

OUR ANGEL SIDE.

Within each heart there seems to rest,
A demon dark and angel blest;
Each like the cloud or like the sun,
Makes night or else the morning won;
One brings us bliss, one works us bane,
One gives us ill, the other gain;
It is our joy the good to see;
It is our sorrow dark to be;
There's satisfaction to the soul,
When under love's benign control,
And only love has right to rule,
Since we are students in God's school,
And here are sent to show the light,
And be to others sweet and bright;
We are to live with noble pride,
And show the world our angel side!

When men are troubled, lone, and sad,
The demon drives them to the bad;
When men are blest with smiles of hope,
The angel friend to guide has scope;
We make or mar just as we will,
For we ourselves should govern still;
We should the mind with purpose feed,
And dare to do the noblest deed;
We can arise from toll and strife,
And win by love the higher life;
And those who're weak we help along,
By courage true and spirit strong;
We give of grace to needy men,
And bring them to the good again;
So we're to live all glorified,
And show mankind our angel side!

O lovely as the new-born light,
Is impress of eternal right;
It comes to us like heavenly fire,
To burn the dross in our desire,
And give the glory of the skies,
In spirit pure and sweet and wise;
Then so to help and bless each day,
Is walking in life's better way;
Is majesty of might to win,
And drive from earth the shades of sin;
It is to crush the power of wrong,
And bring the cheerfulness of song;
And this may we in native strength,
Accomplish and resolve at length;
We are to live with gentle pride,
And show to all our angel side!

To bear ourselves like this indeed,
Would nobly preach the helping creed,
Would show the world the higher worth—
That is to spread upon the earth;
It is to be the ruling power,
For every day and every hour,
The sweet continuance of the good,
For which the noble souls have stood;
It is our love that seeks the air,
Like plant that prays expression fair;
So lurks a flower in the mind,
That would its fragrance surely find;
It is the happiness of man—
To show this grace as heroes can;
We are to live thro' time and tide,
And show always our angel side!

William Branton.

Good Tidings of Great Joy.

Partial report of an address given at the Fifty-Sixth Anniversary Celebration of Modern Spiritualism, held by the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, in New Century Hall, Boston, Mass., April 24, 1904. Delivered by

George W. Kates.

Upon being introduced by Mr. Irving F. Symonds, president of the Veterans' Union, Mr. Kates said:

Mr. President, Comrades of the Veterans' Union, and Spiritual Seekers:

I am glad to meet with you today in celebration of the advent of such important facts as spirit-communion and spirit-life being given to the world.

It has been only fifty-six years since humanity heard that the little children at Hydesville had obtained direct communication with the spirit of a once mortal person. We desire to know if it was according to natural law to receive such communication. And we want to know why it has been (if so it was) that throughout the past, humanity has not had such intercourse with the denizens of the soul-land.

We find it recorded that in the centuries ago a wonderful child was born, who was heralded as a Savior, Messiah, Lord, etc. All of these titles had their root in the Greek from words that meant just exactly what we now understand the words "psychic" and "medium" to mean. Hence we can realize what the joy was to be to a people who did not know anything of a life after death, that a child was born to bring convincing proof of spirit life and to demonstrate the resurrection.

The Jews and Romans were very materialistic. We find it recorded in Luke 2:10, "And the angel said unto them: Fear not, for behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." This great joy was to result from the birth of the child that had been ordained by the angels for a ministry of a spiritual character under the power of the Holy Ghost, or good spirit. I am glad that it was an angel that heralded the good tidings; and I am glad that it was to be to all people. If an angel could speak unto the people then, why not now? Are angels any different now? Is the law of nature, now, different from then? If divine law then made it possible for angels to speak unto earth-people, does it now forbid? I cannot see any possi-

bility chance for either natural law or divine law to change. They are the eternal and active conditions of cause and effect.

The scriptures say that God is the same yesterday, today and forever. Science cannot disprove this statement, and dogmatic theology has never offered a single proof of any character with reference to divine action contrary to natural law. As nature always evolves the higher from the lower, therefore angels must have been developed from some lower entities, and were not born as perfect angels in the soul-realm. Hence, if an angel (so-called) brought the good tidings that Luke is recorded as telling, then the said angel was very likely the spirit of a once mortal human—for nearly all Greek words from which angel, spirit, man, message, etc., were translated into the scriptures, meant what we call a spirit today; that is, an incarnate person. Thus, it is easy to conclude that Luke's angel was a spirit—perhaps a ministering spirit over the Christ-child before and after birth.

We find that Paul, in writing to the Hebrews, is recorded as having said: "Are they not all ministering spirits?" If that was true then, they are now all ministering spirits, and cannot all be evil, but are the spirits of good and evil people, each capable of communing and ministering according to their capacity. It is a libel on God to claim that He sends "strong delusion that ye may believe a lie." I cannot have such a concept of God! If your God has done such a cruel thing, then he is a greater monstrosity than the worst of human devils! If anyone has ever blasphemed, it is he who wrote or quotes such a libel against God!

It is recorded by St. John, in Rev. 7:9, that the host he saw were "Angels of all nations, kindreds, and peoples, and tongues," and he further stated that "no one could number them." Thus it is plain that they were not angels born in heaven, else they would all be similar and speak the same language, and not be of different nations.

The statement shows them to have been earth-people once, as they were of all nations, kindreds and tongues. If that was true then, why not now? Why are not all these spirits of the various kinds of human people, the wise, the true, the good, the spirits of your loved ones, as also possibly, of the evil ones sent out untimely or in the fullness of their moral deformity? We have never made a contrary claim; and we welcome each spirit, no matter of what tribe, nation or cult, as proving the question of a continuity of life beyond the grave for each and all of us. The law of continuity exists for all, and not for a class. If one is resurrected, then all will be! As Paul said, "For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised." Hence Jesus did not create the resurrection, but only proved it; and, as he did re-appear in materialized form, Paul further said, "And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain." There was no other way of knowing, except by the proofs. Are these proofs extant today? You claim that they are.

These proofs were not given alone to the Romans and Jews nineteen hundred years ago, but are given to the people of the whole world today. They were not given only at Hydesville, fifty-six years ago, but are given to millions of people everywhere, continuously, and will be repeated throughout the centuries to follow. The gates are now wide open between the soul-world and the earth-world. They are never more to be closed.

Too many false ideas exist about the after life. There has been unwarranted preaching about a heaven for the elect and saved, and a hell for the great majority who will be damned. These have been predicated upon false premises, and not scientifically provable. Theologians have invented doctrines and interpretations that many people blindly accepted. The fact of a natural life after death has not been taught, but a straining towards views of a supernatural existence has been the constant effort of priests. Salvation by a vicarious process, rather than as the result of responsible action, has led people into false concepts of nature's plan. Science teaches now that there can be nothing outside of nature. There is no supernatural realm. Spirit-life must be the direct continuity of earth-life. Heaven will not be heaven unless life there reunites the separated, and they shall mingle in a divine consanguinity with the wise and good who have gone on, as well as with the loved of their own households. It is a false concept of the soul to suppose that we will be happy in heaven, no matter who shall be in the region of the damned.

And yet a Methodist brother has stated that he being sure of salvation, will be happy in heaven, although he expects not to meet there father, mother and brother who are Spiritualists and hence will be numbered with the lost.

Sam Jones once said in a lecture: "I could be happy in heaven, looking over its battlements down into the seething abysses of hell, even though I saw my mother writhing there."

Well, heaven will not be heaven to me unless father, mother, sister, brother, wife and children are there! I prefer to go where God or nature will send them! If a heaven for me alone, or me before all others, is Christianity, then I am not a Christian!

The heathen, Chinese, when told that his mother was in the realm of the damned, said: "I will buckle on my armor and go down there and rescue her." He was a true man, a true Christian, even though he may have been called a pagan! There are some people, also, who think they can get into heaven by the suicide route. They imagine that sorrows and troubles will all dissipate by "shuffling off the mortal coil."

Ah! we cannot escape the consequence of our deeds! Responsibility is the law, and we must meet all just results of our acts. Lovers who think of being united to the cherished one gone before, must first realize the soul-fitness for companionship in spirit-life. I read of a lover whose sweetheart had passed into the great beyond and he suicided in order to be with her; but when they met in that realm where we know each other as we are, and where no false conditions can hide our true selves, lo, they found they were not soul-mated, and took divergent ways. Do not hastily rush forward to cheat destiny or nature. You cannot do it. You must meekly bear the misfortunes of your present life, rather than to rush into greater ones that ye know not of.

Hell is conscience and not connected with locality. It has been enlarged into the habitat of the soul eternally, when not selected for heaven. Originally the word "hell" meant the tomb or grave; and when the word was eliminated from the Bible and "Hades" substituted, the meaning was unchanged. Later, however, the translations have retained the Hebrew word "Sheol," which means a place of temporary punishment. This is purgatory the present hell of the Bible and eternal punishment should no longer be taught by the Christian ministers.

The spirits have told us that life is progressive; and that we shall make advancement only by effort. We cannot purchase our egress from purgatory by paying tithes to the churches, or for masses to insure soul repose, or by the blood of a Savior, nor by repentance. It is a case of aspiration and then applied effort until we atone to the utmost for misdeeds done. We will then work out of hereditary tendencies and environed temptations. The foolish ideas of purgatory must pass away with the equally reprehensible plans of vicarious salvation.

The Christian has been in some ways just as foolish as the pagan. The unscientific idea of transmigration of souls, is no more an impossible postulate than the Christian plan of a purchased cleansing from sin. The foolishness with regard to gaining Paradise has not all been with Hindoos, Brahmans, Buddhists, et al, but has been and is yet allied with Roman and Protestant mummery and foolish claims of priestly power to absolve. I will repeat a ridiculous parody supposed to be Brahminical, but is equally applicable to all purgatorial theorists.

"A Hindoo died—a happy thing to do,
When twenty years united to a shrew.
Released, he joyously for entrance cries,
Before the gates of Paradise.
'Hast thou been through Purgatory?'
Brahma asked.

"I have been married!"
And he hung his head.
'Come in; and welcome too! my son—
Marriage and Purgatory are as one.'

"Scarcely had he entered the garden fair
When another Hindoo sought admission there.
The self-same question Brahma asked again:

'Hast thou been through Purgatory?'
'No! What then?'
'Thou canst not enter here!' the God replied.
'But he that was just in, was there no more than I.'

"All that is true! but he hath married been,
And so, on earth, has suffered for all sin.'
'Married?' 'Tis well! for I've been married twice!'
'Begone! We'll have no fools in Paradise!'

If Brahma has charge of Paradise, the Mormon will have a hard time to get there, even though plurality of wives was patriarchal. But we do not accept any such foolish notions. The spirits have proven to us the conditions of after life—and as Spiritualists we do not fear either Brahma or Gabriel! All that we fear is the inevitable of wrong-doing. Spiritualism has proven much to the thinker and investigator, and superstitious fears are passing away.

Spiritualism is restoring the church to its primitive spirit, when the power of the Holy Ghost was manifest. It is proving the fact that no soul can be lost, but that each one will progress in the eternal realm and reap as they sow. Its moral force is being felt by humanity and a better birthright for future children is assured.

The indictment of prejudiced people continues, but has not yet been able to force a judgment that will destroy the growth and usefulness of Spiritualism. I desire to pay a brief attention to some criticisms that many of you need to consider.

We are often told that inspiration ceased after the Bible was written. I cannot obtain any proof of this. As Spiritualists, we always ask for proof. The statement is unwarranted, for inspiration yet exists, and is more pronounced than ever before. The source of inspiration is the same today as in the past—from the spirit intelligences in accord with God-law, and not from a God-person. We have proof of inspiration from the spirit. Who can disprove it? We are ready for proof of a deception. It is also said that the day of miracles is passed. We say that miracles never occurred! Nothing ever occurred outside of nature. What were considered miracles are now known to be the effects of natural causes, and were only miraculous to they who did not understand. When you say that God does not send His angels, or spirits, any more to minister unto humanity, you again make a statement that you cannot prove. Surely, these millions of people who claim to have the ministry of spirits, are an answer to the contrary. Perhaps they are not "sent," but surely they come, and it must be in accord with the law of God and nature, or they could not come.

It is a spirit of self-satisfaction that says: "Faith in the written record is sufficient without any proof at this date." The millions of people who have no faith in the record, testify that some proof is needed. Without a present-day evidence, the world's people would be almost in despair, and rapidly tending to only a materialistic view of life. Spirit testimony has stopped the tide of materialism, and is the only hope of the church for a restoration to Christ. The church militant will never become the church triumphant, until the resurrection is demonstrated therein. If you are satisfied, you should realize how much you are in the minority. But, "God may be permitting the Devil to give us strong delusion." The Spiritualists have no concept of a God of such horrible attributes as to be guilty of tempting you so basely, or tempting you in the least.

And we never have had any evidence of a personal Devil let loose! I was told by an Adventist that the Devil was producing all of our spirit manifestations. Upon asking him if he was sure, he replied that he knew it to be so. I then asked him when he last saw the Devil. He replied: "I never saw him." Well, then, when did you last hear from him? "I never heard from him." I said that I was much disappointed, as I felt sure he had heard from and seen his Satanic Majesty, and I was very desirous of being so favored, so I could preach with a surety to the people and warn them of their danger. He replied: "Oh, I can tell you where to see him." "Where?" "Go home and look in the mirror and you will see him." I found it to be a good recipe. I looked in the mirror and saw a little of the Devil. I looked again and saw a little of God reflected. Hence I understood that God and Satan are incarnate in us personally. It becomes our duty to decide which shall predominate. We can eliminate the Devil and incarnate some of God. Our duty is to grow in all that develops the true and the good.

St. John commanded: "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches." (Rev. 2:23.) We are listening to the spirit. Are you? And the spirit is leading us unto knowledge, purity, progress and peace. The future is prescient with a glorious promise for grand achievements until the world shall be redeemed. I will conclude by quoting from Edgerton's poem, "In a Hundred Years," as follows:

The world will be a better place
In a hundred years!
We'll have a brighter, happier race,
In a hundred years!
The isms of old, the worn-out lies,
The ancient wrongs, like mist that flies,
Will melt in the rays of a new sunrise,
In a hundred years!

A human soul will be higher priced
In a hundred years!
The church will be converted to Christ
In a hundred years!
There will be more of faith and less of creed,
Be more of justice and less of need,
Be more of honor and less of greed,
In a hundred years!

A better state will come to birth,
In a hundred years!
A vast republic of all the earth,
In a hundred years!
The reign of kings will be no more,
And thieves and trusts quit robbing the poor—
We will know no longer the curse of war,
In a hundred years!

There will be more of substance and less of form,
In a hundred years!
More love will keep the world's heart warm,
In a hundred years!
The laws will aim at the common good;
And religion be for brotherhood—
While toll will be honored as it should,
In a hundred years!

Our courts and rulers will be just,
In a hundred years!
Our law-makers honest, or so I trust,
In a hundred years!
The power of mammon will pass away
With the reign of gold, or thus I pray!
While the world moves on to a grander day
In a hundred years!

There will be less misery and less wrong,
In a hundred years!
There will be more gladness—and more song,
In a hundred years!
Baptized in a new humanity,
Each man to man will a helper be,—
While the tolling slaves shall all go free
In a hundred years!

Have I painted the world's face o'er bright
In a hundred years?
Well, better so than to picture blight
In a hundred years!
We had better in our dreams be blest;
For, we shall all know the best!
Our souls will not be at rest,
In a hundred years!

When Our Ships Come In.

William Branton.

When our ship comes in—is a way we have of saying what wonderful things we will do to be sure. There will be nothing to hinder for we shall have plenty of means and some day we mean to be as good as the next fellow, if not a little better. Indeed we do—but we will wait awhile till we can do it up in good shape, just as we would like—so as not to be ashamed of it. In the meantime we are no better than we ought to be, and we go on in our easy optimism and lose something of the grand giving we might have bestowed if we had been generous and wise in the living hour. It is not spiritually profitable to wait on the uncertain winds and tides for ships that so often are overdue and possibly may be lost on the way!

To see a ship come into port is always an interesting sight to the thoughtful. There are so many speculations you may indulge in about her. You know she has been over the ocean, sailing and sailing the blue deep by day and night, and that she has done business in other lands, and here she is home again, and the waiting ones are glad. The sailors and their wives are as happy as they can be. The parting is over, the uncertainty is at an end, and they can be together in comfort and joy for many a day. It is a sight to be remembered. And then there are presents from the foreign lands and strange. A sailor's home has curio that is curious if it were not costly to him.

And then the owners have pleasure in proportion to the commercial success of the venture. They have been on the lookout all the time. In the old days when so much money was invested in this way, the ship owners had towers on their houses looking far down the bay and with their telescopes, which were quite often in use, they would discern their own in the distance and watch its progress to the wharf with keenest interest. They would be on board as soon as possible and want to know what luck the seaman had. It was great joy when a full cargo was reported and their ships had come in to enlarge their means and give them leeway in their expenditure. Oh, it was a happy, happy time!

I believe in human generosity. There are differences in men, but we learn what is in the heart of all men when we see the noblest and the best. There is the gladness of getting acquainted with lovely souls, we feel sure that we have the same possibilities and are quickened to try for them. The man who is stingy and holding on to every cent, who never helps a needy neighbor, who never espouses a worthy cause lest it should cost him a dollar, this man, if man you can call him, is in the root state, and so looks of little worth. He must let God's sun shine on him to bring out the latent joy and sweetness of his nature. He should not pride himself on what he is in manifestation now; he may well dream of better things when he shall have been stirred to noble generosity according to the way in which he has prospered and trying to be kind and helpful with what he has, we may be sure that he will do greater things when his ships come in.

But there is a grand dream in the heart of man now that the unselfish must wish to hasten by what help they can give to its accomplishment. I mean the dream of universal good when the ships of the world shall land their goods in every port for the benefit of humanity. It is a grand dream that loving hearts entertain that in some near future the poverty of our world shall be abolished, that the people shall know that to them the millions belong, the millions that the whole of society has won. It is surely coming as a ship we see in the offing, it is surely coming that we shall care to give every child its true chance in life, and shall save it from the streets, from the curse of ignorance, from a long course of crime. To

(Concluded on page 4.)

TROOPER, MY ST. BERNARD.

There's a vacant place today,
Where my loved friend used to stay,
On the carpet by my favorite easy chair,
'Twas his resting place for years,
And my eyes are full of tears
When I see he is no longer near me there.

Dead, My St. Bernard is dead;
Low his massive, silky head,
Which he laid upon my lap to be caressed,
While his wondrous, large brown eyes,
Always true, and calm, and wise,
Seemed an anchor to my soul, how'er distressed.

I have questioned, with hushed heart,
How we two could ever part,
For I knew that lonesome time was stealing
on,
And that sometime it might be,
As today it is with me,
Sitting here and knowing one I loved is gone.

Words express not my regret
That I could not hold my pet
From the grave, so dark and silent, where he lies
With his dear head on his paws,
Chained by Nature's iron laws,
Unresponding to my human miseries.

Any movement, when alive,
He had sympathy to give,
Coming near to learn what troubled, and give aid;
Offering his massive paw,
Pressing down his mighty jaw,
Saying plainly, "Here am I, be not afraid!"

Always lovable and grand,
Quick as thought to understand
Each expression flitting o'er a human face;
I have seldom seen outwrought
Such impressiveness to thought,
Or a human friend who more deserved his place.

When I need must stay alone
I shall hear his thundrous tone,
As I used to in the yesterdays now dead;
Rolling through the lonesome dark,
Hear my guardian's warning bark,
And reach out my hand to stroke his noble head.

O, what would I give to know,
If to Heaven I ever go,
I shall meet my dear companion happy there!
No harp playing e'er can be
Welcome as his bark to me,
When I reach that country fair beyond compare.

—Emma Rood Tuttle.

Spirit Teachings: Heaven and Hell.

Given by Solfr Amicus through a private medium in London, England.

Old-time concepts of the experiences awaiting man after death have undergone considerable modification during recent years, and especially is this so in Protestant Communions. But, after all, in most cases, all this modification amounts to, is, at the best, only a qualification of a basic or fundamental error. If the primal teaching or premises be a fallacy, any slight adjustment of it really amounts to nothing better than a modified or qualified error.

The Christian Church must make a clean sweep of all her old antiquated notions about Heaven and Hell. She must realize that the life beyond the grave is a grand progression for all toward God and goodness. The progress of some may be rapid, others may stagnate for a time—perhaps a long time. But all must, it is God's scheme, ultimately grow up toward Him.

Be assured of this:—
"That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one soul will be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

Now, what has been the teaching of the Churches as to the Hereafter?

That this life is a probation and a preparation for the life to come.

That a man's spiritual condition at the time of his demise will determine his lot for all eternity.

That there are two and only two places for man beyond the grave.

That one is called Heaven and is an abode of perfect bliss and endless rapture; the other being called Hell and is a place of endless torment.

That the good when they die go to Heaven and the bad to Hell.

Now these are the basic or foundation beliefs of the Churches as to the next world, though I am aware that the terrible problems engendered by the acceptance of these views have resulted in many earnest and devout teachers partially repudiating them. But the repudiation has been only partial and inadequate, and the pulpit teaching throughout Christendom is still based upon the theological concepts which I have just enunciated.

Now, these crude, illogical, Godless beliefs as to the next life are largely the outcome of the immature Christianity of the early centuries, foisted upon pagan ideas then extant. Indeed, Paganism plays a not inconsiderable part in current orthodox Christian ideas as to the life to come. But it is to the superstitious theology of the middle ages that you are mainly indebted for these unreasonable and erroneous beliefs; and thus your churches today are "cribbed, cabined and confined," and their usefulness impaired and hindered by doctrines as to the future life which are nothing but a tremendous fallacy. The actualities of the life of the spirit are totally at variance with the Churches' teaching regarding it.

You cannot conceive any honest truth-seeker today culling from the Sacred Scriptures such terrible fancies as to the Heaven and Hell of the Churches, if he had previously never heard any orthodox views upon the subject.

A devout truth-seeker today unbiased and unprejudiced, would remember that the sacred pages reveal in symbol, allegory and parable, and would mold his views of their teachings accordingly.

It must always be remembered the sacred writings are Oriental in their origin, and it requires the Oriental mind to rightly interpret the hidden meaning of much that is written. The Occident and the Orient have little in common and do not understand one another. The Occident is encrusted with materialism, and will believe and teach nothing outside the experiences of the five senses, whilst the Orient revels in an unpractical mysticism and a love of the occult. To get at the beautiful hidden spiritual meanings of much that is in the Bible, you must go to an erudite, broadminded, christianized Oriental, if such an one can be found. Anyway the Book deals with the most profound spiritualities, and the superficial, dogmatic, materialistic Christianity which is today the dominating spirit in the Churches cannot truly interpret these majestic inspirational writings.

Now, what are the real facts as to the next life? Let me tell you. Upon emerging from

the death-unconsciousness you at once realize that after all you are not dead, but are still just what you were before so-called death took possession of you. Your personality, your real ego, is just what it was before you died. You have only shed your body. That is all. No miracle takes place. Your individuality, with all its idiosyncrasies, is just what it was before you left the body. There has been and will be no sudden transformation of a sinner into a saint, no sudden exchange of a cross for a crown, no sudden jump from the squalor and sinfulness of earth into the glories of an imaginary Heaven, but just a quiet dropping off of the body with all its debasing entanglements and enslavements, leaving you, your real self, all that goes to make up your actual personality, just as it was when you left earth. The transformation and the glories and the crown will come in due course, but only when you have attained unto them by God's orderly and wise way of gradual unfoldment and development. There will be no Heaven and no Hell, and yet there will be both, and this, too, for all.

You must understand that I am here dealing with and describing the immediate and primary locale, conditionment and experiences of entrants into the spirit life. Their after progress is dependent upon how they allow their first and earlier experiences to benefit and purify them. It is emphatically a case of sowing and reaping there, even as it is with you. The nature of their sowing in their earlier spirit life will determine their later reaping, and this, mark you, will be a never-ending corollary to their spirit-existence.

Well then, to resume, upon emerging from the process of death into the larger life, man stands spiritually naked, divested of all save his character, and any garments of genuine righteousness which he may be entitled to. He stands there to reap what he has sown in the flesh, and the harvest will be his Heaven or his Hell. And here mark that Heaven or Hell is not made by exterior circumstances or environment. It is an inner condition. Two souls may be actually together and one may be in Heaven, metaphorically speaking and the other in Hell. The former uplifted and enraptured by the blessed consciousness of many a cup of cold water given, and the other agonizing in the recollection of a life of callous selfishness. Oh! there is no Hell equal in fiery burnings to the remorse of the ingrained selfish.

Ah! yes! memory will make Heaven or Hell for you. Blessed or cursed memory! But your experiences will vary and fluctuate as they do on earth. Now you may be on the serene mountain tops, and presently cast down into the lower depths. You will experience both pain and pleasure, remorse and rapture. It will be a dual experience, neither all sorrow nor all joy, but something of both. Here is a man who on earth was vicious and debauched, but in his better moments he performed many a kindly act of goodness, and now, whilst the flames of an uncontrollable lust and drink craving at times consume him, at others he is blessed and uplifted by the recollection of many a kindly and gracious act. And there is a God-fearing, conscientious, unselfish, sincere, devout minister of Christ's gospel, whose life was blameless and full of good deeds, but who preached a gospel with limitations, and whose creed was rigid, unlovely and a false presentation of the good God, and so, whilst this good man enjoys a heavenly peace in the remembrance of his unselfish Christ-like life, he is filled at times with a poignant sorrow and agony of remorse that he should have so distorted and misrepresented the good and all-loving God. And so this recollection is to him a Hell at times, for he now realizes it was his wilful blindness and persistent shutting out of his mind of the larger light that so enthralled and fettered him to his unlovely creed.

And so you perceive you will each make your own Heaven and Hell. There is nowhere in God's universe any act or sacrificial atonement that will relieve you of the consequences of your own actions. As ye sow, says the Master, so must ye reap. And spiritual sowing and reaping possess this peculiarity—they are concurrent. At the present, whilst you are now reaping the result of the past, you are also actually sowing for a future harvest. Sowing and reaping are perpetually in operation side by side. And then think of this, so much of your present sowing is the result of past sowing. The character of your further sowing today, as well as your reaping, is largely the result of your past.

Well, friends, there is an experience—a solemn experience awaiting you, one that is impossible to evade and all must face it. Sooner or later the summons will come and earth must be exchanged for—what? Is it to be Heaven or Hell for you? Are you laying up for yourselves spiritual treasures, so that you may not be bankrupt upon entrance into Immortality? Will your spiritual nakedness be covered by the garments of righteousness? What is the nature of your present sowing? Solemnly I ask my friends, in God's blessed name, What is the harvest to be? Oh! what will be your harvesting when time for you is no more and the gates of Eternity are wide open before you, when you have finished with the haubles of earth and sense and the blessed spirit-life with all its transcendent possibilities and fruitfulness looms largely before you, then when you stand at the portals of that Vast Forever, for you, what will the harvest be?

In Appreciation of William Tebb.

Alexander Wilder.

I would hesitate to find fault with a small mistake, which perhaps is my own fault, except that it affords also an opportunity to render honor where honor is due. In the last paragraph of my communication, in the issue of April 16th, I found the "superhuman ken" of William Crookes changed to a "pen." In handling which the worthy savant exhibits no extraordinary talent. But what constitutes my real place of resistance was the classifying of William Tebb with "philosophists." I had meant to place him on a high pedestal as a philanthropist. He has won that distinction beyond any man of our time whose name I can recall. If we have a man of whom the world is not worthy, William Tebb is that man.

His career has been characterized by modesty, yet his active beneficence has exceeded our power ever to guess. He possesses what we consider wealth, but he dispenses it like one having it in trust rather than as a proprietor. He acquired it by his industry and business sagacity—not oppressing others in its acquisition. Several years of his life were spent in America in active pursuits. He was employed in the office of "The Evening Post," two blocks away from his place of business, yet never met him. His affinity in those days for reformers appears to have been decided; he knew Garrison, Phillips, and Whitier; and he chose for his wife an American lady of Massachusetts, of the spiritual coterie of Adin Ballou. Which of the two was the wiser in choosing a conjugal mate I have never been able to ascertain. When I see one of them, my vote is given to the other.

Long years ago their attention was called to the evils as well as the folly and absolute uselessness of vaccination. They resolved

that their daughter should be exempted from the contaminating operation. He was prosecuted again and again, always paying his fine, and so ransoming his child from the vile pollution. There has been a parallel this recently in Boston, but then Boston has become a hub of scientific barbarisms. Mr. Tebb's persecutions were persecutions; he was told that he had money to pay, and the suits would be kept up because it was remunerative. There were many thousands of pounds invested in the vaccination business, and there was much professional emolument at stake. Who was he, an individual of no special note, that he should array himself against all these?

Mr. Tebb did so array himself. He devoted a fortune to the rescue of his unfortunate countrymen. Anti-Vaccination Leagues were established in London and elsewhere in England, and able men on the European continent participated in the new crusade. Congresses were held and lecturers employed; Mr. Tebb bearing a liberal share of the expense. Men like Herbert Spencer, Francis W. Newman, Benjamin W. Richardson, J. J. Garth Wilkinson, gave their testimony. Periodicals were published, articles inserted here and there in public journals, a splendid and most valuable literature compiled and a public sentiment created in England. Parliament finally passed a law that where parents had conscientious scruples, their children might be excused from being vaccinated. The question is now to come again before Parliament, but it is not anticipated that the old compulsion will be restored. I can name a score and more of men who have done gloriously in this conflict of health and purity of body, but I would honor William Tebb as their oracle and apostle.

When the Pythian dame (Acts XVI) brought her masters much gain by her sooth saying, the Apostle Paul dared to cast out the spirit which obsessed her. At once her masters, "seeing that the hope of their gains was gone," hated him to prison on a trumped-up charge. But, all the same, they did not win. Nor, do I believe, our modern seekers for unhalloved gain by vaccination will hold their power.

Mr. Tebb does not content himself with well-doing in a single field. As he opposed slave holding in America, and vaccination in England and elsewhere, including America, in his purview, now he turns his attention to the terrible risk of premature burial. Now and then we read of unfortunate persons in the death-like swoon hurried to the grave, there to awake in a coffin, and end their life in a fearful horror. For such things do occur, and through legislators and others suppress knowledge of the facts, and resist efforts to assure against repetition, they are liabilities which threaten us individually. Mr. Tebb is engaged in the preparing of a book setting forth this matter, and hopes to arouse public attention to remedies.

Instant in season as well as out of season, I earnestly desire that his life will last and his health be sufficiently strong to enable him to see these grand endeavors successful.

Newark, N. J.

Is Spiritualism a Science?

Mime Innes.

This is purely an academic question. As the first step to clearness, let us agree on our definitions. We must know what we are talking about, exactly what we mean, when we use the term "Spiritualism," and exactly what we mean by "a science."

Spiritualism, as a psychological term, means the reverse of Materialism; but if it be used in this sense, we need go no farther in the discussion; for we would all agree that Materialism is not a Science and therefore it will need no argument to show that its reverse is not a Science. Spiritualism may be defined as that belief (and probably it should include the practices, religious and otherwise, which grow out of the belief) that spirits, or the immaterial part, of men, do exist as individuals after the death of the body in such a form or state that they can and do communicate in various ways with those living, still in the body, on this earth.

A Science should be distinguished from the abstract word Science. In its simplest meaning, it would mean, from its derivation from the Latin *Scio*, purely knowledge. In this sense all knowledge is science, whether good or bad, false or true. Suppose we use the word "a Science" in the sense that mathematics is a science; that medicine is a science; that theology, zoology, physics, are sciences. We hear, too, of the science of poetry, the science of life, the science of religion, of war, etc. Some of these clearly are, like mathematics, exact sciences; others, it is equally clear, while none the less sciences, are like theology, medicine, metaphysics, not at all exact sciences. Exactness is therefore not a prerequisite of a science.

The science of anything is that body of knowledge, that portion of all knowledge, which pertains to that particular theory. The science of Spiritualism would therefore be that entire body of knowledge, false and true, good, bad and indifferent, historical, speculative, already acquired, or to be hereafter developed, which pertains in any way to belief, and its concomitant practices, already defined as Spiritualism.

But we have not yet begun to answer the question, "Is Spiritualism a Science?" A science is that part of knowledge which pertains to or includes all that is or may be known of some particular division or branch of human investigation. An art is the practice of a science. The study of the human soul, including in that term mind and spirit and all the immaterial man, in its relations to God and the created universe is known as Psychology. This might be also called the Science of the soul.

I should include in this term, in this science of the soul, not only Spiritualism, but also those other studies of mind and spirit which ramify from the central idea; the study of the Child mind, Metaphysics, Hypnotism, Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Telepathy and others which will occur to you.

This would then logically make Spiritualism not in itself a complete science but a part of a larger scientific whole, the science of the soul. But there is something more to be said before the question is dropped. Spiritualism, if all we claim for it is taken as true, has as its result a modification, a simplification and purification of the prevailing ideas of religion, which makes it, in addition to its scientific side, a religion in itself.

Its scientific side is a clear, clean demonstration, and a demonstration almost mathematical in its accuracy and exactness, of the fact of individual immortality. There does not exist today, outside of Spiritualism, any proof of immortality. There is an immense mass of evidence. There is no other proof. There is a large amount of argument and poetry, all more or less beautiful, but all as vague as it is beautiful. But of demonstration scientifically accurate and convincing, there is none except Spiritualism. Immortality stands firmly established only when the light of Spiritualism shows the rock ribbed character of its foundation. With it we are absolutely convinced; without it, we are like the wretched fabric of a dream. Certainly to this extent, Spiritualism can claim to be a science, a knowledge, and no living man can prevent it from having its claim allowed.

As one of old spoke, so can Spiritualism now speak, amid the tumults and fogs, the storms and wrecks, which characterize the teaching of the Christian ages.

"Upon this rock will I found my church."

When the Fox sisters were startled by the mysterious sounds pervading their humble dwelling, they were listening to the knocks which demanded entrance to the mind of men of the first and, up to the present moment, the only proof that "Though a man die, yet shall he live." Plato had reasoned it, in Greek whose purity is still a study of beauty of style; Christ had told it with the simplicity of assurance which marks every true religious teacher. Poetry had sung it in myriad forms. Music and painting had taught it, striving to convince the reason by stimulating the imagination; but it remained to prove it. This task Spiritualism undertook and, in spite of those who cloak their fraud in her sacred robes and in the teeth of a combined opposition unequalled in the history of any other scientific proposition, successfully accomplished the task.

Two Singular Experiences.

Alice Rollins.

I wish to relate two instances of the presence of those who have gone before that I have personally experienced.

A little child was very ill near where I lived. The mother needed rest, she was worn out with watching and with work, for she was a poor woman.

I volunteered to sit up with the little one till twelve o'clock. When I went over to the house where they lived, the babe, a beautiful boy of two years, was apparently asleep, and no particular care was needed, except the watching.

For a time I occupied myself with noting the child's posture and the environments—the old grandfather's clock in the corner, the little table near, filled with bottles, and from which hung a white cloth. The chairs also claimed my attention. They were very plain, more like kitchen chairs, but the room claimed to be a sitting room. Of the child I thought little, except a feeling of admiration for his beauty, and I was glad he was sleeping. Never in my life had I heard anything about Spiritualism, and I was exceptionally courageous.

Suddenly as I sat there—I remember it as if it were but yesterday—something misty and cloudy seemed to hover over the top of the cradle. I gazed at it with a fascinated glance. I was not asleep, was not at all drowsy, but instead every faculty was wide awake.

The mist, as it appeared, gathered together till presently it formed a most exquisite hand, white as the whitest snow, and luminous with a peculiarly brilliant light. The hand moved forward gently and I had an opportunity to look at it critically. Gradually a shining white ruff seemed to evolve from the mist and gather over the wrist.

I did not care to move for though so small it was the most beautiful hand and wrist that I have ever seen. After a moment it moved, and lifting a finger, pointed to the babe underneath, who seemed peacefully sleeping.

It must have been then that the soul departed, for the child never waked from that quiet sleep.

Shall I ever forget it? It has remained with me all my life and whenever I see what is beautiful it never seems quite as beautiful, quite as perfect as that.

When I told my people, they said I dreamed it. I did not dream it, I saw it, and I have always thanked God that I was vouchsafed so exquisite an experience. It has been like a guiding star to me; that little hand gave me the assurance of the Divine in nature.

Another incident happened in the family where I am at present staying. The grandmother of the family died. She was a Quaker and in every respect angelic, both in character and appearance. I never saw a lovelier face than hers under the plain cap or the gray Quaker bonnet, never a sweeter smile. She was the idol of home and sorely missed, especially by her two little granddaughters, one seven, the other nine. There had been no black at the funeral—the windows had not been darkened—and the children had no fear of death. Flowers abounded and the Friends' ceremony was a cheerful one.

A few days afterward little Mary was seated at the piano practicing her lesson when, as her mother came downstairs, the child ran to the door of the music room, a strange look on her face.

"Mary, why is thee not practicing?" her mother asked.

"Because grandmother was there," said Mary.

"What does thee mean?" was the next question.

"Why, grandma sat on the sofa listening, and when I looked round she smiled and said something, I don't know what."

"Is thee sure?" her mother asked.

"Don't I know grandma?" the child asked, with quivering lips.

"Of course thee does, and did it frighten thee to see grandma back?"

The child shook her head. "But why couldn't she stay? She went all at once, and I came out." Then the child fell into her mother's arms weeping, but it was for her loss, not for the vision, which she cherished till the day she, too, went over the river.

These two instances and many more the writer can vouch for.

Baltimore, Md.

Soul Requirements.

Arthur F. Milton.

Man enters mortal life with one primal conscious principle active, this being sensation or feeling, and in harmony with all life in its infancy as well as life in its primitive state—such as never rises above the purely sensuous and remains conscious of the external or material only. But as the babe unfolds it manifests emotion or impulse in addition to the sensuous—consistent with the ascending scale of animal life.

The first emotions or impulses of animal life are fear, anger, combativeness—internal consciousness. Those of man are the same, only taking a higher range as self-preservation, irritability, resentment, with conscious sympathy or affection guiding or directing—made conscious by man's natural intelligence or awakened state of existence.

Now, emotion in its highest or purest manifestation is love—whether it be regarded as sensation or feeling spiritualized, or the soul (the central life) outwardly expressed. At all events, the tendency is to convert man, the materially born being into a spiritual one. Religion, morality, higher education and self-study all point in that direction, even without revelation or the proofs conveyed to him of a life beyond the material.

The latter, however, should be sufficient to remove the scales of materiality from the eyes of the lowest of reasoners, and it does as soon as it suggests itself to the reasoner: "What good is such knowledge?"

This question implies a desire to know more than what is seen on the surface—it

being the soul questioning and a natural one, for it points a way out of its materiality—love seeking companionship. But as mere dying does not constitute its aim, it is in order to find out what does.

The fear of death is the soul's intuitive sense to retard this event until prepared or ripened for its transition, and self-preservation thus becomes, if not the first, at least an important, law of nature. But law implies something non-material, therefore spiritual. And whatever is spiritual must not be dwarfed by materiality. It retards soul growth, and the end is not achieved by death, however long life may be prolonged in the body.

Self-preservation is spiritual—a higher emotion, intended for protection—not to be converted into acquisitiveness or the accumulation of wealth exclusively. Such is its perversion; and whether we term it selfishness or avarice, is synonymous. Even to crown it with respectability, and dub it genius, does not change its effect on the soul nature of man. It still holds sway as a material incubus over the will of the immortal part of the possessor.

Every man is entitled to a living; and there is enough for all to be made comfortable. But when one wants a hundred times more than he needs, there will be ninety-nine others suffering deprivations.

Avarice is not love. It is pure sensuousness—external consciousness, which knows not or cares not for its internal requirements, and is equally blind to the wants of others.

Such souls are like animal souls—never rise beyond material consciousness. They are infants in spirit, and dwarfed in soul comparatively to their lack of consideration for others. Having lived for self only, or on the exterior of existence, they must inherit its equivalent at transition. The soul that does not come out of its shell of materiality must, in this event, find its material consciousness intact; and the latter must imply darkness in spirit, if effects take after their causes.

Sensation or feeling to such spirits must then also be synonymous to what it was in the body of matter. Not having been spiritualized, it undoubtedly remains acutely conscious to material wants—perhaps without gratification—and naturally subjected to atmospheric disturbances, heat, cold and other unpleasant sensations against which it may not be able to protect itself.

There certainly could not be a greater hell than being deprived of wants or needs still craving indulgence; and if we "reap as we sow" in this respect, every one of us can prophesy for himself what is to come, in that each of us knows best what we have been doing—whether we have been living for the material only, for self only, for the world only. Faith could no more change our spirit body than it could our physical; and on the nature of the former depends our salvation, so-called—i. e., our future misery or happiness.

Man enters life with sensation or feeling only, but he must go out of it with that sensation spiritualized into love. Actions must do it, and these must be based on sympathy, charity and benevolence—temperance in all things and justice to all humanity.

The Reviewer.

Planetary Exploration.

Journeys to the Planet Mars, or Our Mission to Eto (Mars), a narrative illustrated with thirteen original drawings by the authoress. By Sara Weiss. The Bradford Press, 45 Broadway, New York City. 548 pages. Price \$1.50. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company.

The developments of the possibility of the trans-corporal action of our spirits, while we are embodied in the flesh, have received numerous illustrations during the past century. Clairvoyance has been manifested in many and notable instances, two of which will occur readily to the minds of Spiritualists at large; namely, that of Andrew Jackson Davis, and Hudson Tuttle, each of whom have been able to penetrate the veil which hangs between this world and the world beyond.

Going back into still more remote times, the renowned Emanuel Swedenborg will, of course, stand conspicuously out as one of the most notable clairvoyants of whom we have reliable records. These three were something more than mere clairvoyants, for they were spiritually intromitted into the other kingdom and personally met and moved with its inhabitants. Not only has this possibility of intromission into the spiritual state been experienced, but many other mediumistic persons have claimed to visit the planets in space, and a priori, there is no reason why the latter fact should not be as readily admitted as the former. Spiritualists of all people in the world, are the last to use the word impossible, for they have been the witnesses of so many marvels of the power of the human spirit while in the flesh, and after its disembodiment, that they are reluctant to draw the line at any particular point.

In the light of the foregoing, the reader is asked to take the book described at the head of this note as a serious production in which is recorded the experiences of a remarkable seer who has spiritually, personally, visited our nearest planetary neighbor. The book before us, containing over 500 pages, is devoted to an absorbingly interesting description of journeys to, acquaintance with, and investigation of the customs, manners, and circumstances pertaining to the life on the planet Mars. The lady just lately departed to the spirit side of life is a highly educated woman whose personality is modestly kept in the background, but whose abilities were evidently quite above the ordinary.

She meets many persons on the planet, describes its scenery in a captivatingly graphic fashion, speaks of the people she met as one would speak of scenes made familiar by personal observation, and describes the home and family life prevailing in a most interesting fashion. Whatever way one looks at this remarkable book, whether considered by the reader as a romance, or a product of the imagination, or, as it is claimed, and claimed, we think, with reason, that it is a record of actual experiences, it will prove a fascinating volume from the first page to the last.

The inhabitants do not call their world as we do, by the name of Mars, but use the word "Eto," as the one by which they designate their globe. The book opens with an explanatory note, being a sort of orthographic glossary of the "Eto" or Marsian language as explaining various words that occur in the course of the text. The pages are illustrated by quite a number of drawings of flowers indigenous to our planetary neighbor, which flowers are most graceful in appearance, and, from the hues and tints described as being associated with them, must be simply beautiful to look upon. An excellent glossary of Marsian terms is appended at the end of the book; and is not the least remarkable part of a very notable psychic production.

The lady was a well-known citizen of St. Louis, highly respected by a wide circle of persons, and a friend of friends, and is therefore one of whom the tongue of good report has spoken most favorably. To

all those interested in such matters as this charming book deals with, we can commend no more readable volume than the one under notice. It is a matter of regret that pressure upon our space will not permit us to present a few extracts from the consideration of our readers. Possibly we may be able to do so at a later date.—P.

Everything in "Every Where"

Will Carleton's Magazine, Every Where, for April, lives up to its name, in discussing many subjects of interest, that have their setting in many times and places. The editor has a long poem on the "Death of Bellarius," the great Roman general, which, together with notes explanatory of the times, throws a charming light upon a bit of Roman history. Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, who has so long been a regular contributor to this periodical, has some very happy verses on timely subjects; a new continued story, "A Midnight Ride," by Arthur Paterson, is begun; there is an Easter Carol—words and music—the latter by Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp; and the various departments and miscellaneous pages are full of just such short, crisp articles as people like to read. Price, fifty cents a year; Every Where Pub. Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Spiritualism in New Zealand.

Stepping like a mighty giant up through the deep ocean, defying time, custom and old traditions, New Zealand appears, a land with decided individuality, for nowhere else on the face of the earth has nature so lavishly distributed her ever changing, ever beautiful assortment of scenery with rugged mountains and yawning fiords, hot and cold lakes, pastoral quiet side by side with mighty volcanic eruptions, telling of days when the bosom of old mother earth is torn with violent emotions, rending her mountains and turning everything upside down and inside out. In the heart of the North Island is Waimunga, the largest active volcano in the world, while for miles around the earth sizzles, bubbles and spits steam in spots.

Spiritualism started in New Zealand about twenty-four years ago spontaneously, when this new ism dawned upon a few who started circles to test its truth, meeting everywhere with the same result, developing mediumship on the physical or inspirational plane.

Perhaps the greater difficulties were to overcome in Dunedin composed almost altogether of Scotch Presbyterians, rigid in belief and unyielding in the tenacious hold the mother church has upon its predestinated elect. The Spiritualistic Society here has been organized for seventeen years and for the past eleven years Mr. G. D. Gibbs, its President, has been one of its most active workers. It would require a man of his tenacity in order to have the society prosper amid such uncongenial surroundings. I found much harmony and spirituality among its members and held a delightful meeting in Victoria Hall, decorated with the American and Australian flags and singing the songs of both countries.

Christchurch is one of the largest cities of the island where Mental and Christian Science seems to have absorbed the attention of the majority of the higher thought people.

Wellington, the capital of New Zealand, has a fine, prosperous society, the only one which owns its own building, New Century Hall, with ample seating capacity and a smaller room suitable for socials, with kitchen adjoining, all fully furnished, including a circulating library containing a fine variety of spiritualistic books. The society was founded twenty-two years ago by Hon. William McLean, formerly a Scotch Presbyterian and Isaac Plimmer, who with a few other inquiring souls began holding private circles, starting in a small room on Ghuznee Street, and the members used to sneak in and out like thieves. The object of their meeting soon leaked out and they were requested to move. They shifted about from pillar to post for five years when they felt sufficiently encouraged to rent a small hall where they held Sunday meetings. Mr. McLean was elected leader and he has attended regularly through all these years. A medium who was developed as a trance speaker in their circle, Mr. Wright, a brick layer, delivered the lectures. Many people were instructed at these meetings, asking questions which were answered by Mr. Wright's guides. Mr. Bellmore was another member who was developed. When in normal condition he stuttered, but when controlled spoke in a clear voice without any impediment whatever. Peculiar phenomena was developed through Mr. Flynn, another member of this interesting circle. He is an undertaker and when attending funerals in the course of his business would often see the spirit of the departed walking beside the hearse and trampling the sod on his own coffin seemingly glad to get rid of the body. He was at times controlled by a clown and would turn somersaults over the chairs from one end of the hall to the other. Matter would be passed through matter and when lying on a sofa entranced, his boots would often be pulled off by invisible hands and thrown across the room. Oranges would be brought from a sealed cupboard in an adjoining room, placed before the sitters and again returned. Spirit fingers would operate a Morse telegraphic key through a locked box, intelligent to anyone understanding the code and Mr. Black, the government electrician, testified to the intelligence and correctness of the messages.

Four years ago the society built a hall on a corner lot 36 by 75. Six members guaranteed the payment of four thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars within seven years. Members subscribed twenty-eight cents per month, guaranteeing to pay it for six months. From this fund the interest on the mortgage was raised and by renting the hall for socials, dances, etc., and through subscriptions a part of the principal is paid off each year.

The name of the society is the Victorian Association of Spiritualists. Registered by act of parliament, Pres. Hon. Wm. McLean, Secy. Mr. C. A. Whitney and Treas. T. Volkman. (Our correspondent is in error, the name is the Wellington Association of Spiritualists, "Registered." Ed.) They have about 150 members and hold meetings every Sunday, with lectures on Wednesday evening, when ministers of other denominations are invited to lecture from their platform. They find that since owning their own hall they secure a much more intelligent class than before. They have a splendid piano, also an organ, and on the platform the same table the original members sat by in the early circles 22 years ago. The Lyceum meets here every Sunday with between thirty and forty children. Mr. A. Miller the lecturer. I had the pleasure of delivering three lectures before this society and was agreeably

surprised when at the close of the last lecture I was presented with a loving testimonial signed by the officers and a number of members and given a gold mounted green stone brooch, which had the words "Kia Ora," meaning good luck, engraved on the same.

While in Wellington I attended a reception given in the same hall by the Women's Political Equality League to celebrate the home coming of Mrs. MacDonald, the Susan B. Anthony of New Zealand. Hon. Mr. McDonald is one of the orators of the New Zealand House of Parliament. Among the distinguished speakers were Right Hon. Richard John Seddon, Prime Minister, Colonial Treasurer and Minister of Labor and of Education. Hon. Sir Joseph George Ward, Postmaster General and one of the Cabinet Ministers for Railways, Industries and Commerce; Colonial Secretary, etc., etc. These two gentlemen hold the highest offices in the gift of the people. Lady Ward was also present and I found her very charming and entertaining. I was invited to voice the sentiment of Americans on the Suffrage question and the audience decidedly hoped that the American men would follow the example of the New Zealanders and give the ballot to women. I had also the pleasure of meeting the Hon. C. H. Mills another Cabinet Minister, Commissioner of Trade and Customs, who expressed himself as very much interested in America, hoping to see our country some day.

Spiritualism in Auckland started about twenty years ago in small home circles. About eight years ago Mrs. T. Harris came here and organized the "Society for Spiritual Progress." This society has grown and become very prosperous and efficient. Pres. John Graham, Secy. Mrs. J. Nichols, Treas. Mr. Albert Hardy. They also have a fine Lyceum and Mrs. Harris is Pastor, also leader of the Lyceum. She is one of the most spiritual mediums it has ever been my pleasure to meet and for years her spirit guides have sent her from city to city as a missionary, scattering the truth and building up societies. She seems to communicate her beautiful spirit to the members and when I lectured before them in Odd Fellows' Hall on Wednesday evening, March 16th, there was a delightful feeling pervading the audience. Everyone was on the qui vive anxious to show me how welcome I was and how glad they were to hear me. At the close of the lecture the members and friends adjourned to another room, where refreshments were served and I was made the happy recipient of a very handsome silver mounted green stone paper knife suitably engraved. The following day a carriage drive was arranged to visit the historic places around Auckland. The next day the Ventura arrived from Sydney, leaving the same afternoon for San Francisco, and surrounded by friends and flowers and with numerous mementos and friendship's offerings my heart was full of gratitude for all the beauty, brightness and valuable experiences my visit to the Colonies had brought and the large number of new fellowships it added to my life. As soon as the boat started I pinned a little American flag sent me by the State President of the Illinois Women's Gospel Temperance Union up in my cabin and I was "at home" in state-room number two, each heavy stroke of the engine and each powerful heat and mighty heaving of the vessel singing into my ear, home, home, home.

San Francisco, Cal.

Laura G. Fiken.

From Las Vegas, N. M.

Geo. H. Hutcheson.

A RAY OF LIGHT FROM NEW MEXICO, ONE OF THE OLDEST CENTRES OF CATHOLICISM.

The liberal thinking people of our beautiful Las Vegas, N. M., celebrated the 56th Anniversary of modern Spiritualism at the parlors of the New Optic Hotel, which were filled to overflowing, more being obliged to go away than gained admittance.

The speaker was Mrs. Alla Thurman, who is well known in more eastern centres as Alla McHenry. She is a fine inspirational speaker, and gives the Colorado and New Mexico mountains credit for her highly developed condition. She spoke an hour and a half from subjects suggested by the audience.

1st. Shall we know each other on the other side?

2d. Do our friends come back to us, and see what we are doing?

3d. Define what Spiritualism is and what benefit do we derive from its teachings?

The audience was astonished at the remarks drawn from the combined subjects. After the lecture many received messages from their departed friends, which were recognized.

Mrs. Thurman came as an angel in disguise to our city three months ago. Her demonstrations have been a blessing to the community. Our sister has the happy faculty of not antagonizing other creeds and faiths, claiming that each has had its mission in the developments and unfolding of nature, manifesting on different planes. Mrs. Thurman has made many converts here around the Spanish element. In her opinion New Mexico is becoming a Bethlehem of the west on account of those harmonious climatic conditions that are so necessary to spiritual development.

From now on we hope to have other lecturers follow in her steps, and we trust that some one will be attracted here and locate and organize a society, as we have ten thousand inhabitants and about fifty to seventy thousand visitors a year, as we have the famous Hot Springs of the west, and which makes Las Vegas an all the year round resort. There are many advantages to be gained here by health as well as pleasure seekers.

The Las Vegas people will gladly welcome any true medium who can teach the philosophy of Spiritualism. We have plenty of believers here but no leader.

Fraternally I am yours for truth.

Optic Hotel, Las Vegas, N. M.

New York City.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The 56th Anniversary of modern Spiritualism was celebrated by the Spiritual and Ethical Society, of New York, on Sunday morning and evening, April 10th. The beautiful hall of the Builders' League, 74 West 126th Street, was profusely decorated with the choicest flowers, placed there in loving memory of spirit friends. Our president, Miss Belle V. Cushman, Mr. Chas. J. Rose (our vice president), Mr. John Templeton, and Mrs. Brigham, gave brief addresses. The music by Mrs. J. H. Tuttle, Miss Lunschloss, Mr. Lamont, Mr. Kettner, Mr. Stegman, Mr. N. L. Brigham and Mrs. McCarthy, gave great pleasure. Miss Cafferty, of Brooklyn, gave several recitations which were enthusiastically received. Miss Margaret Gaule, at the close of our morning meeting, gave an exhibition of her wonderful power in the most convincing manner. I am glad to say our audiences and membership are increasing and a more general interest is manifested in our work.

On the evening of the 26th inst. Mr. D. N. Edgcomb gave "A Talk on Astronomy" in the parlors of Miss Gaule, 237 West 113th Street, for the benefit of our society, at which time we had some beautiful music.—H.

Progress at Pittsburg, Pa.

After much wandering I find myself with the good friends of Pittsburg. The Anniversary season is just past and another milestone set on the road of progress, and more faces are now absent from the ranks of our workers, the latest to leave being Brother J. Frank Baxter. While we know he has gained much yet it makes us sad to see the old and tried leaving us.

There have been some changes here in the location of the society that I can scarcely believe I am again in the city of iron and steel! The society having bought a very pretty church in a good locality of the city, is now nicely situated, and industriously at work paying for it, which is nearly done.

We celebrated on the 31st by having double exercises. The Ladies' Aid held a Fair in the afternoon and served a splendid supper from 6 to 8 p. m. The room and booths were beautifully decorated, yellow and white predominating, yet the delicate tints of green, speaking of spring, the purples suggesting the violets, pink telling its story of coming roses, were all in evidence. The supper room was a perfect haze of pink. The decorating was under the management of Miss Ahl, and was a great credit to her and the society. Mrs. Ahl, president, and Mrs. Matthews, vice president, had the booths in charge, and the supper room was under the care of willing workers.

At 8 p. m. all were invited upstairs to partake in the regular exercises of the occasion. There was special music under the management of Thomas Evans. Mr. Barnell and others taking part. Then followed a short address by the writer on the history of Spiritualism.

At the close of the exercises all repaired to the rooms below again, where ice cream and cake were served, and a very enjoyable time ensued. It was with reluctance we at last said goodnight.

Sunday, April 3d, was the election of officers for the ensuing year, and we are happy to announce the old corps were re-elected, which speaks well for the work already done and what they hope to do.

While, too, we have been having an extra course of lectures on popular subjects that has proven a great success. It has drawn the attention of many people to us and many therefore have visited the church for the first time. And it has given us prestige with the progress of the day. We feel from our experience it would be well for all Spiritualists and societies to more fully enter into these lines. Mr. Stubbs has had these special lectures under management, and shown great ability in this direction.

Wishing the dear old "Banner," and its workers, all success, I must now say goodbye to my friends in Harlow.

Pittsburg, Pa.

Letters from Our Readers.

The editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.

Indian Practices. A Question.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The following is from a history of New England Indians, written between 1629-1634. It is of special interest and value to Spiritualists and Hypnotists.

"Of their worship, invocations, and conjurations."

"Now of their worship: As it is natural to all mortals to worship something, so do these people; but to exactly describe to whom their worship is bent, is very difficult; they acknowledge especially, two: Ketan, who is their good God, to whom they sacrifice (as the ancient heathen did to Ceres), after their gamblers be full of a good crop. Upon this God, likewise, they invoke for fair weather, for rain in time of drought, and for the recovery of their sick; but if they do not hear them, then they verify the old verse, 'Placetis si nequea superos.'"

"Acharonta moneloa." Their powwows betaking themselves to their exorcisms and necromantic charms, by which they bring to pass strange things. Passacannanna, that he can make the water burn, the rocks move, the trees dance, metamorphize himself into a flaming man. But it may be objected, this is but a deception of sight. He will therefore do more, for in winter, when there are no green leaves to be got, he will burn an old one to ashes, and putting those into the water produce a new green leaf which you shall see. Mirde, a conjuring, and he will carry away; and make of a dead snakekin a living snake, both to be seen, felt and heard; this I write upon the report of the Indians, who affirm stranger things. Their charms are of force to produce wonderment.

"They acknowledge the power of the Englishman's God, as they call him, because they could never yet have power by their conjurations to dampen the English either in body or goods; and besides, they say he is a good God that sends them so many things, so much good corn, so many cattle, temperate rains, for since the arrival of the English, the times and seasons being much altered in seven or eight years, freer from lightning and thunder, long droughts, sudden and tempestuous dashes of rain, and lamentable cold winters."

This is of special value to all interested in the study of science of mind.—Aurif F. Hill.

P. S.—Do you know of any attempt on the part of any Spiritualists to have any State laws especially for spirit mediums and Spiritualist meetings? A report was made in Boston that the N. S. A., or the Massachusetts State Association, were trying to have special laws made or enforced.—Aurif F. Hill.

[Nothing is known at this office regarding the matter. Perhaps the N. S. A. and M. S. A. officers can enlighten our correspondent?—Ed. B. of L.]

Lyceum Work.

Editor and Readers of the Banner of Light:

Thinking that possibly some notes regarding the Lyceum cause will be of interest I beg a little space to let you know that we now have twenty-five active Lyceums affiliating with The Progressive Lyceum, which as a lesson sheet is issued from the Home Office, Spiritualist Temple, Galveston, Texas, each week, and bears its message of helpfulness to the hundreds who rejoice in the freedom of truth.

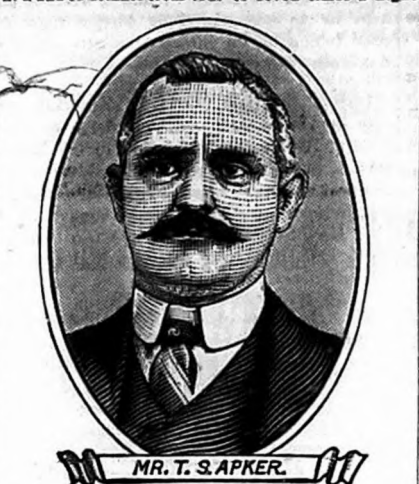
These Lyceums are distributed through the United States and Canada from Maine to California, to Washington, and from Wisconsin to Texas. The lesson matter is furnished principally by Alonzo Danforth, a long devoted Lyceum worker; and Mrs. Eleanor K. Eager, of New London, Conn., furnishes many interesting and helpful stories. We do all we can to encourage the members of the various Lyceums to furnish matter for the

Nature's Greatest Cure For Men and Women

Swamp-Root is the Most Perfect Healer and Natural Aid to the Kidneys, Liver and Bladder Ever Discovered.

Swamp-Root Saved My Life.

I received promptly the sample bottle of your great kidney remedy, Swamp-Root. I had an awful pain in my back, over the kidneys, and had to urinate from four to seven times a night



MR. T. S. APKER.

often with smarting and burning. Brick dust would settle in the urine. I lost twenty pounds in two weeks, and thought I would soon die. I took the first dose of your Swamp-Root in the evening at bed time, and was very much surprised; I had to urinate but once that night, and the second night I did not get up until morning. I have used three bottles of Swamp-Root, and today am as well as ever.

I am a farmer and am working every day, and weigh 100 pounds, the same that I weighed before I was taken sick.

Gratefully yours,
Geo. F. A. & I. U. 504.
April 9th, 1903. Marsh Hill, Pa.

There comes a time to both men and women when sickness and poor health bring anxiety and trouble hard to bear; disappointment seems to follow every effort of physicians in our behalf, and remedies we try have little or no effect. In many such cases serious mistakes are made in doctoring, and not knowing what the disease is or what makes us sick. Kind nature warns us by certain symptoms, which are unmistakable evidence of danger, such as too frequent desire to urinate, scanty supply, scalding irritation, pain or dull ache in the back—they tell us in silence that our kidneys need doctoring. If neglected now, the disease ad-

vances until the face looks pale or sallow, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, feet swell, and sometimes the heart acts badly.

There is comfort in knowing that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, fulfills every wish in quickly relieving such troubles. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. In taking this wonderful new discovery, Swamp-Root, you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that has ever been discovered.

Swamp-Root a Blessing to Women

My kidneys and bladder gave me great trouble for over two months and I suffered untold misery. I became weak, emaciated and very much run down.



Mrs. E. AUSTIN.

I had great difficulty in retaining my urine, and was obliged to pass a water very often night and day. After I had used a sample bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, which you so kindly sent me on my request, I experienced relief and I immediately bought of my druggist two large bottles and continued taking it regularly. I am pleased to say that Swamp-Root cured me entirely. I can now stand on my feet all day without any bad symptoms whatever. Swamp-Root has proved a blessing to me.

Gratefully yours,
Mrs. E. AUSTIN.
19 Nassau St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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

pages of The Progressive Lyceum believing that it will cultivate their inspirational power, and at the same time assist the work of the lesson sheet.

We find the "post office" very interesting; many of the little folks as well as adults write their thoughts of the Lyceum Cause and tell of the general work in this department.

Next time I shall endeavor to tell you more of the various Lyceums supporting The Progressive Lyceum, in fact believe I will take up each state and tell of them and their work for the cause of the little folks. I am always,

John W. Ring,
National Superintendent Lyceum Work,
N. S. A.,
Galveston, Texas.

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

De-Materialization.

Lida Briggs Browne.

According to "Truth," a newsy little paper published in San Francisco, Cal., a case of dematerialization occurred at the seance room of C. V. Miller, a well known materializing medium of that city.

It was at a special seance given for scientific investigation to a German baron and his wife who are traveling incognito in this country under the names of Prof. and Mrs. Reicher. Several others were present, among them C. L. Bair, 2251 Mission Street; Mrs. E. Sterrett, 821 Polk Street and Mr. Knabe, who vouch for the truth of the following statement.

During the seance the curtain of the cabinet was withdrawn showing Mr. Miller seated in his chair with his guide, "Aunt Betsy," standing beside him. The light was turned high enough for all present to see both him and the materialized spirit. She spoke to the audience and said they would try to dematerialize and take him to some room upstairs. The curtain was then drawn and after waiting a little over a minute the signal was given to search for him. The committee appointed found Mr. Miller in an upstairs room in a dead trance quivering in parts of his body from the unusual experience. The doors upstairs were locked and the keys in the hands of the committee before the effort of dematerialization began.

Many firm believers in Spiritualism do not have faith in materialization, but when they consider that the spiritual body consists of the same elements as a physical body, the difference being only in the rate of vibration, and that by a process of condensation and electro-plating the spirit body may become visible to us, it is simplified. By reversing this process a physical body may be dematerialized.

As proof of this note the manufacture of liquid air, the solidification of water into ice and vice versa. It is a matter of rates of vibration which cause both physical and psychic phenomena and will be better understood and more attention given to it in years to come.

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BY J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

With an Introduction by Mrs. J. M. Penhallow.

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its honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which ap-
pear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and
whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons
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We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover
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Our columns are open for the expression of im-
portant free thought, but we do not necessarily endorse all
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Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guaranty
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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1904.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT 4 O'CLOCK
FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

Served at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class
Matter.

The N. S. A. Declaration of Principles.

The following represents the principles
adopted by the 1899 national convention of
the Spiritualists of America, and reaffirmed
at the national convention held at Washing-
ton, D. C., October, 1903.

1. We believe in Infinite Intelligence.
2. We believe that the phenomena of na-
ture, physical and spiritual, are the expres-
sion of Infinite Intelligence.
3. We affirm that a correct understanding
of such expressions, and living in accordance
therewith, constitutes the true religion.
4. We affirm that the existence and per-
sonal identity of the individual continues
after the change called death.
5. We affirm that communication with the
so-called dead is a fact, scientifically proven
by the phenomena of Spiritualism.
6. We believe that the highest morality is
contained in the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever
ye would that others should do unto you, do
ye even so unto them."

Brevities.

Death.
Affection.
Sociability.

Three words which stand for much.

Death has stood for gloom, tears and sor-
row.

It has meant to many the Judgment of
God, and the result of an alleged primal
cause put on man by his Maker.

To the Spiritualist it is a natural event. It
exhibits as much of the Divine Wisdom as
does birth. Such people realize that it is only
bodies which die, souls live on beyond the
grave, the casket and the material life.

As life lives on, so does love. Life without
affection is an arid waste without refreshing
waters. Love is the craving of us all, whether
of money, place, power, animals or our fel-
lows, or the divine truths of being which
when made ours so beautifully adorn and
divinely bless our souls.

Sociability helps rub off the angles and
jagged points of our usual habits and exag-
gerated individualities. Its true basis is affini-
ty of spirit, community of interests, and
mutual willingness to help and serve in the
common ends before us—to make life as
pleasant as we can while passing through it.
There is a sociability with the dead as well
as the living.

Let us repay the sociability of the dead by
being truly sociable with them in return.
They come to our homes, let us take them in-
to our hearts. They return to our world, let
us reckon them with the living. They come
to us as our kith and kindred, let us welcome
them as such and cease the silly talk of "vi-
brations" and "influences" when speaking of
our friends and relatives who wish to be so-
ciable with us in our seances, circles, or in-
timate interviews in the seclusion of our private
life.

Sociability would be curiously expressed if
we all called each other My dear Vibration,
or my friend Influence! The spirits tell us
they are real personalities, actual men and
women, spiritual in their bodies and their
substance. Let us be sociable, then, and re-
ceive and speak of them as we do of our
friends who are still enclosed in material
bodies. Let us stand for a real visitor and
not a mere vibration, which is itself a word
expressive of a doubt as to who or what it is
visiting us.

Another thing. When we receive socially
do we pester our friends by asking them
when we shall marry or whom? Or exhibit
solicitude as to when we may procure a solu-
tion of marital continuity? Or enquire for
stock "tips" and the odd things which ignor-
ant servant maids press the wandering Roman
to disclose in return for the crossing her
palm with a piece of silver? Certainly not.
Why then plague our spirit friends in such
manner and cause them perhaps to say, as
you and I would say in like case on earth,
"If our social intercourse has no other im-
portance to you please stay away," and decent
minded spirit people must surely feel that
way many times when they socially call up-
on their earth friends. Think it over, it may
help us to see something loftier than fortune
telling in our intercourse with our visit-
ers from the other side.

During the past week the editorial sanc-
tum has been enlivened by calls from W. J.
Colville, looking well after his travels in Cal-
ifornia and Florida; Oscar A. Edgerly, now
temporarily East after seven years' absence,
who reports excellent work in Elmira, N. Y.,
and Hamilton, Toronto, his latest fields of
work; M. B. Little, of Glen Falls, N. Y.,
whose cheery presence was a ray of sunshine.

The Lookout Campmeeting Association
founded in 1884 has now terminated its exis-
tence and filed a bill declaring itself insol-
vent. The corporation is dissolved. It ap-
pears there has been no campmeeting since
1898 and no meeting of the stockholders since
September 12th, 1902. Efforts have been
made to dispose of the property at private
sale but without avail, hence the proceedings
above detailed.

Being anxious to make the "Banner" really
serviceable to the responsible officers of Spiritu-
alist organization we desire to compile an
accurate list of public meetings devoted to
Spiritualism and its work, with their places
and hours of assembly, and whether or not
they are chartered by their State Associa-
tions, or the N. S. A. We also invite the
secretaries of all campmeetings to send us
full particulars of their forthcoming season's
arrangements. By complying with these re-
quests our friends will serve themselves and
confer a favor upon this paper.

The Arena for April, issued under the new
proprietorship of Albert Brandt, the well-
known excellent publisher of Trenton, N. J.,
has reached us, and it is a source of genuine
pleasure to see the name of B. O. Flower
once more standing as the editor of this ster-
ling monthly. The magazine looks light and
cheerful in its new dressing, while the con-
tents show that the editor's hand has not lost
its cunning, for each article is a gem in its
class. We congratulate the publisher as
heartily as we do the editor, and feel sure
the Arena has a career before it in every way
greater and more successful than it has ever
enjoyed in the past.

The editor of our esteemed contemporary,
The Pittsburg Leader, of Pittsburg, Pa., has
the following genial notice of "The Twen-
tieth Century Catechism," by W. J. Colville,
which we are pleased to reproduce: "W. J.
Colville, the celebrated inspirational writer
and lecturer, has just issued an interesting
and instructive little booklet under the cap-
tion of the 'Twentieth Century Catechism.' It
is gotten up in the form of questions and
answers and has a bearing on new thought
and other psychological problems that make
for happiness and success. It is sold at five
cents and has already reached a large sale.
It is able, comprehensive and the themes are
treated from an unbiased standpoint. The
Banner of Light Publishing Company, of
Boston, are the publishers."

Frank Sanborn remarks, says the Boston
Herald of April 18th, that Dr. Holmes was
quite serious, though he expressed himself
jocosely, when he called Boston the Hub of
the Universe. When and where did Dr.
Holmes call Boston by that name? He
makes his Autocrat say that the Boston State
House is the Hub of the Solar System and
that you couldn't pry it out of a Boston man
if you had the tire of all creation straight-
ened out for a crowbar. But that isn't call-
ing Boston the Hub of the Universe. It is
about time this somewhat popular misquotation
was corrected for good.

Solomon, was it not, said "To the making
of books there is no end." What he says
now in this age of the Linotype goodness
knows. Perhaps Caxton, Guttenberg and
Franklin may tell us, if they have met the
many married king of old? Every day our
mail contains some new book, pamphlet or
magazine. The more important are handed
to our Reviewer, and he earns the gratitude,
or otherwise, of the authors as he blesses or
criticizes their productions. From The Pro-
gressive Press, Bradford, England, there
comes a booklet enclosed in a bright green
cover, emblematic of spring, which bears the
title of "Man's Creation," an interesting
production written by Mrs. L. A. Griffen.
The work is written in a pleasing style and
concludes with a concise summary of the
evolution hypothesis. A new magazine has
also reached our desk. It is called The Solar
Plexus, and is published at \$1.00 per year by
G. Tabor Thompson at 518 Spruce St., Phila-
delphia, Pa. The magazine is devoted to
New Thoughtism, and is described as "A
New Thought Periodical Up Ahead of Date."
On its cover is the motto: All Hail the man
who can see things before they come to pass.
Another dainty booklet is "In the Gardens of
God," a poem by James Arthur Edgerton,
which contains many pretty lines, some filled
with the true poetic feeling.

Tragic and Farical.

Once again history is repeated and Spiritu-
alism is held up to contempt by the doling
of those trading under its name, at least so
it appears from a report printed in the Bos-

ton Herald of Monday, 24th inst. The salient
incidents are, in substance, thus described.

A materializing seance has been held each
Sunday night by one May French, assisted
by a Neva Murvale Jenneau. The police
have had the meeting under watch for a few
weeks, and as a result procured a warrant
and arrested the two women above named at
what our contemporary considerably de-
scribes as "an alleged spiritualistic seance."
According to the published report the me-
dium appeared in robe "which was diaphan-
ous in the extreme," also in a "robe smeared
with phosphorus, as was also a cross which
she wore." The Herald also says: "After
their arrests the women are said to have con-
fessed to the officers that the whole show was
a fake designed to abstract money from the
pockets of male attendants, without actually
receiving it from hand to hand." As the pay-
ment made was by voluntary donations, some
difficulty was encountered, it appears, as to
the kind of warrant needed to permit the
arrests to be made.

Prima facie, there appears to be a case
against the defendants, and if the asserted
confession is a fact, there is more than
"probable cause" for sentence being ulti-
mately passed. The utter lack of moral sense
which such fraud implies in those who are
guilty of it is lamentable to think of. It is a
demoralization as deplorable as that in a
creature of the fabled hell of old. It is a
wanton and wicked trifling with the tenderest
and holiest feelings of human nature and
when exposed becomes a tragedy too awful in
its nature to contemplate with equanimity.
Phosphorized robes and crosses, and "a sur-
plice for the spirit (?) of Bishop Phillips
Brooks," reveal a cunning and wilful prepara-
tion for the commission of fraud which fills
every honest Spiritualist with loathing and
disgust. If the case is proven, and the ad-
mission of fraud was a fact, exemplary pun-
ishment is richly deserved, and it is to be
hoped that in such case the harpies who still
prey on our flanks may take heed and turn
to methods by which they can earn an honest
living.

But the farcical side of the subject comes
here. Why is it that those who are called
old and tried Spiritualists persist in support-
ing these fake shows? There is no attempt
made at investigation, no conditions of a sci-
entific character are imposed, inquiry is re-
sented and any attempt to secure test condi-
tions is denounced as the wickedness of the
skeptical or fraud hunter. It is farcical, no
other term will fit to imagine that the mar-
velous phenomenon of materialization can be
obtained in a public promiscuous dark circle
to which any Tom, Dick, or Harry can pro-
cure admission at so much per, or by drop-
ping coin into a box. These "nickel in the
slot" shows are held under the worst condi-
tions for honest enquiry, and have been the
bane of the Cause ever since they first com-
menced. They are simply a farce and travesty
of all that Spiritualism stands for, and
though the press has in the past done it
either wisely or well, now we are glad to see
they realize that there is Spiritualism and
Spiritualism, and are thus aiding us in driv-
ing the rascals in our ranks out of their busi-
ness.

The "Banner" stands for honest medium-
ship, and says that a little that will stand
the test is far more serviceable to us and the
world than much and wonderful phenomena
which result too often in the farce that leads
to the tragedies which we have had to deplore
so frequently in the past.

The two women we learn have been sen-
tenced as "idle and disorderly characters," to
the women's prison at Sherborn, Mass., for
one year. They pleaded guilty, but after sen-
tence filed an appeal.

For the Saving of Life.

The great military nations of the world
have never been backward in showering
honors and emoluments upon the leaders of
their armies. The achievements of a victory
on the field, the successful conclusion of a
war, brilliant generalship, and even the brave-
ry of the humble private in the ranks, all,
in order and degree, have received their recog-
nition. The potentates of the Old World
have instituted various orders with decorations
for the honoring of the distinguished war-
rior, and have cheerfully bestowed upon the
heroes of the battlefield sums of money
in recognition of their bravery and prowess
in the interests of their country's welfare.
The Iron Cross of Germany, the Victoria
Cross of Great Britain, though merely pieces
of bronze worth intrinsically but a few cents
each, are, nevertheless, highly prized by
those who succeed in some daring upon the
field to acquire them.

The newspapers of the world, the maga-
zines, and the trumpet-brays of popular ap-
plause, herald far and wide the fame of the
fighting man. Alas, that it should be so! that
the old brute in us should still be exhibiting
its ruthless claws and fangs, and that heroic
verse and sounding prose should be devoted
to describing the glories of destruction.

But truly the poet has told us "Peace hath
her conquest no less renowned than war,"
and in recognition of the heroism that is not
of the red field of battle dabbled with human
blood, there are associations in all parts of
the world which to some degree at least,
recognize the heroism which exerts itself in
the saving of life. The Humane Societies,
the Life Boat Societies, and other institu-
tions of kindred nature are designed to re-
cognize the service man renders to man in the
strife and disaster that is encountered in the
ordinary and secular pursuits on the sea and
upon and beneath the surface of the land.
Even governments are not adverse to the be-
stowing of medals and chronometers and
badges and nautical instruments upon seamen
and coast guardsmen, and life-saving station
men who have rendered meritorious service
in the saving of life upon the uncertain seas.

However, there is one point that often
casts a gloom athwart the most heroic epi-
sode,—the hero saves the endangered life only

to lose his own. At that time "the one touch
of nature which makes the whole world kin"
stirs the common heart. The sympathetic
tear is shed, and if, at the moment action is
taken something substantial may be done for
any dependents who have thus been deprived
of their support.

It may be a prosaic way of estimating the
question, but in this prosaic world daily bread
is a necessity for us all, and when the bread-
winner, or at least, the one who mainly helps
to supply the staff of life, is suddenly with-
drawn, the wherewithal to meet the daily
need becomes a serious question. Should
popular excitement be allowed to cool and the
spasmodic virtue which prompts the gen-
erosity die down, then many a hero trans-
ferred by his actions to the Summerland may
look back with rueful face upon the hard-
ship his untimely taking-off has inflicted upon
those depending upon him.

Now comes a philanthropist who has placed
the sum of \$5,000,000 in trust for the reward
of deeds of heroism in common life. This
philanthropist has done much with the money
he accumulated, and all has been expended
in the interests of peace, even the million and
a half devoted to the erection of the Peace
Temple at The Hague, and now to bestow
this substantial sum in the direction above
indicated, may be accepted as the kindest
gift of all, for the interest derived from its
investment will create a substantial income
out of which suitable rewards may be ac-
cording to the heroes of daily life, when they
survive their heroic actions, or needful aid
be given to their survivors, if unhappily, the
hero passes away as a consequence of his
self-sacrifice.

Not for a moment do we think that self-
sacrifice, heroism, altruism, or any other
term you choose to use to express the innate
valor which prompts true-hearted men and
women to deeds of greatness, will be in any
way stimulated by the prospect the Fund dis-
closes, for that would be an unpardonable
insult to our common humanity. Brave hearts
are not brave, nor do they do brave deeds,
for "the money there is in it." But it is
some satisfaction to the brave man to know
when, perchance, he is dragging out his last
lingering moments, that his bravery will not
bring sorrow and want to those dearly con-
nected with him.

As a sign of the times showing that it is
being realized that wealth has its duties as
well as its advantages, Andrew Carnegie is
a symbol of helpfulness that the plutocrats
of today might well accept a lesson from.
If the acquisition of huge accumulations of
money are against the interest of the com-
munity, at least their carefully considered
return may in part mitigate the evils al-
leged to be associated with their accumulation.

The endowment of heroism strikes a new
chord in the recognition of the virtues of
humanity, the vibration of which should
touch the sympathetic souls of philantrop-
ists throughout the world.

When Our Ships Come In.

(Continued from page 1.)

make men healthy, industrious, capable of
enjoying sport and literature and art and
music and drama and all good, would be so
much better than to have many millionaires
and a few billionaires. Not one or two men
but all men are to be cared for in the dear
name of heaven and the struggling ages.

It is no pleasant sight to witness the self-
ish competition of trade. It is no cause of
pride to see men greedy of place at the ex-
pense of another. Wolves ready to devour
their own kind. This is pitiable and all the
more so because it is common. It is unworthy
of us, it is out of place in a so-called civilized
world. We know better, we feel better in
our best moods, and our ships have come in
so that we could do better.

We are all to blame for the present state
of things. We all worship the dollar and the
man who grabs it. We think those the su-
perior beings who dress finely and live in
king's houses. We are even now placing
money above men. We are, we are, and it is
our shame, our shame. Money is the crea-
tion of the willing hand and the thoughtful
brain to facilitate the transaction of busi-
ness, to transfer goods to where they are
needed. It is a means of benefit and in the
name of Christ, we ought to love the man
more than the gold, yes, a million million
times more. I like fine things, lovely houses,
but not for the one or the two; not for the
nobodies who by selfishness have got there.
I would like all men to have the values of
fortune in public buildings for educational
purposes and pastimes, and the rest so
wisely used that none should want and all
should share in the comfort and culture our
modern wealth should give to all. Let us
talk this and it will be bound to come; our
ship is on the way and nearing port.

And I am certain the waste of wealth will
soon cease, the misdirection of it in the pre-
paration for war. How costly this is, how
cruel, how needless. Let us confess it; we are
brutes with the sword and bayonet for claws,
with cannon and gun for teeth, and all man-
ner of fierce instruments for horns. And man
can yet allow this. It seems incredible. Let us
talk this down. Let us shame ourselves out
of it. Let us withdraw our admiration from
slaughter and the so-called glory of it. It is
nothing to shoot savages—there is no honor
in such bloody cruelty. It is nothing with
modern artillery to sweep thousands to death,
it is simply the brute, the brute inflamed
with blind passion to do it. Who gave us the
right to take the life of another in such
boastful way? It is sin and we must stop it
and let the ships of peace come proudly into
port. Oh, it will be a glad day when the
nations are waiting and watching for this,
how the pennants and flags will fly on the
masts, how the multitudes will rejoice and
know that then they can indeed do great
things, for the ships of God have come to
bring all the blessings of God.

Truly a Veteran.

An interesting note was recently handed to
the editor from one who has been familiar
with our Cause from its commencement, and
we make the following extract showing how
much the early days are still prized by one
who moved in them. The writer is Aurilla S.
Blinn, and she writes from 1717 National
Avenue, Rockford, Ill., and says, apropos of
the Anniversary lately passed: "This is the
70th anniversary of my wedding in Conneaut,
grand old Ashtabula County, Ohio. Of one
thing I am proud, I. e., that from the first
days at Hydeville that were heard through
the innocent little Fox children I have been
a firm believer and acted boldly to help until
now we seem to be progressing on a firm
basis. Now being in my 90th year, I write
this as from one of the veterans, as so few
are left. In the years 1837-38 and in the
early sixties my house was the home of such
lecturers as Emma Hardinge, Mrs. Cora L.
V. Richmond, Emma Jay, Joel Tiffany, Char-
lotte Buber and others."

A Move in the Right Direction.

A prominent feature observed in all spirit-
ualistic gatherings is the predominance of
elderly people, of gray-haired sires and
grand-sires, of noble women whose mil-
lions of mortal existence lie chiefly behind
them. The scarcity of young people is very
noticeable. Where are the youthful adher-
ents of Spiritualism who are to ensure its
perpetuity when the veterans are called
home? The families of Spiritualists are not
devoid of children. Yet, where are they?
Lured by greater attractions, possibly, to
other fields, until the touch of sorrow or be-
reavement in later years shall awaken them
to the Truth which heals all wounds?

It seems a suicidal policy for Spiritualists
to pay so little attention to the education of
their young people in the tenets of their
philosophy, a faith which can be proven. A
few noble workers have striven for years to
meet this need. Among these, that worthy
veteran in Lyceum work, Mr. Alonzo Dan-
forth, is now compiling and composing a val-
uable series of fifty cards, containing "Edu-
cational Lessons in Spiritualism," which in-
clude responses, poems, historical data and
fine ethical instructions, which are just
adapted to meet the great need of the hour.
Some of the greatest minds in literature
have found it difficult to adapt themselves
to children, to write down to juvenile com-
prehension, in an attractive manner. It is
also a rather difficult task to frame responses
in a way that shall not sacrifice the con-
tinuity of interest. But Mr. Danforth has
accomplished both these results in a remark-
able degree and we bespeak for his Lessons,
now being published, a wide circulation
throughout the world, wherever Spiritualism
is known, since, to quote from his Card,
Number I: "What scripture is to the block
of marble, education is to the human soul."
—Susie C. Clark.

Farewell Reception to Miss Florence Morse, by the First Spiritualist Ladies Aid Society, of Boston, Mass.

On Friday evening last, April 22d, a very
large company assembled in Appleton Hall,
Appleton Street, to participate in a farewell
reception tendered by the First Spiritualist
Ladies' Aid Society of Boston, to Mrs. J. J.
Morse and her talented daughter, Miss Flo-
rence Morse. Festoons of delicately shaded
crepe paper depended from the ceiling the en-
tire length of the hall; cut flowers adorned
the desk, and the American and English flags
formed an effective background to the plat-
form, the whole producing an extremely
pretty effect, and doing credit to the decorat-
ing committee, Mrs. Blinn and Mr. J. B.
Hatch.

A very fine salad supper was served in the
dining room, the tables being lavishly covered
with a great variety of delicacies. Every
seat was occupied, and members and visiting
friends alike did ample justice to the fare
provided. The guests of the evening were
honored by seats next to our beloved Presi-
dent, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Albe. Promptly at
6.30 the friends marched to the banquet hall.
The President, Mrs. Albe, escorted Miss
Morse, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse, Mr. and
Mrs. Simeon Butterfield, Mr. and Mrs. J. B.
Hatch, Mrs. A. E. Barnes, Mrs. M. E. Cad-
wallader, Mr. and Mrs. Albert P. Blinn,
Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Mrs. Mina Pierce,
and about 100 other guests followed in pro-
cession, moving to a march played by the
Hatch brothers.

Shortly after 7.30 the honored guests of the
evening, assisted by the officers, Mrs. Carrie
L. Hatch and Mrs. Esther H. Blinn, acting
as ushers, received the friends who were
presented to them. Messrs. E. Warren Hatch
and Charles L. C. Hatch furnished instru-
mental music during the presentations.

This ceremony concluded, Mrs. Morse and
Miss Florence were then given seats upon
the platform, and our President, on behalf of
the Society, tendered the sincere regrets of
all that the departure of our friends was
rapidly approaching, and spoke most eulogisti-
cally of the excellent work done by Miss
Morse during her residence in this city and
state. Miss Morse had, on numerous occa-
sions, rendered valuable assistance at our
weekly reunions, giving her services both as
a seer, and speaker, and singer, for the bene-
fit of the Ladies Aid, and by her genial man-
ner and sweet disposition, winning the re-
gards of our members, and she could but hope
that in no distant future Miss Morse, whom
the Ladies' Aid had adopted as one of their
children, as they formerly had done with
Albert P. Blinn, would see her way to revisit
Boston, in which case a hearty welcome
awaited her in the Ladies' Aid.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, one of the few re-
maining pioneer workers in the mortal form,
next responded and alluded in the most cor-
dial terms to her acquaintance of more than
a quarter of a century with Mr. and Mrs.
Morse, congratulating them upon the fact
that their daughter was so well qualified to
carry on the work of which Mr. Morse had
been such a faithful advocate for the last 36
years. She spoke highly of our friends, and
was glad to know that their daughter was
carrying on the good work so effectively.

Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, of Philadelphia,
next responded to the invitation of the chair,
and said she could not resist coming to Bos-
ton to see and say adieu to our good friends
whom she had known so well in London, and
in whose home she had spent so many pleas-
ant hours in company with her good father,
Mr. B. B. Hill. She narrated a very pathetic
and interesting incident in connection with
Miss Morse's mediumship, which she consid-
ered to be the very best test of spirit return
she had ever received, and which would
always hold her in close sympathy with Miss
Morse and her dear little guide Starbeam.

Mr. J. B. Hatch made a very cordial speech
in commendation of the labors of our good
sister, Miss Florence, whose interest in the
Lyceum work was one of the ties which
united them. He was sorry to lose her from

our midst, but felt sure she would by and by return.

Mr. Albert P. Blinn also referred to the cordial terms to his relations with the guests of the evening, and humorously referred to the time when in their younger days as children, they were mutual companions in his mother's house. He ventured to say that neither his mother nor hers at that time ever expected that their children would take up this work, and be known in connection therewith far and wide, yet such had happened, and he was delighted to have Miss Florence as a coworker with them that night.

Miss Morse, in responding to the various speeches that had been made, spoke in eloquent and moving terms of the pleasure the evening had afforded her and her mother, but she felt that it was hardly fair that she should occupy so prominent a position because her mother had really been so largely concerned in assisting her in her life work, and had also done in other directions so much for our Cause in her native land. She expressed the pleasure that it had afforded her to be with us on the occasions of our meetings, and assured us that though she was rejoiced at the prospect of reaching home again after her travels around the world, yet she should not forget, or ever could forget, her friends in Boston and in the United States. It might be that she would return at some future time, and if so, most certainly the first place she should visit would be the meetings of the Ladies' Aid of Boston, if they were in session at that time, or as soon after her arrival as she could. It was extremely good and kind of them to say all the pleasant things they had said, and she should treasure them in her memory for many a day to come.

Mr. J. J. Morse was then called upon, and feelingly referred to the cordiality with which he had always been received by his friends on this side of the Atlantic, and particularly of the kindness invariably extended to his wife and Miss Morse. He made feeling references to the flags of the two countries, and the tolls which public workers for our Cause endured, and to the pain of parting which was so often theirs, by reason of their duties calling them away from home so frequently. He thanked them for all they had said in regard to Miss Morse, and he was sure that she would ever continue to do her best for the Cause we all love so well.

The various speeches were interspersed with vocal and instrumental solos by Mr. J. C. Sawyer and Mr. E. W. and Mr. L. C. Hatch, and it was not until a late hour, and after the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," the friends dispersed, everyone voting it a red letter night in the annals of the First Ladies' Aid Society of Boston. While separating the friends wished the departing guests bon voyage, and many sincere regrets at their departure were expressed.—Esther H. Blinn, sec.

First Association of Spiritualists, New York City.

ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES.

The fifty-sixth anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated by The First Association of Spiritualists, New York City at the "Tuxedo" on Sunday afternoon and evening, March twenty-seventh.

The large hall, always beautiful, was made very attractive by the decorations—flags, palms, potted plants, and a profusion of cut flowers. Upon the spacious platform were seated the speakers also the officers and trustees of the association.

The attendance at both services was large, and representative. Deep interest prevailed from beginning to closing, and many were loud in praise and expression of appreciation of the music, the addresses, and the manifestations through the phenomenal speakers.

Mrs. Edmund Severn who is a noted pianist, arranged the music and accompanied the artists.

Mr. Edmund Severn who is a favorite violinist and a peer of the musicians of great note favored us with solos at each meeting; also played a duet with Miss Dorothy Smith, one of his pupils, who does him great credit, although she is but a small miss, so fairy-like that we wondered whether she did not come from fairy-land. Her artlessness of manner and sweet acknowledgment of the applause so generously accorded won our hearts. I should add that our dear little Miss Smith, also played a violin solo. Miss Mabel Clark, and Miss Lillian Weiss sang in sweetest tones, and in a finished manner solos which were loudly applauded.

Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham delivered a most appropriate and soul inspiring address, which commanded the rapt attention of the large audience. The inspirational poem given through her, on numerous subjects offered by the audience was a joy and satisfaction to the host of Spiritualists present, and a marvel to the strangers who could not understand her wonderful gift, nor its application.

Rev. G. C. Beckwith Ewell offered an invocation at the opening of the exercises, and later in the service made a few remarks applicable to the occasion followed by spirit messages, which were gratefully received by the hungry hearts to whom they were directed. He also improvised a fine poem, which was enthusiastically received.

Miss Margaret Clark, our regular speaker, was warmly applauded when introduced, and gave remarkable messages from spirit friends who were able to prove their identity; the messages were acknowledged in every instance and the hearts of all present were touched by the manifestations so feelingly rendered.

The afternoon meeting was closed with the new doxology.

In the evening, at an early hour seats were in demand, the audience was as in the afternoon, deeply interested. Miss Mabel Clark soprano, and Mrs. Louise Oliver, contralto, rendered delightfully a selected duet, which was followed by an invocation by Rev. G. Beckwith Ewell.

Mr. Edmund Severn again delighted the audience with a violin solo. Mr. Ewell again gave spirit messages successfully, i. e., they were recognized and appreciated. Miss Clark sang, in good voice, a most pleasing solo, then came spirit messages by Miss Gault; again she was clear, positive, sympathetic and correct, receiving just recognition and applause.

The contralto solo by Mrs. Oliver which had next place in order was finely rendered and well received.

Mr. Ewell again improvised a poem, which called forth much commendation not only in applause but in words of admiration and appreciation. The final exercise was the new doxology sung by the congregation.

Our beloved president Mrs. Henry J. Newton graciously presided at both services, in her dignified, impressive way. The thanks of all interested is due to our indefatigable secretary and treasurer Miss M. J. Fitz-Maurice, to whose efforts is largely due the success of these profitable and gratifying exercises. Unfortunately she is ill—consequently the delay in reporting and the necessity of putting to use a less able pen.—Mrs. Milton Rathbun.

There can be no real success in petty mean-ness.—Bishop Huntington.

Postponement of New York Mass Meeting.

Owing to the serious illness of the resident trustee who had charge of the arrangements, the proposed State Association mass meeting that was to have been held in New York City the first week in May, has been postponed indefinitely.—H. W. Richardson, Pres. State Assn.

W. J. Colville.

The four lectures given by W. J. Colville in The Banner of Light Building on April 19, 20, 21, and 22 attracted interested audiences, as did the two given at 203 Dartmouth Street on Saturday, the 23d. Mr. Colville lectured for the Worcester Spiritualist Association in Grand Army Hall, Pearl Street, on Sunday, April 24, and took for his subjects "Paradise and Through Hell to Heaven." On Sunday next, May 1st, he will also lecture at the same place, his topic for the afternoon being "Spiritual Lessons from Ben Hur." His only remaining lecture in Boston this season will be given in the hall of the Metaphysical Club, Huntington Chambers, on Saturday, April 30, at 3 p. m. He will sail for England on the Princess Alice, N. G. L. Line, on May 10, until then his address continues to be 125 W. 56th Street, New York City.

Connecticut State Association.

The Connecticut State Spiritualist Association will hold their eighteenth annual convention in Unity Hall, Pratt Street, Hartford, on Saturday and Sunday, May 7 and 8. The speakers will be Rev. May S. Pepper, and Mr. J. C. F. Grumbine.

Mrs. Pepper will follow the lecturer with tests and messages.

The musical part of the program will be rendered by the Ladies' Schubert Quartet, of Boston, who have been a marked feature of the convention for the past six years.

On Saturday, May 7th, business meeting at 10.30 a. m. Speaking at 2.30 and 7.45 p. m.

On Sunday, May 8, 10.30 a. m., Conference at Alliance Hall, Chapel Street, Speaking 2.30 and 7.30 p. m. at Unity hall.—Mrs. J. E. Dillon, Secy.

"From Soul to Soul."

The new edition—the sixth—of "From Soul to Soul," by Emma Rood Tuttle, whom Epes Sargent called "the sweet singer of the New Dispensation," has just been issued. It has been for some time out of print and the repeated demands for it could not be supplied. The volume contains the music as well as the words of several of the author's most popular spiritual songs which can be obtained nowhere else except in sheet form. The Banner of Light Publishing Company have the work on sale, price \$1.00.

Miss Morse Sails for England.

Miss Florence Morse, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. J. J. Morse, sailed for England, in the Cunard steamship "Saxonia," from this port on Tuesday, the 26th inst., and should reach Liverpool about Thursday May 5th.

Quite a number of friends assembled at the wharf to bid them bon voyage.

In another column will be found an account of the farewell tendered her by the First Ladies' Aid Society of Boston which, in part, shows the high esteem in which our young English cousin is held by her American friends. Miss Morse has had a very successful season in Massachusetts and has done a large amount of work in the state and this city. She returns to her native land after circling the globe, and during her extended travels she has continuously and efficiently served our Cause in Australia, New Zealand and the United States. She promises a contribution to the columns of the "Banner of Light" setting forth her experiences and reminiscences of her late extensive journeyings. We wish the two ladies a pleasant trip across and are sure a warm welcome awaits them on reaching their native shores.

Unity in Diversity.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey.

I have seen the surface of flowing rivers made smooth, solid ice by cold. I have seen this ice, condensed water, disintegrate by warmth. During the process of disintegration, I have seen it go rushing down the great rivers like a cavalry charge of Cossacks and sweep away great iron bridges that safely carried the commerce of a nation on its mighty freight trains. I have seen these battalions of ice charge and beat and thunder at the gates of the Imperial Cities of Civilization.

I have seen the surface of human thought petrified by conservatism, egotism and inaction. Under the warmth of Wisdom's operations, I have seen this petrification break into countless projectiles, and blindly at first, hurl themselves against the walled cities of error until citadel and dome and tower reeled and fell.

Such is the condition on earth now. As the huge blocks of ice that beat down all obstacles to their movements finally disintegrate and become one with their primal elements—so will individual opinions—diversity of thought—melt and blend into a harmonious whole.

When all operations are cognized as wisdom, we shall have "Unity in Diversity."

While we may agree to differ in our concept of wisdom's purposes, we will all agree that all operations are caused by the wisdom of Infinite Life operating through the law of necessity.

St. Louis, Mo.

J. J. Morse in New York City.

On Sunday, May 1st, Mr. J. J. Morse, editor of the "Banner of Light," will lecture in the Builders' League Hall, 74 West 126th Street, New York City, for the New York Spiritualist and Ethical Society of which Mrs. H. T. Brigham is pastor, morning, at 11, subject, "Man the Wonderworker," and at 7.30 p. m., subject, "After the Great Sleep." These will be the only lectures that Mr. Morse will give in New York City during his present visit to America.

A Noble Example.

George E. Weiss is not a millionaire in wealth but he is in heart. There is in his circle of acquaintances a deserving medium who is in want. Mr. Weiss has translated into German Hudson Tuttle's "Philosophy of Spirit and the Spirit World," and has received from the Leipzig publisher a package of the book as his compensation as translator. Without any reservation he donates the entire proceeds of the sale of these books to this worthy medium. The price of the bound copies is \$1.25, and the paper covered ones 75c. Mr. Weiss may be addressed at 1153 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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The Continuity of Law and Life.

BY

Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake.

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PRESS OPINIONS.

THE DAVENPORT (IOWA) DEMOCRAT says: "Psychic Light" is a well printed book of 640 pages. It certainly contains some startling facts and the author vouches for them as real rather than imaginary. The facts can be verified by persons whose names and addresses are given. There are eight half-tone photographs: three of the medium at different ages; one of Madame Blavatsky, the founder of the New Theosophical Society; and of others whose figure in the facts related. The book cannot fail to interest Spiritualists, investigators, scientists, thinkers, in fact all who want to know. It contains references from orthodox biblical authority. It deals with the scientific classifications of psychic philosophy in a practical and common-sense way.

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When the Dear ones Gather
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Oh, let me rest
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der
Bright land of the Blest
Open those Pearly gates of
Light
We shall know our own
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The Heroes Who Go Unsung.

I sing a song for those who toll in the lowly walks of life,
The heroes who never are known to fame,
though they help to win the strife;
I praise the man who does his best whatever his task may be,
Though he leads no army and wins no name as a leader on land or sea.

There are heroes whose names are never known for the noble deeds they do,
Who never are sung through the halls of time—for the known are only a few.
But the bravest heart is often hid 'neath a coat no medal adorns,
For the roses of fame are for the few; but many endure the thorns.

There are braver deeds than were ever done on any battlefield;
There are greater victories day by day than history has revealed;
For he who conquers himself, 'tis said, has subdued a mighty foe,
And his laurels they are the fadeless kind that eternally shall know.

There are women whom love has led to die on the altar of sacrifice,
Who have shed their heart's blood, drop by drop, to lead another from vice;
There are men who have nailed themselves to the cross of duty's stern decree—
And their names have never been written down for the eyes of the world to see.

But there is a land where the deeds are known and remembered every one—
The deeds that the heroes of common life in humanity's cause have done;
So the world may sing of its gallant brave, and their names may resplendent shine,
But the heroes the world has never known shall be crowned by Love Divine.

—Ram's Horn.

A Link in Our Golden Chain.

CHARITY IS LOVE IN MOTION.—Susie C. Clark.

"I hardly know how or in what language to express my appreciation for your thoughtfulness and kindness," writes a friend in response to a very small donation to help along a good cause; "but the best reward for such gifts lies within the heart of the giver, in the knowledge of the help it is to those on whom the favor is conferred," she continued. Ah, the wisdom and beauty of those suggestive words!

There are other rewards for our deeds of helpfulness, but the best reward lies within our hearts. It is, after all, no reward, but a result, and is just as sure to come as wheat from good seed. Indeed, if we have served for the sake of being served again we have not been helpful in the true sense, but have been investing our time and effort just as an investor puts his money into stock and expects money back again.

The world is not growing in wisdom and beauty because men have money in great quantities, but because love is a force to move men and women into more active service for each other. And love is such a riotous little plant that once the seed is sown in a human heart it covers the whole territory and absorbs all the nourishment on which a growing thing might thrive till there is nothing but love, love, love peeping and creeping out from every avenue of expression.

Charity, in the commonly accepted use of the word, is so bound up and hedged about with an idea of dependence and poverty that many of us feel that it would be easier to lie down and die than to accept aid or help. A charitable man, a charitable institution, a charitable entertainment, all call up visions of pinched faces, ill clad bodies and outstretched hands, all pride swallowed up in the great gulf of want, all hope drowned in an ocean of tears.

That is because we have given no deeper meaning to charity than the one of almsgiving. Now we come to that sweeter understanding that "charity is love in motion." Not almsgiving, not penance, not justice, but love, and love demands no price for its service.

"Lord, I have always responded to every call of need and have given of all I have; now, dear Lord, bless me, thy faithful servant," sounds ridiculous. Why? Because the faithful servant would never stop to remember whether he had answered all calls of need. To do a good deed or to do the right thing and then to demand a price for it in the name of "justice" is as far wrong as to say, "I have found your purse and being honest I return it to you, but I insist on being well paid for restoring to you your property, which was the right thing for me to do."

When we go seeking pay for right conduct, oh, do not let us call it justice. We have tossed "love" and "the intellectual" and "inspiration" on the bargain counter of our vocabulary already. Let us spare "justice" the tremendousness of whose measurement can be trusted to Omniscience alone.

The result of a good deed must be somebody, somewhere, somehow, made better. Is that not enough for one who serves in the name of love? And since charity is love our love for humanity will prompt us to most worthy and charitable deeds.

Invited Guests.

A crowd of troubles passed him by,
As he with courage waited.
He said, "Where do you troubles fly
When you are thus belated?"

"We go," they said, "to those who mope,
Who look a life dejected.
Who weakly say goodbye to hope,
We go,—where we're expected."

—Selected.

Laziebrook Stories.

Mime Innings.

III.

When the Brook Boys, who got pushed over Beaver dam out of Laziebrook pond, struck the rocks at the foot of the dam, there was a fine fuss. The old Brook Boys were so angry because new ones had come out from the mountain and pushed them out of their nice quiet pond, that they began to fight the new boys and the new boys naturally struck back. So they fought and scolded over the rocks and around the roots of the trees, where the roots had grown out into the brook's course, until the air bubble boys got a chance to get in among them for a little bit of frolic. Then it got so fast and furious a war that while the brook was running down the steep parts of the course below the pond, it was all noise and foam. You could scarcely tell what was water and what was foam, what was rocks and roots and what was Brook Boys or Bubble Boys.

So they ran, these bad, fighting Brook Boys, down, down, down hill. They were all so angry they couldn't hear the stones and rocks laugh at them as they rushed by.

They did not notice what a jolly, jolly sail the Bubble Boys were having down the hill while the Brook Boys fought and quarreled. They did not see how glad and splendid the sun looked down, happy to think he had driven away the ice king, not minding the foolish squabbles and scoldings of the Laziebrook Boys. They did not see that the lower down they got and the nearer to the valley, the warmer grew the weather and the more the sun seemed to smile. But so it was.

By and by, splash! they all fell heels over head down a big water fall into a bowl in the rocks where the water made a pool, as deep as Laziebrook Pond, but not so large. The sides and bottom were all smooth, hard rock. When the Brook Boys struck here after tumbling over the waterfall, it knocked all the nonsense out of them. The Bubble Boys took the plunge, too, but they just floated on top and flew down so softly that it did not hurt them at all. But it made the Brook Boys stop and think what bad boys they had been to fight so.

Then the big voice of the water fall frightened them, too, as it sang its song in a deep bass voice.

"All day long I roar;
Roar, too, all the night,
Bearing to the shore
With resistless might
Brook Boys, when they fight.

"All day long I roar.
Never am I still.
Never fast nor slower.
Running down the hill
To the valley mill.

"All day long I roar.
Work, work do I bring.
When is ope'd the door
Of the stern ice king,
In the joyous Spring.

"All day long I roar.
Lazy, as a Turk,
Brook Boys, be no more.
Tasks you must not shirk,
All that live must work."

This song took all the color out of the Brook Boys. It frightened them to think they must go to work. They were homesick then for the little Laziebrook Pond and its quiet life.

Up there they were of a beautiful color, made so by the kisses of the moss and the rootlets of the cedars and hemlocks; a color which they thought was very pretty, because it was a little like the color of the warm sun rays, when in the summer noon they peeped through the tree tops, sifted through the branches and, falling upon the waters of the little pond, went clear through them to the moss covered bottom, while just for sport they glinted upon the speckled backs of the troutlets and the yellow-spotted shells of the clumsy turtles and even made the green, old bullfrogs look like gold. Now the color upon which the Brook Boys had so prided themselves, was gone, frightened all away, just as a scared, little man-boy grows white at times and loses the pink from his cheeks. So the Brook Boys grew pale and lost their amber color and one could look down through them to the rocky bottom of the deep, deep pool. Some of the troutlets, who had come with them from Laziebrook Pond, almost had the headache from the clear, white light of the pool, which was so much brighter than the quiet, subdued, yellow light of the pond. The Brook Boys knew the troutlets. They all had their speckled coats on just as when they had jumped and played with their brothers and sisters of Laziebrook Pond.

But the troutlets were not so well off. They hardly knew the Brook Boys with their white, clear faces. They only remember the yellow Boys of Laziebrook Pond. These new Boys, who were so terrified at the prospect of going to work, were a strange-looking lot of Boys, the troutlets thought.

But the Bubble Boys were the same happy, shining chaps as before. They had never had any color of their own. If they played around the brown rocks in the day time, they looked brown. While the sun struck them, they sent back all sorts of colors just like rainbows. When the pines and hemlocks swept their branches down and tried to brush the Bubble Boys with their needles, the Bubble Boys floated away and looked green, just to show the dull tree how much more beautiful green was when it was glistening and shiny.

The Bubble Boys were lazy, too. They would not work. If any one attempted to make them do anything but float and look pretty, puff! puff! and they burst and went away and nobody could ever find them again. Perhaps it was the happy, careless life which the Bubble Boys led that made the Brook Boys so lazy and idle. If it were so, the Bubble Boys were not very good companions for them, because they taught them things which they had to unlearn and to forget and gave them false ideas of life.

While the Brook Boys were all looking at each other with white faces, frightened at the deep roaring voice of the waterfall, telling them.

"All that live must work,"

the Bubble Boys did not care one bit. They turned all white, too, just because they wanted to make the Brook Boys feel that they were still friends. They were not afraid of the big water. They liked the noise. They did not care if his voice was deep, and gruff and booming.

The Brook Boys, as soon as they got over rolling and tumbling over each other after their fall upon the hard, smooth, stone bottom of the pool, got just as far away from the waterfall as they could and stood right still, trembling all the time, making little wavelets and ripples and wondering what would happen next in this strange, new life that had been forced upon them.

But the Bubble Boys, light headed and light hearted as they always were, kept right close to the bottom of the waterfall and played hide and seek with each other all day in the sunlight and all night in the light of the stars.

Sometimes the Bubble Boys got too daring. Then the growling old Fall would hit one of them and he would fly all to pieces and that would be the end of one Bubble Boy. Sometimes one of them would get drawn under water by the force of the big, old Fall. Then the Brook Boys would see one Bubble Boy less; for the Bubble Boys were able to live only on the surface. They were worse than Man-boys; for they dive and swim under the water and come again to the top. Bubble Boys cannot do this very often, only once in a while; and then they never try it again. So when the Brook Boys saw the old Fall send one of the Bubble Boys to the bottom, they knew there was another foolish Bubble Boy gone.

And still the old Fall kept singing:

"I tumble and growl and splash,
I do all my work with a dash.
I cannot stay up,
I always fall down;
And that is the way
I go to Mill Town."

Weighing the Baby.

Starr was the outgrown baby now; there was a new baby in the nursery—a very, very new one. He was so new that Starr was

sure he could not feel much acquainted yet with anybody, and that was why he cried so often.

"He's kind of homesick, I guess," Starr said. "Course he cries! I cried that time I was at my grandfather's 'thout my mother. Folks always cry when they're homesick."

There were so many beautiful things about that new baby! Starr haunted the nursery all day long, to make sure of not missing any of them. He watched Nurse Mary wash and dress the baby every morning, in front of the open fire. That was the most beautiful thing of all! Such round, dimply little elbows and knees! Such curly, curly little legs! Such a soft little fuzz on the small, round head, that Nurse Mary insisted was hair!

Every week they weighed the new baby, and every week he had gained about half a pound. It surprised Starr a little and made him rather uncertain about the homesick theory.

"I didn't gain half-pounds when I was homesick," he reflected. "I got just as unfat;—he keeps a gettin' fatter! Maybe that isn't the reason he cries."

The eighth week the new baby weighed fifteen pounds, and Starr was very proud indeed—as proud, Nurse Mary said, as if he weighed fifteen pounds himself. He got his slate and pencil and "reduced" (the fifteen pounds to ounces, to make it sound still more splendid. Starr was in denominative numbers now in his arithmetic, so he could do a little sum like that as easy as anything.

"One hundred 'n' eighty," he announced, looking up from his slate. Then he hurried back to the nursery to tell Nurse Mary.

"The baby weighs a hundred 'n' eighty ounces," he said, triumphantly; "twelve times fifteen, you know—that's the way you do it. There's twelve ounces in a pound."

"Twelve!" exclaimed Nurse Mary, in surprise; "I thought—in my time sixteen ounces made a pound."

"Avoirdupois weight," Starr said, looking scornful; "but the baby's Troy weight."

"Troy weight?" Nurse Mary looked up over the new baby's little bald head in more surprise still. The scorn on Starr's face grew and grew, till it covered up all his little gold-brown freckles.

"Course, Troy weight!" he cried. "I hope you don't s'pose we'd weigh the baby avoirdupois, same as coal and flour and—butter! It's Troy weight you weigh precious things by—gold and silver and diamonds—and the baby."

And Starr dropped a kiss into the little, warm, sweet well of the baby's neck.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Sunday School Visitor.

The Babies' Bedtime.

Sweet are children in the morning, in the afternoon or night,
In their dainty frocks of red and blue, or gowns of simple white;

In their play up in the playground, in the yard or on the lawn,
But they're sweetest when it's bedtime, and they get their "nighties" on.

Little ghosts of white a-romping o'er the bed and through the room,
In the season of a lifetime they're the rosy month of June;

Little ghosts of white a-marching to the music of their laugh,
And the one who e'er would miss it sees in life its minor half.

Little curls a-dangling frowsy—to the heads a sitting wreath,
Little gowns a-hanging loosely, and the peeping feet beneath;

Merry monarchs of the household and their love is as the fawn,
And they're sweetest when it's bedtime and they've got their "nighties" on.

Oh, the clear notes of their laughter, and the patter of their feet,
As they romp and chase each other in the game of hide and seek—

Gives a hint of faint suspicion of the world that is to be,
For the ghosts taught us, saying: "Suffer these to come to me."

Soon fatigue o'comes the players, and the white brigade is still,
And the "Now I lay me" whispered with a pleading and a will.

Oh, the wee tots are in slumber and their dreams are in repose,
For the clearness of a conscience rivals beauties of the rose.

And the white, upturned, sweet visage adds to innocence the charm
Of the soul reposing trust upon the guardian angel's arm;

Oh, the sweetest-scented nectar flowing from this life is gone,
If you cannot see the babies when they get their "nighties" on.

—Indianapolis Press.

"Got any oysters?" asked the guest in a restaurant. "No, sah," replied the sable waiter; "ain't got no shellfish, 'cept eggs, sah."

"Fifty miles an hour," yelled the chauffeur, "are you brave?"
"Yes, I am just full of grit," replied the pretty girl, as she swallowed another pint of dust.—Equitable Life.

Mud Pies.

Of all the enjoyments under the skies,
There's nothing so jolly as making mud pies.

Prepare a nice shingle, or short, narrow plank,
Lay it carefully down on a bright, sunny bank.

Take the freshest of earth and the cleanest of sand,
And mix them up thoroughly well with your hand.

Add a cupful of water, then stir with a stick—
A little more water if it seems too thick.

Now take up a lump of this beautiful dough,
About just enough for a mud pie, you know.

Roll it softly around and give it a pat.
Don't have it too humpy and yet not too flat.

Lay it down on the board to bake in the sun—
Then make all the others just like this one.

Then sprinkle white sand over each little cake,
And leave them about fifteen minutes to bake.

And when they are done, you'll certainly say,
"That's the best fun I've had for many a day."

—Boston Herald.

Mrs. Jones—Are you aware, Mrs. Skinsbone, that your dog has bitten my little Willie?
Mrs. Skinsbone—What, your Willie, who only just got over scarlet fever? Oh, Mrs. Jones, if anything should happen to Fido, I'd never forgive you.—Exchange.

Never in the history of the world were there so many grand opportunities for Success as now.—Mary A. Livermore.

Message Department.

Report of Seances held April 18, 1904. S. E. 57.

MEDIUM, MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

IN EXPLANATION.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides for the good of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a representative of the "Banner of Light" and are given in the presence of other members of the "Banner" staff. These circles are not public.

TO OUR READERS.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the "Banner of Light" as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth and will bear its own burdens wherever it is made known to the world. In the cause of truth, kindly assist us to find those whom you believe may verify them. Many of them are not Spiritualists or subscribers to the "Banner of Light," so may we ask each of you to become a missionary for your particular locality?

Invocation.

Most earnestly would we seek at this time to be strong and tender toward those who are seeking to understand the law of spirit return. As teachers guiding a pupil we would be at this hour patient, loving and always striving to understand the law of love and loving service. Today as we come into this little circle, we feel the beating hearts of those who are seeking to find their own. We feel the need of those who are earnestly striving to give expression to their love; to tell something of their life; to make manifestation in the homes which they have left. And so, feeling all these things, we would give all that is possible for one spirit to give another in the way of service, of helpfulness, of anything that shall make the path easier for them. We know that the world is full of tears; we know that hearts are breaking; we know that homes are sad and desolate; and we would not withhold our knowledge of the coming together of those who have loved and passed on when it may be of some use to those who sit in darkness and do not know of the light that is about them. Bless us in our effort, O Spirit of love and tenderness. Be very near to those who are striving to speak through this organization today. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Elmer Clark.

There is a spirit of a man I should think about thirty-five years old. He is tall and rather slender; of medium complexion and has gray eyes. He says his name is Elmer Clark and he lived in Battle Creek, Mich. "I knew absolutely nothing of Spiritualism, and when I came over here it was so different from what I had expected when I died. I really have no recollection of anything like a definite change that came to me. It seemed more like going to sleep and waking in the morning in a new place. To be sure some of the friends I had been on familiar terms with seemed to have slipped away, but there were others who took their places, and to those I turned as naturally as if I had been with them all the time. One thing, my father was in the spirit, and he had been gone since I was a little boy, and when he came to me and spoke to me it gave me a great deal of happiness and I felt that I must be all right or I couldn't be where he was. I have had the greatest desire of late to tell my sister Annie about the things I find over here, and yet I couldn't seem to find any open door through which I might come, so I am making this effort today. I cannot say that I am sad or unhappy, but I would only like to add to my enjoyment by connecting myself with the life that was and making them understand of my tangible life today."

Susie Murdock.

There is a woman I should think about fifty, slender, rather fair and a very worn, pale face. I am sure before she came to the spirit she had a hard struggle; and it was a great effort for her to leave. She says her name is Susie Murdock and she used to live in Chelsea, Mass. "Isn't it funny I did not know anything about this before I came? I knew I was going to die but I did not have any idea what it would be like. I was not quite afraid of it but I thought I ought to stay because I was needed. I am not always in the home. I find myself many times among people that I have known before. They are eager to show me some attention and to help me. I have many of my own people and Mrs. Wright, who was such a dear friend to me. I wanted Nellie Wright to know that her mother came to her and that is one of my chief reasons for making the effort today. It is beautiful here. I think it is because I am out of pain and have a chance to look around and see how beautiful it is. I was always so busy I could not tell whether I lived in a beautiful world or not. The house shut out my vision, but over here I seem to take in the beauty of the flowers and scenes more than I ever did the beauty of the land in which I lived. I wish sometimes that all the housekeepers could have their walls taken down and they could work in the light of the sun, getting the joy and the beauty of the sunshine and the flowers instead of doing everything under cover and in prison, as so many homes seem. I would like to send a word to Emma and to Nathan."

Amasa Waldron.

A spirit of a man comes I should think about sixty years old, short, very thin, and has a gray beard which is not very long, sharp, dark eyes and gray hair. His hair is just a little thin near the top of his head. He is a very clean, scholarly looking man, and seems to have done everything with all the carefulness and patience that makes the true student. He says, "If you please, I would like to speak today. My name is Amasa Waldron, and I am from Milton, N. H. This is such a surprise to me to be able to even speak with you intelligently that I hardly know how to express myself. I have been over here some years; have made some study of the conditions; have talked with very many people about it, and have always yearned to come back to my life again with the knowledge that I have gained. I used to think if one could only enter life with the same knowledge that one leaves it, the world would soon be redeemed from its sorrow and its crime, but I never dreamed that it was possible for one from the next life to speak to us while we still walked in our ignorance and misunderstanding of the laws of God. I was not a minister, although I was very much interested in everything religious. It appealed to me. I am extremely anxious to send this word to Lucy. Tell her that I am often with her; that I see her as she

bushes herself with her household cares, and that frequently I am able to attract her attention and yet not sufficiently to hold it until she finds out who and what it is. I am very glad to say that I have my brother who died just after I did close by my side. I also have Wallace and Frank."

Myrtle Cole.

A little girl comes and says her name is Myrtle Cole. She is about ten years old, has rather dark brown hair and a little face that looks like a little dancing sunbeam. "I want to go to Henry Cole, who lives in Bloomington, Ill. Tell him I love him and I am happy as happy can be. I missed him at first but am getting used to it now, and I only wish he could come over here. I do not want to go back; I only want him to come to me. I have Grandma Cole with me and Auntie, who came since I did, and the little baby who came before I did. I like to read and I like to run just as much as ever. Do not think of me as being shut up anywhere. I am free to go anywhere and do anything I please, and that makes me very happy. I send you a thousand kisses and love you just as much as ever."

Ernest Leach.

A spirit comes whose name is Ernest Leach and he is from Camden, N. J. He is a young man I should think about twenty-three. He is quite a dandy; dressed in the very latest style, light overcoat, tall hat, and everything is natty and nobby as it can be. His mustache is almost a straw color and when he smiles his teeth are as white as pearls. He says, "Well, you have given me a pretty good send-off; now see if you can take correctly what I wish to say." Somehow he makes me laugh when he speaks, he is so airy. You would almost feel that he was not sincere, but I think he was sincere in his effort to look the best he could and that is about all there was in life for him. If he had wanted to help somebody or serve somebody, he wouldn't have had so much time to curl his mustache and polish his hat. "One great thing that has come to me since I came over here is, all the effort I put into polishing didn't seem to make any difference about my reception here. I made up my mind I would never come back to tell anybody about it, but I have been talking with some friends who are interested in these matters and they said it might help somebody to understand that a clean heart was more than a clean coat, and if one could not have both, for mercy's sake, let's have the heart. I have an idea that one could have both, but I took the coat and I hope some of the others will take the heart. I wanted Edith very much to know that I knew about the roses and the picture, and I thank her. I hope I am stronger and better than when I left my friends. I can only say that I am better by measuring myself with what I was. I know I was a good deal weaker than I would want to be today, and while I have not got very far along into angelhood, at the same time I have got a desire for it which they tell me is the first step toward attainment."

Emily Saunders.

A spirit comes to me now of a woman about forty; slender, fair, a little gray in her hair and eyes that are blue. She has a sweet manner as though she never got the least bit ruffled or disturbed over anything. She says, "Do not say that about me for although I do not look as if I get disturbed, I often did and often used to think very hard thoughts, and sometimes I am afraid I did some things that were far from the profession I made before the world. My name is Emily Saunders and I am from Bucksport, Me. I have been over here about twelve years, as I can remember, and it is very strange to me that I have never been seen by my friends in all this time. I have been very frequently a visitor at the tables and in the homes, and have often felt they must see me when I could see them so plainly. My principal object in coming today is to say that I am happy; that I find enough to do, and that life over here is beautiful and full of loveliness, even more than I had dared to hope. I have Mother and Aunt Harriet, and they say the longer one stays in the spirit life the more beautiful it seems and the less they want to return to their people in the body. Frank came over not long ago and it was quite a shock to him to come without preparation or thought, but we have made it as easy for him as we could and hope he will get into a condition where he will understand what it is all about and try to settle down to the life as he ought. I thank you more than I can tell for this opportunity to come."

A Spirit Message Verified.

Dear Minnie M. Soule:
I read in this week's issue of the "Banner of Light" a message from Jane Clapp, who was my aunt by marriage. She passed over from Potomac, Ill., instead of Portland; her brother's name, to whom she refers, is James, instead of Charles; Charley is her nephew. With these corrections the message is quite characteristic of our Aunt Jane who died (?) about two years ago, and I take pleasure in verifying the message, as I recognize the valuable service you are doing for Spiritualism.

Your loving sister in spirit,

Elsa Hornbeck.

1806 Colfax Street.

Evanston, Ill., April 8th, 1904.

Emerson's Ten Commandments.

(In 1832 young Emerson adopted the following as his "Sealed Orders.")
Thou shalt not profess that which thou dost not believe.

Thou shalt not heed the voice of a man when it does not agree with the voice of God in thine own soul.

Thou shalt study and obey the laws of the universe, and they shall be thy fellow-servants.

Thou shalt speak the truth as thou seest it, without fear, in the spirit of kindness to all thy fellow-creatures, dealing with the manifold interests of life and the typical characters of history.

Nature shall be to thee a symbol. The life of the soul, in conscious union with the infinite, shall be for thee the only real existence. Let thine eyes be open and thine eyes will reveal to thee beauty everywhere.

Go forth with thy message among thy fellow-creatures. Teach them that they must be guided by that inner light which dwells with the pure heart, to whom it was promised of old that they should see God.

Teach that each generation begins the world afresh with perfect freedom; that the present is not prisoner of the past, but that today holds in captivity all yesterday's, to compare, to judge, to accept, to reject their teachings, as these are shown by its own morning Sun.

To thy fellow-countrymen thou shalt preach the gospel of the New World, that here, here in America is the home of man, that here is the promise of a new and more excellent social state than history has recorded.

Thy life shall be as thy teachings, brave, pure, truthful, beneficent, hopeful, cheerful, thinkable to all honest belief, all sincere thinkers, and active according to thy gifts and opportunities.

From Our Exchanges.

Good Advice.

Apparently, Dr. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania doesn't enjoy being the whole support of his family, or else he is a free lance in the social cosmos, with no experience in the practice of the domestic virtues. At least, if he is reported correctly, his views on the economic position of the home in society would lead one to believe he either wished husbands to shirk responsibility or wives to become merely partners in the business of wage earning. Perhaps it may be possible for young couples to continue to be income producers after marriage, and for the home to be merely a shelter for the wage-earning class. But one or other of the married pair must always be a home-maker; otherwise in time rank discomfort preys upon their tempers, and eventually dissolving this mutual wage earning copartnership. When a professor of political economy preaches this working in double harness, one foresees a novel and dangerous departure among the unions, with all sorts of labor strikes to boot. There is just so much work and wage for each individual, and what Dr. Patten and other political economists and sociologists should impress upon these families is the necessity of one member, either husband or wife, earning the income, and the other one spending it advisedly, economically in the maintenance of the home. The thrift of the middle class in France is always cited as a worthy illustration of this principle, and that the wife there is always the husband's helpmeet, as she generally carries the better business head on her shoulders, but this French family life is absolutely foreign to American ideas. Let Americans be themselves; do not try to plant customs on soil that is unfitted for their growth. How much wiser for this problem of expense and social morality to be solved by the true economy of simple living. Reduce prices, improve manufactures, encourage domesticity and put down the absurd idea, which prevails in all classes, that luxury or its imitation is the chief thing to be striven for by every human being.—Boston Herald.

A True Premonition.

Miss Edith Shepard went into hysterics yesterday morning, in consequence of a premonition that her brother was dead. Two hours later she was handed a telegram conveying the news that he had been killed in a railroad accident at Lincoln, Neb. Miss Shepard was attending a meeting of a sewing circle, and was completing a garment to be given to the poor. She looked up suddenly and said, "I just saw the face of a dying man before me, and it was familiar." Two minutes later she exclaimed, "O, it was my brother." She went into a fit of hysteria and could not be restored to her normal self. "I see him now! He is bleeding, is mangled. Something killed him. I can't see what it was," she moaned. She could not be aided, and finally was put to bed in a pitiable condition. She lay in bed and raved, calling her brother by name and refusing to accept the explanation that it was an hallucination. The telegram announcing the tragic death of her brother, George B. Shepard, came while she was at the worst of the hysteria. It explained that he had been run over by a train in the yards at Lincoln, and that death was immediate.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Home Training Needed.

The passion for destructiveness, for purely wanton mischief, seems to have become a permanent and dominant trait in the character of most boys. And the very worst specimens of this disposition are found in what are called respectable families. The fathers and mothers are church people and society people. They claim to be refined and more or less educated and correct in their own conduct. The so-called street Arabs, the newsboys and bootblacks, for malicious mischief cannot hold a candle to these sons of respectability. Many of them are not only destructive in their practices, but mean and insolent in their manners. They are taught at home neither politeness nor respect for authority. They insult parents, teachers and public officials with impunity. It is wasting breath to rebuke them or to kindly request them to behave themselves. They are the terror of every public social entertainment to which they are admitted. Our readers know that this indictment of the boys is not exaggerated. There are exceptions. There are families in which good manners are both taught and enforced. There are parents who recognize their responsibility for the disciplining of their children. There are some boys, healthy, normal youths, with good, red blood and bounding spirits, who are also polite and gentlemanly. But they are not in the majority.—Rochester (N. Y.) Post.

True.

The widow who has sued to recover money invested on the advice of her departed husband, speaking through a professional spiritualistic medium, is only one of a great many people who conduct their business and manage their affairs generally under that sort of inspiration. They include men and women alike, and some of them are popularly accounted very shrewd and hard-headed people. One of the wealthiest and most successful business men Boston has known for a generation conducted his affairs under the direction of one of these mediums. No doubt he used his own independent judgment about acting on the medium's advice. He received the advice, just the same, and paid for it. Perhaps others who consult mediums in their business would fare better if they combined a little more judgment with the counsel they get from spiritualistic sources.—Boston Herald.

Apostasy.

The most valuable spirit of all times is that of apostasy. The apostate is a man who disturbs the established order of things. He draws aside the trailing vines of external verdure and reveals some vicious and tyrannical abuse which the selfish, conservative element has concealed under the deceitful screen of public policy. He follows the truth fearlessly wherever it may lead. This disposition to challenge institutions long established is the most important factor in human progress. To it society is much indebted for the social and political freedom it now enjoys. History is replete with narratives relating the physical tortures to which the apostate has been subjected, while posterity, by the erection of monuments, endeavors to atone for these transgressions. The tendency to wreak our vengeance upon the expounder of new ideas still prevails. The privileged aristocracy hate the reformer as a reptile; the pseudo Christian would exterminate him. The masses do not comprehend his motives, and the indolent avoid him as they would a scorpion. Today we hurl caustic anathemas at him—"Down with him!" "Away with the fool!"—and tomorrow we breathe a chaplet for his brow and teach our children to sing his praises.

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