.

The Wise Bird.

There are few of us but love to read of birds, and of the strange ways in which some of them get their food. Though we may learn much from books, yet, if we have no books, most of us might learn things by the use of our eyes, that would show us how strange some of these birds are, and how queer are some of the ways in which they get things to eat.

One day I heard a flock of crows down by the creek, which runs a few yards south of our house. They made such a noise that I went to the door to see what was up. I soon found out. There had been a storm, not long since, and on the shore, where the storm had left them, were some nice clams with soft shells. These clams, of which crows are quite fond, are half a foot long, and less than half that width. The shell is quite thin, but still too hard for a crow to break with his beak. From one end of the shell comes the long neck, through which the clam sucks its food.

For half an hour or more the crows cawed and made a great fuss, then they grew still, and I was sure they had found a clam which they meant to put to the test. I was right. One old crow took a clam by its long neck, and flew up in the air with it, then let it drop. When it struck on the stones near the shore, all the crows flew down to see how the plan had worked. They saw that their plan was good. The force of the fall broke the shell so that they could eat the clam. Then each crow took a clam and did as the first one had done. When they all got as much clam as they could hold, they flew off. Herman E. Wright—Ex.

Two Little Bears.

Dear children who read the sweet children's page in the dear old Banner.

When I was a little girl I heard this story, and I have never quite forgotten it, although sometimes the two little bears have not been such close company in my heart as I wish they had.

One bright Summer's morning two little bears started out to scatter sunshine along the way, one was called Bear, the other For-Bear, they never parted company, but sent happy thoughts and sweet smiles wherever they went. Bear found many unpleasant duties, and was often sorely tried, especially when her playmates were unkind; but she smiled on and only said kind words and soon her smiles chased all the evil away. For-Bear did not answer the cruel taunts of her school mates, but applied herself diligently to her tasks, and soon streams of sunshine were playing all about her, and love with its golden light chased all shadows away.

These sweet sisters journeyed on together, and built in many homes temples of happiness, always making their homes in the hearts where they were invited.

Now, dear children, of the Banner family, I want you to invite these two little bears to live in your hearts, and I am sure they will make you very happy.

Ever lovingly yours,
Mattie B. Coy,
Monson, Maine, March 25, 1903.

Leona Coy.

My Dear Little Banner Friends:
Today is our Leona's birthday, she is three years old, so I thought you would like to know how beautiful she is growing. You know the Banner family is growing larger, and we want to watch all our children and help them to grow in the right way.

We shall be watching for the name of the little boy who has lately come to bless the home of G. H. Brooks; we hope his papa and mama will not be so happy in his company that they will forget to send his name to the dear old Banner, for we want to become familiar with the names of all our children.

Let me tell the dear fathers and mothers a secret. The Banner helps children to unfold and progress, and makes them wiser and better; at least it has been so among our children, so I want all children to share this great good.

But I must return to Leona—she goes to "The Bower of Beauty Lyceum" every Sunday afternoon. I think she has not missed once this whole long cold winter; she takes a little part in the exercises; when we sing she sings also, not many words but you can see she puts her heart into it, and she thinks she must have a book as the others do. She will answer the following questions in a clear, sweet voice:

What does John Ring say to the children?
"Be happy."
What does Andrew Jackson Davis say?
"Keep an even mind."
What does Mrs. Kates say?
"Love your mother."
What does Harrison D. Barrett say?
"Be quiet for all."

One day not long since she wanted to comb Grandpa's hair, so she got a comb and worked some time on it; then went around and looked in his face and said: "You look better."

One day she wanted her mama to make her a little pie, so her mama made one hastily out of the crust she had left; it did not look very nice, and when it was given to her she said, "I like a good, neat pie."

She often wants a pencil and paper to write letters. She especially likes to write to Mrs. Soule, Mrs. Barrett, and her little cousin. She always repeats aloud what she thinks she is making on the paper, and her letters are always full of love and kisses. She will say, "Dear Minnie Soule, I love you, I love you."

She never tires of talking about dear little Xilla Barrett. Sometimes she will say to her mama, "Talk about Xilla," then she will say, "Xilla come back to her mama, Xilla all right."

We have been trying to keep so quiet and still in our hearts that we might catch a glimpse of sweet little Xilla, in her new home. I think some one of our Banner family will soon. I am sure her dear baby

fingers will loop back the thin veil and give us all bright glimpses of the fair home beyond earth's shadows. It seemed so and that she could no longer remain in the earthly cradle of love, but her mission on earth was fulfilled, and the coming days will give to this world the fruitage of her labor on this lower plane, for I feel sure that the benediction of her sweet life will fall as an inspiration upon her dear parents, and they will be able to speak more fully and freely the language of the soul than they otherwise could have done.

And another thing, dear Banner children, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett will belong to us more fully since Xilla belongs to our family, by her sweet presence they will be kept closely linked to childhood. Now let us all send a healing thought of love to our dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Barrett for I am sure we all want them to get well quickly.

Don't forget that we want to hear from all the Banner children all over the world, because we know you will find good soil in the Banner garden and can grow beautifully on the pure thoughts of its dear readers.

Leona says, "This is my birthday, me loves everybody, send love to all."
She is strong and healthy and we all hope she will grow to be a wise woman and become a great blessing to the world. Love, much love, to every child growing in the Banner garden. Remember that you are the bright flowers that make earth a beautiful dwelling place.
Aunt Mary.

Monson, Me., March 23.

Peace of mind must come in its own time, as the waters settle themselves into clearness as well as quietness. You can no more filter your mind into purity than you can compress it with calmness. You must keep it pure and throw no stones into it if you would keep it quiet.—Ruskin.

"Each hour is a resurrection hour to the aspiring soul."

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