

AS THE GRASS.

What sweeter thing than grass that grows
In greenness whereso'er it may?
Goodness of love its living shows,
However long or short its day;
It beautifies the humble place,
It glorifies the landscape wide,
And has its own abundant grace—
From early spring to winter tide!

What sweeter thing than hearts that keep
The common way of doing right?
Who come to others sweet as sleep,
And cheer and help them day and night?
No noise they make, no praise receive,
They simply help the world so wide,
Just as the grass, yet all relieve,
And bless from morn to eventide!

William Brunton.

The Remembrance of Good Deeds.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

"There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great King against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man." Ecclesiastes ix, 14 and 15.

I have great pleasure in asking your attention to this text, because it is as if I had been taken by a friend to a part of the country in the woods, by the hills, or along shore—that before I had not particularly noticed, and by his interest I was drawn to see it with admiring eyes. So a lover of the book pointed it out to me, and I in like manner ask you to stand by my side and consider the remembrance of good deeds.

This writing in the name of Solomon, who was reputed to be the wisest of men, because in the beginning of his reign he asked for wisdom, and it was granted. But wisdom ranked highest of all gifts in the East, as it was the power of man focused for insight and use, and made the man ready at all times for emergencies. So the choice of Solomon brought in its train opulence and grandeur which made the golden age of Israel. We see how a good deed is remembered in the fame which is accorded him, spread far and wide in the lands of the rising sun. And it hides his after folly. The wisdom shines in the clear light, the folly is hidden as a gliding figure in the mist. Now he is the King whom the Queen of Sheba came to see, drawn by the chariot of his fame; and then he is the voluptuary who comes to the miserable conclusion that all is vanity. In this book there is a mixture of things, wise and otherwise, and we are to take the wheat in our hands as the disciples of Christ did on the Sabbath day as they were passing through the fields, and we are to rub the ears and separate the grain from the chaff, blowing the latter wheresoever it wills go. But in our text there is no need of winnowing—it is a thing to remember and be thankful for.

And yet it is nothing clear; the incident is merely an illustration of a thing he had taken note of and wondered at. It is not necessary to particularize, and so we cannot verify the deed, or know what was done; the blessing was, and then the man was forgotten who did it. We have something like it in the story of a woman recorded in the twentieth chapter of the second book of Samuel, where Joab invested a town to take some one who had given offence and so he came with his army to take the cage and bird and all, but a woman was wise enough to offer deliverance of the head of his enemy, if that would suffice and, being the thing he wanted, it was thrown over the wall and the town was saved. Her name is not mentioned, only the wisdom of the deed, and she falls back among the host of the world's helpers like a raindrop in the sea.

Now the question naturally arises, Should we live for fame? Should we desire our names to be transmitted, by time, like a beautiful boat floating down a placid stream, or even like a flower thrown upon its fair surface? Would this be the right spirit of labor? I am inclined to think not. I have a strong persuasion that good deeds have their recompense in the doing of them. As things go we are rather proud of our ability to do this or that, from making pies to playing the piano; and it would not be desirable that the cook should never taste the broth, or that the singer should not enjoy the sweetness of her own voice. These things are natural and help in the performance; but my meaning is—we do things because we are built that way—from the making of money to the making of a poem—and our delight is in following the bent of our nature. The great recompense is in the gladness of exercising powers which belong to us, as the greyhound loves to take swift runs, and the bird delights in the use of its wings or voice.

I recall a talk one of our professors in literature once gave at college, about the time when books were made which were books. They were written by men who spent a lifetime over them, by men who did not wish to snatch fame from the hand of the present as if it were a golden apple. They were willing to wait for their reward, or they did not

even care for their names on the title-page of the book in which all the honey of their lives was safely stowed. I know I was greatly impressed with this word, but wondered why he published so many books as he did, and why all the titles from foreign universities and societies were always attached to his name. The thing did not seem to be exactly right, but I never mentioned this to him, you may be sure, and as I wanted to be something of a writer myself in those young days, I wondered if I should write anonymously and be like the great Sir Walter Scott, setting all the world guessing who this wonderful writer was and asking why greatness should be so modest. I did write under a nom de plume sometime and nothing came of it, and I have written with my name attached, and been no better off. But I have enjoyed the years with my kind of writing as a side issue, and it has always had relation to my work as a preacher, so that it would mean nothing as, against the doing of it that every flower perished in its blooming. I think it is a blessing to the professional man to have something other than the immediate necessity of his employment. He requires relaxation and the good is remembered in the better disposition, the lighter mood which it brings to him. And so for the housewife to have relief from the care of the home, by loving her flowers or music, or painting, or something of that nature, is good, though it were never mentioned in the great world at large. What we do in these fine ways is not overlooked, it is a contribution to our own character, and those of our own household do admire us for it, even if at times by their chaff they seem to depreciate it.

"Where'er a noble deed is wrought,
Where'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

"The tidal waves of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

"Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low."

Thus our Longfellow spoke of the good deeds of Florence Nightingale. But we can say the same of all about us who by kindness help their own people, and their neighbors.

There are numberless things we may do at trifling cost which would sweeten the atmosphere in which we live. Raise the question of how we should treat people we have to meet at our homes and in society. Most likely there will be some that we shall not enjoy as much as others; they do not win us; we may not approve of them for some reason or other, and so we manifest our estimation by our treatment of them in tone of voice and manner of salutation. I do not think this can be said to have a good influence in any community. Feuds are started in quiet places and are perpetuated for generations, and the one who started them is remembered indeed, but as of little good; his weed has grown where a flower might have flourished and cheered and blessed. How different is the tribute Lowell pays to a noble character:

"Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him."

My friend in speaking of the text was thinking of how in the church were workers who helped to build it up, poor folks in a way, as you might call them, laboring men and women, who were touched with the life of religion and who wished to do something for it after the same manner as they wished to help and bless their homes. They assisted in doing certain things which gave the church and Sunday school the life it enjoys. They made these institutions to live and thrive by their devotion. Their names are not much talked about, but their deeds were essential for the success won. And it is so in all of our churches, men and women give themselves to this or that labor; one was at the head of this enterprise, another could always be relied upon to do the work everybody else refused. What was the benefit? Nobody seemed to care about it and when he or she could no longer do it, another was found to take the place. Might not a little of Solomon's mournful cry come in—vanity of vanities—all is vanity?

I should say, no indeed. The wisdom of these workers saved the city in its emergency and, though the emergency did not seem very great and such a one as anybody could have met, who was willing, yet was it dear in the doing as the cup of water given to the thirsty one, and it has made the world better. Towns and societies would be so very different if it were not for the willing workers, the people who were ready to do, while others looked on and criticized and said how much better they could have done it, if they had only had the mind to. Charles Lamb reported Wordsworth as saying he could have written Shakespeare's plays if he had had the mind, and Lamb stuttered, all he needed was the mind. I will not exactly allow that. I think that we need the will and wish. There are

many who in spite of the warning of Jesus, wrap their one talent in a napkin and hide it. They might be useful and if they were not remembered in any great way, they would be remembered as the shower is by the garden—it grows the better and shows more beauty.

And we have got to come down to the reality that we are not our own. Our plea of independence has gone beyond its limits. We are here for the purpose of being true men and women. The ownership we have of ourselves is for the service we can render in the individuality of our natures. It seems to me like a number of workmen on a building, here are the representatives of the different trades, carpenter, mason, plumber, painter and the rest; each is independent in his own way, that he may contribute to the total result of the erecting of the house, church, or what you will. And we have private rights of personality that we may render public service to the community where we abide.

We do receive inspiration from the thought of some remembrance in which we may be held, but perhaps not as much as we might. We cannot look down the years and see how the deed shall rise up and call us blessed. The future seems the dim-unknown, but we might consider the fact that seeds grow according to their nature, and if we sow the seeds of charity and good-will, these will go on growing and becoming more for centuries.

And if one is misinterpreted—what of it?—this is blown aside in a little while. It is like when we are walking a country road in the summer—a team comes along, making a cloud of dust, and you step out of its way to let it pass; the dust hides you for a minute; the team goes ahead and you are free from it. Or it is like being in a fog, and some one calls you another's name, but coming nearer, the sun lifts the fog, and you are known for what you are.

"Let nothing disturb thee;
Nothing afflict thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth."

But here is another point which I think we have to consider in our remembrance of others—are we only to mark their good side? Is it not true that their faults demand recognition just as much as their virtues? I should say not, because in that case, we would get color-blind to the virtues. It is so easy seeing the defects of others, but surely it can hardly be any pleasure, and if we would exercise this faculty on ourselves, then to take out the beam from our own eyes would keep us so busy that we should forget the mote in our brother's eye. Since the perfect white life of the Christ moved among men, it has been the ideal to hide defects and to praise the good. The world needs another schooling of appreciation, so that deeds shall count for what they are irrespective of the station of the doer. A silver dollar is of the same value to the storekeeper whether presented by the poor man or rich; and to God there can be no distinction of wealth and poverty; it is the deed and disposition which count at their true value. Jesus sees the woman cast her mite into the treasury and it is remembered to the end of time. But he also pictures the time when time shall be no more and there the unremembered find their kindnesses arise to greet them with a blessing as surprising as a flower from a seed. Jesus did wish us to do good hoping for nothing again, to be willing to be overlooked and forgotten, because then it is goodness acting and not selfishness, but he also gives us the assurance that though we and men may forget the good deed, God will not let it die. It arises at the last and bears its testimony to what we are. Has that no influence on us? Is it not an inspiration to take the fire out of our feet when we are doing the errands of God? I think so. Even Christ—"for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame." It is a grand, transforming, purifying power when we take it home to our hearts.

And it is the need, the need of the hour which presses on us when we are considering what the world wants.

"O for the times which were (if any
Time be heroic) heroic indeed!
When the men were few,
And the deeds to do
Were mighty, and many,
And each man in his hand held a noble deed."
Now the deeds are few,
And the men are many,
And each man has at most, but a noble need."

Very well—we are to meet our need, which is a divine hunger for something to do for humanity and so for our own character. We let so many things go on which we might alter if we would consider the duty of stopping them. It is the self-indulgence of our day which throws away health as if it were of no account and then asks some magic way of recovering it. What are we to do with the drinking and smoking habits? What are we to do with the indulgence in morphine and other poisons? How are we to correct the spirit of extravagance? These things are sapping the vitality of the race. We are consuming our coal and oil and minerals as if there were an unlimited supply of them

which there is not. We have to bethink us the earth has a million years or more to run and we shall be in touch with those far off times when famine may be from the waste of our inconsiderate centuries. In like manner we are to think of the ways in which we live that we ought to build up bodies of strength and minds of clearness, that the generation two centuries to come may be the better for our living and would have the blessing of what we have done, though our names were forgotten. Beauty passes along; a fairer face is seen upon our streets because of some beauty three generations ago. Three generations to come a braver man or woman may be in this community because some obscure soul met trouble and care with resolution and gave way to no coward despair.

The highway we travel is macadamized and in that work we have the name MacAdam, who invented this mode of road building, and so made it easier for man and beast to pass from place to place. We have many comforts which we use, the discoverer of which we do not know—as of glass. We have the useful and beautiful, as in our pottery, which does not remind us of the name of the worker though it is well known. As children we read the story of Pallas, the potter, who worked with the noble purpose of furnishing better ware than was known, so he toiled in poverty and derision, but he succeeded at last and the good deed is in all our homes. The right effort, the right purpose does not die, it comes to something which men will not readily allow to pass away, and it is honor enough to have such esteem of use and blessing. We are casting roses in the path of those who see not from whence they come, and that seems very much like the fact of what was poetry of ministering angels. Then to do the good deed is a mark of character and that is sure of realization in time.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the boy fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He became the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said, "That boy will beat me one day." And he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood and thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

That is the making of man so that with a noble purpose even his dreams help him.

James M. Howe, formerly a resident of Springfield, Mass., now of Chicago, is a descendant of Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine. He recently related a curious incident concerning his relative's struggle for success. "Elias Howe almost beggared himself," said he, "before he discovered where the eye of the needle of the sewing machine should be located. It is probable that there are few persons who know how it came about. His original idea was to follow the model of the ordinary needle and have the eye at the heel. It never occurred to him that it should be placed near the point, and he might have failed altogether if he had not dreamed he was building a sewing-machine for a savage King in a strange country. Just as in his actual waking experience, he was perplexed about the needle's eye. He thought the King gave him twenty-four hours to complete the machine and make it sew. If not finished at that time death was to be the punishment. Howe worked and worked and puzzled and puzzled, and finally gave it up. Then he thought that he was taken out to be executed. He noticed that the warriors carried spears that were pierced near the head. Instantly came the solution of the difficulty, and while the inventor was begging for time he awoke. It was four o'clock in the morning. He jumped out of bed, ran to his shop, and by nine o'clock a needle with an eye at the point had been rudely modeled. After that it was easy."

And there is this too, to be thought of, that if we would have music in our hearts, then we must be busy with interests we love. The time of the song birds is in Spring, when they are building their little houses and preparing for the new generation. It is when men are doing something with all their might that life goes on without thought of loss and limitation. As long as a man is employed on some invention, he needs not the wealth others think may come to him if it is a success. To the outsider our work may appear a trifle, but if it adds to the comfort of any, it is not to be despised, and we ought to have happiness in the doing of it. There are millions of poor men in our country toiling at

what saves the cities and they are not particularly remembered. Think of the producers of food, the farmers, the fishermen; we depend on them; they are not mentioned for the supply we have of our daily bread. It is so of those who wait upon us, who are in our stores or help in our housekeeping, they are the thousands of the unthanked; their work is done and used and they forgotten. When labor was of the slave there was no need to own it. And when we think we have paid for a service in the dollars and dimes given, there is very little courtesy. But when we see the world as a great home, and every man of us doing something for the happiness of others, there is a feeling of respect for one as for another, for the man who keeps the streets clean, as for the one who helps us to keep our minds bright and beautiful with thought. We appreciate the thing done as a necessary part to the perfection of the whole.

And again we can see the poor man is not forgotten, for it stirs others to do. I should fear the great giving of the wealthy, if I thought that men at large were going to depend on the munificence of one rather than the contribution of the many. A thousand giving a dollar each to some noble cause is better than one giving the thousand, because it means a larger sense of the value of the object. I like to see the generous deed of the millionaire; it is what many would do if they could, yet it is none the less beautiful on that account; perhaps it is the better as it is that part of society which bears the blossom of our religion and civilization. The times are demanding that manhood shall show itself in wise distribution as it shows itself in acquirement. And what is done by the most capable, spurs the rest to try to get along a little better in those lines. When one horse can trot a mile in two minutes, there will be an increased number which can trot it in three, because there will be an effort to bring out the latent possibilities of speed in the untrained. And then there are considerations of blood and disposition and training, which help in development and these are made more of and so help in the better result.

But does not even the best life seem a failure in a certain way? A man comes to fame and sweeps everything before him and then in ten years or less is nearly forgotten. It is so in science, music, art, poetry. The names are like rockets as they shoot up in the darkness, and crack with delight and sputter their many-colored sparks to our admiring gaze. It is but for a moment. I can recall something of the gladness with which a new work of Dickens was hailed, how eagerly it was awaited, and read with what avidity. It is no particular thing to read him now. So with Kipling—when he broke upon the world—it was like a full moon shedding radiance, but how soon it disappears from the place in which we saw it. They continue to give of their good, but the newness is worn off, and many can do the like, and they must be like the poor man content to let the good speak for itself.

And love is enough, virtue is its own reward. The Persian prayer was just, praying God to bless the wicked because the saints were blest in their loving of God, and needed nothing more. And we must have the courage to stay at our post and do our work. After the burning of Rome, Nero blamed the Christians for the act. Then began a terrible persecution and many were put to death. Peter was besought by the disciples to flee the city, as his life was so precious, so at their urgent solicitations, he consented to go. As he was departing by the Appian Way, about two miles from the gates, he was met by a vision of Jesus traveling towards the city. He was thunderstruck and asked, Domine, quo vadis? Lord, whither goest thou?—to which with sadness the Master answered, "I go to Rome to be crucified a second time!"—and vanished. The shame of it came as fire to his soul, and burned away the thought of self and he returned to be a witness, a martyr for Christ.

Let us be glad to be good and to do good because a life of effort for man has its remembrance in heaven. Dr. J. G. Holland has given us a call to the noble life in these well-known lines, that may guide us in our upward way:

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God;
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust.
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

(Continued on page 8.)

FIFTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

MRS. M. A. W. CLOSKEY.

Around the circles, let them roll,
To freedom's burst of song;
And let the glad cry upward swell,
And all its notes prolong;
For we tonight look back with joy
O'er five and fifty years;
Since light from Heaven touched the earth,
And banished doubt and fears.

What grand outflow of spirit grace,
And concentrated power,
Were first to wake the mind of man,
At this appointed hour,
Through little children humbly born,
Nor taught nor trained to art,
Whose lives of quiet homely joys,
Gave psychic power its start!

Soon startled by the sound of raps,
At more and upon and night,
"Till man found mind behind those sounds,
With all its functions bright.
Thus spirit power broke loose the bonds,
Of years of doubt and gloom,
And mired the solid rock that barred
Man's gaze from Heaven's home.

So glory to the Hydesville raps,
And let our glad notes thrill;
For man's emancipation grand,
From fear of death's dread ill,
Now knowledge like the eagle bold
That soars to heights above,
Will float o'er all the darkened land,
And teach of truth and love.

Soon came the great millennium,
When mankind—brothers grow;
When gold no longer lures us on,
O'er wretchedness and woe,
When all shall share their heritage,
Of earth and air and light;
And live in loving sympathy,
And progress towards the right.

El Paso, Texas, March 31, 1903.

Edna Thomson's Courage.

V. DANIEL.

Her name was Edna Thomson, and she always took good care to insist that the letter "p" should be absent from her last name under all circumstances. As a young girl in her teens, she had been known to return, unopened, the letters of her sundry girl and boy correspondents, usually writing across the back (or enclosing them with a note in a new envelope) these words, "Learn how to spell my name and I will answer you." As a young woman, her antipathy to that (to her) odious letter "p" grew more and more pronounced, and all who came into relationship of any kind with her, were soon made to understand that they would at once forfeit her friendship, or even bowing acquaintance if they persisted in its use. They, at least those who really cared to know or wished to become acquainted with her, soon learned to respect her wishes, and governed themselves accordingly.

Outside of this one idiosyncrasy, Edna had no special peculiarities to mark her as different from other girls. She had a kind heart and loved to do things for her father and mother, and most for the sake of relieving them of extra burdens. This characteristic, I must admit, is widely different from that of the vast majority of girls of today. It seems to be their aim and object to get as much as they can out of their parents, and to do as little as possible for them in return. But Edna Thomson had only one wish in regard to her parents and that was to do all she could for them with no other thought than that of rendering them a loving service without the hope of any reward, other than the approval of her own conscience.

She was not a tall young woman, and weighed at least "ten stone," and what is more, was not ashamed of the fact. She had a good, healthy appetite, relished her food at all times, and saw no harm in taking plenty of open air exercise to promote digestion. She had expressive brown eyes, a small nose, oval face, and luxuriant auburn hair. Her eyes and hair constituted her sole claims to beauty. To the connoisseur in female beauty, Edna Thomson was very plain looking—decidedly unattractive. She dressed simply, in good taste, yet sought comfort rather than style. She was not a lover of society, and most of all, she was not a member of any public gatherings because of her queer views of dress. She did not believe in skirts that trailed three yards or less behind her over the muddy roads, dusty paths, or sidewalks reeking with tobacco juice. She held that all such garments were not only unbecoming, but decidedly unhealthy; hence she wore short skirts that revealed a healthy foot, and a well developed ankle. She made no attempt to span her waist with the fingers of one hand, and actually had the affrontery to declare lacking a sin! She also wore of the low necked dresses of society girls and shocked them and their praiseworthy mammas by remarking sentimentally, "When women reveal more of their ankles by day, and have sense enough to keep their busts covered at night, there will be fewer sickly women on the earth, and a much more moral people."

No, Edna was decidedly too old fashioned, and commonplace to be a society belle, a heroine, or a litterateur. She liked books and was fairly conversant with a few of the best works of the best writers. She read some of the best magazines and kept up a casual reading of the daily papers. She was neither a musician nor a poet, and if she dreamed dreams, no one ever knew it. She could laugh out loud when occasion prompted it, and always had a smile for those who knew her. She was not bashful, yet had a modest way with her that served to keep her out of sight when she appeared in a small circle of friends. She could converse interestingly on many subjects, yet was not a pedant in anything. She was simply herself—a healthy, natural, unimpaired, whole-hearted young woman, who considered it no disgrace to be the daughter of hard-working parents or to aid them in their labor with her own hands. She even believed it to be the proper thing to manifest her love for her parents whenever the impulse seized her, and she did so unreservedly.

She had several brothers and sisters to whom she rendered every possible sisterly service, and they gave her their love in full measure as their older sister and counselor. As it is with Edna only with whom I am dealing, no more need be said of her juniors in the family. One day she heard her father say to her mother, "Lucy, I fear there are hard times ahead. It now looks as if our wages would be badly cut, or work stopped altogether. There will be very little building done around here for some time to come, and we carpenters may have to go on a tramp in search of work." Her mother's reply did not reach her, but she knew that mother was trying to encourage the stout-hearted man beside her to look on the sunny side of things, and to hope for the best at all times.

Edna said nothing, but began to commune with herself to see if she could not find a way to aid those whom she dearly loved. Their home was in the little city of P— in one of the greatest and most progressive States of the Union. Edna had completed her course creditably in the city high school, the one institution in which every one of the four thousand residents took pride. She did not

stand at the head of her class, nor at its foot, for she was number seven in a class of twenty-one graduates. During that course she had taken up the study of telegraphy, and had obtained as perfect a knowledge of the Morse system, with its up-to-date adjuncts, as it was possible for that school to give her. She thought of her knowledge of this subject as she cast about for ways and means to assist her parents. After a few moments, she left the house and walked quickly to the telegraph office at the railroad station. The operator was in, and fortunately was not busy. She spoke to him in low tones, asking if she could see him for a few moments on business.

"Certainly, Miss Edna," he replied, pleasantly. "Come right in," and he opened the door to his little den where his instruments were industriously clicking sharply in obedience to the will of the unseen giant known as Electricity.

Edna rapidly told her brief story, and asked him if he would take her as a pupil to complete her knowledge of her art, making her acquainted with the intricacies of train-dispatching.

"I shall have to obtain permission from my employers if I take you in," he said with a smile. "Come back on Monday and I will report progress."

On Monday she again sought her friend the operator, and was told that she could come to him as she desired. She set to work that very day, and in an incredibly short space of time was admitted to be a better operator than her friend who had so kindly assisted her.

She was the subject of conversation in nearly every house in the little city where she lived, and many there were who predicted ruin and disgrace for this bold young woman who was trying to do a man's work.

Edna held steadily on her way, and when sure of her skill, applied for a position of station agent and train dispatcher on the A. & P. R. R.

The operator at P— stood by her, and though there was some shaking of heads on the part of a few in authority, Edna, within thirty days from the date of her application, was appointed station agent and telegraph operator at S—, an obscure station about forty miles from P—.

Edna was delighted, but her parents looked grave, and shook their heads with concern when she told them where she was going. Matters were now so bad with her father that he yielded reluctantly to her request, and she set out alone for her post of duty.

The salary was fifty dollars per month and Edna knew that that small sum would not only supply her every want, but would give her parents, her sisters and brothers the wherewithal to live upon.

S— was an out of the way place, with no buildings near the station save those that the company owned or controlled. The only family was nearly a mile away, so Edna fitted up one-half of the station as her domicile.

She had her supplies brought to her from P—, and set up housekeeping on a small scale for herself. Her duties were light, and she discharged them faithfully. She had plenty of time for reading, and she used every moment to the best possible advantage. She renewed her acquaintance with her favorite authors and added many new ones to her list.

Yet every duty of her office was discharged with scrupulous fidelity, and her books were marvels of neatness and accuracy. So well did she attend to this department of her work, that the General Inspector of her division said to her at the close of his second visit: "Miss Thomson, you deserve a better position than this. Your work is most excellent."

Edna flushed a little with pardonable pleasure at this outspoken compliment, and thanked him for his kind words. She was simply doing her duty, and somehow it seemed to her that the faithful discharge of one's duty, especially when paid for it, was not an occasion for special praise of any kind. In other words, she held to the old-fashioned idea that faithfulness to one's trust always brings its own just reward.

S— was, as I have said, an out-of-the-way, undesirable post. To nearly every one it seemed the embodiment of loneliness and despair. Not so to Edna Thomson. She sold tickets to the few passengers as if she were disposing of valuable pieces of merchandise to customers over the counter.

She had a pleasant word for every one who came to the station on business of any kind, and soon became generally liked throughout that sparsely settled region. She kept by herself, for no one near or far was circumstance so that he or she could extend hospitality to the young lady agent, even if she had been inclined to accept it.

"Afraid?" you ask. Not at all. Fear never entered Edna Thomson's mind. She felt as safe in her little snugness as she ever did in her father's home. She was not at all hysterical, you must remember, hence saw neither hobgoblins nor archangels; neither did she fear robbers nor murderers. She did not look at the dark locks, nor did she allow her nerves to master her. She was captain of her soul in the fullest sense, and held her nerves in their proper places as servants of her will.

I have already told you that she was not a heroine, nor a prodigy. She was merely a wholesome, matter of fact, common sense girl, happy in her effort to do for others, and especially happy in her perfect health. She did not take kindly to church going, or Sunday school in her early life, and felt less like patronizing them as she grew older. She believed in a God of Love, and felt assured of His ability to take care of His universe without being told how to do it by her or anyone else. As for life after death, she had only a vague idea and simply assured herself that if she lived right and did right on earth the future would take care of itself.

The gossips talked about her, as gossips will whenever any pure minded man or woman does what his or her conscience says is just, and declared that she must be crazy or a girl of low character, because she dared to live alone, do honest work, and mind her own business. Gossips and scandal mongers are human harpies, who prey upon the virtues of their superiors. They always read into the lives and characters of their victims what they themselves would do were they similarly situated. Edna gave no sign that she knew of these discussions, and it is probable that few of their echoes ever reached her ears. She knew it was predicted by all who knew her that her work at S— would result in a terrible disaster, and she resolutely set herself to the task of proving them false prophets.

She had been at her post of duty nearly two years, when, in November, a terrible storm arose. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind became almost a hurricane. She finished her work for the day, set the signals for the night, and retired to her room to read. The door between her bedroom and office was wide open, and she could see nearly every object in both rooms almost at one glance. A sense of comfort stole over her as she heard the roar of the winds and listened to the splash of the rain against the building.

She was soon absorbed in her book and became oblivious to her surroundings. Suddenly she heard the call "St—st—st—" upon the little instrument in her office. She rushed to the table and took down the following: "Train No. 5 one hour late. Bridge over culvert 910 five miles west washed out. Wreck of passenger sure—help needed quick—"

to do. She glanced at her watch and found it was already 10:30 o'clock. No. 5 should pass A— at 11:00, and the washout was five miles away. She must save the train, but how? Should she go to the nearest residence, almost a mile away, and seek help? No, that would take too much valuable time. She must go alone and at once.

Suddenly she thought of calling some of the operators on her wire and ask for their aid in flagging the train. She touched her key, but to her dismay could not obtain a response from any one on her division. It was clear that the wires were down, and that she alone must save No. 5 and its precious burden of human lives. She did not at that moment think of the origin of the message she had received nor wonder who the sender might be. She read the words again, then prepared to go out into the stormy night.

(To be concluded.)

ANNIVERSARY LINES.

KATE R. STILES.

"Fifty five years ago," we say—
The angels from "across the way,"
Signaled their presence, by a sound
That has been heard the world around.

Simple the token which they gave,
Of life beyond the narrow grave.
Only a rap! and yet it said—
"We live! we live! there are no dead!"

Yet long before the time we date,
Had findings of this truth so great,
That man is of immortal birth,
Been now and then vouchsafed to earth.

By angel visitants, who came
The glorious tidings to proclaim,
That all is life—and that death's change,
But gives the spirit broader range.

So we today no new truth claim;
Truth is eternally the same
In every age, in every clime,
And naught can change this law sublime.

Why, then, do we thus celebrate
A truth whose advent none can date?
It is because in modern days
This truth shines forth with clearer rays.

More frequent than in days of yore
Come tidings from the "other shore,"
And we no longer doubting wait—
Faith changed to sight, in forty-eight.

Wherefore on each recurring year,
We celebrate this truth so dear
And emphasize—as we should do—
The blessings which from it accrue.

And do you ask that we should name
The blessings numberless we claim
That this great truth has brought to men?
Words fail! and powerless is our pen.

Perchance the most important thought—
The one with greatest import fraught,
Is, that through Spiritualism's open door,
The so-called dead, return once more.

Fathers, and mothers, children, friends!
O, what a joy to life this lends!
How best indeed are they who know—
Of angel ministry below.

But wherefore come they? Not alone
To prove they are not from us gone;
This not the only mission here,
Of angel ministrants so dear.

Ah, no! although 'tis grand indeed,
To comfort hearts that ache and bleed,
Yet with this office, there is blest
A holier purpose and intent.

The larger truth the angels teach,
Is, that through death no soul can reach
An heavenly state—unless white here,
We build an heavenly atmosphere.

They tell us plainly, that nowhere
Shall we e'er find a "realm more fair,"
Till we have learned how to create
And make more fair the inward state.

Procrastination of the good,
(Which now is ours, if understood),
Till we shall reach another sphere,
Keeps us in ignorance while here.

Man, in his power, creator is,
And whatsoever he wills, is his.
This is a truth that spirits wise,
Do oft affirm and emphasize.

Compare this thought, so full of hope,
With the old thought of narrow scope—
That old-time preachers did affirm—
That man was but a "crawling worm."

Ah! can we not with glad hearts say,
'Tis best to be alive today,
To hasten the fast approaching morn'
When man shall be indeed "new-born?"

Porn of the Spirit—born to be
The arbiters of destiny,
Born every evil to control—
A "worm" no longer—but a Soul.

Such is the man that is to be,
Evolving, even now, is he,
Through the all-wise, progressive Law,
The fount from which each soul must draw.

These are the truths the angels teach,
This the glad gospel that they preach,
And this they ask us to make known
'Till each shall make the truth their own.

"What good," then do we ask today,
"What good in Spiritualism, pray?"
"No good," we answer; none till we
The spirit of this truth can see.

No good until we recognize
Its power to make us truly wise.
Then, then indeed, we each shall find
That every good is here combined.

The Letter, men at first must read,
Each well established fact they need;
Yet of themselves, these are but keys
Which unlock greater mysteries.

And, if we stand outside the door,
And do not cross the threshold o'er
Of that great Temple which supplies
The greater good, we are not wise.

Hail, then, this anniversary day!
Hail, loving friends "across the way!"
Hail ye who fifty years ago
Went forth this precious truth to sow!

Hail to a William Denton, hail!
His was a soul that ne'er did quail!
Hail to a William White so brave,
He who the "Banner" first did wave.

To Luther Colby who next came,
We say, all hail! in truth's blest name.
His fearless soul, his facile pen,
For years proclaimed the truth to men.

Hail to a Randy, Edwards, each
In his own way the truth did teach,
Each walked by his own inward light
And did what unto him seemed right.

Hail to the noble H. C. Wright!
The man of peace—yet who could fight
Most valiantly in time of need,
We know his soul doth onward speed.

Hail to Giles Stebbins—Quaker friend—
Whose gentleness such chains did lend.
Hail to a Wheeler, Wilson, Chase,
Whose labors time can ne'er efface.

Hail to our brother Storv, dear,
We miss his genial presence here,
Yet do we know he still is led
By purpose true—he is not dead.

Hail to our poet sister dear,
Sweet Sarah Sprague, whose tones so clear
Ring down the corridors of Time
In accents full of truth sublime.

Hail to dear Fanny Davis Smith,
Whose words were strong and full of pith.
And hail to Emma Hardinge brave,
Who came to us o'er ocean's wave.

Hail to our sister Colby, strong,
Who fearlessly assailed the wrong!
Hail to our sisters, Gladding, Banks,
The world to them owes many thanks.

Hail! Hail! all hail to thousands more
Who stand today on yonder shore
In phalanx strong—a mighty van—
Still working for the good of man.

Hail, too, to those who still remain
Workers upon this earthly plane.
Hail to each sister, brother, friend,
May angels weave your steps attend.

Greater the work yet to be wrought,
Nobler the battle to be fought;
With courage, then, let each move on
Till we shall hear the glad "Well done."

Lake Helen, Florida, March 29.

The Works of A. J. Davis.

In an article in the Banner of March 21, is an estimate of the works of A. J. Davis much to the disparagement of all his later ones compared with the first great work. It claims that in the latter, dictated in an unconscious condition, induced by mesmerism, the author was in a superior condition to that in which all his other and later works were written, which he characterizes as a "semi-trance" condition, and implies that there is a gradual deterioration in their value. So far as this question is concerned, Dr. Davis's works are to be judged by the intrinsic practical value of the works themselves, and on this basis, and judged by this standard, the writer has no hesitation in asserting that, nowhere in the field of all past and present literature is there any such sweeping, complete and systematic view of the universe and its underlying principles, which actuate all its evolutions, with their practical application to the needs of humanity, as is to be found in the various works of A. J. Davis.

A brief analysis of some of his later works will show that the principles, outlined in his first great work, are elaborated, made easily comprehensible and receive adequate exposition only in the later ones. In the first volume of the Great Harmonia—The Physician—where can be found any such exposition of the various and progressive modes in which spirit acts upon matter in the human economy, and any such classification of Nature's remedial agents in maintaining the human body in health, and clear and natural explanation of the Philosophy of Health and Disease? In the second volume, The Teacher, note the marvelous elucidation of the seven progressive modes in which the Universal Spirit of Nature acts upon the material universe and produces all its phenomena. It also gives an analysis and classification of the principles and elements which constitute all human sentience and the actuating springs of all human action. Where else can be found a lucid exposition of the "Seven Mental States" which covers the whole field of human conscious experience, as in the third volume of the Harmonia? And in the fourth volume in the first chapter is a clearing up of the confusion prevailing as to the nature of "Laws," and their relation to human life and conduct, and in other chapters an analysis of the affectional department of the human soul; that for naturalness, simplicity and clearness is far beyond any classification hitherto made by any student of human nature.

The relations of the sexes determined by the different temperaments make the work of inestimable value in solving problems involved in the most important of all human relations and the most momentous in their consequences.

In the fifth volume of the Great Harmonia, The Thinker, is unfolded a philosophical system which includes and embraces the truths contained in the various systems elaborated by the great thinkers of the past; showing that all the phenomena of Nature and the mental evolution and history of the human mind are the progressive manifestations of Eternal Ideas, which are omnipresent and everywhere operative in all human thought and action. That the human mind and soul, in all its proclivities and activities, is constantly actuated, controlled and governed by them, although in large measure unconsciously to the human mind, and all human progress and evolution consist of a progressive consecration to these Eternal Ideas. The classification of the various philosophical systems evolved in the past, with their characteristics, in the first chapter, throws great light upon the action of Ideas and Principles in their progressive manifestations, making plain how the male and female principles actuating all mental evolution, have developed these diverse systems of Philosophy.

His other works are equally remarkable for the originality of their ideas. The beautiful correspondence between the five senses of man and the five conditions of matter in the "Stellar Way," and the six Love elements and six Wisdom attributes in the "Teacher" and their gradations in accordance with a scale of musical correspondence, are the most comprehensive and beautiful classification and analysis of the human mind and soul that have ever been made.

When it is said that there is any deterioration in these works of Davis, we have but to turn to the very latest one published to disprove the statement. In the chapters on "Crime and the Care of Criminals," "Questions of Time and Eternity," "The Bible and other Inspired Books," etc.—chapters singled out at random—where can you find in all literature anything that appeals to the highest and best intuitions of humanity, and views that so commend themselves to our highest knowledge of Nature and man? "The History and Philosophy of Evil" is treated in a highly original and masterly manner and the only adequate and satisfactory solution of this perplexing problem is given. Another work of this author should not be left out of this account—the "Morning Lectures"—which embodies more practical wisdom than could be duplicated in many volumes, if at all.

This meagre account of the contents of some of Dr. Davis's later works gives only a very inadequate estimate of their real value, but they should be judged on their intrinsic merits, and if there are any minds who have been deterred from their perusal by disparaging statements, all the writer would ask is that they examine for themselves before forming a conclusion.

It is true that the literary and most enlightened portion of the public mind generally have not begun to have any appreciation of the profound philosophy and views of A. J. Davis; a philosophy that in the coming future is to sway the destinies of the nations

and peoples of this planet, embracing as it does in its universal sweep the truths contained in all previous systems, and assigning them their proper place and relations in the great scheme of progressive development.
Franklin Smith.

Woman's Clubs.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I do not remember to have seen, in the columns of your paper, many allusions made to the great movement of late years—the "Woman's Clubs" all over country and city. It might well be asked what progress have these clubs made for the advancement of women, since their organization?

I would say—the members have found their voices, and are not so much afraid of them as at first, when they spoke with timidity and hesitation. Now, they go right along without a break, and many of them speak with surprising eloquence and smoothness. They might well grace almost any assembly. The papers are of genuine interest; their research is of necessity scholarly. They would adorn our daily papers. The Boston Globe publishes a column of "A Daily Lesson in History." Any club could edit that column to the Globe's advantage.

As that remarkable woman, Mary A. Livermore, said to a country club: "You are fortunate in not living near a large city. You cannot step into the street and call to your aid some learned and celebrated man, to tell you what you want to know, but you are obliged to ferret it out for yourselves." That eminent woman has spoken of and for and to the Woman's Clubs, appreciatively, in high places.

At the beginning of our club life, we were requested to suppress all unkind criticism of each other and of our individual work. That was well, and has been fairly adhered to. It has been promotive of optimism. Those who have had club work in charge have been obliged to hunt for gems hidden in human nature, for the talents, possibly folded away in a napkin, in more senses of that phrase than one, perhaps. I have not forgotten the surprise, expressed to me, of one of the first presidents, as she went about among her followers, finding in one a poet, in another a story-teller, in another an essayist—seeking to utilize each gift to expression. Whereas, heretofore, everybody's faults, real or imaginary—their peccadilloes, peculiarities, weak points, seemed to be to the fore; club life has shown people up to one another, and perhaps even to themselves, in a very different light. All that is best in them has been called out and the development has been rapid, and satisfactory, in a great measure.

While reviewing the past, we have been called upon to keep pace with our times and the high standard set for us. The goal is still before us and there are yet rivers of knowledge for us to ford, and we shall do it, and make no failure to the end. It is no ordinary privilege to have lived in the 20th century. I am glad for all who have done so, for this is woman's era, the beginning of the culmination of the promise of the ages. I will express a sentiment often found in the literature of new and liberal thought. The manifestation of the Christ principle, power and spirit, it is said, will be expressed in the feminine, in the coming time. We have come to the closing of the centuries, to the completion of a cycle of two thousand years, where the masculine dominance and prominence has led in everything. It is passing, and the feminine element will come to the front, until the equilibrium is established, then we shall go hand in hand.

It is a significant fact, perhaps, that the rise of woman has been largely led by the world-renowned, the wise and motherly queen, whose passing marked the beginning of the new century. The fact of her womanhood, honored and mourned by the nations, to the remotest islands of the seas, marks an epoch and a precedence for her sex, never before accorded it, unless it was in times too remote for history to record.

Mrs. Livermore says of her: "She was the wisest woman who ever lived, and it was the wisdom of common sense." We are making history. The Victorian Age will go down through the years, to the honor of woman-kind.

I would here mention a noteworthy episode. The Poet Laureate Wordsworth died in April, 1850, and the suggestion was made by the "Athenaeum" that the vacant laureateship should be given to Elizabeth Barrett Browning. "We would urge," says the journal, "the graceful compliment to a youthful queen, which would be implied in the recognition of the remarkable literary place taken by women in her reign."

Helen Neil Howard.

A Conspiracy.

Since the advent of modern Spiritualism, fifty-five years ago, there never has been a more persistent and infamous onslaught than at the present time, against writers, correspondents, contributors, and editors as busy concocting articles, that by falsehood, ridicule and attempts at reasoning, are calculated to bring the subject into disrepute. From the animus of these articles, their unity of design, they evidently proceed from a common source, are instigated by a leading mind as editor-in-chief to subordinates. The most damaging and slanderous effusions appear as editorials in journals that admit no reply, and hence reach a class of readers who presumably will not hear the other side.

To show the profound ignorance of the editorial mind on this subject, as exposed in the N. Y. World; it is stated that after having all the frauds exposed, Spiritualists fell back on "subconscious self" as a means of explaining how spirits communicated! This is the very theory by which opposers have attempted to show "how the trick was done."

"The manifestations," cries this editor, quoting from a London paper, "have been time after time exposed," and still the belief of the credulous dupes "persists in civilized communities as it does in Central Africa, the Solomon Islands and other remote fastnesses of savagery."

The Eagle does not soar like its namesake, but prefers mud, like a turtle. The editor thinks Spiritualists such imbeciles that they need mercy more than severity. When a "Mejum" is caught in fraud, it settles the question in the minds of the "gentle." "But your wild-eyed, long-haired, long-bearded man, and your wilder-eyed, mustached, and short-haired woman, are not fazed a bit." Such is the venomous drive which passes wit and argument in the office of the Eagle!

These are samples of hundreds of articles, some witty, some argumentative, others denunciatory, but all taking for granted that spiritual phenomena, taken as a whole, are from beginning to end, fraud and deception.

Some time ago I remarked in an article, the solidarity of the attack. The death of a Mrs. Smith, claimed to have been one of the "Fox Sisters," being the occasion for publishing hundreds of articles, asserting that the "Slates" had "confessed," that they made the rappings with their "toe joints." It was strange for newspapers to publish as news, an account of an occurrence happening ten years or more in the past, and that simultaneously from New York to San Francisco. It was not told alike in all, but changed and modified, as though written especially for each journal. In most instances, writers started out with a great show of fairness, to

(Continued on page 3.)

IT WILL PAY YOU

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

strengthen the final conclusion that the "confession" had shown the whole thing a fraud, and with it Spiritualism had collapsed.

That subject having been exhausted, the exposure of fake mediums furnished an un-failing source for material. The difficulties in meeting this form of attack are great, for these frauds pose before the world as genuine, and are accepted as such by the public, and the smirch is not removed by showing that these fakirs are not recognized as genuine by Spiritualists as a body, although they may be supported by a few who call themselves by that name.

In almost every city there are many of these fakirs and there are numbers traveling from town to town giving exhibitions. They have the patronage of many who profess to believe in Spiritualism! Invariably, sooner or later, they are exposed, usually by Spiritualists, who are disgusted with their coarse trickery and the matter is heralded by the press. The business of furnishing outfits for fraudulent manifestations, has sent a great number into the field and the Cause has to struggle against their infamous practices. They advertise extensively and Spiritualists desiring the services of a medium are imposed on.

It was argued that if spiritual societies would "ordain" mediums as speakers, or as devoted especially to the manifestations, other societies who wished to employ them, would thus know that they were worthy; the ordained have the privilege of the clergy, and meeting the standing of religious gatherings. The result has been that societies have not appreciated the greatness of the responsibility thus imposed, and have granted ordination to many without the least regard to their ability as speakers or honesty as mediums. I have before me a letter from a Spiritualist, who, wishing to interest the people of his town, wrote to strongly advertised mediums, who announced their readiness to attend funerals and officiate at weddings and hence are "ordained ministers." They would come and give six trumpet sentences for one hundred dollars, or six materializations, for two hundred dollars. They add, "test conditions will not be permitted as the manifestations are sufficient tests of themselves." If Spiritualists would let mediums who will not submit to fair test conditions severely alone, and demand that every seance be surrounded with such simple arrangements as will make deception impossible, the fakirs would disappear, the Cause no longer be degraded by constantly repeated exposures, and those to whom it is dear, humiliated.

Never a cause carried a heavier burden. That it has grown strong in adversity, unchecked by the venom of its enemies and mistakes of its friends, shows how much the genuine exceeds the counterfeit, and its strong foundation in Truth.

Hudson Tuttle,
Editor-at-Large, N. S. A.

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.

The Golden Rule Society.

The Golden Rule Society, 573 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, under the leadership of Mrs. Annie Banks Scott, celebrated the fifty-fifth anniversary of modern Spiritualism commencing at 3 p. m., with a circle of fifty-six people. The meeting was opened by singing, followed by scripture reading and a few remarks from Brother Hicks of Chelsea. Mrs. H. E. Hall of Cambridge spoke of her experience in Spiritualism which was very helpful. Mrs. McLean of Cambridge, gave excellent spirit messages. Mrs. Fisher, of Beaumont, also allowed her influences to do good work; she sang "Speed Away" under control. Miss Minnie Lader of Cambridge, made a few remarks regarding her three months' spiritual experience, and gave a few spirit messages. Mrs. Annie Banks Scott occupied the remainder of the afternoon and did some excellent work, as she always does. 5 p. m. the meeting closed; every one said it was a grand meeting; every face was shining, and the spirit was truly glad. 6 p. m. luncheon was served by Mrs. Annie Banks Scott and friends.

The evening meeting was a continuance of

the afternoon, a large audience was present and much interest manifested. The speakers and mediums of the evening were Mr. T. Scott, Mr. Hicks, Miss Wells, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Annie Banks Scott, Mr. Fowler rendered "The Holy City," Master Warren Fowler, the boy soloist, a vocal selection which was an inspiration to all present. The interest in the meetings is growing rapidly under the leadership of Mrs. Annie Banks Scott. Meetings every Wednesday at 3 and 7.30 p. m., under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society. Sundays 3 p. m. and 7.30 p. m.—Mrs. Annie Banks Scott.

Victoria, B. C.

In the great northwest nature entrances the weary mind and instills her magnetic balm of beauty, sublimity and repose and builds anew the temple of the soul. The varied ferns and massive firs, the cedar thickets and roaring cataracts furnish home and solace to deer and trout. Here the silvery salmon darts in the straits of blue, and wild fowl and seal give nature a tone that only life can bestow. Here and there glides the untutored child of nature in his unique canoe seeking his daily sustenance from out the boundless storehouse of the Infinite.

The fifty-fifth anniversary of modern Spiritualism was celebrated at Caledonia Hall, Sunday, March 29. The afternoon service was given to the children, who in turn rendered their parts splendidly amid the floral offerings. The evening service was largely attended and Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding was at her best. The lecture, "Who are the Reformers?" was presented in a masterly style and her delineations were excellent.

The society has just been incorporated as a religious body, under the laws of British Columbia.

F. Forrest Harding,
Pres. P. R. S. of Victoria.

Notes from Corvallis, Oregon.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We have been reading "The Gentleman from Everywhere." It is indeed an enjoyable book, but Mr. Foss, making such a hasty trip up the Pacific Coast, coupled with his delightful humorous descriptions, will lead many astray concerning the climate of Oregon. The State is divided by the Cascade Range, and the eastern portion is high, dry, cold in winter, hot in summer. The western part is lower in altitude, moist, and more even in temperature. Distant cities give different combinations, consequently different climates—and there is great diversity in the State. But the upper part of our own Willamette Valley is certainly a garden as to climate and production. For sixteen years we have lived here, and we have never seen a crop failure; and the people are exceptionally healthy.

Perhaps you would like to know how Spiritualism is prospering here. As far as we know, the First Spiritual Union of Corvallis is the only organization in this part of the valley. There are many towns, many larger than Corvallis, and many scattered Spiritualists, but why they do not unite,—do not know, unless there is no one to take the lead. Fifteen months ago, we opened Barrett Lyceum to the Spiritualists, and it has been open every Sunday since, and I have done twelve months' platform work for the Union, as inspirational speaker. We closed the season with the anniversary service March 29, and we are to have a few months much needed rest.

The Union is desirous of obtaining the assistance of a first-class spiritual medium for public demonstration. Many kind things have been said about our work, and it is certainly creating interest, but the people want to see as well as hear. Brother and sister Spiritualists who are looking for a home in Oregon will receive a warm welcome from our Union. We send the best of wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, and to the "Banner."

Yours for truth,
Mrs. Jessie S. Pettit Flint.

For Over Sixty Years

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

Anniversary and Reunion.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum celebrated the fifty-fifth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism by having a re-union of Lyceum workers, and it was one of the best celebrations held in the city this year, as it brought together so many old workers in the Cause. The large audience will never forget the occasion nor will the old workers ever forget the grand reception accorded them by the people. Especially enthusiastic was the reception given Mr. D. N. Ford and Mrs. Mary Ann Sanborn and Mr. Wm. Falls. We regretted the enforced absence of that other veteran Lyceum worker, Mr. J. B. Hatch, Sr.

The Lyceum was called to order at 1.45 by the conductor, J. B. Hatch, Jr., who invited the audience to join with the school in singing an anniversary hymn, written for this school by Mrs. M. T. Longley for an earlier celebration. Assistant conductor, Alonzo Danforth, gave an invocation; another song and the lesson on "Anniversary" followed. After the lesson the classes were arranged for the grand march, which was finely executed, under the leadership of Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch and Miss Alice Bill, the latter acting as assistant guardian. The following took part in the literary exercises: Harold Rogers and Edna Boothby, Waltham Lyceum; Merrill Bell, Harry Green, Wm. Sheldon, Ethel Kernan, Nellie Bonney, Edna Armstrong, Florence Bonney, Maud Armstrong, Mr. Howard, Mr. Fred Taylor, Mr. E. Warren Hatch, Miss Elsie Hartman, Mr. C. L. C. Hatch, Mr. D. N. Ford, past conductor of old Boston Lyceum; Mary Ann Sanborn, long past guardian of old Boston Lyceum; Mr. Wm. Falls, past conductor Boston Lyceum; Mr. A. A. Wheeler, conductor Waltham Lyceum; Rev. F. A. Wiggins, pastor Boston Spiritual Temple; Dr. E. A. Smith, Brandon, Vt.; Dr. J. A. Shelhamer, past librarian old Boston Lyceum; Mrs. Lizzie Lincoln, Mr. A. F. Gilman, past president Boston Spiritual Lyceum Association; Mrs. Alice Bill, past assistant guardian Boston Spiritual Lyceum. Upon the platform were also Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Sr., past guardian Shawmut Lyceum; Miss Alberta Nelson, past assistant guardian Boston Spiritual Lyceum. Acting as guard was past clerk A. C. Armstrong. There were many old workers in the audience. Among them were Mrs. A. F. Butterfield, who was one of the leaders of the old Boston Lyceum; she has been a hard worker for the children in Spiritualism; Mr. J. G. Bowman, past guard old Boston Lyceum. Mr. Frank Union, past conductor old Maine Hall Lyceum, looked in for a few moments before the exercises commenced. A letter from the children's friend, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, was read; a letter was received also from Miss Susie Bicknell of the Brockton Lyceum. The Waltham Lyceum came in a body as the guest of the Lyceum.

The hall was decorated with the national colors; upon the platform were beautiful flowers, thanks to a friend of the children, Mr. J. E. Hayward. A portrait of the originator of the Lyceum movement, Andrew

Jackson Davis, was upon the speaker's desk, decorated with flowers. Mr. D. N. Ford, with six others, were the organizers of the first Lyceum in Boston in a small room on Carver St. There are very few in the work now that were in the old Boston Lyceum. Among those that had worked with Mr. Ford in the past in the old Mercantile Hall were Charlie Sullivan, Moses T. Dole, Mr. Dunkley, Mrs. Adams, Mr. French, Albert Morton, Mr. and Mrs. John Wood and many others well known in Spiritualism. At the close of the exercises, which lasted until five o'clock, the children were given a spiritual Easter gift from the guardian, Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch. It was a day of rejoicing and will remain fresh in the minds of those present for a long time to come.

J. B. Hatch, Jr.,
Conductor B. S. L.

Briefs.

Boston Spiritual Temple. Sunday morning, April 5, Mr. Wiggins, pastor of the Boston Spiritual Temple delivered an address upon the very interesting subject, "Gleanings from Spirit Land." His observation as a visitant to the world of spirit affirmed that nothing of a sensational character was ever necessary where the perfectly natural was to be depicted, and while the future sphere of consciousness was but a continuation of this and the change did not endow one with different thoughts, feelings, impulses and emotions, the life to come was as natural as this. Many spirits upon returning through mediums report great changes, but these changes are accounted for by the transformation of consciousness whereby appreciation transforms all things. Mr. Wiggins dwelt for some time upon the more or less current teachings regarding rewards and punishments in the life to come for deeds committed while in the body, and quoted that old and biblical aphorism, "Whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and said sowing and reaping are two distinct exhibitions of activity and they are so related that the fact of the second is universally involved in the fact of the first. The question is either true or it is not true. If it is true it has an application to every phase of life. If not true the law of cause and effect is not universal in its application and therefore certain expressions of life as well as certain features of experience may be assigned to some other law or to the lack of any law and we are living in a world where chance obtains. There was an unusually large and cultured audience present and the deepest interest was manifested by all. The usual services were rendered by the Ladies' Quartet, Quartet and the responsive service is a soul-inspiring feature. The ladies connected with the work of the Temple gave their third social and supper on the evening of April 8 at the New Century. Although a very stormy night, a full company was present. After the usual formalities were passed the tables were visited by the company and previous to being seated the Ladies' Quartet rendered a welcome selection—very appropriate for the occasion. After a few chosen words by Bro. Wiggins of a spiritual nature the material nature was attended to by an assembled. An addition to the pleasure of the evening was dancing; it was fully appreciated, especially by the young ladies and gentlemen present. The kindest feeling pervaded the entire company and the thought came to many that the connecting link had been found when the young people by their presence encourage the older ones by their work and that the Temple still may grow, brighter truths to show, is our wish. May Truth be its honored guest and Justice, Purity and Worth mark its glory.—Alonzo Danforth, cor. sec. of the B. S. Temple.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met in Dwight Hall, Wednesday, April 8, whist party as usual; business meeting called to order at 5 o'clock by the president, Mrs. M. J. Butler, who was the previous week in New York. Second vice president was not able to be present on account of illness. Supper was served at 6.30. Among guests entertained at supper was Mr. George Cleaveland; he was a welcome visitor. We have missed his cheery presence and his assistance in the music of the evening. The evening meeting was called to order at 8 p. m. by Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse made appropriate remarks and was followed by Mrs. B. W. Belcher. Mrs. Berry, Mr. Ricker, Mrs. Whittemore and Mrs. M. J. Butler, with messages from the spirit side of life. Next regular meeting Wednesday, April 15, there will be a concert in the upper hall (Red Men's Hall) in the evening given by the children of the Lyceum.—Laura F. Sloan, corresponding secretary.

Boston, April 5. The Boston Spiritual Lyceum held session at Paine Memorial Hall, singing, song and responsive readings. It was Band of Mercy Sunday; many took part, followed by the march and literary exercises, participated in by Nellie Bonney, recitation; E. B. Packard, remarks; Mr. Danforth, reading; closed with singing.—E. B. Packard, clerk.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St., Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. Conference meeting at 11 was the largest of the season; subject, "Why I Became a Spiritualist," an experience meeting. The following speakers and mediums took part during the day: Mr. Simmons of Haverhill, Mr. Hill, Dr. Brown, Mr. Turner, Mrs. Grover, Miss Jennie Rhind, Mrs. Horton, Mrs. Whittemore, Prof. Holland, Miss Sears, Mrs. Fox, Dr. Blackden, Mrs. Bellow, Mr. Thompson, Mrs. Julia Davis, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. Hall, soloist. The healing circle Tuesday afternoon is attracting a large number of people and a wonderful power is felt. Thursday afternoons at three, a test seance.—Reporter.

The First Church of Christ, Spiritual Society of Hartford, Conn., held service at the G. A. R. Hall, 724 Main St., Hartford, Conn., Sunday evening, March 29. Dr. Mary A. Haven was in the chair. Mr. Brainerd gave a very eloquent and touching address on "Spiritualism and its Philosophy," a continuation of the previous Sunday's theme. A very beautiful solo was rendered by Miss Gertrude C. Laidlaw, who accompanied herself on the piano. Psychometric tests were given by Dr. Haven; all were satisfied with her readings. April 5 was Conference Sunday. The officers of the society welcome all investigators to the meetings. Dr. M. A. Haven also holds circles at her home on "Tuesday and Friday evenings," 187 Seymour St. Mr. R. B. Ratcliffe is generally in attendance then and gives palm readings. Mrs. P. Sparling, president of the State Association of Spiritualists, was with us April 12. Her residence is in Norwich, Conn.—Robert B. Ratcliffe.

W. D. Noyes writes: Unity Church of Spiritualists of Bridgeport, Conn., celebrated the fifty-fifth anniversary of modern Spiritualism at Good Templars' Hall, Sunday evening, April 5, with a fine program. The audience was large. The hall was decorated with the national colors and potted plants. The following took part: Mr. Brooks, E. C. Thompson, W. D. Noyes, Mrs. E. C. Barnard, Misses Franklin, Cook and Kerr. Mrs. B. Barnard, Mrs. Buckley and Mrs. Corn B. Noyes. W. D. Noyes lectured on "Modern Spiritualism." Mrs. Noyes gave spirit messages. All were recognized. The entertainment was appreciated. April 22, the ladies of the church will serve supper from 5 to 7; in the evening an entertainment. W. D. Noyes will take subscriptions for the Progressive Thinker, Banner of Light and Sunflower.

The Church of Fraternity of Soul Communion held services in the Aurora Grate Cathedral, Bedford Ave. and Madison St.

NOT RECOMMENDED FOR EVERYTHING

But if You Have Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble, You Will Find the Great Remedy Swamp-Root, Just What You Need.

It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected, and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel bad," begin taking the famous new discovery, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

Doctors Prescribe Swamp-Root
Gentlemen:—"I have prescribed that wonderful remedy for kidney and bladder complaints, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, with most beneficial effect and know of many cures by its use. These patients had kidney trouble, as diagnosed by other physicians, and treated without benefit. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cured them. I am a liberal man and accept a specific wherever I find it in an accepted school or out of it. For desperate cases of kidney or bladder complaint under treatment with unsatisfactory results, I shall continue to prescribe it, and from personal observation state that Swamp-Root has great curative properties."

L. Newton Irish, M.D.

276 9th St., Borough of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, and if permitted to continue much suffering and fatal results are sure to follow. Kidney trouble irritates the nerves, makes you dizzy, restless, sleepless and irritable; makes you pass water often during the day and obliges you to get up many times during the night. Unhealthy kidneys cause rheumatism, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints and muscles; makes your head ache and back ache, causes indigestion, stomach and liver trouble, you get a sallow, yellow complexion, makes you feel as though you had heart trouble; you may have plenty of ambition, but no strength; get weak and waste away.

The cure for these troubles is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the world famous kidney remedy. In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine on rising about four ounces, place it in a glass or bottle and let it stand twenty-four hours. If on examination it is milky or cloudy, if there is a brick-dust settling, or if small particles float about in it, your kidneys are in need of immediate attention.

No matter how many doctors you may have tried—no matter how much money you may have spent on other medicines, you really owe it to yourself to at least give Swamp-Root a trial. Its staunchest friends today are those who had almost given up hope of ever becoming well again. If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular size 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.

Sample Bottle of Swamp-Root Sent Free by Mail.

EDITORIAL NOTE—If you have the slightest symptoms of kidney or bladder troubles, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, and a book containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. In writing, be sure to say that you read this generous offer in the Boston Banner of Light.

Sunday evening, April 5. Services opened with organ recital by Prof. Decker. The musical program selected by Prof. Decker was very inspiring for Palm Sunday services. Soprano solo, by Mme. Cortada, entitled, "A Land My Eye Had Seen." Invocation and short sermon by Rev. Ira M. Courlis. Life beyond the grave was proven by the spirit friends through Rev. Ira M. Courlis. Sweet messages of love were given to the friends present. The church was crowded to its doors. Service closed with doxology and benediction.—Emma C. Resch, correspondent.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Alex. Caird, M. D., president. Sunday, April 6, Mr. H. A. Parris of Barbados, W. I., was with us and gave very excellent addresses; subject at 2.30, "Living as a Fine Art," at 7.30, "Non-essentials in Religion." We would heartily recommend Mr. Parris to any society looking for a capable, forcible lecturer. Mrs. Dr. Caird followed with communications, with her usual exactness. Circles were held at the close of the afternoon services, followed by supper, song service and concert by Elters' Orchestra.—Lee.

Clara E. Strong, the president of the Sunshine Club, was called to Portland, Me., for Sunday, April 5. She had a very successful trip, returning on Tuesday, April 7. Home circles Tuesday and Friday at 30 Huntington Ave., Room 202.—A. M. Strong, sec'y.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society met in Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton St., Friday, April 10, the president, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Gibbs, presiding at the business meeting in the afternoon. Supper was served at 6.30 and at 8 o'clock the evening services opened with congregational singing. Mrs. S. C. Cunningham gave the society a benefit test seance. Many communications were given. Next Friday afternoon, April 17, the public circle will be held at 4 o'clock, and the evening being Mediums' Night, many excellent and well known mediums will be present. Supper will be served at 6.20.—Esther H. Blinn, sec'y.

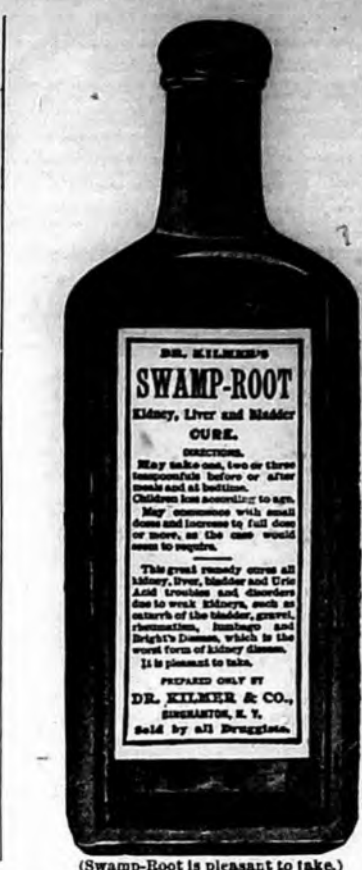
For a tenacious and persistent Cough, Piso's Cure for Consumption is an effective remedy. 25 cents.

Philadelphia Celebration.

Fifty-fifth anniversary of modern Spiritualism was celebrated Sunday, April 5, by the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia in the Temple, Twelfth and Thompson streets. Services: 10.30 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 7.30 p. m. Music under the direction of Mrs. Theresa Boyd. Committee of Arrangements: M. E. Cadwallader, Chairman; Miss Mary Humphries, Mr. Arthur Groom.

Morning. Congregational singing; invocation. Mrs. Carrie Twing; music, "O'er Billows Blue." Temple choir; address of welcome, Capt. F. J. Keffer; musical selection, the Myrtis Mandolin and Guitar Trio; response to the address of welcome; music, "Oh Life, Beautiful Life." Temple choir; Veterans Spiritualists' reunion, address by the veterans; song service; music, Temple choir; invocation; Our Arisen Ones, M. E. Cadwallader; Woman's Progressive Union; Solo, selected, Mrs. Anna Bougy; Anniversary address, spirit messages, Mrs. Carrie Twing.

Afternoon: Progressive Lyceum—Opening hymn, "Bright Golden Age;" invocation, Mrs. Carrie Twing; golden chain recitation, "Law of Liberty;" vocal selection, Mrs. L. B. Woodring and Lyceum Choir; musical reading, "Hand in Hand with Angels;" address of welcome, S. Mettlin, conductor; recitation, "Invitation to Our Lyceum;" Josephine Bell; music, "Angels Will Care for You;" Lyceum Choir; calisthenics, Lyceum; Jefferson's Rules of Conduct, by the children; music, "Waiting for the Morning;" Lyceum Choir; recitations, "It Doesn't Cost Money," Edith Ables; "The Boy's Poofy Cart," Robert Sigmund; "A Good Name," Freddie Gerhart; "Boy's Trogles," Frederick Sig-



(Swamp-Root is pleasant to take.)

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Anniversary Celebration in New York.

The First Association of Spiritualists, New York City, celebrated the fifty-fifth anniversary of the advent of modern Spiritualism on Sunday, March 29, with appropriate services and choice music. The platform was artistically banked with palms, which formed a most effective background for the beautiful blooming plants and cut flowers that were lavishly bestowed by loving friends in memory of arisen dear ones, who, through the various media that occupy our platform, have found opportunities to prove their continued existence, and bring that knowledge of spirit communion to those who mourn, that they may be comforted.

Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham delivered a most spiritual address, that touched every heart with its all pervading spirit of love and harmony.

The musical program was superbly rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Severn, and Mesdames Jessie Graham and Louise Oliver. The exquisite rendition of their respective numbers elicited rounds of applause from the immense audience assembled.

The demonstrations of immortality given through the mediumship of those gifted psychics, Miss Margaret Gaulie and Ira Moore Courlis were beyond all praise and forced many indissoluble links between the two worlds.

Our honored president, Mrs. Henry J. Newton, was again the presiding genius of the platform, after an absence of several Sundays through illness. In response to an invitation from the chair, Hon. Abram H. Dailey made a few well chosen remarks, and that veteran Spiritualist, Wilson J. MacDonald, also spoke briefly.

An ideal day added its charm to render well nigh perfect this last celebration in honor of our incomparable Truth; and the verdict of all participants was, that the fifty-fifth anniversary surpassed its predecessors in completeness and beauty. Our heartfelt thanks are due to each and every one who by word or deed contributed toward this most successful issue.

Our services are held every Sunday at 3 and 8, at the "Tuxedo," Madison Ave. and 59th St. Come and enjoy the spiritual food always presented.

Marie J. Fitzmaurice, sec.

638 East 138th St.

"No man is hypnotized unless he wants to be. If he says he is, you can know that he is simply doing the old Adam act; he is trying to excuse himself by laying the blame on the woman. The only power one person has over another is the power that other permits. He wants to be a moth and flutter around the blaze, but he isn't man enough to acknowledge that it is by his own fault, not the flame's, that he is there. The same is true of any and all relations in life."—Er.

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE

THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 204 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass., keeps for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books at Wholesale and Retail.

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

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

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1903.

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Harrison D. Barrett.....Editor-in-Chief.
Marguerite C. Barrett.....Assistant Editor.

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Legal Holiday.

As Patriot's Day will be observed Monday, April 20, the Banner of Light editorial rooms and bookstore will be closed on that day.

Editorial Notes.

PASSOVER AND EASTER

The occurrence of these two great festivals, one Jewish, and the other Christian, at precisely the same season of the year, suggests a train of thought deeply suggestive of the possibilities of universal religion based on the underlying verities common to both these great historic systems.

Judaism lays the greatest stress on a national Christianity, on an individual triumph. With the Jew, race pride eclipses individual sentiment; with the Christian the individual is exalted to the supreme place.

The first day of Passover and Easter Sunday occur this year on precisely the same day (April 12), which is unusual, therefore while Jews are thronging their synagogues and commemorating the deliverance of their ancestors from Egyptian servitude, Christians will be crowding their churches and singing hymns of praise for proof of immortality. There is much resemblance at root between these two celebrations in addition to the fact that they have both the same astronomical significance as both have been derived from the Nature worship of antiquity, though other features largely based on actual historical occurrences have been added to both of them.

The familiar story of the plagues in Egypt which preceded the Israelitish Exodus is familiar to everybody so far as its traditional letter, but with its spirit fewer seem well acquainted, and even apart from any purely exoteric meaning it may contain, it presents much food for thought concerning hygienic questions in which we are all intensely interested.

In the vivid pictorial language of Eastern allegory, we are told that frogs, grasshoppers, locusts and other disagreeable and devouring creatures came as pests to afflict the Egyptians because they held Israel in derision and unjustly oppressed a long suffering and industrious people.

The narrative in the book of Exodus is being largely corroborated by recent discoveries in the Nile country, though the figurative and romantic style common to Oriental writers, gives the historic stories as we find them in the Bible an air of fiction in the eyes of Western readers.

When we are told of Moses and Aaron

demonstrating magic on the banks of the Nile and Pharaoh's magicians, up to a certain point, duplicating the wonders of these two great heroes, we are led to see, as the story proceeds, the exact difference between white and black magic. The crucial test is that of power to heal. When men and animals are afflicted with grievous diseases white magic can drive away the plague which black magic can but intensify.

When Israelites are in light while Egyptians are in darkness, we are reminded of two directly opposite conditions of humanity compelling the same circumstances to treat these two classes of people very differently, and so on from beginning to end of the glowing narrative in which romance and history are fascinatingly interblended, making the tale one of intense dramatic interest, though not suggesting to the modern reader that he is perusing a literal history so much as studying a gorgeous drama constructed with a view to teaching a stupendous moral.

When the final act is reached and the last scene is enacted and the Pharaohic dynasty is annihilated the climax of dramatic intensity is reached and we rise from a perusal of so brilliant a tragedy to reflect very seriously,—if we are among the thoughtful,—upon the fate which will inevitably overtake any nation or community which persistently resists the common march of progress toward liberty, and plants itself squarely in opposition to the resistless tide which carries the freedom seeking Israelites out of bondage, while it overwhelms their pursuers who are seeking to force them back to slavery. There is no stemming the tide of evolution; it bears all before it; we can go with it to victory or fight against it and find ourselves submerged in its resistless currents.

The Christian story of the resurrection of the Hero of Calvary tells a precisely similar tale. The persecutors of Jesus are defeating their own ends, not his, by bounding him to death and nailing him to the ignominious tree. The resurrection is the proof of the soul's conquest over every earthly limitation and though the historic is wrapped in mystery and the Gospels are not very clear, and seemingly not quite consistent in their accounts of the reappearance of Jesus after his crucifixion, every impartial reader, untroubled by commentaries, will gather from the familiar record the consoling and exhilarating thought that no possible fate which can overtake a righteous man or cause can result in aught but victory even though defeat seem imminent.

WHAT DOES RESURRECTION SIGNIFY?

Nothing can be easier than to point out apparent discrepancies in the story as differently told by each of the four evangelists, but as we are not hankering after theologic disputation, but seeking to call attention to an ennobling spiritual philosophy, we shall seek to take a higher view than a controversial one of the story as it stands before us. So far as the letter is concerned, it presents many difficulties.

We are told that the crucifixion occurred on Friday, that the body was taken from the tree late on Friday afternoon, and that after about forty hours' interment the body was raised from the sepulchre. That the identical physical body rose is not suggested by the Gospel narratives; the very opposite is implied, if not directly stated. The very people who were last at the tree and first at the tomb, were quite unable to recognize their arisen Teacher in any but a spiritual manner; his appearance seemed to have so greatly changed that none of his disciples could recognize him until he made himself known to them in some superphysical way. Mary Magdalene mistook him for a gardener, and not even John knew him by any outward test, but all came to acknowledge him when he manifested himself to them in some manner beyond the physical.

We are told that two disciples walked and talked with him during the course of a journey of several miles from Jerusalem to Emmaus, and yet they had no idea they were walking with Jesus until he revealed himself to them by some showing forth of his spiritual identity in a way which is difficult to describe. The logical inference is simply that the disciples were convinced by some distinctly spiritual manifestation, and so certain were they of individual immortality in consequence of this proof that all their doubts and fears were dissipated, and from trembling cowards they were transformed into courageous heroes.

Nothing but conviction of the reality of a life beyond the mortal can ever suffice to satisfy the yearnings of the human spirit, and for this reason, if for no other, Goethe was justified in speaking of immortality as a necessity. There are many figurative senses in which the word resurrection which is close of kin to regeneration, may be helpfully and legitimately employed, but in the obvious sense of rising from death or through death to higher and grander life, the good old word is freighted with boundless significance.

IS MAN ESSENTIALLY GOOD OR BAD?

Dr. Charles Parkhurst, who has of late, been saying some very good things in his pulpit, delivered, according to all accounts, a singularly doleful sermon on Sunday, March 29, during which he stated that the depravity of the human heart was not only a biblical but a demonstrable theory and proceeded to illustrate his doctrine by begging the whole question, and duly emphasizing isolated texts and misapplying the facts of human experience as related to the doctrine of human evolution.

Much that the preacher said is superficially plausible, but there is no warrant for assuming that we are by nature essentially evil, for there are millions of instances on record going very far to prove the essential nobility of our nature. Certainly the Hebrew prophets never taught that man is natively vile as they based all their exhortations on the assumption that we are children of the All Good and when we sin we turn away from the promptings of our true nature. The parable of the Prodigal Son and many other beautiful Gospel narratives know nothing of the inherent sinfulness of human nature which is an altogether untenable distortion of the

ology, opposed by all genuine science and in flagrant contradiction to the best we know of the human beings all around us.

Dr. Parkhurst's judgment has become warped by constant dwelling upon the seamy side of New York society; his raids on disorderly houses and perpetual discovery of legislative and municipal corruption, have led him to see through discolored spectacles and in a pessimistic mood he has offset some of the better statements concerning the universal parenthood of Deity which have done him considerable credit.

But no matter what Dr. Parkhurst believes or disbelieves science is daily proving more and more conclusively that we are naturally prone to goodness rather than to evil, and that often the most terrible misconduct is due to some distress occasioned by an injury which surgery can set straight.

BRAINS AND MORALS.

Among the latest surgical victories in California have been the extraordinary cases of refractory and even criminal youths and children restored to normal moral lives by the removal of a fraction of broken skull which had long pierced the brain. Man's body (his brain in particular) is the instrument through which he outwardly expresses the music of his life. If the instrument is so impaired that it is impossible to produce a symphony while it remains in that condition an operation may remove an obstruction and give the performer opportunity to demonstrate his no longer hampered skill. The relation of Ego to organism is one of intense interest, and with the aid of the X-ray it is now possible to make many discoveries as to the cause of criminal insanity formerly impossible.

Science is leading us into paths of broad charity for the erring, and it is at the same time teaching us how to overcome difficulties seemingly insuperable. The safe course is always to refrain from condemnation while seeking every possible means for bringing about a cure. We cannot be too unready to condemn nor too ready to engage in healing ministries. Spiritualism has certainly been teaching for the past fifty-five years that there is some good in everybody, and though it has removed all caricatures of the moral order of the universe such as Calvinism has foisted upon our theories of heaven and hell, it has not removed the necessary doctrine of penal consequence for all deliberate wrongdoing. But let each be his own judge in this regard. Society has nothing to do with determining the standing of souls in the sight of Heaven. We are obliged to protect ourselves from violent misconduct and while doing so let us benevolently seek to find a way to reform and not punish every seeming malefactor.

STILL MORE SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPHS.

Reports are constantly accumulating referring to the wonderful progress now being made in many directions to conquer ailments long regarded as incurable. Nothing now seems too wonderful for science to accomplish. Literally the deaf hear and the dumb speak in these days. We are awaiting with glad anticipation still further evidence that even deafness and dumbness of lifelong standing can be completely vanquished by the new methods discovered and applied by a young scientist of Alabama whose previous records have recently been quite eclipsed in presence of a distinguished and critical company composed of some of New York's influential merchants and professors of various sciences.

MRS. H. M. WALLIS.

This gifted lady, wife of E. W. Wallis, assistant editor of *Light*, is expected shortly in America. For the past twenty years or more Mrs. Wallis has occupied a foremost place among lecturers and clairvoyants in Great Britain. It is hoped that this able and conscientious worker will arrive in time to visit many camp meetings and other summer gatherings during the approaching outdoor season. Mrs. Wallis is very highly esteemed wherever she is known both for her gracious kindness and for her large ability to instruct and edify the public. A warm welcome will certainly be accorded her whenever and wherever she appears, from Canada to Mexico and from Maine to California, for her sojourn in the United States can be sufficiently protracted to enable her to sweep the continent.

INTERESTING FUNCTIONS IN NEW YORK.

Dr. H. Alphonso Steigler, who for the past seasons has had his residence in Harlem, where he has many friends, has removed his studio to 183 Lexington Ave. He is at home every Wednesday from 3 to 6, being assisted in receiving by a hostess. Among the ladies assisting Mr. Steigler on Wednesdays are Mrs. Carl Heinicke, Mrs. M. F. Abbott, Dr. Isabel Drummond, Miss H. G. Smith and Mrs. E. B. Demarest and Dr. Lillian Willis. During the Lenten season Mr. Steigler arranged some studio lectures. The first of these was on Tuesday, March 10, on "Metaphysics of Balzac," by W. J. Colville, who gave another lecture, on March 24, on "The Astronomical Romances of Camille Flammarion." These will be followed by Miss Lucy McGee, Ph.D., on "Rescue Work;" Dr. I. Drummond, on "Economics," and Dr. Steigler, on "Physical Culture."

Prof. Steigler is a brilliant elocutionist and in every respect a young man of much more than ordinary ability in his profession; he has the happy knack of so presenting his ideas and of so commingling physical with mental culture that people of all shades of thought are attracted to his teaching and can derive real benefit from his instructions.

THE FIFTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF SPIRITUALISM.

March 31, and the Sunday, preceding and following that date have witnessed many enormous and enthusiastic gatherings. New York has made a splendid showing this season and good reports are coming in from all over America and England. The popular interest in Spiritualism and all that is allied to it was never greater than at present and the outlook is certainly decidedly encouraging. Forgetting unnecessary differences and banding together in a spirit of true fraternity

for useful work all who sympathize with the essentials of spiritual science and philosophy can present a solid phalanx literally invulnerable.

W. J. Colville.

Whom Shall We Follow?

B. A. GEORGE.

Our copy of Mrs. Eddy's book on Christian Science, with index, numbers 663 pages. Eliminating its padding, repetitions, asseverations; its frequent statement about "no matter"—what; its denials, its purely personal equations, etc., it could be compressed into a mighty small compass. Indeed, the substance of it has been put into an amazingly small form and correspondingly improved. As a matter of fact, its vitally essential points have been epitomized in a dozen comprehensive sentences, and published broadcast in a largely circulated occult magazine.

There is with it such a mass of what is irrelevant and unnecessary, because extraneous and extrinsic; so much that is idiosyncratic, disputatious and condemnatory, that what is really valuable is lost amid its theological fallacies and rubbish. Her book is made up of desultory and miscellaneous writings, which include such topics as Marriage, Animal Magnetism, Prayer, Physiology and Theology, Creation, Atonement and Eucharist, The Apocalypse, etc., from all of which, through exploitation and exegesis, Christian Science is evolved.

To the great claims of this theological Swamp-Root discoverer, with a big D, we enter a demurrer. It is no discovery at all, in any proper sense. All of Mrs. Eddy's main propositions are borrowed—appropriated from others.

That Christian Science as presented by Mrs. Eddy, stripped of its theological verbiage, is chiefly a compilation of comprehensive metaphysical statements, gathered here and there, from far and near, the following quotations upon and around which she has built her scaffolding clearly prove:

For instance, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," although a man does not think with his heart any more than with his lungs.

"Thou art soul bearing up a body. . . Thou art a piece of God; thou hast in thee something that is a portion of Him. Art thou ignorant of thy high ancestry? Knowest thou not whence thou comest? . . . None shall hurt you, if you choose it not; but you shall be hurt when you conceive yourself to be so." Epictetus.

Here we have the very core of Christian Science. More than three hundred years ago, Lord Bacon quoted with approbation, this from Aristotle: "The mind hath over the body that commandment which the Lord hath over the bondman."

Duplication of these views and teachings are quotable from Plato, Socrates, Seneca, Cicero and others, all of whom were before the Christian era.

The Master Thinker of the world has said: "There is nothing good or bad, but thinking makes it so." Again, in "All's Well That Ends Well," he says:

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie, Which we ascribe to heaven."

The great Lord Verulam said:

"'Tis the mind that makes the body rich."

A volume might be made of kindred examples, from the highest authorities of more modern times, from Emerson, Whitman and others, identical in thought if not in expression, with the fundamentals of so-called Christian Science—indicating the fountains from which Mrs. Eddy filled her pitcher. The basis of her teachings is found even in this single poetical quotation:

"'Tis the soul's prerogative—its fate To shape the body to its own estate."

That the relation of spirit to matter was supreme; that the higher should control the lower—the permanent, the evanescent; that there is but one Life, one source of existence (with all their corollaries) have been held and taught throughout all ages. To be seriously told today that this is a great discovery, would be laughable if it were not so pitiful. It is not even a rediscovery. It is but a mush in the way of a restatement of certain spiritually accepted affirmations.

Mrs. Eddy has taken a few generally recognized metaphysical thoughts, and with the deftness of an experienced dressmaker, has cut, and trimmed and dressed up a theological dummy, popularly labeled, and placed it on the market for sale.

At best, Christian Science—whatever truth there is in it—is but the practical application of the fundamental principles of the Spiritual Philosophy. All that is true and vital in it, besides vastly more, is common to said philosophy, however much the head of Christian Science may seek to misrepresent that fact.

THE JEWEL OF CONSISTENCY.

"If one of the statements in this book (Science and Health) be true, every one must be true, for not one departs from its system and rule." (539.)

If the converse of this be true, does it not follow that if one of the statements in that book be not true, all may be wrong? If the chief witness upon whom she relies to support her claims, frankly affirms and openly proves that his general practice is contrary to her method, what standing has she in court?

"I plant myself unreservedly on the teachings of Jesus, of his Apostles, of the Prophets, and on the science of mind. Other foundations there are none." (165.)

"He that decries Christian Science does it presumptuously, in the face of Bible history and in defiance of the direct command of Jesus, etc."

We repeat, if it be shown that Christian Science teachings are contrary to Bible history and the practice of Jesus, who is the one that is "presumptuous"?

Mrs. Eddy loves to quote certain sayings of Jesus, as corroborative of her position. Others, however, who do not accept her exoteric interpretation, spoken ex-cathedra, can successfully quote Jesus in direct opposition

to her views. For instance—that post-mortem expression of Jesus found in Mark, 16 ch., 17 v.: "These signs shall follow them that believe . . . they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

If there is any logical pertinency here in this connection, it is found in the fact that this statement is in direct conflict with her emphatic and oft-repeated injunction, that "the laying on of hands" is to be condemned as error, as resorting to material means, as sinful, because in her Science, "animal magnetism possesses neither intelligence, power nor reality . . . It is the specific term for error . . . belief in animal magnetism has not one quality of truth or good. It is either ignorant or malicious." And "All animal magnetism blasts the moral sense, health and human life."

And yet it was by the quality of his magnetic healing power, that, through the law of impartation Jesus himself cured the sick. This fact is in evidence in most of the recorded cases that he healed—through the vital life current of his personal magnetism.

The properties of magnetism inhere in all things. The planets even are held in place by this recognized force.

Personally, certain men (as well as animals), possess extraordinary magnetic power, which may be used to bless or blast as the possessor determines; which is also true of all of God's agencies. Perversion of that which is good, however, does not invalidate its natural character. True not only of physical magnetism, but mental, moral and spiritual, as well.

In fact, a man is measured by the character and quality of his magnetism—the totality of his magnetic life force.

But what does the record say as to Jesus' method of healing? How does the common practice of the Nazarene comport with what Christian Science says as to any personal contact of healer and healed—the laying on of hands, restoring unbalanced conditions by the life-forces of personal touch?

Mark 3-10 says: "For he healed many, inasmuch that they pressed upon him for to touch him, as many as had plagues." "They laid the sick in the streets and besought him that they might touch, if it were but the border of his garment; and as many as touched him, were made whole." 6-8.

"For she said, if I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole."

"And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up, and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague."

Mark 5, 23-29: "And he took the damsel by the hand, and said, damsel, I say unto thee arise."

"And straightway the damsel arose and walked." 5, 41-2.

"So Jesus had compassion on them and touched their eyes, and immediately their eyes received sight, and they followed him." Matt. 20, 34.

"And they bring unto him one that was deaf and had an impediment in his speech; and they beseech him to put his hand upon him."

"And he took him aside from the multitude, and put his fingers into his ears, and he spit and touched his tongue."

"And looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him, 'Be opened.'"

"And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain." Mark 7: 32-35.

"And he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hands upon a few sick folk and healed them." Mark 6: 5.

"And they anointed with oil many that were sick, and healed them." 6: 13.

"And he cometh to Bethsaida, and they bring a blind man unto him, and besought him to touch him."

"He took the blind man by the hand, and when he had spit on his eyes and put his hands upon him, he asked if he saw aught. And he looked up and said, 'I see men as trees walking.'"

"After that he put his hands again upon his eyes, and made him look up; and he was restored and saw every man clearly." Mark viii, 22-25.

"They brought unto him all that were sick, and as many as were touched, were made whole." Matt. 15: 36.

These examples would seem to be sufficient to show what was the common practice of Jesus in his treatment of the sick and afflicted, and how far removed it is from Mrs. Eddy's Christian Science. That her special teachings touching this point are openly at variance with the laying on of hands as followed by Jesus, is apparently of no concern to her; but which is the Christian or the intelligent reader to accept, the method, and practice of the Master, or Mrs. Eddy's condemnation of the method? It is a case of Christian Science theory versus Jesusonian practice. If she is right, he is wrong. If she plants herself unreservedly on the teachings and practice of Jesus and his Apostles, as she avers; and as she further avers that "mortals must follow Jesus' sayings and doings," what becomes of her logic or consistency when, in so many words, she repudiates the method of Jesus in his healing the sick, by specifically instructing her pupils in their practice not to follow the manner of his doings? Practically, it makes no difference to the sick whether they are restored instantaneously by Christian Science methods or by the method practiced by Jesus. As a matter of fact, however, they are not thus similarly and instantaneously restored; and the method of one is not that of the other.

April 10, 1903.

The wise man not only believes in all religions but in all men—good, bad, ignorant, learned, the weak, the strong. He recognizes that night is as necessary as day; that all seasons are good; and that all weather is beautiful. The fierce blowing wind purifies the air, just as running water purifies itself. The winter is a preparation for summer. Each and everything is a part of the great whole. We are brother to the bird, the animal, the tree and the flower. Life is everywhere—even in the rocks—and it is all one Life, and we are particles of it. And this Life is good.—Robert Hubbard.

Harrison D. Barrett.

In answer to the many inquiries we are commissioned to announce that Mr. Barrett is slowly but surely improving in health.

WANTED, to employ medium and clairvoyant, of desired powers. Compensation will be liberal. Tests and full information furnished on application. Address, Box 1, Pender, Nebraska.

Greenfield, Mass.

The Progressive Society of Spiritualists celebrated anniversary of modern Spiritualism on Sunday, March 29, with William O. Whitney as speaker and test medium. The audience was the largest of the season and the close attention to the lecture and delineations attested to the value of Mr. Whitney's efforts. Sumner Chapman, pres.

State Mass Meeting.

The Massachusetts State Association will hold a mass meeting in Lynn Cadet Hall, April 29, in response to invitation of the Cadet Hall Society. Many prominent workers will be present. Children from the Lynn Lyceum will take part. Etters' Orchestra will furnish instrumental music. Full particulars later. Remember the date, April 29, afternoon and evening. Admission free. Carrie L. Hatch, sec.

N. S. A. Mass Meeting.

There is to be a grand mass meeting in the interest of the N. S. A. in Paine Hall, April 23, which all the auxiliary societies are invited to attend. Mass meetings have been held in other States for the N. S. A. and Massachusetts wishes to do her part toward the great work. It is hoped that all societies in Massachusetts will have representatives present. Some of the best speakers are to be present. List of speakers later.

Healing Through Music.

The "Healing through Music" service held Easter Sunday by Christine Brown in Pierce Building, was a most charming and suggestive one. Suggestive is the word, for the use to which music may be put are well-nigh limitless.

Miss Brown, using the word healing, in the sense to be made whole, certainly conveys a great message to her listeners, through the improvisations and songs and also poetic selections read during the healing hour. Those persons, open to the great Harmonious Spirit of Truth, would value, as a never-to-be-forgotten hour, this opportunity of coming into the very presence of Peace and Harmony.

Miss Brown's permanent address is Back Bay Post-office, Boston.

Note from Lyman C. Howe.

My address for three weeks will be at this notable centre, where Mrs. Dr. Mattison makes so many sick and sad ones happy by her spiritual gifts and generous devotion to all good works. It is at 248 North Division St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Howe has been seriously ill—not dangerously—for nearly four weeks; but was slowly improving when I left home Saturday, April 4. She had a close call and once was thought to be dying.

I have to humbly say that I am not yet educated in the new departure, and settled down to business. I am still barred from much reading, though large print and good light make it easy work. 248 N. Division St., Buffalo, N. Y., April 6, 1903.

Paul F. de Gournay.

The Banner readers, who have enjoyed perusing Mr. de Gournay's excellent contributions, will be grieved, as are we, at the following sad news. The letter was written in response to a request from us for an article on Emerson. Let us all unite in sending loving thoughts to one who has ever given so freely of the richness of his soul.

Dear Banner—I am a very sick man; have been confined to my room since last December, unable to do any work.

I had to suspend my contributions to the Banner and it is likely my next communication will be from another and better world.

I should have been glad to write the article you desire on Emerson, but it is out of my power. Regretting the necessity and sending my best wishes for the Banner's continued success, I am,

Yours in spirit,

Paul F. de Gournay.

1017 McCall St., Baltimore, Md.

Announcements.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Alex. Caird, M. D., pres. Sunday, April 19, Dr. George A. Fuller will be the speaker. Circles will be held by numerous mediums between the services, followed by supper in the banquet hall at 5, service at 6, and concert by Etters' Orchestra at 6.30—Sec.

Mary A. Charter, clairvoyant and spiritual medium of 30 years' practice, has taken rooms at 48 Church St., Brockton, Mass. Will arrange to go to your home to hold spiritual circles or treat the sick. Terms reasonable.

Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists, Mrs. C. M. Hartwell, president, will hold next meeting April 24, Cambridge Lower Hall, Mass. Ave. Circle, 3 p. m.; business meeting, 5 p. m.; supper, 6.30, 15 cents; evening service, 7.30. Mrs. N. J. Willis will lecture—Mabel Merritt, cor. sec., 35 Brookline St.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum.—Meeting every Sunday at 1.30. Subject of lesson April 19, "Spring as One of the Seasons."

The Vermont State Spiritualist Association will hold its next quarterly convention June 19, 20, 21, at Hardwick, Vt. Mrs. Edie I. Webster and the state speakers have been secured. Full particulars later.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society.—We always look forward to "Mediums' Night" with much pleasure; this will come Thursday, April 16; a cordial welcome to all interested in this beautiful religion of Spiritualism. Good mediums will be present and other features to interest. Please remember the fourth Thursday of every month is set apart for our "Social dance."—C. M. M., sec.

**Stops Dizziness**

by washing away fermenting waste matters from the stomach and bowels.

ATTENTION: See and try it by mail from THE TARRANT CO., (Incorporated) New York.

First Spiritualist Society, Fitchburg, Mass.—The services of Mrs. S. C. Cunningham of Cambridgeport, test medium, have been secured for Sunday, April 19.

Charity Concert.

CHICKERING HALL.

Thursday evening, April 18, 1903, at 8 o'clock.

The following program is indicative of the rare treat in store for the public Thursday evening.

PROGRAM

"The Trumpet Calls." Hosmer, Harvard Male Quartet; "Rambles in Rhyme," Mr. Nixon Waterman; "The Sailor Song," Ladies' Schubert Quartet; "Annie Laurie," Gellie, Harvard Male Quartet; "The Water Lilies," Ladies' Schubert Quartet; "Child-Verse for Grown-Ups," Mr. Nixon Waterman; "The Problem of Life," Bailey, Harvard Male Quartet; "Some Three-Ply Poems," Mr. Nixon Waterman; "Plantation Song," by request, Ladies' Schubert Quartet; "The Garden by the Sea," Lloyd, Mr. Jewell Boyd; "When the Little Ones Say Good-Night," Harvard Male Quartet.

Spiritual and Ethical Society.

April 5 the Spiritual and Ethical Society celebrated the fifty-fifth anniversary according to the following program. Everything was so well done that it is impossible to select for special commendation any one among speakers or musicians. We had extra music at our morning meeting.

Belle V. Cushman, Pres. Sp. and Eth. Soc. 67 W. 125th St., N. Y.

PROGRAM

Hymn, audience; invocation, Mrs. H. T. Brigham; introductory remarks, Miss B. F. Cushman; violin solo, Jensen, Mr. B. F. Kettner; address, Mr. John Templeton; song, Liddle, Abide with Me, Miss Helen Summers; recitation, Niel Burgess, Jr.; song, Gounod, King of Love My Shepherd Is, Mr. Robert Roberts; address, Mrs. H. T. Brigham; violin solo, Beethoven, Romance in F, Mr. B. Kettner; song, Cowen, Swallows, Mrs. J. H. Tuttle; duet, Hark, Hark My Soul, Mr. Robt. Roberts, Miss H. Summers; Mrs. C. L. McCarthy, accompanist.

St. Louis, Mo.

The fifty-fifth anniversary was very fittingly commemorated by the First Spiritual Association in its Temple, 3015 Pine St. on March 29, 30, 31.

An elaborate program for adults and children was prepared and the participants are to be congratulated. The speakers were Mr. Thomas Grimshaw, pastor of the church; Mr. G. W. Kates, Mrs. Z. B. Kates, Mrs. Laura Curtis. Messages were given by Mrs. K. T. Hary, Mrs. Z. B. Kates, Mrs. E. B. Price.

The musical program was of unusual merit. The church choir rendered many beautiful selections. Artists mentioned: Jesse French, Jr., Mrs. D. Ridpath, Miss Jeanne Brown, Mr. J. Merzo, Miss Emma Goeb, Mrs. Inman, Mr. D. Leak, Mrs. L. S. Taylor.

Sunday afternoon the little people charmed the audience with the following exercises: Welcome song, by the Misses Burns, Warner, Ahlers and Reynolds; recitation, The Boy's Complaint, Charley Becker; song, Katie Fox, Bena Schmidt and Lyceum; recitation, The Bogies, Della Burns; song, Sunbeams, choir; recitation, Der Baby, John Bertram; song, When the Lilacs Bloom Again, Mabel Wright; recitation, The Reasons Why, Edith Warren; song, Vesper Prayer, Josephine Weatherwax; recitation, No Kiss, Ella Becker; song, Roses, Roses, Everywhere, choir; recitation, Bouquets for the Living, Charlotte Weatherwax; song, I Love You Best, Mama Dear, Myrtle Taylor; Offertoire, selection, choir. Mrs. Curtis here presented Mrs. Harcastle, the organist, with a beautiful vase as a gift of the choir. Song, The Cause of Right, the Choir Boys; dialogue, entitled, "A Business Meeting," Edna Smith, Josephine Weatherwax, Francis Reynolds, Lela Johnston, Dora Glaser, Charlotte Weatherwax, Bina Schmidt, Cecil Weatherwax, Jessie Thompson, Mrs. B. J. Hall; song, Now Good Evening, Olivia Lohrum.

V. S. U. Anniversary.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union held anniversary exercises in Potter Hall, New Century Building, Saturday, March 28. The morning session was opened at 10.30 by the singing of America by the audience, which was followed by an invocation by Mrs. Sarah Byrnes. After the greeting by the president, Mr. L. F. Symonds, the conference plan was carried out and remarks were made by Mr. J. H. Lewis of Waverley, Mr. J. S. Hicks of the Golden Rule Society of Cambridge, Mrs. Hattie Webber of Boston and Mrs. Jennie Conant Henderson. Mrs. S. E. Hall of Cambridge dismissed the audience with a benediction.

Immediately following the morning session a reception was held in Sewall hall and for two hours the merry tones of old friends and workers exchanging happy greetings made glad the hearts of those interested in the V. S. U. Representatives from nearly all the Boston societies, from Lynn, Marlborough, Cambridge and Malden brought a feeling of unity so important in the carrying forward of any movement.

At 2.30 the afternoon session was opened with music, followed by an invocation by Mrs. N. J. Willis. After a well rendered vocal solo by Mr. E. Warren Hatch, the president introduced Dr. George A. Fuller. Dr. Fuller was suffering from a severe cold, which was evident from the condition of his voice, and yet in spite of the difficulty he left a message, full, strong and weighty. Miss Christine Brown then sang a selection playing her own accompaniment on the auto harp which made a most fitting prelude to the communications given by Mrs. H. M. Cory of Newtonville.

The V. S. U. through its chairman, Minnie M. Soule, invited co-operation in the matter of finance and suggested various methods of work which might be done by individuals and societies. A violin solo by Mr. C. L. O. Hatch brought an atmosphere of such harmony that Mrs. Carrie Loring who followed next on the program immediately caught the spirit for message work and favored the audience. Another solo by Miss Brown and a benediction by Mrs. Soule closed the afternoon service.

Before the time for the evening session the rain was falling and the storm seemed increasing, but the beautiful hall was well filled when Rev. F. A. Wiggin opened the exercises with an invocation. The president read a selection of Scripture which was followed by a vocal duet by Misses Austin and Vose. Miss Soule O. Clark of Cambridge gave a very able address and then Miss Annie A. Watson rendered a brilliant piano selection. Mrs. Dr. Caird of Lynn, who always responds to the call, gave messages.

Miss Elizabeth Austin sang a solo of rare beauty. With messages by Mrs. Kate Ham, another piano selection by Miss Watson and a benediction by Miss Clark the evening service was closed, everybody feeling that the fifty-fifth anniversary had been most fittingly and beautifully commemorated by the V. S. U.

The president expressed from the platform his grateful acknowledgments to the platform workers, the committees, the press, the Boston Elevated management and the management of the New Century Building in which the exercises were held. Charles L. Soule, sec.

Missionaries' Report.

The month of March in the missionary field was one of great activity. In summing up we find we held thirty-three meetings, organized four new societies and reorganized one. Three of these societies are located in Illinois, one in Wisconsin, and one in Michigan. All of them give promise of good work in the future. The members are enthusiastic and hopeful, which is evidence that the societies will grow and prosper.

We have many calls for work and are thankful therefor as we wish to reach as many people as possible. We meet people who are anxious to enter the field to work for Spiritualism. Some of them want to become mediums or speakers. Many have expressed a wish that something might be done in their locality, but complain that they have no leader. It is true that a leader is needed in many places, but whether there is a leader or not, wherever there are seven Spiritualists in a place they should come together, elect officers, adopt a constitution and by-laws and take out a charter with the State or National Association.

Some may ask—what could seven people do without a speaker or medium? We answer—seven people could work in private, uniting their efforts in educating their friends along spiritualistic lines. They could form afternoon and evening reading circles, accept of each other's names and invite their friends and neighbors to attend. They could hold parlor meetings, form developing classes, etc., which could be made very interesting and beneficial to the Cause.

Such societies, small though they may be, would become helpful to the State and National Associations, and the expense would be so slight that no burden would be placed upon the members. These societies could send delegates to the State or the National conventions who would assist in the general work of our organization. The members could be reached through their local secretary, with petitions to be signed by the people protesting against legislative acts adverse to our Cause and the people's liberties. They could distribute leaflets sent out by the N. S. A. and get subscribers to our splendid Spiritualist papers and magazines, all of which are doing the greatest missionary work. Occasionally they could arrange for missionaries and others to come and hold public meetings.

Through following out this method of work some people must become converted to Spiritualism who would join these small societies and they would grow stronger as time passed. All this can be accomplished in any place where seven Spiritualists reside, and it may be done with very little expense. The matter of cost to each society rests entirely with its members; they may make it much or little as they please. The faint hearted accomplish little. Think of this, friends: Wm. Lloyd Garrison organized a society consisting of only twelve members whose avowed purpose was the overthrowing of human slavery in the United States, and he lived to see four million human slaves set free.

Can you do nothing, kind friend, in your place for the grandest Cause ever known? Are you going to sit up and allow our friends, the enemy, to carry off the victory? No, no, a thousand times no! We will never do that. We will unite our scattered forces and press forward battling for justice and right and winning every contest. Spiritualists, get together; make an effort and you

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

OLD AND NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Author of "Studies in Theosophy," "Dashed Against the Rock," "Spiritual Therapeutics," and numerous other works on the Psychological Problems of the Ages.

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will be rewarded. Write us at once. Temporary address, Sturgis, Mich.; home address, 615 Newland Ave., Jamestown, N. Y. E. W. Sprague and wife, N. S. A. Missionaries.

Wisconsin State Spiritual Association.

To the Spiritualists of Wisconsin, Greeting: Your attention is hereby called to the Fourth Annual Convention of the Wisconsin State Spiritualist Association, which will be held in the city of La Crosse, Wis., Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, April 21, 22, and 23, 1903. This will be one of the most important conventions in the history of this Association, and you are urgently requested to attend and aid us in making this Association the foremost in the spiritual ranks. Matters of vital interest to all, will be up for consideration, and it is imperative that all Spiritualists who have the good of the Cause at heart, be present.

Aside from the business features of the meeting, there will be four sessions devoted to the presentation of the Philosophy and Phenomena of Spiritualism. A fine program has been prepared. Among the noted workers who will be present are, Rev. Moses Hall, than whom there is no more able defender of Spiritualism; Rev. T. Grafton Owen, who is conceded to be one of the most scientific speakers we have; Dr. Geo. E. Warner, the fearless president of the Illinois State Association, and an able exponent of our Philosophy, and Mrs. Eva McCoy, of Marshalltown, Iowa, who will be the "message bearer," giving tests and messages at each session. Program interspersed with good music, reading, etc.

The Hotel La Crosse, one block from the depots, will furnish accommodations, and will be headquarters for speakers, rates \$2.00 per day. Hotel Grand, rates \$1.50 per day. Hotel Law, rates \$2.00 per day.

Meetings will be held in the splendid new Masonic Hall, corner of 8th and Main St., Monday evening, April 20, a reception will be held for speakers and visiting delegates at the residence of Mrs. L. Holmes, corner of Main and 6th Sts. Come to the reception; to the entire session. It is to your interest to be here.

Will J. Erwood, Sec'y. W. S. S. A., 1334 Pine St., La Crosse, Wisconsin. Clara L. Stewart, President, Whitewater, Wisconsin.

General Robert E. Lee's Advice to His Son.

General Robert E. Lee once wrote to his son at school: "You must study to be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at such a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly, with all your classmates; you will find it the policy that wears the best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but is the pass to peace and honor."—Ex.

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E. A. BRACKETT

Author of

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The well known author, E. A. Brackett, who some few years ago issued an attractive work entitled "Materialized Apparitions," has recently brought out through Banner of Light Publishing Co. another volume with the above named title. The value of a book is often enhanced if we know something of the writer and as a good photograph reveals much to all who have a new something of psychology and physiognomy, the frontispiece portrait serves as a good introduction to the volume which it prefaces. We are told that the book was written at the close of the author's 5th year, and that many of his experiments were made in company with Wm. H. Channing, inventor of the first alarm. From the intensity of his nature, and the daring character of his thought, Mr. Brackett was led to carry experiments usually far in many remarkable directions. During these experiments, Mr. Brackett discovered the intimate relation between profound mesmeric sleep and death, and led to important disclosures concerning spirit life. This author claims immense antiquity for many modern theories including popular views of evolution, and combines therewith a considerable portion of mystic lore, which lays substantial claim to very great antiquity.

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A CASE OF Partial Dematerialization

OF THE

Body of a Medium.

INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION

BY COUNT ALEXANDER AKSAKOF,

Scientist, Philosopher, and Literature, Ex

Prime Minister of Russia.

Translated from the French by THOMAS GOULD, LL. B., Counselor at Law,

Member of the New York Bar.

The well-known scholarship of Count Aksakof, and the painstaking study he has given to the phenomena and mystery of Spiritualism, warrant the statement that this latest work will be an epoch-making book. He gives, in plain terms, the results of his personal investigation, and under the most absolute test conditions possible, proving conclusively the verity of psychic manifestations. Count Aksakof has never gone into print and has something to say. In the present instance he has found much of moment to say; he has said it well; and his translator has given him the English and American friends who are so ready to enjoy the distinguished statesman-scholar's richest and ripest thought.

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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 April 2, 1903, S. E. 50.

Invocation.

As the sunshine brings warmth and life and beauty to the world so we would with the truth of this spiritual revelation bring glory, warmth and beauty to the world. May the expression of spiritual love be as a light in great darkness, a staff in weakness, a support in our trouble and best of all a guide which leads at last into the light and glory of the perfect peace. We have seen, O spirit of life, souls made glad by the in-flowing and expression of spirit return. We have seen hearts made light, hands made strong, and every department of life brightened and refreshed by the in-flowing of this breeze from heaven. May we do some part of this great work so perfectly, so well, that the expression of life purified and sanctified will be our reward. We would not dwell on misunderstandings and misinterpretations in life, but would rather soar above them, into the pure atmosphere of the higher life where we may see better and understand more fully all the things that now trouble and distress us. No longer would we reason or try to intellectually understand, but with our spirit attuned to spirit expression go forward better and braver. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Charles Lamprey, Bridgewater, Mass.

A spirit comes to me first this morning of a man about sixty-five years old. He is about medium height, has a full gray beard, gray hair, very blue eyes with a kindly expression in them. He comes with a good deal of earnestness and seriousness to express some thought to his people. His name is Charles Lamprey; he lived in Bridgewater, Mass. "It is very strange," he says, "this sensation of returning, and I doubt very much if I would have found myself able to express what I want to had it not been for this circle of influences that seem to understand exactly what is needed and where to bolster me up. I want to go to Sarah and I want her to be sure I can come to her. She has seen me, but has not been quite sure it was not imagination. I feel like expressing myself at this time very strongly to her and saying: 'I am I and I am not unhappy or in any way in a state of unrest; I come because it is my pleasure.' Our boy Henry is with me; he says: 'Tell mother she must be patient a little longer until we get ready for her to come to us.' Thank you."

Josephine Gleason, Woodstock, Vt., to Addie Gleason.

The next spirit is a woman about forty-five years old who stands beside me. She is quite stout; her eyes are dark, her hair is quite dark, too. She is very nervous; she must have been much distressed before she went to the spirit. She says: "It isn't so much of an effort to come as it is to know what to say after I get here. My name is Gleason, Josephine Gleason; I am anxious to go to Addie Gleason. She is trying to take up the burdens which I left and I want her to know I am trying to help her. I appreciate all she has done and I know it isn't any small task to do the work I used to do. She is very brave, although sometimes it seems as if those about her give her no thanks and don't try to make it easy for her. Please, Addie, understand I will be perfectly satisfied with anything you do that you think is right and when you feel like making corrections, do so without any particular thought about me. I used to live in Woodstock, Vt. I often go there now and try to get near enough to my friends to hear them realize I am there. This woman shows me a box. It is a wooden box; in it are some things like a few pieces of jewelry, little keepsakes, and with the rest a picture of a child. She is particularly anxious that Addie shall take care of these things. 'Keep them till the one they are intended for is old enough to receive them, and not let them be used for anything or anybody until that time comes. Thank you.'"

Andrew Bond, East Boston, Mass.

Here is a spirit from East Boston who says to me: "Well, well, well. I am Andrew Bond. I was in the iron business. I was a hard working man and the one thing that pleased me about coming here to this place is you make no distinctions between the mechanic and the monarch. I want to go to Laura; I would like also to have Bert reach me through some spiritual channel. I know very well they will say I never believed in this thing when I was here, and neither I did, but I feel I can give them some assurance that I am the man I claim to be. I came over here after a very short sickness. I knew the first time the doctor spoke to me it was all up with me. There was a look on his face that did not fool the old man, and while I made a great fight, I was pretty sure my day was done. Of course it left the family in rather an unsettled state, for I had been the one to look after things and say what should be done, and now I feel a strong desire to say something of my present existence and my present thought to those I left. My mother, father and John are with me; they are glad to join me in sending a message of hope. I am much obliged to you."

Mrs. Ella Randall, Woonsocket, R. I. Here is a spirit calling herself Mrs. Ella Randall; she lived in Woonsocket, R. I. She tells me she kept boarders. She laughs a little bit when I repeat her words and says she wants her friends to know she isn't doing it over here; she is taking a good long rest before she finds out what she will do. This woman has a very good heart. It shines right out through her face and she looks like

a woman who, whatever she did, she threw her whole self into it, and she certainly would herself out in work and service. Now she takes hold of the hand of a little girl and says: "This is my little girl who came over here before I did. It is heaven enough for me to have her. I want to send word to my friend Della that I have the child just as I often said to her I would if I ever came over here. Della is quite mediocretic and I am sure I could speak to her by herself if she would only give me opportunity and time. Thank you."

Mrs. Julia Keene, Lowell, Mass.

A woman about fifty years old comes. She is very thin, pale and sickly looking; her name is Mrs. Keene; she repeats: "Mrs. Julia Keene. This is the first time I ever made any effort to return. I have been able to see my friends but I haven't been able to send a message. I wish to get to my boy, whose name is Arthur; he lives in Lowell, Mass. I wish you could tell him I am sorry he had to meet with the loss. It seems too bad with all the other misfortunes this should come upon him, but he will pull through all right. It will be some time before he is able to live just as he wants to, but he will get through with the loss. I have been to Maine and have seen our people there. He will understand. I have also tried to have Willie bring a communication with me, but he said for me to try first and then he might come afterwards. Thank you."

Jim Gordon, Augusta, Me.

A man who was a great hunter is before me now. He has on a hunting suit; he holds in his hand some squirrels as though he had shot them. He says: "I was killed while I was out shooting. I was shot; it was an accident, but that didn't help to save me any. My name is Jim Gordon; I lived in Augusta, Me. I never felt a single pain. I never knew what it was that had happened. Suddenly I found myself free and unable to respond when people spoke to me, but I soon saw my father, who came to the spirit when I was a little boy. I thought I was dreaming. After a while the truth came to me and I knew I had left the earth. For several weeks I have had the strongest desire to come back and speak to Nettie. She needs me, not because I can do so much for her, but because I can give her a word of encouragement and tell her that there isn't any need of worry or fret or discouragement." This man writes over and over again "Clark." "Clark." There is a man named Clark who was with him. He says: "I wish I could speak to Clark, but I can't seem to do it."

Angie True, Cohoes, N. Y.

Here is the spirit of a girl about eighteen or nineteen years old who is as fair as a peach blossom. She has very light hair, soft skin, a beautiful expression, and she looks exactly like an angel, as though she was too beautiful to stay in earth life. She smiles when I say this and whispers that she has been gone so long she is more beautiful than when she came away. Still I know she must have been beautiful before she left. Her name is Angie True. She says: "I lived in Cohoes, N. Y. I want to speak of that place, although my people have moved away. I find myself referring to the old conditions more than to the present ones because I was more strongly impressed with them physically. My mother is still alive, and though she tries to be patient and to think she will meet me when she does come, for she is a good Unitarian, I wish I could make her understand she doesn't have to wait for that, but can have me with her now. I often go to the house; especially when Edith is playing and singing. The other day she had a song of mine and I was so pleased to hear her sing it. I wish I could control some one of the family and speak. It would give me great pleasure, but I suppose this is a good deal better than most folks can do and I will try to be content by sending love, oh, so much love, to all those who remember me, and a helpful thought whenever it is possible for me to do so. Thank you."

George Macdonald, Camden, N. J., to Ben Geoffrey.

A spirit by the name of George Macdonald who says he comes from Camden, N. J., is here now. He says: "Good gracious, don't spend too much time talking about me, but just let me get in my message for as far as I am concerned I don't think it is a good deal better than the world to stand up and hear yourself criticized. I want to get to Frank, and I would like to send a word to Ben Geoffrey. I can't see as I am a white different from what I was ten years ago when I came over. I find myself working around to see my friends and to get ahead, and interested in everything that is going on, making some study, having some pleasure, and all the time marveling over the beautiful things that are here. I don't know what the first spirits did when they got here. I have often wondered if it was an unhabited world the way the world must have been, because it is beautiful now from having many people construct beautiful things. The world you live in today is not much like the world that the first inhabitants came to and I am afraid you would miss the beautiful pictures and works of art and picturesque conditions although you may once in a while yearn for the original beauty. For my part, I like people and I hope as long as I am able to say anything about it I shall live where there are a good many people and where there is a love for the things that are made by man as well as by God. I am not teaching much now, I am being taught; I expect when my friends get over I will teach them a few things just to show them I know a little more than they do. I was down to Gallagher's with Frank the other day and was rather surprised at some of the things that were told. It was too bad, but I don't see as there is anything to be done about it. Think of me once in a while, boys, and know I am with you often. Thank you."

Levi Wilson.

The last spirit this morning is a man who gives the name Levi Wilson. He says: "I have been thinking for a long time I would like to say a word. I was familiar with Spiritualism and I feel like giving a general message to the Spiritualists who are more or less discouraged because they don't grow faster. I want to tell them they are growing fast enough. I wouldn't care to see it spread any faster, for it would be a weak growth, a weak action that would not mean so much as a steady pushing on into different centres and permeating all with the influence of the truth. I am fully as strong in my desire to convert people to the truth as I ever was, but I don't care to do it in the same way. I expect to keep the truth so evident to my friends that they will want it because it is so beautiful and so necessary. I would like to send a message to Fred and tell him he isn't to be discouraged. Sometimes the business looks a little as though it had lost but tell him to hold fast to the ship; that things will take a turn for the better after a little while. Thank you very much."

To finish the moment, to find the journey's end in every step of the road, to live the greatest number of good hours, is wisdom.— Emerson.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

Dear angel with the hidden face
Whose presence stays our breath,
Lift the dark veil that covers thee,
Display the joys of Death.

I wait in calmness thy advent,
Thy silent step draws near,
Thy shadow brings to me the light
Which shall make mysteries clear.

The mysteries of these earth scenes,
The trials of this life,
The sufferings that our merits draw,
The care, the toll, the strife.

The mysteries of the unknown cause
Of all that we endure
Shall vanish with necessities
Thy presence maketh sure.

Dear angel, come whenever thou wilt,
Thou art welcome to my soul,
Another step upon the road
To reunion with the Whole.

E. J. Bowtell.

Olneyville, R. I.

Transitions.

Passed to spirit life from Worcester, Mass., March 15, James W. Sturtevant, aged 78 years and 8 months. Mr. Sturtevant had been in failing health for several years, but critically ill but a few weeks, during which time he bore his great suffering with exemplary patience, at last peacefully passed to the higher life. He was tenderly and constantly attended and ministered to by his beloved only son, Fred C. Sturtevant. His faithful companion, O. Angello, for more than fifty years, and always delicate, was completely prostrated in the early part of her husband's illness, and confined to her bed, but bore her physical suffering and great bereavement, as only those can who believe in the sustaining power of angel loved ones. Mr. Sturtevant was a native of Hardwick, Mass., and had resided there until the removal to Jefferson, Mass., less than two years ago, from which place Mr. and Mrs. Sturtevant came in October to reside in the beautiful home of their son, 103 Elm St., Worcester. A man of benevolent disposition, of strict integrity, he was a most respected citizen of his native town, and made many friends. In accordance with his request, the funeral service was conducted by the writer, and took place from the home Tuesday, March 17. Many friends and relatives were present, whose tender sympathy went out without measure to the suffering wife, who, from her reclining chair listened to the words of consolation, and in her tender mother heart cherished the thought that she was not quite desolate. March 18, the faithful son and some near relatives accompanied the remains to Hardwick for interment.—Juliet Yeaw.

Geo. W. Vaughan, a prominent Spiritualist of Malden, Mass., died at his home, 9 Evelyn Place, on April 1, and was buried in Salem Street cemetery on Saturday, April 4. The services, by special request of Mrs. Vaughan, were conducted by Mrs. Sarah Byrnes. The music was furnished by the Franklin quartet. A few remarks were made by Mrs. Ida Whitlock. The floral tributes were many and exceedingly beautiful. Mr. Vaughan was born in Boston in 1818, his mother dying when he was less than a year old; he was adopted by an unmarried lady in So. Malden, and has lived a long life since in Malden. He has had a long and active life in the express business, from which he retired seven years ago. He was a Spiritualist in the early years when the faith was held up to scorn and ridicule, and has remained true to his belief to the day of his death. Now, he knows. Mr. Vaughan, with the assistance of Charles Thompson and Dr. Uriah Clark, founded the first Spiritualists' camp-meeting in the United States, at Prepron's Grove, Malden, Mass., which was carried on for two years. Among the speakers were Dr. Storer and Dr. Richardson who established other camps in the following years at Walden Pond and Lake Pleasant. In 1877 a number of Spiritualists of which Mr. Vaughan was one sent a committee to the south shore to find a suitable spot for a new camp ground. This was found and the place named Onset. The next year saw the tents of a new meeting place. Mr. Vaughan was identified early with the business of express and passenger service, and built the third cottage put up at Onset for permanent summer service. In a movement, tending to the improvement and betterment of Onset, Mr. Vaughan has been a liberal contributor. His hand has always been deep into his pocket for the unfortunate in all classes of life. Mediums have never been turned from his doors. All have received a kindly welcome and assistance when needed. He has been a subscriber to the Banner of Light ever since its first publication, enjoying its pages to the last. Mr. Vaughan was imbued with a philosophy which made itself felt in his daily life. A man of his patience and sweet temper, during the long and weary months of imprisonment in his room, were a lesson to all who came within his atmosphere. The dear old hands were ever held out in loving welcome to the visitor and friend, and his kindly brown eyes lighted with pleasure whenever they fell upon a familiar face. He was always charitable to the faults of another. Few ever heard him utter an unkind word of another, even though that other had done him injustice or injury. He did not talk, he lived the Christ life as he understood it. Mrs. Byrnes emphasized this thought during the services. She had known him forty years. He has joined the loved companion of his youth, has left no grief behind except the natural sadness at sight of the vacant chair, and the loss of the daily loving hand clasp. He has won his crown, for his cross was nobly borne.

Passed on from her home in Manchester, N. H., March 26, 1903, Caroline F. Greene at the age of 71 years and 5 months. Mrs. Greene was born in Plymouth, Mass., in 1831; was married to Albert Greene of Watertown, N. Y., in 1851, and spent most of her married life in Uniontown, Alleghany and Mosier-town, Pa. She was a church member from 1855 to 1895 when she became deeply interested in Spiritualism and after very thorough and complete investigation accepted both the philosophy and phenomena of this new gospel in which up to the time of her transition she took great delight and comfort. She was an invalid for more than a half century and was glad to lay aside her worn out physical and go to dwell with her loved ones over there. The services were conducted by Dr. John P. Thorndyke, of Portland, Maine, on Wednesday afternoon, April 1.

Mrs. Mary E. Howe, a Spiritualist for many years, passed quietly to the Great Beyond at her residence, five miles north, where she has lived since 1872. Mrs. Mary E. Howe was the wife of Hon. Orville D. Howe, to whom she was married in 1861. She was born in June, 1831, at Painesville, Ohio, and was the eldest daughter of Deacon Elias Pepon and wife of that city. She was a woman of much more than ordinary ability, having contributed to various newspapers, magazines and periodicals in the last fifty years all her poems having in them the true spirit of reform. A short sketch of her life and a couple of her poems may be seen on page 587 of "Local and National Poets of America," a volume of 1,036 pages, which

was published in Chicago, Ill., by the American Publishing Co. in 1890. For several years of her early life she was a teacher near Warren, Ill., and in Southern Wisconsin. Her husband was county superintendent of schools of this county for three consecutive terms and county surveyor many years. She was a sister of Hon. Theodore Weld Pepon, who was State Senator from this Senatorial District in the Legislature of 1877. Of her immediate family there remains a husband and a son, Edmund Dudley Howe, who graduated from the State University at Lincoln in 1877, who resides at the family home, and has a wife and two children, and a daughter, Miss Myrtle E. Howe, who is a music teacher of success and much ability. Mrs. Howe had been a reader of the "Banner of Light" for many years.—Milton H. Marble.

On the 10th of March, at her home in East Aurora, N. Y., occurred the transition of Mrs. Rachel Griffin, wife of John W. Griffin. She passed to spirit life in the 73d year of her age. Mrs. Griffin was a firm believer in Spiritualism and for many years has been a constant reader of the Banner of Light which was a source of much enjoyment to her. She was peculiarly a home body of sweet disposition and always ready to do for others. After over a half century of wedded life her sunny nature will be greatly missed by her bereaved companion and by her children, three of whom survive her. But there is consolation in the thought which her knowledge of spirit communion gives; she is not dead but gone before to a higher and happier home, where she will not be unmindful of the dear ones left behind, but will be ready to receive them as they cross the beautiful river gradually to the higher department of life's great school of eternal progression.

Progress and Reincarnation.

It is claimed by nearly, if not quite, all who call themselves modern Spiritualists that eternal progression is natural law. Our hopes (which may, however, be somewhat vague), our reasoning powers, our general experiences in this life and our intuitions combine to confirm most of us in this view. An expectation of something better than present conditions seems deeply implanted in the heart of man. But the guide gives evidence of this by adopting means, however mistaken he may be in doing so, to free himself from his physical body. He would not seek death, whatever that may mean to him, did not present to his mind some improvement over his present state. Intellectually we recognize that nothing is so perfect that it cannot in some respects be changed for the better. The results of our own endeavors and those of our fellow beings convince us that such changes are not only mentally conceivable but finally practicable. And above and beyond all these there is in the soul of man ever seeking extension, the knowledge that his possibilities greatly exceed his present attainments. Thus we must admit that belief in eternal progression rests upon an exceedingly good foundation.

Another claim of the modern Spiritualist is that the philosophy is proven by the phenomena. When these phenomena were presented to the world in the middle of the last century, they came in an intensely materialistic age when nothing was considered knowable by humanity which could not be tested by one of the five physical senses. The materialist was as pronounced in the religious thought of the time as in the scientific. The resurrection of the flesh was indissolubly united in that thought to the immortality of the soul. The one could not exist without the other. If man lived after death he must give visible, audible or tangible evidence of the fact. In response to the demand for such evidence it came. Some rejected it and others cried exultingly though unreflectingly "Immortality is proved." But immortality was not proved and could not be proved by any phenomena whatever. Our eternal being in the past and in the future is proved by the fact that we now are and so far as we can conceive, additional proof is as impossible as unnecessary. It is a pet delusion of most Spiritualists that the phenomena can be dragged in to prove the whole of the philosophy. They have proved the continuance for some altogether uncertain time after the death of the body, of personal memories of earth life and some continued knowledge of earth affairs. This seems to be their legitimate object and if we endeavor to press them into service beyond this we appear doomed to failure.

It has been already stated in this article that eternal progression, as natural law, may be considered proven by our hopes, reason, experience in this life and intuition. If we attempt to support this by spirit phenomena the only result is that our faith meets with some rule blows. If we place our reliance upon these it is in some danger of being shattered into fragments. The all but universal character of spirit communications thus far received would justify a belief in retrogression rather than progression after death. There has certainly been some brilliant spiritualism speaking and writing among us indicating a high order of intelligence. In few, if any cases however, has there been knowledge given which was beyond the reach of the writers or speakers' attainment or imagination. The natural ability has been vastly quickened but rarely overstepped. And the nearer the condition has approached that of personal control the less information of value has usually been given. If eternal progression is the law why is this?

Many excuses may be and have been given for this, scarcely entitled to be considered reasons. Unfamiliarity with the use of an organism not his own may partly account for awkwardness of expression. The impression of the thought and not the word may explain lingual peculiarities and atone for some bad grammar. All these are apart from the main issue. If the controller or inspirer knows more than we do, why does he not tell us something of what he knows? Let it be elegantly or otherwise, in good grammar or bad. If he has progressed in any way that we can realize, let us have some evidence of his progression.

The fair answer appears to be that he has not progressed in any way that we can realize, that is, he has not progressed from our human, this life, standpoint. What progression he may have made is probably as unintelligible to the mere mentality of man here as the progress some learned professor may make in his studies is to the puppy playing in his feet. His progression, if any, is made along new lines on a different plane of action. Progression in him must be in reboiling himself farther and farther from consideration of earth affairs and this, of course, would appear to us who still abide on earth as retrogression.

This conclusion may seem a little startling to some minds but if we grope for truth in the dark, we must not be surprised if we sometimes bump up against it suddenly, and experience a mental concussion. Man lives a short time upon earth in physical conditions and progresses more or less in those conditions. This is hard work and the physical instrument usually grows very tired and becomes more or less impaired in something less than a century. He needs rest, that true rest which consists in change of occupation. But he has not by any means accomplished all that he would desire on earth. Not even all that he must accomplish if eternal progression is the law. So he returns again and again for hundreds and hundreds of thousands of lives for new mental growth and the spiritualizing of a new

mentality. Eternal progression from sphere to sphere in spirit life is contradicted by our experience with spirit phenomena. The rational theory that intellectual growth can be, or at least is, attained through many physical embodiments with periods of restful assimilation between is perfectly consistent with our experiences in spirit communion.

E. J. Bowtell.

Olneyville, R. I.

A Spirit Foretells a \$18,000,000 Fortune.

One of the most wonderful cases of spirit prediction fulfilled, of which I have ever heard, has just come to my knowledge and I feel it a duty as well as a pleasure to relate it. Immensely valuable mica mines have been discovered in Colorado, in accordance with the predictions of Chicago mediums; yet, though the papers of both East and West are telling of the marvelous wealth brought to light, not one word of credit has anywhere been given to the angel-world from which the good news first came. I, therefore, tell the story.

These mines of mica, which are located about twenty miles from the famous Cripple Creek, were discovered about a year ago by a young boy, Roy Field Pitts, who was on a hunting trip through Colorado looking for health. I derived my knowledge of the matter directly from Roy's mother, Mrs. Pitts, who has come to me a number of times lately for a reading. She told me the following story:

"In the fall of 1900, just after Roy went West, I was living in Chicago and attended a meeting of the Spiritualist Society of Englewood, Ill., over which Mr. Will Hodge presided. Among the mediums who gave tests at the meeting was Mrs. George S. Lincoln, whose kind, motherly face and manner so attracted me that I determined to visit her at the first opportunity. A few weeks later I called on Mrs. Lincoln and found her seated in a room handsomely furnished in scarlet and decorated with beads and feathers in honor of her control, who is an Indian girl called 'Sunshine'. I was especially interested in a picture of Sunshine, painted by spirits, through the Bangs sisters of Chicago. It represents a beautiful Indian maiden with a strong, kind face. You will see later that this picture was of considerable importance, so bear it in mind.

"The first words Sunshine said were: 'Oh! You are going soon 'way out West among the tall mountains; you are to see the grandest scenery in the world.' Then she grew very animated and cried: 'Oh! oh! You will see so many holes in the ground—holes, holes everywhere. You don't like holes in the ground either, do you?' she asked.

"Having always been extremely prejudiced against mining propositions of every sort and very much opposed to investing in them, I said, 'No, I don't think much of holes in the ground and never shall.'

"'Oh, yes you will,' was her reply. 'You will think much of these holes and you will put your money into some of them. There is some one out there now who belongs to you and will find the right hole. It won't be gold or silver or lead or iron or coal. It will be something just like glass, like the windows in a stove and will shine like tin. Oh, it will sparkle like silver and glisten in the sunlight!'

"'And should I put my money in, Sunshine?' I asked, growing interested in spite of myself. 'Yes, put your money in, all your money,' said Sunshine. 'All your money will come back and more, more. You will get shiners and shiners, more than you ever dreamed of or thought of in your life. You and all of your friends will get heaps and heaps of shiners—the hole in the ground will make so many rich.'

"I suppose I looked incredulous, at least I felt so, for Sunshine added, 'You don't believe it, do you? You're a doubting Thomas, but it will all come true and more than I tell you. Now when it does come true will you come to Sunshine and tell her?' This I promised and thought that was the end of the matter.

"Six months later my son wrote me that he had discovered and taken up, in my name, because he was a minor, a hundred and fifty acres of mines, or rather mountains, of mica, which he had learned were of tremendous value. I went out and found, after obtaining expert opinions, that the boy had secured mica deposits without doubt the most valuable in the world, worth probably \$12,000,000 or \$13,000,000. Experts pronounced the mica the finest known to exist, it being remarkably clear and entirely free from magnetic iron, which spoils most mica for electrical uses.

"Having learned these things and a great many more, I and a few others organized the United States Mining and Milling Company, put our own money in and obtained a limited amount of stock for sale. We at once went to work, built a mill and a village, brought in men and their families and now have in operation one of the most successful enterprises in Colorado. At present we have to get our mail at Guffey, four miles away, but we expect soon to have a post office of our own at Micanite, our new town.

"As our business offices are in the Fort Dearborn Building, Chicago, I was often in the city, but it was some time before I was able to fulfill my promise to Sunshine of a report to her that her predictions had come true. I was sure, however, that she must know all about it; for when the first photograph of the mines was taken, in the entrance of the most important one was plainly to be seen a picture of the face of Sunshine, which could be identified by the painting in Mrs. Lincoln's possession.

"Sure enough, I found Sunshine had been telling Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln so much about the mica mines and the immense wealth that was in store for every one connected with them, that they readily agreed to go with me and locate upon the property. They are now living in one of the company's houses and Mrs. Lincoln is superintendent of the mines. Sunshine continues to take a great interest in the work and by following her directions a number of new and very rich deposits have been discovered. How well we have prospered under her directions you may imagine when I tell you that in less than a year we have built a village with store, schoolhouse, blacksmith shop, saw mill, mica mill with machinery, storehouses and a number of homes; also a railroad and four miles of wagon road; and, in addition have mined \$40,000 worth of mica and expect to double our force of men in May. We not only haven't a dollar of debt, but have a big balance in the bank and will pay a dividend within the year."

When Mrs. Pitts finished her interesting story I naturally asked whether the facts had been given to the public. "The story of my boy's wonderful discovery has been published," she said, "but you know the papers don't care to give any credit to the spirit world. The New York Sunday World of April 5 gave a full page to Roy and his ventures and described the mines but it did not mention the important part played by Sunshine in our good fortune."

As I consider it right that the angel world should receive the honor due it I am with Mrs. Pitts' consent, giving the full story of this wonderful demonstration of spirit power. I am glad to be able to add that there are a number of Spiritualist families on the ground and interested in the mines, where they will

(Continued on page 7.)

