

BANNER OF LIGHT.

VOL 95.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1904.

{\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 12

GOOD NIGHT! NOT GOOD-BY.

I saw my lady die;
And he, who oft times cruel is, dark death,
Was so deep sorrowful to stay her breath,
He came, all clemency.

He would not let her know;
So well he loved the bright soul he must take
That for our grieving and her own fair sake
He hid His shaft and bow.

Upon her lips he laid
That "kiss of God" which kills but does not
harm;
With tender message, breathing no alarm,
He said, "Be unafraid!"

Sorrow grew almost glad,
Pain half forgiven, parting well nigh kind,
To mark how placidly my lady's mind
Consented. Ready clad

In robes of unseen light
Her willing soul spread wing, and, while she
passed,
"Darling! good by," we moaned—but she, at
last
Murmured, "No, but good night!"

Good night, then, sweetheart! wife!
If this world be the dark time and its morrow
Day-dawn of Paradise, dispelling sorrow,
Lighting our starless life,

Good night and not good-by!
Good night! and best "Good morrow!" if we
wake;
Yet why so quickly tired? Well, we must
make
Haste to be done and die!

For dying has grown dear
Now you are dead, who turned all things to
grace;
We see Death made pale slumber on your
face—
Good night! But is dawn near?

Flowers rich of scent and hue
We laid upon your sleeping place. And these
Flowers of fond verse, which once had gift to
please—
Being your own—take too!

—Sir Edwin Arnold.

The Innermost of Manhood.

Charles Dawbarn.

CHAPTER II.

Man is truly a universe in miniature, and even more so than is supposed or guessed by all but a very few of the human race. Our key note and foundation fact is that a collection of units into form, and exhibiting energy and intelligence, is thereby a person. And if you take that person and build upon it a myriad of other persons, while you will have a different expression of intelligence, still the original molecules and units retain their personality unimpaired. It is the same with the citizen of New York or London who does not lose his individuality because the city has a greater individuality of its own. So the human form must be our study if we hope to get any light on the claimed mysteries of sub-consciousness, and its faculties of clairvoyance and telepathy, each and all manifestations of intelligence through a personal form.

We all know there are divisions and subdivisions of the human form, many of which acknowledge no sovereignty of the brain, or of anything we call the man divine. The form, as a whole, is most assuredly a personality; and society is but a blending of these forms into what itself becomes a social and national personality.

The singular fact, when we think of it, is that the form is built up of independent units, marshaled as regiments and battalions of molecular groups, composed of independent molecules, which we call organs. These organs have therefore their own personality. To the total man in his inwardness, is merely a city.

It is evident the mayor of the city resides in the brain, but he has no monopoly of intelligence. Each organ does its work, and makes its secretions in its own way. It resents any improper treatment from the mayor, and is ready to rebel whenever its independence is assailed. We thus perceive that man is not only a form which is in itself a collection of other forms, and blended into a shape we call human, but he is a personality composed of a lot of other personalities. So far we are on safe ground, for every anatomist and physiologist recognizes this.

We must now go a step further, and take a broad view of life itself, upon which the personality of manhood rests. Most of my readers are acquainted with "composite photography" as designated by Francis Galton some years ago. A face is photographed in the usual manner. Then another and another flashed upon the same negative, and posed so as to exactly blend with the entire series. The result is not a mere blur, as might be supposed, but a real portrait of a man whose form and features has something of each one of the sitters. I remember seeing a composite portrait of the members of the British Government. Every member, from the prime minister down was included in the portrait.

The result was a manly-looking face and head, but resembling no one of that group of British officials. It comprised and included all alike.

This is an exemplification of what I mean by the intelligence of a blended personality being quite different from that of a single individual. The person at whose face you are looking, would not think and act like any one of the sitters of that photograph, but he would combine the energy and intelligence of them all. Some individual member of the cabinet might very much object to the acts and conclusions of this blended self, but nevertheless he represents the intelligence of the entire lesser molecules in that combination.

Now let us remember that every single mind with a face to it in that combination is actually a part, and a responsible part, of the whole. The writer has been claiming for years that life is a form of energy that is shared by every grouping of units, as well as by the unblended units, but we are now emphasizing that each and every grouping of units has its own expression of intelligence distinct from that of the unit. The sun is permeated with intelligence. So is the planet. So is the man, and every other form grouping of units and molecules. But it is in our study of manhood we find the most startling proof of this truth.

We all know and recognize the intelligence of a man, which emanates from his brain. That stands to us as the man himself, and our social and political arrangements deal with man as a brain manifestation of intelligence. Some of us are beginning to recognize that a stomach or liver intelligence, if it come to the front, may change the manhood both mentally and physically, and usually for the worse. We notice the gaggle gathering, analyzing and transmitting nerve messages with very marked intelligence, but we have never thought of counting them as expressions of manhood. Yet we know that something is at work beside brain intelligence. The scientist is talking a great deal, now-a-days, about sub-consciousness. Well, that is not brain-consciousness, or at least not normal brain-consciousness. There being no expression of intelligence we can recognize that is not from units grouped into forms, we have a right to ask, Where is the form that is expressing this sub-consciousness? It certainly is not that of the liver, the spleen, the stomach, etc., and if it is not that of the brain then there is and must be something more to man than our anatomists and physiologists have yet discovered. It won't do to say, "O, it is psychic," because intelligence is itself psychic all ways and everywhere. So if there be sub-consciousness there is something psychic which is not normal to the brain man, and which, for want of a better name, is called under of sub-consciousness.

At this point we run against a fact in nature which I have alluded to in previous articles. If there is to be any communication with sub-conscious man it must be through and to the brain. Intelligence can only communicate with intelligence expressing itself through a similar form. The unit could not talk to the molecule, nor can the molecule of liver or heart talk to the molecule of brain.

Communication of brains is limited to the possibilities of education. The Chinaman may by education talk to the European. But education will not enable the brain of ant to talk to, or with, the brain of man. So if there be real communication from sub-consciousness to normal consciousness they must have similar brain forms, and be capable of similar education. That means that the sub-consciousness must be related to the upper consciousness all along through earth life if it is to talk to the mortal brain under any circumstances whatever.

Yet further, its vibrations must be in octaves that can be reduced or raised to the normal beat. And the mortal brain must have its octaves too, that can be raised or lowered, if the sub-consciousness is to exhibit an intelligence not normal to the mortal brain.

If this be a truth in nature we see that it is not enough for both to have intellectual capacity, for that is the Chinaman and the American over again. They must both have also the experience by practice without which they must be dumb to each other. So we have herein a great truth. First of all we perceive that sub-consciousness is a fact, and that it inheres to all manhood. Next we discern that it manifests to the brain of the mortal, but through its own brain. Yet more, it is so closely related to man the mortal that both ideas and language can be mutual.

But though so much be taken as established, it still leaves the further fact that this outside manhood will never be subject to the scientist's vivisection or dissection. It will evade him, whether the mortal be living or dead, ever and always, just as it does today.

Manhood's individuality is thus not merely an accumulation of physical individualities into a form we call "body," and think of as man. When we leave the physical, and commence to study the mental of manhood, we find it, also, is composed of different personalities, which we call "consciousnesses."

We have first the mental as expressed through the physical brain. Next we find a mental which does its work without the physical, except when we call it to talk through the mortal brain for a very brief hour. This secondary mental is called the "subconscious," just to distinguish it. Some other name would have done just as well. But its proved existence teaches us that if it be merely an extension of the same individual manhood, but out into psychic vibrations, then the man we see and know in everyday life is showing and using only a part of his psychic manhood. But yet further, the self-consciousness which we claim as the glory of manhood is only, so far as we know, manifested through brain. It therefore follows that the self-consciousness now called "sub" must have a brain like ours, or its equivalent, through which to do its work. Of course our physical brain may have its invisible extension through which the "sub" works, but that is the same thing. It simply provides a brain for use by sub manhood.

San Leandro, Cal.

(To be continued.)

When Knighthood Is in Flower.

William Brewster.

I like phrases, suggestive, musical phrases that are sweet as the chime of bells on a summer eve. You can turn them over in your mind and be blest by them, made strong and true for many a trying occasion. Such a one was this phrase, "When knighthood was in flower." It carried one back to the days of chivalry. It was romance and poetry in itself, and the imagination could feel the strength of it and make many a battle in its behalf. It could forget that those days of armor, of lance and sword were passed. It could ride forth from its castle on a sunny morn and find itself engaged in fierce conflict to defend right against might and come off more than conqueror. Oh, it fills out the empty page of history with new scenes of valor and adventures that have all eloquence in the telling. The good and beautiful can never die; it renews itself and comes to flower in other shape, but the same worth and fragrance and inspiration. There is a new-heroic age, and so I write the phrase in the present tense, "When knighthood is in flower"—it is to be now blossoming in our hearts and lives.

It were a calamity to the race to have such fine feeling and conduct vanish from our midst. The knights had a worthy place in the world. The idea of such devotion and service was born out of the nobility of man, was the expression of the divine in him. It was the sense that power is obligated to grand duty, that the evils of the earth are to be overcome by the valiant and the righteous. All this is as true today as ever it was. It is the makeup of man. He is to take oath before the altar of the Eternal—to do this. He is to befriend the poor and the helpless, to stand for the strength of manhood and the purity of woman, and to uphold everything that means the advance of the race. Cervantes only smiled out of existence the pretentious peddling of old forms; he in their destruction was doing the work of a true knight.

One can admire the old knighthood because it rested on a firm foundation of jeweled thought. It was a dream of greatness in the name of heaven. It was the devotion of those who, beginning at Jerusalem, and rescuing it from oppression, wished to carry their work to the ends of the earth. It had in it the enthusiasm of a divine love; it wished to serve the white Christ of their thought, the divine soul who had dared grandly for the redemption of man, who had died a death of shame for mankind in sin and darkness.

Surely here is a source of soldier power and indomitable courage; surely here is an enthusiasm for humanity that stirs the blood and leads to noble issues. We must have something at the back of us or in us to create chivalry, and for that age this was as the fire of lava in the veins. And the soul of this remains for our quickening and guiding.

This is the point that pleases me, to show that none have lived without bequeathing a blessing. We need a like willingness to do and dare, a like heroism of heart to make our world better. Men are everywhere praying the help of the wiser and the stronger. We need for the service of man (a knight was a servant as it is written in the old Saxon speech), we need now all manhood's courage and devotion, every bit of it, and from all men, but more especially from the enlightened and good of heart.

I love to believe it is an assured fact that men shall do all that the noblest did in their best days; that soon we shall be sensible that altruism is the divinity of doing; that we shall have a passion for this as strong as the tides of the sea, as glorious as the coming of dawn or the darkness of night. I am persuaded that this kingdom of right and righteousness

is near at hand, yea—now arising in our midst.

There are mighty principles we are receiving as our own which must bear this fruit. Sow these seeds of thought and the result is knighthood in its noblest phases.

These principles are God is God, that is to say, he is not a proposition of the priest and part of the creed of a church, He is the living Reality.

Then Man is a Man, that is to say concerning all, from the slum to the palace, there is the divinity of possible greatness in good.

I take these two affirmations conceal in their heart what will arouse man to a new crusade of the zeal of knowledge and will rid the earth of sin, sickness and death. I take they are powerful to the overturning of wickedness in high places and low.

I begin with my confession of God as Reality, the Eternal Goodness, the All Father to have the assurance that our labor is not in vain. Here is the universal kindness that begets universal justice, that dare not leave any out of the great question. It makes the spirit valiant to know the Commander is on the field when he seems invisible. There is a will of righteousness to worship, to love, and serve, so that every day we wish to love and serve Him more and more. It lifts us up to the divine to recognize this.

And we take hold of the worth of man from this. Our source is divine; human nature has dignity. We can no more pour contempt upon it and do it despite. We are to honor, educate, and allow it to come into possession of its estate.

To acknowledge the worth of all men is to bring out the courtesy of the knight. We look at every life with the eyes of love. We cease to carp and criticize in an evil way. We take men with the sense that there is all good in the street Arab, in the outcast, in the average man as well as in the finely housed and cultivated and pampered. Each is a child of God in a grand way.

We have to play upon this cathedral organ the music that rings with the reverberations of praise. Man's divine sonship is the affirmation of a royal brotherhood, and is the wonder of our souls to be put into the poetry of speech in a better way than Dante spoke or even the masterly mind of Shakespeare won. The theme is like the mighty mountains for strength. It fills the soul with majesty just to think of it, and in it is the source of reverence and the begetting of service such as the old knights rendered.

We are not wasting our sweetness on the desert air in such talk as this, by no means. We are preparing the way for man's triumph over himself so that he shall wish the good, plan it, and veritably accomplish it. He shall go forth armed with noble desire and determination to suppress lust, greed, pride, envy and all forms of injustice. He shall do this by virtue of the nobility of his nature, resolute, kindly, grand. There is no appeal of love and generosity to which we cannot give a full reply. And there is no condition of oppression and wrong that a decade could not alter and a half century make as a lost vision of the darkness.

Talk about knighthood being past, there is a new order of nobility born out of the experience of all endeavor and hope that shall make this rose of the wayside to fold to its heart a hundred petals and breathe the fragrance of the celestial. Even now the seed has begun to unfold and the summer of God is wooing it to its perfect expression. May such fineness and beauty be in us as of the noble army of gentle souls and true who are to inherit the earth!

"The Education of the Future."

U. T. Probst.

The problem of education is one of peculiar fascination to all interested in the profounder questions underlying the building up of a sound society and the evolution of the highest citizenship.

Society in its corporate character represents the results of the education of its individual atoms. It is moral, spiritual, artistic, intellectual, and progressive in proportion as such ideas have been inculcated in the minds of the people in their youth.

Citizenship is loyal, honorable, far seeing, and patriotic, as such ideals were part of the permanent results of education received in early life.

Nations and their civil life must be gauged by their general expressions, but the general manifestation is made up of particular elements—the individual life.

No country can hope to achieve greatness in these days unless not only attention, but special attention, is paid to the question of public education. Such a matter is of as great importance to a nation as its various services, such as Diplomacy, Judiciary, Military, Naval or Administrative, for good citizens are the only enduring blocks upon which a lasting temple of national greatness can be erected.

It is now being understood that every child has a natural right to a sound education as the means of equipping it for the duties of citizenship, as well as for its future place in social life. This point is suggested by an admirable article in The Anna for this month, written by Eltweed Pomeroy, A. M., and the title of which is quoted as the heading of this article. Mr. Pomeroy says:

"We know the public-school system has been good policy. We intend that education shall be fostered by the body politic more thoroughly and more widely than it has ever been in the past. Today there is no sentiment so strong in the hearts of our people as that one imbedded in our Declaration of Independence, that all men are equal and have equal rights. This does not mean that all men are equal in strength, ability or wisdom, but that they are equal before the law. Among the rights to which all are equally entitled is the right of each individual to develop to the utmost. The beggar's child, born in the slums of that modern monstrosity, the great city, is entitled to just as good an education as the millionaire's son; and the people intend he shall have that opportunity in the public schools."

The writer of the article says truly when speaking of the character of training methods, as usually pursued, that

"We have begun to feel and I can see signs of a rapid increase in that feeling that the scope of our public-school education has been too narrow, its character too exclusively literary. It has been a training through books and through what can be gotten out of books. After all, books are only second-hand, valuable as records, and when one cannot go directly to nature and life for the training. So some years ago the curriculum was enlarged to include botany, chemistry, astronomy, geology and a smattering of the sciences. This was an enlargement of the scope of education, but only a step. In some places we are tentatively taking the next step, and the children are learning geology by a walk over the hills with a teacher who can point out the facts of geology in the rocks and soil; they are learning botany by having school-gardens where each child has a plot of ground and actually grows something himself; they are learning the chemical constitution of matter by working in the laboratory, and so on. They are getting training at first-hand by observing facts, and not at second-hand through books. This sort of training is also a training in observation and in inspiration. A near view of any of the facts of life means inspiration."

Ruskin has said that if you will teach a boy to saw a straight line in a board, to draw an even, true shaving with a plane, to draw a circle with a pencil, you have more than half of his education completed. This is very, very true. Book knowledge does not give accuracy of hand, quickness of eye, alertness of observation and fixity of attention. He may have these qualities mentally, and be physically inaccurate, clumsy and slow. If he has these qualities physically, he is almost sure to have them not only mentally, but also morally."

In another part of his article a subject of supreme importance is dealt with, and rightly pointed out the danger that results from the lack of education in this particular direction. Speaking of the work of the physical laboratory it is contended that

"There is another branch of physics which is now not only neglected, but indelicately smothered, which in the education of the future will be taught carefully and thoroughly. At the proper age, by mature, discreet teachers, the young of both sexes will be told in this physical laboratory about their sexual natures and the laws which govern reproduction, and how they can beget the best children and become fitting physical mates, the girl for a wife and the man for a husband. A false modesty relegates the acquirement of a haphazard knowledge of this most important side of every man's and woman's nature to the chance indecencies of the street. Many a life is wrecked for lack of such a training. The State is eternal. It depends for its future on the children to be. In this light, child-bearing is a social and State function. This fact will be recognized in the training which the State will give to the youth of both sexes in sexual matters. Of course this training will have to be done with scientific plainness, truth and modesty."

The whole article is healthy and sound in tone and contains many useful suggestions, but of course it will be objected by many that it deals with the material side of life and education, and therefore has little value to the Spiritualist, Theosophist, New Thoughtist, and their like. But this would be to decry the importance of matters outside one's own special sphere of thought. We live in a material world, we have to deal with material conditions, we have to use material things for our purposes in this life, and to be trained to the expert use of our brains, nerves, eyes and hands is not the least of the things to help us to a useful life while here. There is not a trade, business, profession, science, or even art, from which the most transcendental thinker derives the help he, like his more materialistic brethren, cannot do without, for each is dependent upon the physical powers, forces and agencies of our bodily lives, and the world in which we move.

Personal observations of many peoples, and in many lands, leads to the one conclusion that the only effective education is that which

(Concluded on page 4.)

A REWARD FOR WAITING.

The world went around with a whirl and a clink
To the man who didn't have time to think—
The man who was busy from morn to night,
Setting a world of mistakes aright,
Trying to satisfy every need
Of the wife and children he had to feed.
Yes, the world went around with a whirl and a clink
To the man who couldn't get time to think.

He knew there were great things that he might do,
If he only had time to plan a few;
And he might have dreamed of the world's applause,
If his work would give him a chance to pause.

But he had to keep at the same old grind,
And keep his ambition out of mind,
Since life was a struggle for food and drink,
To the man who hadn't the time to think.

He knew of the sights in the world to see,
Outside of the field where he chanced to be,
And he knew of the hopes and dreams he had
Of the golden gifts, which would make him glad.

There was always a task when one was done,
And at every goal a new race to run;
Yet he faced the course—for he would not shrink—
This man, who never had time to think.

But he died one day, for the gods are good,
And remember the grievous trials withstood;
And they took this saint from his beaten track
To place him where he could gaze far back.

And he smiled as he viewed the stony path,
The irksome tasks and the world's harsh wrath,
And the world went around with a whirl and a clink,
And he said, "I'm glad that I couldn't think!"

Then they seated him there at an easel white,
Where colors are mixed in eternal light;
And he painted the pictures that all through life
Had lived in his heart and defied earth's strife.

And he smiled the first real smile of years,
For he never thought of the old-time tears—
And this was heaven—a golden link—
To the man who had never had time to think.

—Louis E. Thayer.

Are We Courageous Spiritualists?

George H. Kotes.

In one of the anniversary issues of the "Banner," its editor made the following remark: "Let us increase our belief in ourselves, and the beauty and righteousness of our Cause."

This request should go ringing throughout the world to all Spiritualists. For we are, as a body, almost inactive in the practical application of Spiritualism to the great needs of humanity, when we view nations at war, society disrupted and made brutal by false inter-relations, individuals besotted, debauched and murderous. The universality of misery, want, war, sin and crime cries aloud for some power to stem the mighty holocaust of evil.

The nations are not Christian because the individuals are not imbued by any approach to the condition of love for one another. The church militant is far from being a church triumphant that conserves the moral and spiritual conditions of humanity.

As Spiritualists we claim high standards of intelligence and virtue for the moral and spiritual uplift of humanity. We say that the spirits have made our "responsibility" clear, and have told us the actualities of our continuity. We no longer speculate about life after so-called death: we claim to have it proved and its conditions demonstrated. We have been taught that spirit-life is the direct continuity of earth-life, and the latter is likewise the unfolding of pre-natal conditions.

To have a satisfactory people, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually, on earth, we must see that their birthright is one of love and not of lust; is divine and not devilish. To have unfolded (saved) spirits in the after-life is not by any process vicarious, but by every natural result of righteous application; for, effects always result from causes. To all of these ends, there is only one way—the way of knowledge.

It is true that some are trying hard to disseminate knowledge—but many are giving more time to phenomena cure materialism than they do to ethically prevent it. The phenomena is not accepted when it is not logically postulated—for proof is not often proof to a prejudiced mentality. Thus, perhaps, we need closer and firmer relations between the ethics and phenomena of Spiritualism. We do not like one-sided Spiritualists—either phenomenal or philosophical. They are apt to be fanatics.

We do not want to trust it all to the spirits. "Let us increase our belief in ourselves!" Let us understand that there is a "beauty and righteousness in our Cause" that the spirits expect us to apply to and unfold for human needs.

How can we fulfill this expectation? By increasing our belief in ourselves! We fear, often, that we cannot accomplish—and hesitate to stand forth and ask for help. We let other sectarian workers assume the front of battle against the slums and to oppose intemperance, or to plead for better living. We let the mission-worker or salvationist prescribe unprovable doctrines and Biblical anacronisms for the fleshly weaknesses. Our spiritual workers should be actively engaged in spiritually quickening the individual to step out of a tarnished environment and achieve a purified ego.

We should first feed and clothe the physical. We prate of humanitarianism, but carry very little of it to the poor and needy. "Let us increase our belief in ourselves!" We tell of the joys that spirit-communion brings to the sorrowful heart stricken, by the death-angel taking away our dearly beloved. How often do we carry the "glad tidings" to the desolate home? Have we the proper faith and enthusiasm, to say nothing of love, to make our ministry one better devoted to a slave of the sorrows that now engulf the human mind who knows not that "the dead yet live?" "Let us increase our belief in ourselves!" At least, let us co-operate better as a compact body with a purpose and give capacity to such public workers who shall give their talents, time and strength to the great helpfulness of Spiritualism.

And, now, that the war-dogs are loose again, and the horrors of their destructiveness are shocking the world, let us tell to the nations "what the spirit saith," and take some bold action to influence peace. Banners will not seek war to adjust international dimensions, when the people are educated or developed, to refuse its support. Our duty, then, is with the people personally. A nation expresses the citizen more than does the reverse. But, warfare glorified, quickens the instinct that destroys regard for life. Military pomp and battle glory heralded from the past ages as belonging to noblest manhood, also enshrined in the ideals of womanhood, should be incessantly opposed by the Spiritualists. Let us keep swords and guns from

the hands of our youth. Let us denounce military schools—especially Sunday-schools with military organizations. Let us glorify the arts, sciences and mechanics of the age. Let us offer medals and honor for music, literature and knowledge. Let us demand spiritual culture shall exceed the desires for sensual excitement. Let us politically labor for the abolition of the Mosaic doctrine as applied to evil-doers, and try to get the Christ doctrine into our laws. Let us try to have legal murder stopped and to punish malicious murders by incarcerating the body that contains the soul and spirit, and not liberate the latter for further possible application of their murderous instincts. Let us protect the weak by preventing possible obsessions of the evil. Let our national and state and local associations with one voice proclaim the moral value of Spiritualism to the world, by active missionary effort and by one monster proclamation, and possibly by a concerted petition to the United States voters, that party policy and the executive to be elected this year shall stand for peace instead of war.

Let us obey the spirits and labor for "peace on earth." We lack faith in ourselves! We are millions strong! With one voice to our political parties and to our Congress and Executive, we can make arbitration more sure and assist very materially in the disarmament of all nations. By earnestly laboring for all these, we can achieve the development of a national life based upon brotherhood, when it may truly be a realized vox populi, vox dei.

No True Civilization Without Head and Heart Culture Combined.

Arthur P. Milton.

As education refines the outer man, moral culture refines the inner. Common school education pumped into a barbaric or any subordinate race, does not shape the morals further than what may be added by self-reflection or association—which is comparatively very little—but it does stimulate to a higher physical activity, which is brought to bear on the nervous system through mental action.

Morality or religion is not a fruitage of that rudimentary education which is simply intended to put the student in line with the reading public; but it can be made a means to the aforementioned, if the proper measures are taken in time.

We know that feeling (nervous action) creates thought (brain-action). In like manner brain action affects the nerves. Now, the latter are the agitators, which give life or motion to the organs, and these in turn generate the appetites or desires.

Now, while education incites to broader reasoning—improved brain-action—it has like effects on the nerves, and consequently the appetites or desires. But, without moral teachings accompanying the latter influence, these appetites are not in any way checked, but simply take a higher range—become keener or subtler in their demands.

It is well known that the greatest rogues and debauchees in civilization are always of the educated class—selfish or heartless individuals whose moral nature has been neglected or stunted. The term degenerates is very applicable to such, but not an apology. If not self-reflection, at least, association, should aid in self-surmounting temptation. But when a lower race, whose animal instinct is still strong, imitates such degenerates, we must take another view of the matter. Not necessarily an apologetic view, but a scientific one, namely: the effect that education without morality or religion has on their physical bodies.

The ill-effects of such education has been variously exemplified by the mistaken idea that mental development is all that is required to start human beings on the road to progress.

The newspapers reflect the results back as suggestions on others of the same tissue or, inciting to revenge by partisan comments. A few preachers sermonize on them to uninterested hearers or innocent parishioners; and nothing effective is done to remedy the evil. Politics (party selfishness), national law (diplomatic-selfishness) and sometimes religion itself, are the bars.

Brains only and not heart must have a voice in this "progress." A politician with a grain of sentiment in his proposals has the quotation marks of ridicule applied to his words; while a diplomatist or judge expressing that which smacks of anything warmer than cold facts (though taking a hot Bible oath to be truthful and just) would receive a pseudonym for his pains.

Morals and religion are at low ebb under circumstances, and the heart becomes chilled. Conscience is permitted to lie dormant, and we wonder that education does not civilize or convert a savage into a newspaper editor.

It took many generations to refine the European race into its present type. It will take generations to refine any subordinate or lower race into a like condition. It takes generations to develop good stock in animal nature. Why not in man? The saying that moral culture or spirituality should begin with our grandparents is as applicable to race-culture as it is to individuals—and without this internal refinement or spirituality there can be no healthy external refinement or culture. Thus head and heart must be mutually educated—one with matters concerning the external life, and the other with those concerning the internal. Mind and soul must keep pace.

Homes in Spirit Land.

In our papers on Death and Life (published in the "Banner of Light") we have given you a somewhat crude description of homes in spirit land, and of the state or condition of those who dwell therein. We have not pictured these conditions of life to mind in the sense of punishment or reward; but, as the legitimate fruits of an ill or a well spent life on earth. In no one of our papers have we said "believe and do this and ye shall be saved," nor have we said "believe not and ye shall be damned."

Spiritualism makes no appeal to the fears or to the hopes of man; but simply says, "as a tree bears its own natural fruit year after year, so does life produce its own legitimate states of future life, and transition only introduces man thereto."

Desiring to leave a good and lasting impression on the mind we shall in this paper strive to give a more full description of a spirit home and life therein.

We have said that thoughts were things; not meaning inanimate things like furniture of various kinds, (though even these are the fruit of thought); but entities, beings which by the aid of will, especially co-operative will can clothe themselves and appear as substantial forms, even such as the will may desire.

advantage; you have to prepare all of your material thought in advance, while we by co-operative will power can draw from the surrounding atmosphere all that we need.

We have just returned from a visit to a spirit home where we were invited to rest and receive instruction that would enable us to more fully complete our work on earth and in the sphere where we now reside and have requested our friend and instructor to write a description of the home where we have been his guests.

"My home if on earth, would be called a large building. The center is a large circular room with a number of arches (we do not call them doors because they are closed by curtains which are dropped or drawn at will) opening on a wide surrounding hall which is square at its outer sides. This center room includes both stories, having a similar hall on the second floor which is reached by stairways placed at the angles or corners of the lower hall. The South front faces the Welcoming River, having spacious lawns and a series of flower beds extending down to the water. This South side is divided into three rooms by curtains which can be formed into arches or drawn aside thus making one long reception room. Turning to the East side (which also commands a fine view of the winding river), you enter the library, a noble room, well stocked with MSS., books and papers and where you will find the latest news from all parts of our sphere from all the lower spheres and from your earth; also, messages from spheres above. Next to and adjoining the library is the circle room, where we meet at stated times to hold communion with more advanced spirits and friends and where any member of the family or guest of the house may retire when desirous of receiving communications from friends, or from spirits of the other planets or spheres. The next room is a general reading, writing and study room, adjoining which are the school and class rooms.

Retracing our steps to the West side you find that it can be divided into smaller or larger rooms as desired, but usually represents six rooms used for general family purposes. The furniture of all these rooms corresponds to their use.

The center or circular room is devoted to music, lectures and concerts. Between the arches are stands of beautiful flowers and the walls are adorned with pictures, either painted in panels or hung in frames. (Flowers should always be found in concert or music rooms. The tones lose half their force and sweetness when they fall upon bare walls and are not accompanied by the aroma of flowers). All your instruments of music are found in this room and others which will be found to man when he can comprehend their use. Around the inside of the dome by which this room is surmounted and lighted are wires like the wires of a piano or harp which are strung and tuned and vibrate in unison with other instruments and echo and re-echo their tones. Sometimes they are played similar to the harp and often give forth sweet sounds by reason of their vibrations in the air.

The school and class rooms are provided with everything necessary for the instruction of young scholars. Object lessons for the young, maps, globes and instruments of many kinds for the more advanced; while the library furnishes books upon every subject the mind desires to investigate; but if desirous to delve deeper into the wonders of mind and nature the seance room brings us into communication with higher spheres and more advanced teachers.

The North side is divided into dining room, kitchen and other necessary apartments, near to which are stables or barns with all their needed surroundings. Kitchens and stables are furnished with everything needed for use and comfort, and here, also, are found many utensils and implements unknown to man.

The second story is divided into many suites of rooms, each suite opening upon a balcony which surrounds the building; and in the hall there are arches from the central room opening on the floor so that persons walking in this upper hall can enjoy the concerts or hear the lectures if they so wish.

These upper rooms are used for rest and retirement and are furnished as desired by the occupant and when the curtains are closed no one intrudes. The furniture and adornments of these rooms are changed to suit the taste when a room or rooms are newly occupied. Like you we have different tastes, occupations and loves; for we are but human beings living in higher states, inhabitants of a more substantial world.

All the lower rooms (except the center room) open upon a broad walk or road which surrounds the house from which other roads diverge in all needed directions. But next to the home between the arches are beds of flowers making a small walk from each arch to the road.

There are many fine groves of trees for shade and fruit in the near distance hills and what you would call forests. This landscape and the hills beyond are dotted with many cottages, homes built and furnished to suit the taste of friends who dwell therein.

The governing law of this community is "Do as you would be done by." There are no idlers, but each one takes the part for which he or she is best fitted. Those who serve, serve for love and progression. Those who teach are themselves taught by more advanced teachers. Love rules and peace and harmony dwell within each home and all who dwell within view of the central home attend the lectures and concerts given there. All children and many adults assemble at stated times in the school and class rooms but all do not remain as some prefer to study in the groves or by the river side. There is no constraint but under the law of Love there is freedom for all.

In constructing or building this home we first held a meeting of all parties interested those who would reside therein and those residing in the various surrounding homes who would attend the lectures and concerts and fill its class and school rooms. After consulting each mind we unitedly called friends from spheres above, who, after advising a few changes in the plan co-operated with us and by united will power we clothed our thoughts and erected our combined home, hall, school and college under one dome and for the benefit of all. At some future time I may be able to give you a fuller description of the material used, how obtained, and the time (as you would speak) consumed in completing the home. But it would take a paper much longer than this to give you a full description thereof. In this sphere there are many beautiful homes each answering in full to the present requirements of the souls dwelling therein. But as progression and desire demand more beautiful surroundings the soul will enter a higher sphere and occupy a home already there or build for itself a home more in accord with its tastes and desires.

In spheres above are still more beautiful homes. I have been permitted to visit and sojourn for a time with friends who dwell in the fifth sphere. I have found it somewhat difficult to find words descriptive of our home. How then could I tell you of the glories of these more progressed homes? I must leave you to imagine them, and assure you that not half in relation to our present home has been told. Strive then to learn and live the truth, to build your homes on the beautiful hills, or in the more beautiful valleys of the Spirit world, where you can meet your friends and sing of love and home.

Although we had visited this, to us, more beautiful home, so truthfully described, we

had no desire to remain. We had had the same experience in earth life and think some of our readers have experienced the same.

While you admire and (maybe for the moment) desire to possess the home and surroundings which your more wealthy or more mind-cultured neighbor may possess, you feel that you are not as yet fitted to control or enjoy them and that they might become a burden instead of a pleasure. Then you think of the responsibility attached to such possessions and if a Spiritualist realize that that responsibility extends beyond the earth life and conclude that if you changed positions you would be "a square peg in a round hole" and would rather wait until some of the sharp corners are rounded off. We as spirits are much more sensitive to these influences than are you as mortals. Sometimes man blindly rushes in, where spirits would hardly dare to tread. Man reaps experiences which may be rather sad but we having learned our earth lessons, abide our time, study our work, knowing that we shall reap all that our labor can produce and when fitted and prepared therefor will exchange our more humble home for one that will fill the all of desire and bring happiness to the soul.

In our paper on "Death," a friend who had escaped therefrom, gave you a word picture of life in the Silent City. In this paper we have tried to present the comparative beauty of second sphere homes, and what is before man in higher spheres of human life; for remember that no matter how far advanced, though we become gods, we are human beings still and under the law of Progression all things are attainable by man.

Therefore, in conclusion, we would say: strive for the highest, make truth your motto, and live thereby. As said Manon the ancient sage and teacher, "As thou wouldst thy neighbor should do unto thee, so shouldst thou do unto him."—Jos. H. Young, medium. Onset, Mass.

Peculiar Phenomena.

D. P. Cook.

In my former communications I have referred to the singular and the distressing experiences which befell me during my effort to get into communication with my departed wife. That those experiences were more than singular cannot be denied, and that they were distressing, I know by painful experience. I naturally became very anxious to get rid of my sufferings, and in my desperation, and perhaps because I did not understand the intentions of my spirit wife, I became angered and determined to cast off this influence or get rid of it by any means and at any cost. With this intention in my mind I started for Boston to search for a medium from whom I could obtain assistance, but without any satisfactory results.

Finally I went to the office of the "Banner of Light" and the manager listened to my case and said that I was obsessed. I replied that certainly some trouble had possession of me, and inquired of him if there was any help for me to enable me to overcome it. He referred me to a person who had been successful in similar cases, and off I started with a light heart, hoping to find the relief I so much desired. As I went along the street the same voice, that of my wife, assured me it was no use for me to spend my money so foolishly, for "There is no possible way for you to drive me from you." These remarks heard clairaudiently, only hastened my steps to reach the office of the person in question.

In opening our interview, I asked him if he could afford me any help, and after stating my case, he said he could, replying, "I can cure you all right. It is only a bad case of obsession. I am curing cases every day." He asked me how long I could stay for treatment. I replied about ten days, but he said that was nothing like sufficient time, and considered that six weeks would be required. I replied that I came 125 miles, and could not stop anything like the length of time he mentioned, so he suggested that I visit him twice a day during the ten days I remained in town. The voice continued to tell me it was no use to fool my money away, but to go home. I refused to pay any heed to the mention.

The Professor took me into a dark room and we sat down to a small table, he on one side, and I on the other. We laid our hands upon the table, his on the top of mine, and had not been long in that position when I got a shaking that I think loosened the joints of the chair, for the chair and I were being exercised violently, and he had hard work to keep his hands on mine. He said, "Is that the way they treat you?" to which I answered "Yes," but at this only a little easier one, to which he replied, "Well, you've got it pretty bad," and also said, "I do not know whether I can cure you as soon as I said, but if you will stop five or six weeks I think I can cure you." "My business would prevent me," I said. Ten days was my limit, so he promised he would do his best, if I would come often, and suggested that I might come up occasionally a few weeks at a time I never had the least fear all this time, and after that we sat mute, buried in our own thoughts.

Presently the control said, "Let me shake hands with you." I put my hands out of the dark towards him, and he grasped me and said very cordially, "How do you do, Mr. Cook. I am glad to see you for I think I can cure you. Your case is a bad one, but I think with the help of Mr. — we will be able to drive away the bad spirits, and I will be a band of Indian guides to keep them away, and after I have done treating you if you will come once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon, I think I can help you very much, but you must come as often as possible." On leaving the Professor I paid him \$2.00, and my invisible friend made fun of me for my foolishness, but I thought I had a good Doctor, and I would get out of my trouble in spite of my tormentors.

When I visited him on subsequent occasions the Professor, in spite of the protests of the Professor, still continued to shake me, though not as bad as formerly. The spirit doctor advised me to sit alone in the twilight, and said he thought I should soon feel better. I did as my doctor ordered, for it's no use to have a doctor unless you take his medicine and obey his instructions, and that only gave the disease a better chance to spread, for his remedy did not appear to have the healing qualities expected. When I saw him the next day I told him, and he said, "Don't you feel better?" I said, "Yes, I believe I do." A drowning man will grasp at a straw and that was the first straw that had come my way, and I grasped it with great vigor. Well, that was repeated until he got \$12.00 from me, and I still grew worse, notwithstanding he made me grasp at the straw, for straws were not plenty then with me, so I concluded I would go home and fight it out on that line. "If it took all summer," I am glad to say that I do not fight as hard as I did, for who I thought was my enemy is the only friend that I have. I am often filled with astonishment at the change.

I have had a pretty serious time since Nov. 2, 1901, but now I have proved that I have one friend that is worth more than all, my spirit wife, and she will never turn her back on me under any circumstances, but cling to me with great tenacity, and the closer she gets the better I feel, and, apparently, the better she feels, and we both of us appear to be happy. I really believe, as far as I am

able to judge, that I am now getting more than belongs to me of this strange phenomena, for when I wake in the morning I feel as fresh and vigorous as when I was a boy. As far as I am able to judge, my physical condition in the past years has been a cause for wonder and astonishment. I have learned that the work and the pressing forward is not all to be done on one side of the Great Divide, for there must be a willing worker on this side as well as on the other, though without the co-operation of friends on this side there could be but little done to remove the great barrier between the two worlds.

I returned home from my bought wit, although it cost me about \$25.00. I came home a wiser, if not a happier man, and one night while I lay trying to close my eyes in slumber, a voice said to me, "Father, I am going to turn you over, are you willing?" I said, "O, let me go to sleep." The voice said, "Now, I want to show you what I can do with you, then you shall go to sleep." I said, "Very well, try what you can do." The voice said, "You must try hard not to turn over." I lay on my back and slowly but surely felt myself turning up on to my left side. I remained quiet, and when about two-thirds of the way up, I violently tried to throw myself over to the position I had left, on my back, but to my astonishment, I did not move the least mite, but kept on slowly rising up, and when I reached a position on my side, I again tried to throw myself to the right, but not a move could I make. The voice said, "Now I will turn you over on to your face." I said, "No, that is all I want of that." The voice said, "No, once more. Now you turn over on your back, and I will again show you how helpless you are." The singular part of all these experiences was that my consent was always asked, though not always strictly adhered to. I lay quietly with both hands by my side, and in an instant I was paralyzed. I could not move a muscle of my body. I was as rigid as steel and my eyes were fixed and open with a glare, and I was a solid fixture. I could not wink or roll my eyes or stir the least mite. I said, as well as my thoughts would allow, "Well, you have got me over all solid." Not any sense of fear came over me when, as quick as a flash, my whole person was relaxed, and I was once more free. I said, "You can't do that again," and I braced my will against it for all I was worth, but I was not paralyzed again, and have not been since. She then said, "I only want to show you what we can do with you when you are a bad boy." But never since that time have I been obliged to do or act or be controlled against my will.

Provincetown, Mass.

What Is Spiritualism?

Mrs. F. A. Clark.

Defined in general terms it implies the possibility and certainty of the present conscious intercourse with inhabitants of the Spirit world; in a broader sense, Spiritualism is a science and a philosophy, appealing to the perceptions through the manifestations of mediumship urging upon our reason the need of moral growth and purity of life.

Spiritualism is not new in this world. The records of India and Egypt, and the Old and New Testament, abound in descriptions of angels' appearances and spiritual manifestations, presences, dreams and trances; in oracles, prophecies, visions, and healing gifts; genuine spiritual manifestations, therefore, are not only in perfect accord with the marvels in the New Testament, but they are the greater works promised by Jesus to the living witnesses of immortality. Spiritualists therefore, believe in the infinite presence, the divine mercy, the one living and true God (wisdom and love), and upon the pulsing bosom of this wisdom is the soul's rest forever. In Jesus, as a teacher and medium, and as evidence in our days by healing the sick and restoring the deformed to a normal condition through the laying on of hands. In repentance, as implying sorrow for wrong doing, and in reformation, but in no way does it promise escape from the legitimate consequences of violated law. Nature, holding the golden scale of Justice says obey and enjoy, transgress and suffer. In rewards and punishments as links in the chain of cause and effect, retribution is inevitable in all worlds. Man is a spiritual being, is a moral agent, subject of law and responsible, reaping anguish from vice and happiness from virtue.

For memory, the backward looking eye of the soul, accompanies each individual, who on leaving the mortal body, gravitates by virtue of fixed laws to his appropriate zone or spiritual plane of existence—the purer the life on earth, the more ecstatic will be the bliss in the beautiful homeland of angels.

Divine love reaches down to the lowest sphere. Progress spans all worlds. Angels are ever inviting those in the lower spheres to come up higher. Every sweet thought breathed, every generous word uttered, every charitable deed wrought, and every heartfelt for virtue, purity and peace will leave forever a trace to beauty and bliss.

Spiritualism settles three questions of momentous import: First, That man has a conscious existence beyond the grave. Second, That all individuals commence that existence precisely as they leave this mentally, and morally retaining their identity and memory. Third, That the future existence is one of mental progress, and a spiritual unfoldment of all human intelligence.

The spiritual philosophy, while undermining the false and overthrowing the fables of bigotry and superstition, is constructive in purposes and eclectic in methods, it gladly conserves the good, and adapts the right, wherever found.

Spiritualism, as interpreted by its best exponents, has given free thought a new impetus, it has severed the bonds of fear and superstition, revealed in a true light the laws of compensation and opened to anxious eyes a revised geography of heaven and convinced multitudes of Atheists and Deists of a future conscious existence, unbarring the gates of death, it has brought the loved inhabitants of the Summerland into our cities, our homes, our chambers, permitting us to touch their shining hands and listen to the music of their voices.

It has encouraged the desponding, comforted the sick and with the tender hand of sympathy, brushed away the mourner's tears, kindling in believing souls the loftiest endeavors, the broadest tolerance, the noblest charity, the warmest heart fellowship. Its prayers are good deeds, its music the sweet breathing of guardian angels, its ideal a pure life of brotherly love and its temple the measureless universe of God.

St. Louis, Mo.

It is a common belief that many animals see ghosts and future events. Kerner declares that they are endowed with second sight. This faculty is thought to be especially strong in dogs and horses. As dogs are known to have foreseen the burning of houses on which they have been wont to build their nests and to have abandoned them, taking up their abode on other buildings or on trees in the vicinity. No sooner had the anticipated conflagration taken place and a new house been erected on the same site than they returned and built their nests as before.

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.

A Curious Point.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Can any of your well informed readers help me on a question which has occurred to my mind? I have long tried to obtain some sure idea as to the origin of the soul, where it comes from, what it is and how it gets its body, but so far my attempts have not met with much success. I have tried to understand theosophy and the new thought on these matters, but so far without any success worth speaking of. Perhaps it is because I am a plain man and cannot grasp the grand truths the friends say they have.

Now what I want to know is this: Is the intelligence of an animal the same sort of thing it is in a man? I do not mean the same in the way it works, but the same thing in nature. I know that it does not show itself in the animal the same way as in a man, but is it spirit? If so, is the spirit part of the animal reincarnated into other animals and lives in the forms of all sorts of animals as a means of lifting itself up to become ready to get into a human form? If not, why not? Then I want to know if I am spirit myself, the same sort of spirit as in the animal, and if when I am reincarnated—if it is true that we are reincarnated—do I know I am reincarnating when I am in the womb of my mother or that particular time? If spirit is intelligent and always conscious, as I have been told, I should know where I was under any circumstances, but I do not recollect the above experience. I do not know whether I have made myself clear, but perhaps some wiser head than mine will help me to understand the matter. Apologizing for troubling you, Mr. Editor, I am yours respectfully.—Ezra M. Luton.

Boston, Mass.

Appreciative.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I write you to thank you for the beautiful poem in the Banner of April 23. I have not for years read anything that filled my soul with the delight that your poem "Our Bright Shining Banner," has done. It is grand and beautiful. I wish it might be printed on cards to be passed to the audiences to be sung at every meeting in America and all over the world. Fraternally your friend.—Harriett V. Chaplin.

61 Webster Street, E. Somerville, Mass.

[A similar kind appreciation has reached us in a letter from our good sister, C. Fannie Allyn. Thanks, to both our correspondents.—Ed. B. L.]

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. In stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Are Spiritualists Literary?

Lida Briggs Browne.

Much attention has lately been given to the question, Why more Spiritualists do not take their own papers, and one editor concluded that either the number of active and pronounced Spiritualists had been greatly exaggerated, or else they took no interest in their literature. He doubted if the five leading Spiritualist papers altogether had an actual paid circulation of 20,000 copies, to separate subscribers, as many took their friends' papers to read instead of subscribing themselves, and some took three or four of the different Spiritualist papers.

In order to get light on this important subject I have asked several acquaintances who have been in the ranks for forty years or more why more papers were not taken by those who know that Spiritualism is a grand truth. Some of the replies were: "Because it was unpopular," "poverty," "lack of interest in the principles underlying the phenomena," "because many in the ranks were not spiritual," "because the fear of the future was taken away and they knew they would not perish or have eternal torments," "because of selfishness, lack of intellectuality," etc., etc.

I cannot agree with all of these statements, though they may be true in individual cases. As a class I believe Spiritualists are intellectually and morally above those who are held in bondage by fear, for they know their angel friends are with them and can discern every thought and know of every act. Poverty cannot account for the lack of interest in our publications cost less than five cents a week. Lack of interest in searching for principles can hardly account for the small number of subscribers, for when the mind gets an inkling of truth it wishes to search deeper into its mysteries.

To my way of thinking the main reason is the unpopularity, or lack of knowledge of the masses, that prevents many who would like to take a paper from doing so.

For several seasons I have represented one of the oldest Spiritualist papers of the country at various campmeetings. When I have asked people to subscribe I have received replies similar to these: "Why, I would not dare have such a paper come to my home. If my friends should see it they would think I was crazy." Another would say: "It would injure my husband's business. I would like to take all of the papers but cannot. We come to the camp every season and get all the messages and inspiring thoughts that we can, and they have to last us until the next season."

To the fearless ones who are not for ostracism, and being misunderstood by their neighbors and friends, these excuses may seem trivial, but to those living in a small community where prejudice rules, it is a very important matter. The question then arises, "How can these conditions be remedied so that those who would gladly take the different Spiritualist papers can do so without fear of adverse comment, and, perhaps, public ostracism?" The answer comes, "Spread the light; correct the wrong impressions of our beautiful philosophy, and place truth on the pedestal where error now sits."

Suppose the various Spiritualist papers sent out groups of workers to represent its interests. I outlined in "The Ripening Grain," recently published, suppose a good lecturer, a good test medium, a good musician and business manager, visited every small community and placed the truths of our beautiful philosophy before the people. Would it not change public opinion and secure many subscribers? I should like to see the plan thoroughly tested.

The first objection that will arise is that the papers have long enough already to carry and cannot afford to send out any workers in the field. That may be true, but I believe there are many Spiritualists of means throughout the country who would gladly stand behind such a movement. It would be impossible for them to make a speech, give a test, or sing a song, yet the spirit friends have assisted them in building up their financial account and would like them in return to show their appreciation by doing something to spread the light that has blessed them.

Many wealthy people are among the Spiritualists who do not publicly avow their belief from the same reasons I have stated, as it would injure their social standing to have it known. At their death they try to make restitution by leaving certain amounts in their wills to various Spiritualist societies. If they knew that the various papers would carry on their philanthropic ideas they would prefer to give the money now, so they could direct its use rather than leave it for lawyers to squabble over.

Agitate the subject and then we will learn the best methods of correcting past errors.

A Christian Scientists' Suicide.

Oneonta, N. Y., May 1.—A Christian Science tragedy, the pathos of which has stirred this community profoundly, occurred here in the suicide of George C. Ritter, First Reader in the First Church of Christ, Scientist. Many people here say that it was due to Ritter's pride, which would not allow him after a long illness to take medicine, although he practically admitted he should do so, saying to one of his friends, "I see it all now, but it is too late."

Several months ago Ritter's health began to fail, and eventually his condition became such that he was unable to attend to his work in the Delaware & Hudson Railroad office, where he was employed as a timekeeper, and early in February he asked for and received leave of absence. The leave granted him was indefinite, for he had been in the employ of the company for over twenty years.

He remained at his home, demonstrating for himself and calling in other Christian Scientists to demonstrate for him until the middle of March. He then returned to work, saying that he felt much improved. His improvement was not observable to his associates. They say he looked worse than ever and had a bad bronchial cough. That his improvement was imaginary was soon evident. He became so weak that he was completely incapacitated for work, and his duties were discharged for him by John Weingand, a fellow-clerk, who had a deep sympathy for him. Despite the entreaties of Weingand, however, he persisted in reporting regularly for work.

A couple of Sundays ago he attended the services held in the Christian Science Church. To a neighbor who walked home with him, and who commented upon the fact that he was looking ill, he asserted that he was all right physically, but had a belief which was oppressing him mentally.

Sunday evening his wife, who is the Second Reader in the Christian Science Church, together with her son and daughter, attended a temperance meeting at the First Baptist Church. They returned shortly after 9 o'clock, to find that the head of the family had taken his life. He had fastened a rope to the headboard of his bed, and then, having adjusted it around his neck while he was lying on the bed, rolled off and was strangled.

The local newspaper accounts of the suicide attributed the deed to mental unbalance caused by overwork. This was the view of the widow and children and all of his Christian Science friends. Coroner Brownell rendered a verdict accordingly.

The Christian Science congregation in Oneonta is small, numbering about fifty, but embraced in its membership are several persons of high standing commercially and socially in the community. Among the most ardent followers of the cult are M. L. Keyes, the President of the First National Bank, and T. W. Stevens, the proprietor of the principal hardware store in town. Naturally, therefore, the suicide of the First Reader of the Church caused a sensation, and the whole community is still speculating as to the real cause which drove Ritter to end his life. Those who talked with him during the few days immediately preceding his death are not convinced that there was anything the matter with his mind.

John Weingand, Ritter's fellow clerk in the Delaware and Hudson offices, telling today of his friend's condition for some time previous to the tragedy, said:

"In January he had an attack of the grip, and he didn't seem to get over it. Why he grew so weak that he used to stagger when he got up from his desk sometimes. I just made up my mind to tell him what I thought without treading on his principles any more than I could help."

"If you'll excuse me," I said, "what you need is a good tonic to build you up. Get a good tonic and take a good rest, and you'll be all right."

"My trouble is mental, not physical," he answered.

"The trouble with you," I went on, "is that you have been overtaxing your mind trying to cure your body. You are a sensible man and ought to realize that."

"He looked at me with a sad look, and shaking his head, said: 'I see it all now, John, but it is too late.'"

"No, it is not too late," I said; "go and get yourself a good tonic. Don't you entertain the foolish notion that anybody is going to laugh at you because you take medicine. We want to see you get well. And I believe that a tonic and a good rest will fix you up all right. And don't you worry a bit about your work. I'll attend to that."

"But he didn't lay off. He kept coming around up to the day he killed himself. He didn't do any work. I did it for him. He would sit in his place just staring in front of him. I would try to cheer him up, and sometimes I would make him smile, but whenever I would broach the subject of the tonic, he would only shake his head and say: 'It's too late, John; it's too late.' He was a very proud man, and it looked to me as if he felt he couldn't give in for fear that he would be ridiculed."

WHAT MRS. RITTER SAYS.

Mrs. Ritter, the widow of the First Reader, is about the age of her husband, whose years the Coroner's record gives as fifty-six. She said:

"When Mr. Ritter was taken down with the grip we controlled that in three days. We have tried both systems, and we have found that we got the better results from Christian Science. Mr. Ritter's death was due to mental disturbance. As I said, we do not claim to know all of the truth. If it had not been for the sustaining power of Christian Science, I would not have been able to bear up under the shock of my husband's suicide."—New York Times, May 2, 1904.

A RELIABLE HEART CURE.

Allice A. Wetmore, Box 67, Norwich, Conn., says if any sufferer from Heart Disease will write her she will, without charge, direct them to the perfect home cure she used.

A Proposed Hypnotic Clinic.

At a meeting of the Medico-Legal Society held in the Waldorf-Astoria recently, Prof. Hyslop read a paper in which he announced that a certain person stood ready to contribute a sum of money for this purpose, and for several days afterwards there was a persistent rumor that the person was Mr. Rockefeller. Color was given to the rumor by the fact that Mr. Rockefeller several years ago manifested some interest in psychology and gave that interest tangible form in a present of \$100,000 to be applied to Columbia University's psychological department.

"The plan to which I referred in my paper," said Prof. Hyslop last evening, to a reporter of the New York Sun, "is still in its nebulous shape for me to discuss it at present. I may say positively, however, that the gentleman to whom I referred as being willing to contribute for a hypnotic clinic in not Mr. Rockefeller. So far as I know Mr. Rockefeller's mental attitude he would not touch anything relating to hypnosis with a ten-foot pole. It is true he gave a sum of money for use in the department of psychology in Columbia, but I have always understood that it was not because of any particular interest in the subject of psychology, but simply because he was son-in-law who is a professor at Columbia."

"So far as the sum to which I referred is concerned, it is still contingent upon other amounts being raised. I do not know whether we will be able to raise this conditional amount or not. But I very much hope we will. With the single exception of La Salpetriere in Paris there is no place in the world where hypnosis is being scientifically studied; and it would be to the purpose of scientific study of this interesting subject that the clinic proposed in this city would be devoted."

"Naturally, it would be among the poor that we would find most of our patients. People of means are likely to fight shy of hypnotic treatment. Yet there is a wide range of usefulness in this field. Not only may relief from apparently diseased conditions be had by hypnotic suggestion, but painless surgical operations may be performed on persons who are under hypnotic influence. Dr. Bramwell, in London, has long been performing such operations. His experience is that there is much less loss of blood from operations performed on persons under hypnotic influence than is the case when anesthetics are used. Then, of course, the danger attendant upon the use of drugs is eliminated as well as the after-effects of the drugs upon the patient."

"As an instance of what may be done in the way of curing disease by hypnosis, I may mention a case that occurred only a short time ago right here in my own home. I came home late one evening recently and found my little boy suffering from croup. He had great difficulty in breathing and I feared it might be the membranous form of the disease. I called up the doctor by telephone, but he told me he could not come right away. I told him, over the phone, that I would hypnotize the boy and see what effect it had, and if he got no better that I would again call him up."

"I hypnotized the boy. I did it by simply passing my hand gently over his forehead and eyes and telling him to go to sleep. When he was under the hypnotic influence I told him that I would slowly count three and that then he could breathe better. I counted three and roused the boy and he was much relieved. Then I hypnotized him again and told him that when he woke up in the morning his throat would be 'good.' I was careful to avoid saying that he would be better, but left him with the hypnotic suggestion that his throat would be all right. In the morning he said to me:

"Papa, my throat is good." And as a matter of fact he was cured.

"Now a large part of the boy's trouble with his throat was imaginary. He had difficulty in breathing, and that added him a fear of suffocation. The fear stiffened the muscles of the throat and so increased the difficulty of breathing. When he was put to sleep under the hypnotic influence the throat muscles relaxed and resumed their normal degree of tension. Then, of course, came relief in the breathing."

"Now that is a type of cases which may be treated with advantage by hypnotic suggestion. The difficulty is to know just what degree of hypnotism in a patient renders him fit for a surgical operation or for suggestion as to relief from disease. It would be the function of such an institute as the one we hope to found to make students experts in just that as well as other phases of hypnosis practice."

"But I should not be satisfied to see the institute confine its experiments and studies to the mere matter of the practice of hypnosis suggestion as applied to surgery and disease treatment. There are collateral branches of the subject that are of intense interest and of which there has been a lack of specialized study. The whole subject of abnormal mental phenomena would fall within the scope of the institute planned. There is the matter of apparitions of the dead, hallucinations and loss of personal identity. This matter of forgetfulness of identity is very common. Only a short time ago a man who had been lost to his friends and wandering for days jumped off one of the Harlem bridges and was killed. That man had entirely lost his identity—did not know who he was or where he lived. Could he have been got hold of and subjected to scientific hypnotic treatment the chances are that he would have been restored to his normal self."

"The way that fictitious and real identity may become crossed and confused under hypnotic influence was curiously illustrated in a case that occurred not long ago. An artist was hypnotized and told that he was a doctor and that patients were calling upon him for treatment. He played the part of the physician to perfection. His old friends, persons whom he had known for years came to him and he treated them as perfect strangers. He diagnosed their supposed complaints and prescribed for them. His prescription in one case was that the patient must paint pictures. Now right there was where his real identity as an artist crossed his fictitious identity as a physician."

"This whole subject of hypnotism, with its kindred abnormal mental conditions, is one that should be specially studied, and, unfortunately, is not so studied. It is to develop that study that we are hoping to found the institute for which we already have a nucleus in the way of a fund conditionally pledged. Until that fund is secured by the conditions on which it comes to us being met. I do not care to enter specifically into the plans which are under consideration."

Through Hell to Heaven.

W. J. Colville.

Brief abstract of a lecture before the First Association of Spiritualists of Worcester, Mass.

Taking for its subject "Is it necessary for a man to go through Hell to get to Heaven?" Mr. Colville prefaced his address with the reading of the parable of the Prodigal Son, and continuing he said in part: "What do we mean by going through Hell to get to Heaven? The word means 'hades,' 'hell,' 'darkness,' a 'tunnel' where for a time we see no light, does that not denote the experiences through which we pass, in meeting and con-

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63 COTTAGE ST., MELROSE, MASS., JAN. 11th, 1904.

DEAR SIR: Ever since I was in the Army, I had more or less kidney trouble, and within the last year it became so severe and complicated that I suffered everything and was much alarmed—my strength and power was fast leaving me. I saw an advertisement of Swamp-Root, and wrote asking for advice. I began the use of the medicine and noted a decided improvement after taking Swamp-Root only a short time.

I continued its use and am thankful to say that I am entirely cured and strong. In order to be very sure about this, a doctor examined some of my water to-day and he pronounced it all right and in splendid condition.

I know that your Swamp-Root is purely vegetable and does not contain any harmful drugs. Thanking you for my complete recovery and recommending Swamp-Root to all sufferers, I am,

Very truly yours,

I. C. RICHARDSON.

You may have a sample bottle of this famous kidney remedy, Swamp-Root, sent free by mail, postpaid, by which you may test its virtues for such disorders as kidney, bladder and uric acid diseases, poor digestion, when obliged to pass your water frequently night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, headache, backache, lame

EDITORIAL NOTE—So successful is Swamp-Root in promptly curing even the most distressing cases of kidney, liver and bladder troubles, that to prove its wonderful merits you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. The value and success of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. In sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in the Banner of Light. The Proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

quering temptation? The parable teaches that the prodigal son was dead and is alive again, was lost, and is found, that does not denote he was dead in the literal sense of the word, and by a miracle was restored to life or that he was literally lost. He was dead morally speaking, he was dead to the higher things of life, and does not the gospel teach us that those who are dead spiritually, may be restored to life again; and those who are lost can be and are found? And while in this condition the prodigal son made a great discovery he found himself and said 'I will arise and go unto my father.'

"God never makes Hell, man makes it. Hell is not a place, it is a condition. There is no Hell exclusively for the rich man, or no Heaven alone for the poor man; we should beware of unduly elevating the poor man, simply because he is poor, or of unduly elevating the rich man on account of his stocks and bonds. And this account of the prodigal son would apply to the prodigal daughter as well. There is no sex in morals, no sex in religion, no sex in intelligence, every individual soul stands forth in the universe whether male or female, black or white, rich or poor, each with that spiritual consciousness which is a divine inheritance. The reincarnationists believe a man goes through Hell to get to Heaven, one thing is certain, each soul will be face to face with the product of his own life."

"All hell can be transformed into Heaven. 'Truth does not compromise with error, it destroys it. There are some people who actually preach suicide, they seem to have solved the riddle of the Universe, they assume to be able to pronounce some human soul of no further use in the world. Poor little whippersnappers, there is no life so bad that it is not susceptible to reclamation."

"Revenge is bitter, don't worry yourself into a headache and unfit yourself for work, because someone has wronged you, don't say 'I will get even with him,' so much the worse for you, for if he is a thief, you will have to become a thief in order to get even with him. Don't go down to his level, but lift him up to yours, say to yourself, the more evil comes to me from my neighbor, the more good shall go from me to him, that is the essence of Buddhism, that was taught by Gautama, five or six centuries before Christ."

"Some people say there was no light or truth in the world before the coming of Christ but how do they know when Christ came for the first time? The 'Divine Power' has existed through every age and clime, it has never left itself without witness and never will, when we realize that there is one 'Infinite Light,' and that that light reveals itself unchangingly throughout all changing nature, we will be able to understand how it may be necessary for a man to go through Hell to get to Heaven."—M. Lizzie Beah.

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

Dr. C. W. Burrows.

The appended item appeared in the Evening News, Detroit, Mich., on April 18th, and the friends of the doctor will congratulate him on the pleasant termination to an unpleasant episode. The following is the text of the item referred to:

"About a year ago The News published an article in reference to a suit brought in the circuit court for this county, by one Charles D. Lewis, against Dr. C. W. Burrows, of this city, in which it was charged that the doctor had alienated the affections of Mrs. Lewis. The case brought by Lewis has resulted in a judgment in favor of the doctor, the plaintiff in the case failing to prosecute his suit and consequently the case was dismissed in open court."

"The result clearly exonerated Dr. Burrows from the charges. Dr. Burrows, the defendant in the suit, is a regular physician and has practiced his profession since the time of his graduation from the Detroit College of Medicine in 1871, and has been a resident of Detroit for more than 30 years, engaged in a successful practice."

back, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, neuritis, rheumatism, diabetes, bloating, irritability, worn-out feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion, or Bright's disease.

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cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

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LITTLE ACTS OF MEANNESS.

As by little straws in motion
We the river's current glean;
So, in little acts of meanness
A man's character is seen.

—Peter Lee.

Good deeds ring clear through heaven like a bell.—Richter.

Secretary Wilson says in his annual report that an immense amount of work has been done in suppressing Texas fever. The efforts of the Bureau of Animal Industry, which has for years been endeavoring to discover a practicable method for destroying the tick by which this disease has spread without injuring the cattle seem likely to be successful. The percentage of deaths from blackleg has been reduced during the year from 2.69 to .53. —Montana Stockman and Farmer.

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Boards, 40 cents per copy. 60 cents in cloth covers. In cloth covers per dozen, \$5.00, and in board covers, \$3.50. Special prices made to societies or agents for large orders. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO. PAST.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE
No. 204 Dartmouth Street, next door to Pierce
Building, Copley Sq., Boston, Mass.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS,
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
14 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
41 Chambers Street, New York.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE
Per Year.....\$2.00
To Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand, Ten Shillings and sixpence.
Postage paid by publishers.

Issued by
THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Editor.....J. J. Moore
All communications to be addressed to
IRVING F. SYMONDS.
Treasurer, Business Manager and Managing
Editor.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1904.

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

Entered 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 Wash-
ington, D. C., October, 1903.

1. We believe in Infinite Intelligence.
2. We believe that the phenomena of nature, physical and spiritual, are the expression 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 personal 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.

Things are happening in Boston.

Two things have transpired this past week.

First Judge Emmons, chairman of the police commissioners, is out after the "fake" mediums.

He promises to drive them out of business, and out of the city. May he do so is our hearty wish.

Mark the phrase, it is "fake" mediums, not the honest, decent, reliable mediums who have a standing, and who are known to the Spiritualists of the city. It is the harpies who card read, tell fortunes, hold bogus seances and materialization shows, that the Judge is after. It is time the remnants of this ragged army was put out of commission. They are not Spiritualists, have no interest in Spiritualism, and we venture to assert have no knowledge of what Spiritualism is, means or stands for outside of a few glib phrases which they use as their stock in trade to impose upon the gullible with. By the way the special list of the American Branch of the Society for Psychical Research would afford instructive reading to Judge Emmons, perhaps he has seen it?

The second thing is that "new" Spiritualism has come, and is recognized as one more new sect; and is stated, in big capitals (between quotation points it is true), in the Boston Globe for 4th Inst., and the name is "New Thought Spiritualism"! A definition of what this cult stands for is then presented and the substance of this "New Thought Spiritualism" is thus expressed by its expounder, "to teach people that there is a spirit life which can be brought into communication with the living without the latter losing consciousness"! Does this mean that we can receive word from the other side by other means than unconscious mediumship? If so there is nothing very "new" about that fact, for we already knew it. If it means that it has been supposed that one must become unconscious before coming into communication with the spirit life, it is absurd. Possibly the genial reporter has blundered and misreported the statement the "pastor" made to him.

The Globe gives a full length picture of the "pastor," and very pretty she looks in her surplice, and her book and beaming hand.

The face is quite Japanese in its expression of piety. But it is only a few weeks we said it would all come in time, vestments, robes, ritual and all. Here it is.

Spiritualists, think it over. Are you forsaking the freedom won for you by your pioneers, are you once more making clerical bonds for your souls? Installations, ordinations, reverends, rituals and all the bric-a-brac that progressive, intelligent, religious people are discarding as mere trappings are being greedily appropriated by those who think a title that stands for nothing much to any broad minded Christian today is a necessity. We are not a "sect," pray we never may be. We do not need anyone to stand between us and the spirit world as a specially ordained "minister of the gospel of Spiritualism," with a useless "Reverend" attached to their names. Let us protest against putting the new wine into the old skins.

How many men in our ranks are blessed with the title reverend, or do our lady speakers have a monopoly of the honor? We sympathize with the desires of the good sister in the case for we believe she means well, so we refrain from mentioning her by name. An old saw has it that "Religion and Love are ever dear to a woman's soul," and women in religion have often stayed the tides of progress by providing aid to clericalism in all lands. Is this before us?

John O'Reilly, a youth of 100 years, and his child wife, aged 74 years, started across the ocean Saturday. It is believed that they are the oldest couple ever to attempt the feat, but in this age of marvels, centenarians are capable of almost anything.—Ex.

Race Pride with a Vengeance.—The Pittsburgh murderer who objected to being hanged with a colored murderer had his dying wish gratified and they swung separately. It seems to have been a case where the color line was a rope with a noose attachment.

From the office of the "Banner of Light" Boston, U. S. A., comes Number 1 of "Our International Anniversary Issues," which contains special descriptive accounts of the manner in which the 55th anniversary was celebrated in America. Mr. J. J. Moore, editor, in an article entitled "Past, present and future," announces the 46th birthday of the "Banner of Light." We take this opportunity of offering the "Banner of Light" and its genial editor many happy returns of the day.

The foregoing is from The Weekly Standard, of April 23d, Blackburn, England, and our editorial brother will please accept our appreciation of his kindly sentiments, which we cordially reciprocate. The Standard is an old established paper, as will be understood from the fact that the copy before us bears the consecutive number of 3357 as that of its then current issue.

According to the Worcester (Mass.) Telegram a New York City paper has unearthed a court item that shows the variegated nationalities which go to make up the city of New York. "A Greek driver for a Chinese firm is accused of running over an Italian boy; he was arrested by an Irish policeman; the boy was attended by a German doctor, and a Hebrew coroner held the inquest. Now a French and Polish lawyer are discussing before a Scotch judge and an American jury whether the firm shall pay damages."

We have received a copy of one of the most important and valuable books issued in recent years. It is issued by the Funk and Wagnalls Company, of New York City, and bears the title of "The Widow's Mite and Other Psychological Phenomena." It is from the pen of Isaac K. Funk, the able and highly esteemed and widely known scholar, and editor of the world-famed dictionary issued by the firm in which he is an active worker. We also received an exhaustive Review of this intensely interesting contribution to the records of Modern Psychic investigation from the ever able pen of our valued contributor Hudson Tuttle, editor-at-large of the N. S. A., and the same will appear in our next issue. From a brief perusal of the book and after reading what the Reviewer says of it we are confident that none will wish to miss the next issue of the "Banner," and that Spiritualists all over the country will surely desire to possess themselves of the book.

The Spiritual Life.

Judged by the records of history man's life has been one perpetual struggle against the conditions under which he has lived from age to age. Whether he is to be commiserated upon the hard fate which seemingly ever pursues him, or to be blamed for failing to rise above his conditions (which are largely his own creations), may still remain a debatable question. The one fact is that millions have tried to escape the stress and weariness of life they claim to suffer under by forsaking the world and retiring to that seclusion which they think is alone able to afford them the opportunity of living the Spiritual Life, as distinguished from life in the world of daily affairs.

Under the burning skies of India, in temples, caves and under the widespread banyan tree, men sought, in the renunciation of active life, the so-called higher life of the spirit. In the frowning lamaseries of Tibet, in pagoda and temple in the Flowery Land, in the secret orders of Egypt under the nodding palm and beside the mighty Nile and hoary pyramids, in the temples of Greece and Rome, forsaking the splendors of art on the one hand and the pomp of arms on the other hand, in monastery and convent in the sunny lands of Gaul and fair Italia, and in the religious houses of sombre Britain and their like in this great Republic of the West, men have sought succor from strife and sorrow and essayed to live the spiritual life, seeking in religion the rest they could not find in worldly action and society.

Then again from the communism of the early Christian fellowship, down through every communistic and socialistic experiment in the immediate past and present men have still sought the same comforting freedom from the strife, as they call the daily duties laid upon all true souls. Back to nature, return to the land, forswear cities and their evils; these the cries of those who would rush away from the conflict and find the slippared ease which they mistakenly call the spiritual life. Delightful dreams of morality, purity, justice and love. Of God nearness, spiritual peace, and purity, but are they more than dreams, think you? The virtuous need not virtue; it is the unvirtuous without the charmed circle that need the light and sink lower and lower into darkness from the want of it.

What does this desire for the spiritual life imply? Does it not mean that the material life is unsatisfactory, hampers spiritual living, holds one down to the things and concerns of sense? While the ordinary man is so selfish, gross and unspiritual that he is an impossible companion for his more refined brethren.

Is it unspiritual to do one's duty in the world if from no other motive than that of rendering some return to the world for what it confers upon us? Is it low and gross and unspiritual to be a good layer of bricks, or a careful digger of ditches, tiller of fields, builder of houses, welder and shaper of metals, weaver of fabrics, driver of horse or vehicle? Is it not the spirit in which we strive to do the thing rather than the work itself which either dignifies the labor or debases the laborer? Is there no spiritual life in earning one's food, raiment and shelter, and helping others to do likewise? Is it unspiritual to be a true lover of maid or man, a virtuous husband, wife, or parent? More spiritual it is surely than the butterfly fancies of those whose "spiritual" lives strew the records of broken promises along the tracks of life. Is it unspiritual to think thoughts that stir men to nobler living? Is it unspiritual to go out and speak those thoughts, sing them, or put them on the printed page? It may be unspiritual to selfishly shirk one's duty and stupidly claim to be more spiritual than others—often only because either weaker, or at times lazier and craftier than others. But the good who remain in the world are of more help to their fellows than they who perhaps honestly but mistakenly depart and shake the dust from their shoes.

Now let us come to some sweet saneness on the matter. For when all is said, what other kind of life can we live except the spiritual life? Are we anything but spirits now, and are not all our thoughts, aspirations, purposes and life the outcome of our present development of our spirits? All that the world of human life has ever held or known is but one gigantic manifestation of the spiritual life of the race from the commencement of rational being down to today. Every palace, temple, cathedral or church; every picture painted or statue chiseled; every book written or poem produced; every religion formulated or moral system unfolded; every art, science, industry, social order or political state, all these things are the concrete forms of spiritual life, for they are the manifestations of the spirits of their producers. Man is a spirit, now, and spirit is the mainspring of his action and the inspiration of his progress.

Let us live the spiritual life first in ourselves, and when we have established it there in very truth we shall not need to be-take ourselves to a convent cell to preserve us from contamination, for the true spiritual life is safe anywhere, otherwise it is not the true state. Let us love mercy, be just, use all our faculties and functions with right intent, buy and sell honestly, treat all men fairly, rob no man, injure no man, bear false witness against none, be not envious, spend less than we earn, covet no one's possessions, and we shall fill the air with the fragrance of our spirits and illumine the path we tread with the golden glory of the inward light which will radiate from us as we move in the daily round.

The spiritual life can be lived by the Spiritualist, for he has learned that happiness in either world is best promoted by bravely doing one's duty, by acting sensibly and practically in all circumstances, and, while avoiding fear on the one hand or rashness on the other, pressing forward to help making the world a happier place by assisting all to a more perfect expression of that divinity which is the one foundation in every sister and brother in the glorious brotherhood of humanity.

Our Message to the World.

Much fervid eloquence and impassioned oratory, and not a little grandiloquent writing have been devoted to proclaiming from the housetops that modern Spiritualism has a Message to the world. Doubtless it has, but who is the "Saul among the prophets" whose definition of the message we would all accept? So far the multitude knows him not.

The simple fact is that Spiritualism has not yet a coherent system of philosophy. We have been accumulating a multitude of facts of all sorts, indeed the main effort has been to do so with little regard to the relations of the facts to each other, or to other facts lying beyond the special spheres of our investigations. Perhaps the time for a satisfactory generalization from our facts has not yet arrived? Perhaps we have not reached the point at which a general co-ordination of the facts themselves is yet possible? Until we can marshal our variety of facts into their proper groups and subdivisions, and so gather some sort of understanding of their differences and relations, it will be impossible to establish anything like a philosophical system, or a reliable scientific presentation. This may sound like heresy to some; if so it cannot be helped. The simple fact is we have allowed sentiment too much play, accuracy has been sacrificed, and weird fancies have prevented sound, sensible deductions from proven facts. A woful misapplication of scientific

terminology has been indulged in until we have involved our Cause in a Laconlike bondage of verbiage and pseudo scientific phrases which are veritably "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

As presenting the practical scientific side of the philosophy properly deducible from the Spiritualist premises no one has yet equaled Hudson Tuttle who, in this particular is sui generis. Yet how many among us could pass an examination on his book, "The Arcana of Spiritualism," or on his "Researches in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Phenomena?" In another direction what more forcible presentation of the philosophical conclusions based upon spiritual investigations are there than those embodied in the "Harmonial Philosophy" of Andrew Jackson Davis? Yet compared with the number of Spiritualists and Spiritualist lecturers how many are fully versed in "Nature's Divine Revelations," or the five volumes of "The Great Harmonia?" There are no end to the books, pamphlets, treatises, newspaper articles, and talks and lectures, about the speculations of German and Oriental mystics who imagined much, but of whom it may be truly said that it is doubtful if they knew as much as an ordinary wideawake American of today?

What passes current for spiritual "philosophy" today is surely manifesting a characteristic which if allowed to develop unchecked will work precisely the same evil in our ranks as it did in the churches for they are now reaping the results of exactly the same thing. It is the undue exaggeration of the spiritual aspect of being which leads first to opposition to rigid material questionings, then to a contempt for material things, and finally to the complete divorce between the material and spiritual, and the consequent and inevitable erections of different standards of dealing with the material and spiritual facts of nature, with the final substitution of supernaturalism as the only explanation of the spiritual, in the place of a sober scientific and rational method of meeting all the facts of being. In the churches the result of the divorce mentioned above has been that men of knowledge smile at the idea of a supernatural immortality apart from natural law and practical scientific proof. The transcendentalists in our ranks—under whatever name they range themselves—are in the position mentioned, and curious as it may sound it is nevertheless true we are in danger of too much spirituality in our Cause, or, at least, too much of that spirituality which is but sentimental emotionalism mistaking opinions for facts, sentiment for philosophy, and by a diseased idealism cutting themselves off from the realism of the world of healthy life, thought and action.

Is it, therefore, true that we have no philosophy, and consequently no Message to the world? Certainly we have a message to the world, a message that is divisible into the minor and major messages, and to our thinking the lesser is of the greater importance! Let it be understood, however, it is less in bulk, is simple and direct, and easier for the world to understand and more intelligible to the scientist and the thinker. In one sense the message seems to have as many tongues as a peal of bells in a belfry, which rung out of tune raise torturing and distracting discords. If rung in harmony sweet are the melodies sent floating from the steeple over housetop, and across the pleasant mead and fertile valley. To deal with this larger message first and its multitone sounds let it simply be asked that the reader calls to mind the things it is said Spiritualism stands for? It will then be discovered that spirit and mental therapeutics, hypnotism, the study of occult phenomena, temperance, woman's rights, Christian Spiritualism, new thought, higher thought, higher Spiritualism, the development of psychic gifts, how to achieve success by psychic means, anti-war, vaccination, vivisection and drug medication, and other things too numerous and unimportant to be mentioned, are each shrieked out by some good-natured enthusiast as the Message of Spiritualism to the world, and the world replies with a smile of amusement at the people who say so much, and agree upon so little.

Spiritualists are progressive people, they are liberals, easily stirred to sympathy with unpopular causes, willing to champion the oppressed and downtrodden, they have had the shackles removed from their minds and in the delight of their new won freedom feel that each one is a real modern David red to sling the stone to slay every Goliath they come across. But the message of Spiritualism when presented in the above erratic fashion, and with such bountiful multiplicity of purpose, fails to elicit the hoped for attention. It is as if an old blunderbuss loaded with small slugs has been fired, some may be hit, no one dangerously, and most of the lead is scattered and wasted, hitting no one! Precision is as necessary in talking to the world as in firing a gun, the single projectile loaded with a charge does more effective work when carefully aimed and discharged than all the blunderbusses our forefathers ever fired. We say too much, suffer too much from the cacophony loquend and so fail to accomplish all we would.

What is the lesser message? That we can and do demonstrate that man lives after death, and from his new conditioning can and does hold communication with his friends still on earth. The scientific demonstration of the above facts is the message we have for the world. But it must at all times be sustained with irrefragable evidences in support. Our claim is that we have the evidences; it is a true claim. The evidences are presented through all varieties of mediumship and we must know more about mediumship than we do at present to enable us to scientifically place mediumship above suspicion. But, apart from that, our message is, immortality demonstrated, that first and always. Millions of people are still unconvinced of a life after death. Our message is to them. The materialist still denies life after death. Our message is to him. The religious creedalist denounces all attempts to solve the question. Our message is to him. Whosoever denies, doubts, opposes or questions man's life after

death, our message is to all such, and especially to those who mourn without hope in the valley of desolation for the loss of their loved, our message is for them.

Is not this lesser message the greater? Is it not a charge upon us of more importance than many things we split hairs and argue about? Scores of cults are striving to uplift human society, to expand human knowledge, and to help the world to happier earthly days, but not one body outside our own is presenting, or making the attempt to present the evidences of our continued life beyond the grave. Spiritualists ponder this point, think of its seriousness and import, join hands in all good works as you should, but remember the message of first importance that you have for the world is the gospel of glad tidings: the last enemy, the fear of death, is conquered. Spiritualism rests upon the demonstrated immortality of every soul—the continuity of life and the reunion of the parted loved ones on the shining shores beyond the silent river.

"The Education of the Future."

(Continued from page 1.)

follows nature's lines and commences with the lower of physical possibilities of our present being. A healthily working body, in-erant nervous action, accuracy of eye, normal cerebral functioning, and complete muscular control, are absolute needs in this age of mechanical and industrial dexterity. Such can be best attained in youth by education directed to the ends suggested and aided by the imparting of that sound knowledge of our physical natures which will help the future generations to avoid the evils which have caused so much of life failure in the past and present. Crime, vice, wrongdoing meet us at every turn, the mad race for wealth raises the cloud of dust which obscures the sunlight shining in the heavens above, and religionists and moralists, jurists and reformers, alike deplore the tendency of the age.

Will education stem the torrent which appears to grow in force, the torrent of evil and indifference to evil? Not alone; something else will be needed. The physical and mental training may help men to earn a livelihood, may cause them to realize that orderly living is more profitable than disorderly living, but it will be comfort rather than morality that will be the impelling cause. The physical side of education must be considered as well as the physical. The spiritual must be called out. It must be taught, nay the very proofs must be provided to show that life is not all and death is not the end of all. This does not mean the mere development of mediumistic "gifts," occult "powers," psychic "expressions," soul "vibrations," or any other of the trite terms used by the word spinners of the host of dabblers in a philosophy called "new," "mental," "psychic," or any other adjective. What is meant is the natural and harmonious development of the spiritual life and character for use in daily life, not for the seclusion of one's personal "towers of silence," but in the great active world of life and amid its clashing forces, for if of no use there it has no power to make the world better.

Spiritualists believe in the education of the future, in the educating of the youth of the day in the facts of nature and the truths of being. An education that shall include the spiritual as well as the material, that shall not only aim to make good citizens and honorable members of the social life but also lead to the unfolding of the higher and better self on earth so that we may yet see angels in human form and heaven builded in each city of earth.

John C. Kenworthy.

The above named gentleman, who is well known in England as a writer and lecturer on socialistic and economic subjects, and who was also the head of a Socialist Colony some forty miles out of London, is now on a short visit to this country for the benefit of his health, and incidentally, wherever the opportunity may occur, to deliver lectures upon the subjects he is so deeply interested in, the social advancement of the world. Mr. Kenworthy is also interested in Spiritualism having had many personal experiences of mediumship of various kinds, but he does not stand as a medium for public work, his labors being entirely along the lines above noted. He would like to hear from managers of meetings, camp or city, with a view to engagements, and can be addressed care of this office. His stay in the United States will be but brief.

New York State Association of Spiritualists.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

This convention and mass meeting which is called to be held at Empire Hall, in the city of Syracuse, N. Y., June 3d, 4th and 5th, will be a gathering of especial interest to all Spiritualists in the state of New York. The morning and afternoon sessions of Friday and Saturday will be the business sessions, closing Saturday afternoon with the election of officers for the ensuing year. The evening sessions of Friday and Saturday and Sunday, will be devoted to lectures and spirit messages.

Among the prominent speakers and mediums who are expected to be present are, Harrison D. Barrett, president of the National Spiritualistic Association, E. Gordon White, Mrs. Marguerite Gaulle-Reidinger, Dr. B. R. Austin of Geneva, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tring, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, Miss Victoria Moore, the elocutionist, W. H. Bach of the "Sunflower," that veteran worker and Spiritualist of Syracuse, N. Y., Dr. Butterfield and others.

Business of vital interest to all Spiritualists of the state will come before this convention and a rare spiritual feast will be spread before those who come to enjoy the sessions devoted to lectures, mediumship, etc. We urge that every Spiritualist in the state be represented at this convention either in person or by delegate.

A most cordial invitation is extended to the Spiritualists and Liberals from other states as well as from our own to be with us.—H. W. Richardson, president State Association.

Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

The Peace Seeker.

Like a weary child, O Father,
I would come today to Thee;
Trusting that thy love unchanging
Will a staff and comfort be.
Seeking off for peace and pleasure,
Making golden gods of clay,
Hoping that a calmer future
Might redeem a troubled day;
Swift I ran from feast to flower,
Kneeling at sickle fancy's shrine,
Drank I deep from every fountain
Where gushed forth Dame Fortune's wine.
But my soul grew sick with searching,
Life seemed but a shifting scene;
I no longer joined the pageant,
No fair flowers could I glean.
I had learned life's object lesson,
Feast I might from viand rare,
But my famished spirit waiting
Sadly needed thought and care.
Then I looked around for helpers,
To wipe out my blotted past;
Where to turn, or whom to follow,
Was a question often asked.

And at last I grew disheartened,
Human strength could not avail;
I must thrust my throbbing spirit
On an arm that would not fail.

So today I come, O Father,
Let me lean upon thy breast;
Let me grow in love and wisdom,
And thus find true peace and rest.
—M. M. S.

A Link in Our Golden Chain.

DO WHAT YOU ARE AFRAID TO DO.
—Mime Inniss.

Into our Home Circle we throw another link. A link of strength and power that helps to bind us to all the doers of great deeds and the makers of heroic efforts wherever life is manifest. We believe in strength and power and we want to make our lives speak of our beliefs.

When our baby first takes an interest in things that go to make up life for him, we do all we can to bring out the power and strength which we know is potentially his, and we do this by subduing his fears and striving to make him understand that our loving care is ever round about him.

"Take a step, baby dear, now another, mamma won't let you fall," and so we encourage the fearful little toddler to try his strength and acquire the power to walk. We do the same about his use of words until he talks intelligently with us. When he runs away from a dog or a cow or any strange and to him formidable creature, we take him by the hand and lead him close to the object of his fear and our fearlessness makes him brave.

Oh, that we might be as brave to face the things of which we are afraid as we are to lead our little folks out into a realm where knowledge makes them masters of their fears.

And why should we be afraid of anything? No harm can come to us.

Arms of infinite love are round about us and words of infinite wisdom are whispered into our ears by our guides and leaders. They tell us that our fears make us fall. They tell us that our fears paralyze our forces. We want to sing, but we are afraid we cannot. We don't want to be laughed at. We are afraid we will be and we make a low sound that mars the melody of our brothers or we squeak until we have put our sister out of tune. "Sing out, sing out," cries the Infinite Christ, and we are amazed to find that our strong notes are blended in a grand chorus that sways the universe into rhythmic motion, so powerful is perfect harmony.

We want to speak a word for a fallen brother, but we fear we will not be understood and that the world will think we approve of sin unless we hang a sinner now and then; and alas, we are afraid to hang them, too, for we are not yet through our earthly pilgrimage and we may be hung ourselves if we approve of hanging.

So full of fear we are that we move not and our stiffened limbs bind us to the very edge of the scaffold where our forsaken brother groans in anguish.

Suddenly the spirit of love awakes within us and so strong and brave we become that all fear is banished. We do the thing we were afraid to do. We cry out. We cry again and again. Above the din of the mob, above the hiss of the scuffer, above the well modulated tones of the "arm of the law" our voice is heard.

"For shame, for shame, to crush him so," we cry. A hand and hold him up. Let the light of love shine on his face. Let's know the joy of saving men; 'tis sweeter far than destroying them."

Like lightning, flashing from point to point in darkest night, the spirit of love leaped from heart to heart and a sinner, weak, unfortunate, being, but with a soul that could be awakened by the voice of tenderness was born into the kingdom of heaven. And because we did the thing we were afraid to do!

Outside and Inside Weather.

In the morning, when our eyes pop open early, very early,
And we creep and peep to watch the sun arise;
If he's hiding, and a cloudy sky a-glowing,
grim and surly,
Has no streaming golden beaming for our eyes.

Why, then, lightly as a feather
Must our spirits dance together,
And our faces must be sunny all day long;
For as fresh as Highland heather
We can make the inside weather
When the outside seems to be so very wrong.

But if with the outdoor sunshine all the happy birds are singing,
And the trees are budding in the glad, warm light;
And the arbutus is peeping from its brown leaves' tender keeping,
And the face of day is fresh and sweet and bright—

Why, then, why not all together
Make our faces match the weather—
Fresh and sweet and bright and sunny all day long?
For as fragrant as the heather
Is the charming outside weather,
And the inside cannot be so very wrong.

—Jessie M. Anderson, in St. Nicholas.

Lantern Stories.

Mime Inniss.

Oh, the beautiful, long, summer days; the happy noon times and the calm, moonlit nights. The Brook boys sported and played and rested and slept; only to sport and play and rest and sleep again and again and then do it all over, until they forgot the terrors of the Waterfall, and of the old Ice King; forgot the lights and the wounds of their journey

down and the fright of the passage through the rock out from the bow! All was pleasure, and once more they were lazy boys from Lansebrook.

When the sun was hot and the surface of the water shone in its light, like a lake of silver, the Brook boys would creep close to the shore where the overhanging trees cast a cool shadow, or they would skim along to some little nook, or bay, where the lily pads spread their big umbrellas to protect the boys from the rays of the sun, while they watched the trout lying near the bottom with their pink fins waving just a little, like fans, to put them to sleep.

By and by a little zephyr would steal out from between the blue mountains to take a sail over the glassy lake and have a game of tag with the Brook boys. The zephyr would float down and just touch the Brook boys gently, and with a gentle ripple the Brook boys would laugh as if the little zephyr puff had tickled their necks and run away.

Sometimes a big, black thunder cloud would creep over the hillsides and growl at them. But the Brook boys were brave now and would not be frightened at a rumble. Then the old Cloud would swell up its cheeks and blow such a puff at the lake, shaking its menacing and growling its deepest growl, that the Brook boys would all rush to the protecting cover of the shore. The rushing was so hurried that the lake would be all covered with waves and foam in a minute, as the Brook boys tumbled over each other in their haste.

Then the cloud would slide quickly away on the other side of the lake, laughing a loud, crackling laugh, until its tears came and fell like raindrops into the very faces of the terrified Brook boys. Then all was still. The sun went to rest kissing the lake goodnight with its long, slanting rays of misty gold. The moon, benign and calm, looked over the edge of the world and smiled down placidly upon the lake. The Brook boys felt safe under her watchfulness and slept in sweetest slumber till another day waked them to sport and new games. Ah, this was not the work which the lying old Waterfall had so crossly foretold.

But one day when the Brook boys had wandered far down into a woody corner of the lake, where the birds sang above them and the trout swam beneath and all was still, afar off amid the quiet they heard a sweet voice.

They listened and crept nearer and nearer, ever deeper, ever farther into the forest. The tall pines stood up, so prim and proper and stiff, and whispered to each other and still the distant voice sang on.

The Brook boys loved the music. It lured them on and on, farther and farther from the great open spaces of the lake. As they crept toward it, the singing grew louder and sweeter. The pines whispered more and more peacefully and while the darkness of the woods grew deeper, they heard the voices of the thrush lifting its tune like a golden bell. But sweeter, calmer, more ravishing still, the other song lured them. It was

THE LORELEI OF THE RIVER.
Hither. Hither. Brook boys run.
Hither. Here there's naught but fun.
Work's forgotten. Care is gone.
Playing ever, running on.

Dancing,
Glancing,
Prancing, run
Hither. Here there's naught but fun.

Hurry, skurry. Only play
Here shall fill both night and day.
Games so many, count is lost;
Never more with work be crossed.

Dashing,
Splashing,
Slashing play
Here shall fill both night and day.

Yes, the old Waterfall had told them falsehoods. Life for Brook boys was not to be all work. Here was a sweet voiced angel telling them to come to her and life would be all fun all day.

So in the deep woods just as night grew darker and dimmer and out of the sky the stars with their sparkling eyes began to twinkle and glimmer, the Brook boys began to hurry toward the singing of the Lorelei song. Very quietly they ran, very smoothly, through the aisles of the pines; and as they ran, ever faster and faster, still the song seemed to rise and sink and float and fall, always a little bit farther, a little bit farther.

Suddenly they were whirled around a bend in the stream and the voice, so sweet before, changed into a rumble deeper and yet deeper; then into a roar and behold, they were in a small pond where, towering above them, its many windows all aglow with lights, a tall factory loomed out of the darkness, and the Brook boys to their terror saw they had been lured by a false song into the hated work. Down, down, toward the mill with its groning wheels of iron so cruelly hard and rusty, they were drawn, struggle as they would, until with a scream of despair they plunged from the flume into the pen-stock, choking and struggling still, but ever rushing straight toward the mighty groans of the tolling wheels as they turned the shaft which carried motion and life to the looms of the Cotton Mill.

And the playing of the Brook boys was over.

A little friend of ours loved to have stories told her, just like all little girls, and she always listened very attentively until the story was finished, then she would grow very serious and say, "Well, is that true? Did it really happen?" She seemed to think a story was hardly worth her approbation unless it was really true.

Perhaps all little folks like true stories best. If they do, here is one written by a friend. It tells of something which happened in her own life and she has written it in a letter to you:

My dear little children of the Banner:
I feel today as if I would like to write you all a letter, so that we may become better acquainted. It has been a long time since I was a child like you, and I wonder if your childhood is in any way similar to mine. But as I find my mind taking a retrospective view of my earlier years, I surely find some things that came into my life that can never enter yours.

My early life was passed in the beautiful country, where birds sing and flowers bloom in summer and the snow falls and the north wind makes white drifts, mountains high in winter, and springtime's promises are fulfilled in the golden autumn. In short, where Mother Nature shows her most varying moods, for in no part of our own country can you find greater contrasts than in our Pine Tree State; here the almost tropical heat of summer is followed by the icy cold of winter, where the fields, verdant and beautiful beyond description, are changed by a cold, white, frozen covering in a few short months. But there were some things in the old days not nearly so beautiful or elevating as dear old Mother Nature's varying moods, for it was my fortune to reside in an extremely religious community where none of the grandeur of nature or of art were or could be so much appreciated as were the teachings from the book we call the Bible, and in that great book the grand spiritual truths it contains were almost overlooked, by them, in their zeal to find the passages that would tell them of the wrath and power of God to punish sinners, leading all to worship Him

through fear, instead of our spiritual concepts of goodness in the Father Love that pervades the universe.

When I was seven years of age, I began to attend the Sabbath school. Now, my dear ones, do not let your minds in fancy stray to some ancient cathedral, through whose stained glass windows the light from the golden sun fell upon a soft carpet, in varied hues; no, the reality was, that the schoolhouse, where on five days of the week we were wont to pass our time in the pursuit of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, on Sundays was a meeting house, or, in other words, a church for religious services. I can see, through the eyes of memory, the old, rough plank floor, and the old home-made benches where the more mischievous youngsters had with well worn jack-knives cut and carved all manner of letters and figures, that each succeeding generation of children could muse and ponder over as they sat in spring discomfort listening to the words of truth and wisdom falling from the lips of some (to their eyes) famous divine.

Well, we received many good lessons on the Sunday forenoons that we spent in Sabbath School—far from it being my intentions at this time to say aught that would lead you to think that my early religious training fell among tares, for I assure you all that they disseminated in most fertile ground. Some of the lessons were fine, indeed, but others could have been dispensed with grails. Of the latter, I have in view one about giants.

There were the great giants: Selfishness, Untruth, and many others, you have no doubt heard of, which stood near, as messengers from the nether regions, to help lead you on the downward path that reaches the lake of fire and brimstone where his Satanic Majesty with his horns and forked stick is waiting to give the wicked ones a roasting when he has them in his clutches. We children certainly did receive good lessons from our teachers, but for myself not one had such a lasting hold upon my nature as did the giants, and thereby hangs a tale. I have said that on week days we went to day school in the same house that on Sundays was the dignified church, which was very plain to most of us, when we met, the first thing we spoke of was—giants—and on recesses and at noon the same subject had full sway, and we worked ourselves up to a great pitch of excitement and fear, and not one of us would have been in the least surprised to have seen a full-sized giant helmet, armor and shield, standing before us at any moment. But the crisis came before we were looking for it, after all. Afternoon came, the young scholars had been dismissed, the older ones were engaged in the mysteries of analysis and grammar, we little ones had got on our hats and stood with our dinner pails in our hands for a last word, some playing "last tag," when one of the small ones came running back. She had been one of the first to start on the homeward way. Crying and sobbing as though her little heart would break, it was some time before we could get her to speak, but at last between sobs, she cried: "I—see—the old giant."

That created a panic, for we were all ready to believe it, and we all began to cry with fright.

The teacher heard us and came to the door and inquired what the trouble was. Some one answered that the old giant frightened Sadie. It was so plain to the teacher that something awful was certainly the matter, that she went in and dismissed school, then she and the older scholars came out on the platform where we were huddled in a scared heap. After much coaxing, Sadie promised to show the teacher where she saw the giant; so holding the teacher's hand for safety the rest of us forming a badly scared body guard, we started for the scene of action. She led us upon the first rising ground above the schoolhouse and pointing to an old oak tree said: "There he is—under the tree."

We looked, and sure enough was the semblance of a great giant, which if he had been standing would, at least, have been twelve or fifteen feet tall, but he was lying down, as we supposed, asleep. A hurried consultation took place, and it was agreed that we should all go home and tell our parents, and get out a posse, to make the old giant leave town.

So home we went and told our story, but our elders were too wise to believe in such a fabrication as that, and as the tree was some ways from the road no one cared to investigate that night.

The next morning some one went to look for the giant and there he was in the same position we had left him in the night before. The bold investigator said, "He must be asleep, and as a sleeping giant would not be likely to harm any one, I will get some men and we will go over under the tree and see if we can't capture him."

This was done, but as they kept going nearer and nearer the giant seemed to look different, and when they got near enough to see what it was they were some surprised at their recent timidity. For, my dears, the old giant proved to be nothing more or less than a small bush, two large stones and a small heap of rocks, that had been there a long time, but had not been noticed before, so in our belief in the giants we had heard about at the Sunday school we were ready to believe that most anything was a giant.

When we went to school that morning, hardly daring to look at the old oak tree that was on the path that led to the mountain, we were nothing but a heap of rocks and some bushes. But when we looked we did not believe it, and throughout the forenoon session of school, I fear, our thoughts were more on the giant than on our lessons. When noon came a company was formed and armed with sticks, rocks, etc., for ammunition, we started for the tree, and we found nothing alive under it, and that the bush and rocks were in reality our much dreaded giant, so we marched back to the schoolhouse wiser and happier and not so foolish and fearful as we were before.

Years have passed since then. I have left the old places and life far behind me, but sometimes in the summer I have visited the old places with their sweet memories, and as I ride along on the old road that leads to the mountain, I always look for the old oak tree where the giant reposed beneath its shade. And though I wonder how I could have been so silly, I can still in fancy feel the thrill of fear that permeated me, and wonder if that was not one of the best illustrated Sabbath school lessons I ever received.

I have only written this, little ones, to let you and your elders see how easily the childish mind is led by a fabulous story, which can at times be used as a Sabbath school lesson, when occasion demands. As we grow older we realize that the giants are not real, but merely creations of a fertile fancy used to illustrate or point out morality. And as I have been writing this little sketch to you, little ones, I am more sure than ever that you are differently situated than was I, at your ages. For now, thanks be to the progressive times, there are no giants to frighten you into submission, only good, wholesome, beautiful teachings and grand illustrations of a spirituality that is real need be yours.

I know that as your minds see the good, the true, the pure and the beautiful, your own sweet nature will respond, like the strings of a well-tuned harp, under the master fingers of an artist; and those of you that live in the quiet country among the birds, bees, trees and flowers have no teacher so grand as the dear old Mother Nature, the wonder worker of the world.—A. B. C.

Winterport, Me.

Message Department.

Report of Seances held May 2, 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 localities?

Invocation.

Again we come into this little circle, bringing our influence from the spirit side of life, that it may be helpful and instrumental to some one who is reaching after the expression from the spirit. Not alone to the children of earth would we bring the joy and comfort of communion, but to those dear ones who come so close about us, clinging to us, seeking admission into past homes; to them we would give our arm for support and our loyal devotion, that they may be able to do the thing they strive to do. O, the glory and the joy of feeling that there is no death; of knowing that there is no separation. When once this has entered into the life and becomes a part of the fabric of living and the joy of serving, then life becomes a song unending, beautiful and sweet, and we would give this knowledge, we would give this understanding, to every soul that seeks and wishes to find its own. Bless us in our undertakings, and may the dear ones who are here come with such assurance and steadiness of purpose, that there shall be neither doubt nor hindrance. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Hiram Wilkins.

The first spirit that comes to me today is a man about fifty-five years old. He has quite broad shoulders and is about five feet eight or nine inches tall. He has a gray beard and no mustache, blue eyes and his hair is rather long. He wears it pushed back from his forehead in a way that looks as if he nervously put his fingers through it and then pushed it away.

He says his name is Hiram Wilkins and he lived in Portsmouth, N. H. "This subject is not new to me. I had never taken it up in the same way that you people have, but I believed there was a communication between people dead and those living, and since I came over here it has not seemed at all remarkable to me that I could not see my people in the body. When I came over I left a wife. She has since come to me. I have a son and a daughter, and while they do not understand this Spiritualism in just the way I would like to have them, I feel quite content to be able to help them shape their lives and to know they will eventually come to me. I have with me my brother and a friend named Phillips who was very much interested in whatever I did. He says, 'Tell them it isn't much use to run away from the truth; it will overtake them before they know it, and even now the shadow of it is falling over their lives.' I wish I had done a little differently about my affairs before I came. I might have made it easier for Barton, but I did not realize it, so I just give this as a little word of evidence that I am who I say I am."

John Babcock.

There is a man comes now who says, "Before you try to describe me just say that my name is John Babcock and I lived in Hanover, N. H. I can't see a bit of use in my coming; don't see as I am doing any good to anyone, certainly not to myself, but I have just been talked to and talked to and talked to until I made up my mind I would come and have it over with you. You see the way of it is I have got my wife with me and her name is Sarah. She keeps saying, 'John, let's see if we can't talk to the folks we left behind,' and I say what is the use; can't do any good; they wouldn't pay any attention; they don't care anything about it; they had a great deal rather think we are dead and buried over on the hill and that is all there is about it, and go along their way minding their own affairs than they would to think we can see them and be round where they are and perhaps haunt them after they go to bed. But she always did have her way and so I have given in. I can't preach any sermon; I can't give you any talk on what it is like over here; I can only tell you I know who I am and where I was. I am thankful I had enough to take care of me and didn't leave much to fight over. I like work just about as much as I used to; think it is a good deal more fun to stand around and see someone else work than to do it myself. I found Hannah just as though she had never moved away, but was just waiting on the other side of the partition to spring out and say, 'Hello, John' when I arrived. Father and Mother are both here; don't live far away from here, and seem to be pretty happy, just managing their own affairs and trying to learn a little of the freer life here. I don't know when I shall make any effort to study theology, but when the time comes that I make any definite change, I will try and send you all word. I have seen Aaron and he says that he can not see that we gain very much; that he had an idea we were going to Heaven, but he cannot see but what we have to plug along just the same as we did before we left, and he doesn't see any particular fun in living the same life over; and for his part he had rather stayed just where he was than to be transplanted. I tell him he was gruffed, because he looks a good deal better than when I left him on earth. He seemed to have taken a new sort of a life instead of just transplanting the old body that had caused him so much bother. If any of our friends are interested to know about us, why, here is what we have to say, and if there is anything we can do, if it isn't too hard, we will try and do it. Much obliged to this paper. Can't quite see why you should care whether we come or not, but we are much obliged to you for opening your columns to us."

George Hervey.

A spirit comes now who says his name is George Hervey. He takes his hand up and puts his fist down and says, "By George, that's my name." He thinks he is funny and is making jokes about everything. He says, "Well, I don't feel altogether in a joking mood, but I do not think my friends would know me if I came with any other spirit. I am over here and my friends are in earth life, and that's no joke. I wanted more than anything to get to Abbie; she needs me. She does not know it; that is, she does not know I could help her from this side, but she often thinks if I had only lived I could have done a great deal for her. I sometimes wish I could say to her, Well, I can do a great deal as it is. Of course I cannot come home every night and I cannot provide, but I can give strength and confidence and tenderness, and that makes any life brighter and better. I am proud of her for what she has accomplished. I am pleased with her for what she has done, but I wish I could make her feel that when she is so tired there are strong arms waiting to support her and two eyes that have tears because they cannot do all they want to. I found her mother over here. I had never known her and it was like running up face to face with some one I had heard a lot about and had never met, and I suppose I had always flattered myself that I did not have a mother-in-law, but when I came to see her I concluded it was something to grieve over rather than rejoice. She is very helpful and kind to me and is so close to my wife that it draws us all in one common influence. I am from Boston."

Fred Darling.

A spirit of a man comes now, very dark, has very black hair, dark brows and lashes, thin face, and looks as if he was just as sober as he could be. His name is Fred Darling and he says he is from Haverhill, Mass. When this young man passed to the spirit he had a terrible stomach trouble. It seems like poison, for he suffered and suffered, and it seemed as though he would burst open. He says, "Under the conditions it was the greatest relief to be able to breathe and stand free from my body. I wanted death to come because I was in such agony. I did not care what came after, and when I really found myself free I did not strive to find out anything more except that the pain was gone. My mother was left. She was glad, too, that I was gone; not to have me out of the way but to know the pain was over. So many times I have had the greatest desire to speak to her and have her know that I could see her especially when I have seen her in the sitting room when I used to sit so often with her. She does not know I am there, except as her spirit senses the presence of another spirit. Grandma and I often touch her head until she becomes so drowsy that she thinks she needs a nap, but it is only the influence of the spirit. I found little Nellie, or rather she found me. She tells me that as the years go by I will be able to do very much more than I am now, but I feel that I ought to be very happy to be able to say just this much."

Alice Murdock.

A spirit of a woman comes very quickly, as though she were afraid we might close the circle before she got her message in. She is about the medium height, has blue eyes, brown hair, and a very active, nervous way about her. She seems always to be anxious, very anxious, over her conditions of life, and she says: "I suppose I did worry more than I need to, but it was my nature, and I suffered even though I made the rest of the family suffer with me. My name is Alice Murdock and I lived in Indianapolis, Ind. I come back because my heart is sore over leaving my baby. I am so lonesome sometimes and wish I could get him and keep him with me; then all I can do is to go and find some little motherless baby over here and try to do something for him just as I love to have people do for my Harry. It seems as though it would be much better if God let the mothers and babies die together, but it seldom happens so and we have to be content whether we want to be or not, but if everybody understood as you people do that there is an opportunity to come near to their own, I suppose we would not suffer as we do now. I take long walks with my father and he tells me I must not think about my sorrow today, but must look forward to the time when I will be proud of my boy and his accomplishments through what I am able to do for him. At first when he used to look at my picture and wonder where I had gone I thought I should break down the walls between us, but I was farther away each time I got into such a frenzy and so I have grown calm and I come to you to help me. I do not expect him to understand that I have come, but I shall feel better for having expressed myself and perhaps may be better able to reach him and give him the expression of my love. I am grateful to you and thank you very much."

Will Fisher.

Here is a man who says his name is Will Fisher, and he is from Butte. I should think he is about forty years old. He has a light mustache, round face, rather a big, fat chin, brown hair and no beard. I do not think his hair has any gray in it; he is about medium height, a little below if anything, and he has beautiful teeth. When he smiles, and he keeps it often, his teeth just glister. I should think he was a man who wrote a great deal, seemed always to be writing, writing, writing, but not for himself. I should think he held a bookkeeper's position. He says, "Now, do not get me confounded with any typewriter, for if there was anything I hated it was a man typewriter." He wants to send his message to Louise. "Louise will laugh. She will say, I should just as soon think of his coming back as I should think of going to Heaven myself this minute. She is materialistic; she has not a particle of faith in this sort of thing, but I know the time will come when she will be able to express myself so well that she will have to believe me. She is one of those women who make the most of each day and think that is all there is in life, and I am glad to be able to give her a little additional comfort by running the risk of being scoffed and turned down by her, hoping that eventually she will receive me. Tell her I have never known a day that I have not been near her and tried to be of some service to her, and whether she knows it or not, it is of some use to her."

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From Our Exchanges.

A Sound Mind in a Sound Body.

While it is admitted on the one hand that the natural impulses and appetites of the body are not sinful per se, nevertheless it cannot be denied on the other hand that over-indulgence of these impulses and appetites is sinful. Because, although the proper attention to the wants of the body tends to keep it in a healthy condition, excess in any direction is harmful, not only to the body itself, but also to the soul, inasmuch as the soul is thus kept down on a material plane. The object of life being to raise the soul above the material and into the spiritual plane, most of those who have realized this fact have disdained not only the over-indulgence of the bodily instincts, but rejected them altogether as sinful. It would seem that neither extreme is desirable. For as the health of the body declines, the soul feels a depression, and is unable to rise into that state of spiritual exaltation which lifts it above the material plane. The two extremes have a like effect—that is, to hold the soul down. On the one hand, one must consider material things because of their lack; and, on the other, because of their abundance. The healthy and eminently desirable condition is the mean, where sufficient attention is paid to the wants of the body to maintain its health and yet no over-indulgence is accorded it.—K. P. G., in Eleanor Kirke's Idea.

What Does It All Mean?

Thought will have its Magnetic, its Electrical, and its Etheric age. Christ is born in the Etheric age. We are now in the Magnetic, entering the Electrical period of mind evolution. On and on and on is the watchword. The new thought is not stopping for organization. Every man is his own student. Physical science is his teacher. Every discovery in the electrical world he knows is a discovery about himself and the true expression of his own forces. Thought is only sense upon the plane of physics. Thought never leaves the plane of physical law; it leaves the plane of mind, but it takes physical law with it to every plane of expression. For spirit has no existence apart from form—energy from matter. The physical is as eternal as the spiritual. The physical is where God lives and moves and has His being. He glorifies the physical—physical law is the basis of spiritual attainment. The Trinity is physical law. There is no attainment without knowledge of this law. Mind wanders in the wilderness of Magnetism and demands and attracts everything until it finds the law. Then it climbs a mountain and smites a rock—and moves on.—Louise Downes in The Reasoner.

Thomas Paine at St. Louis.

Those who seek to have the portrait of Thomas Paine placed in the Pennsylvania building at the St. Louis Louisiana Purchase Exposition, do not make his infidelity the ground of their effort. Paine was a national character, conspicuous for his devotion to American independence, and was later on one of the first to urge the purchase of the Louisiana territory. It is for these reasons we seek for him this honor. We do not object to the placing of Bishop White's portrait in the group because of his orthodoxy, and we hope no fair-minded person will object to Paine's because of his heresy, especially now that so many Christian scholars are adopting the very same views expressed by him.—The Searchlight, Waco, Texas.

Personal Purity.

Many people are very careful to have their food well prepared, so that no unhealthy food enters the body; while at the same time they are very careless as to what emotions enter their mind; because they fail to realize that purity of the emotions is as necessary as purity of the body.

A strong force overcomes a weak force, and a stronger emotion may render a weaker one inactive. If the strong emotion is high, it elevates the lower, if the lower one is the strongest, degrading is the result. Cautionness may keep combativeness in check or make man a coward; but without cautionness combativeness will fly off at a tangent, and rashness and disaster may be the result. The higher emotions evolve from the lower ones, and by the control of reason, vices grow into virtues. Intense love of self may expand into love of wife and friends, or widen still more into a love of country or a love of humanity. The more it expands the more it becomes refined.

Nothing in the universe can be annihilated, only the form can be changed. An emotion cannot be killed, but it can be educated up to a higher level.—The Health Reporter, Kansas City, Mo.

Let the Law Take Hold.

Mob law in the United States ought to be stopped. It is a shame and a disgrace to the country. The people who participate in such demonstrations are rank cowards. They do in numbers what they fear to do individually. Like wolves, they are fierce and bloodthirsty only when they congregate in packs, but when alone they sink away and hide themselves, like the cubs they are. The only way to effectively end the cowardly performance is for the authorities to hunt down every man back of a mob and send him to prison. This only will have a salutary effect on those who are so bloodthirsty that they take delight in committing murder, arson and assault under cover of numbers. What is the use of having laws if people are allowed to form in mobs and defy them with impunity? If these mobs are permitted to go scot free it is easy to see what will be the result in a very few years. No man accused of crime will be safe from these demons in man's garb. Let the law take hold of the situation and crush out this great beam in the eyes of the American nation.—The Prison Mirror.

Moral Margins.

Even moral principles are distinguished by these two types of boundary divisions. There are some divergences of principle which are unmistakable. Every one agrees that on one side of the line fall certain allowable things, and certain forbidden things on the other. The Ten Commandments are an embodiment of one of these great divisive chasms separating true ways from false. There is no intermediate marginal land of twilight and uncertainty. Jesus strove to establish as many of these sharp moral distinctions as possible. He dispelled illusion and self-confusion, and laid bare the essential moral issues of life, and drew as fine as possible the line of division. He repeatedly set off in divisive contrast his standards and spirit with the standards and spirit of the world, and appealed to men to commit themselves fearlessly and uncompromisingly to his principles. But he recognized also that there were other questions where it was not so easy to perceive the line of boundary and separation, and he dealt patiently with inquiries addressed to him by those who were perplexed in such matters. Even here, however, he strove to show that the principle at stake was clearly enough distinguishable, and that, if there was doubt, it was as to the applications of the principle, rather than to the principle itself.—Sunday School Times, Philadelphia, Pa.

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