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NO. 1

THE NEED OF CHANGE.

James Russell Lowell.

The time is ripe, and rotten ripe for change; Then let it come. I have no dread of what. Is called for by the instinct of mankind; Nor think I that God's world will fall apart Because we tear a parchment more or less. Truth is eternal, but her effluence, With endless change is fitted to the hour; Her mirror is turned forward to reflect The promise of the future, not the past.

The Psychology of the New Thought.

Salvadora.

In exact proportion to the spiritual grandeur, moral loftiness and ethical magnificence of the New Thought's private character, will be the danger of allowing one's spiritual and divine sentimental explanations of the New Thought to take the place of severe, patient, psychological analysis.

Paradoxical as it sounds, the more profoundly mystical and splendidly religious one's nature is, the less disposed are we to be patient with the contemplation of explanatory classes of empirical or ideal psychological law. Like a beautiful child, rushing with open arms to the bosom of its mother, before its little task is done, the delicate spiritual beauty of the New Thought's soul causes the New Thinker to fly to the divine explanatory aspect of things, long before it has taken the time to patiently learn even the elementary principles of university psychology as a partial explanation of what the New Thought really means.

If we are to believe that the New Thought and its therapeutic success is due to the operation of a hitherto unnoticed psychological law, deriving its necessary relation from the psychological nature of things, how is the university professor of psychology to understand the psychological nature of this law?

Does the therapeutic success of the New Thought depend upon the operation of the psychological law of generic mental images? Is this the secret?

If its successes consist in the reduction of a large number of facts to the single formula of telepathic suggestion, but without any rational psychological explanation, then the New Thought is to be considered as an empirical psychological law?

Obviously, its successful mental therapeutics is to be classed in the category of what the university psychological professor would call psychological law, viz: a relation between the sensation aroused by suggestion, and telepathy; and the images and loftier states reproduced, as a consequence, in the patient's consciousness, through the law of conservation of impressions.

The reason why the university professor of psychology has not explained the general psychological principles of New Thought has been because of the irrationality of its explanation, as urged by so many of its psychologically unenlightened practitioners. The popular atmosphere is thick with all sorts of conflicting explanations; and each explanation must be patted on the back (because, of course, it is infallible) in order to please each individual explanationist. Otherwise one's life is in danger. Seriously, one is sneered at and scorned in pity by them.

It is obvious that the final, correct, psychological theory of the New Thought is still in the making. People practice thousands of helpful things they cannot explain. The philosopher is the great explainer. My kind friend, Dr. Albion W. Small, of the University of Chicago, observes, that physicians practiced fumigation of infected places, and with a certain degree of success, long before they had an approximate explanation of the propagation of disease.

In a similar fashion, the metaphysician of the New Thought is practicing his mental therapeutics. He is chiefly concerned with its utility; not its philosophy. The university professor of psychology, on the other hand, is concerned (first of all) with the sense or nonsense of its assumed philosophy; not its utility. He ignores the therapeutic facts adduced by the New Thinker; because the New Thinker's explanations will not hold water. The splendor of the New Thinker's religiously ideal sentiment is made (by the New Thinker) to take the place of severe, painstaking, psychophysical processes of analysis. And sentiment is not explanation. He shall be a god to me who can accurately define; not who can be superbly spiritual in their imperial divine sentiment. And, as before observed by me, the danger of allowing one's lofty, divine sentimental explanations to take the place of the psychological, analytical explanations of the New Thought, is greater in proportion to the rising religious loftiness and spiritual magnificence of the New Thinker's actual character. The splendor of the religious sentiment unavoidably drives one to a synthetic, unanalytical, worshipping view of facts; not to analysis. And it only by analysis that laws are discovered. This may be said; but it is true. The business of the university professor

of psychology is with the laws governing strictly the psychological aspect of the New Thought; not its religions. Hence, it seems doubly horrible to us (that after all our aspirations, and clinging to the Divine) that we should ultimately be compelled to actually crucify our own transcendent Divine Concept (of the New Thought, or of Spiritualism) and have finally delivered unto us the wicked Barabas Concept of the analytical university psychologist. At such moments the earth seems to reel from under our feet. To be forced, after all, to descend from the heights of our own divine ideal of explanation, and to patiently begin to study the laws of simple mental processes all over again seems as if God had actually and maliciously arranged the universe to fool us.

This stupendous lesson, in spiritual humility, wherein we have to abandon our own Divine Concepts of explanation concerning spirits, and the New Thought, in favor of the evolution of the principal concepts of the comparative and experimental psychologists of the universities—concerning these things, is one of the hardest to learn in life. It seems like the malicious deception, of some foul occult spirit, that has attempted our ruin, as a horrible homage to their ghastly vanity. If the phrase, The Law of the Psychology of the New Thought, is to ever be more than a vague term in the mind, it must be made to correspond to a direct condensation of the psychological facts; and an ideal simplification, or statement, of its unalterable theoretical laws. When it has reached this analytical stage, the dignity of its analytically fearless philosophy will commend it to the loftier attention of the average university psychologist.

Joan of Arc and Her Spirit Guides.

E. Wake Cook.

An Address delivered before the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance in the rooms of the Royal Society of British Artists, on the evening of Friday, January 22nd; the President, Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, in the chair. Abridged from Light, London, Eng.

In the whole range of history there is no figure quite so remarkable as that of Joan of Arc. Christ had many things in common with the Buddha and other founders of the great religions; but the character and the history of the Maid of Orleans are alike unique. There is the strange conjunction of soldier and spotless saint; of consummate generalship and statesmanlike insight, and the ability to baffle a horde of hostile ecclesiastics plying all forensic arts to trick and entrap her; and these amazing qualities were combined in a simple village maiden still in her teens, who, after serving France and crowning her King, begged to be allowed to return to her mother and her household duties! Such a character is without a parallel. The written history of this marvelous Maid is equally without a counterpart. It comes to us with every word attested on oath. Unlike all other histories of earth's guiding stars, it stands in its naked purity, unclouded by the legendary mists which gather about the mountain peaks.

The history of the Maid that has been preserved is as remarkable as the Maid herself. She was condemned after a trial of extraordinary length, in which she was questioned and re-questioned on every point concerning herself, her work, and her Voices. As she was widely regarded as a heaven-sent savior of France, it was absolutely necessary, for the justification of the English and their adherents, that the popular faith in the Maid should be confounded by proving her, before an ecclesiastical court, to be a witch, a heretic, or an agent of the devil. This trial, which procured her condemnation and death, was so infamous in its illegality that the Pope, twenty-five years afterwards, granted the prayer of Joan's mother and brothers that the case should be re-examined. This was done, and all available witnesses who could throw light on the life and work of the Maid were examined, even as to the details of her early years. This trial reversed the finding of the first, and passed the Sentence of Rehabilitation. The records of both trials have been preserved; thus, providentially, we have a very full history of Joan of Arc, much of it from her own lips, and every word is attested on oath. So, as I said at first, the written history of "La Pucelle," the Maid of Orleans, is as remarkable as the Deliverer of France herself. These valuable documents have recently been rendered into English, and edited by Mr. T. Douglas Murray, and they are one of the finest and most reliable spiritualistic records in the whole range of history.

Joan was born on the Feast of the Epiphany, in 1412, of peasant parents, at Domremy, in Lorraine, a borderland village, a sort of Nazareth, from which no good thing could come. It had its haunted well, and its fairy tree, on which the children loved to hang garlands, and where they sang songs to the "little people." At the back of all were great legend-decked woods, so stimulating to the

imagination of children. The spirit world seemed nearer then, and little Joan early began her dreams. But she was an exemplary child in every way, cheerfully doing all household work and taking her turn in tending the flocks and herds. She was intensely pious, loving all things connected with religion and assiduously attending all its ordinances, so much so that her companions bantered her about it.

Joan was thirteen when she saw her first vision of one of those "sun-clothed" children of light whose brightness outshone the summer day. It was Saint Michael. She was much frightened at first but soon received great comfort from him, and was told to be good and to go often to church. She said that she saw him before her eyes, and that he was quite surrounded by the Angels of Heaven. Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret were her most constant advisers, and she describes them as adorned with beautiful crowns, very rich and precious. Speaking of Saint Michael she said: "I saw him, and the accompanying Angels, with my bodily eyes, as well as I see you; when they went from me I wept. I should have liked to have been taken with them." The first messages were to urge her to be always good, but she was soon told of her great mission. She pleaded her youth and inexperience, but it was gradually borne in upon her that it was because of her very lowliness that she was chosen as an instrument of God. She said later, that all was by His command, and that had it not been by His Will she would sooner have had her body torn in sunder than have undertaken such a task.

Her Voices continued to instruct her, and on arriving at the age of seventeen she was commanded to go to France and begin her work. She was told to go first to Robert de Baudricourt, Governor of Vaucouleurs, who would give her men-at-arms for an escort, and he would send her to the King. She went, accompanied by her uncle, saw the Governor, stated her divine mission and her need of an escort. But the Governor thought her demented, and told her uncle to take her home and have her whipped. By command of her Voices she went again to the Governor, with a like result. But a prophecy of Merlin was generally called to mind, that the kingdom, lost by a woman (Queen Isabel) would be restored by a maid from Lorraine. Enthusiasm grew, two young noblemen were converted to her cause, and swore they would themselves escort her to the King. Joan rebuked the Governor for the delay, saying that France had need of her, as that day a battle had been lost. Some days later the news arrived of the lost battle and convinced the Governor of her divine powers. So he gave her the letter and a sword and said to her, "Go to the King, come of it what may." The people made her a man's suit, a horse was provided, and with the two knights and a small escort a start was made. Traveling through a hostile country, mostly by night, at the end of eleven days they arrived at Chinon, where the uncrowned King was. She was at last seen by Charles, whom she recognized by aid of her Voices, and gave him signs which much impressed him. She told him she was sent by God to raise the siege of Orleans, and to conduct him to Rheims to be crowned. Charles was loath to take any steps without further and fuller inquiry. He desired Joan to be thoroughly examined at Poitiers before a full board of ecclesiastics and lawyers, under the Archbishop of Rheims. For three weeks this simple maiden answered all the questions of these learned Doctors, like one inspired, telling them there was more in God's book than in theirs. When asked for a sign she said: "I have not come to Poitiers to show signs and do miracles. Send me to Orleans and you shall have signs enough. Give me men-at-arms—few or many—and let me go!"

The Archbishop finally reported in her favor, and advised Charles to take the proffered help, as it offered the only hope. The King, who had been much impressed by her revelations, decided to place her at the head of his army. He had the celebrated suit of silver armor made for her, and she had the famous symbolical banner painted, which played such a conspicuous part in the events which followed. She was provided with a full military household, and she joined the army which was gathering at Blois.

The old generals were quite willing to benefit by the enthusiasm, the new life inspired by the Maid, but had no idea of taking her generalship seriously. She directed them to guide her straight to Orleans, but as they had been demoralized by the ever-victorious English, they adopted the more cautious tactics, and brought her before Orleans on the wrong side of the river! On discovering the trick Joan gave those generals a bit of her mind, and they soon learned that the wisest head among them was foolish compared with the heaven-gilded Maid. The army could do nothing; the boats were far down the river and the wind was adverse, so that they could not come up to ferry the provisions across to the starving people in the town. Joan sent

the army back to Blois, the nearest bridge by which it could cross to the Orleans side of the river, prophesying that the wind would change, which it did. The boats came up, and Joan and some of the generals went with a convoy of provisions into Orleans in spite of the overwhelming force of the English.

On Joan's army returning from Blois, she went out to meet it, and all passed into Orleans, right under the hostile guns, the English being too much dazed to molest them. Then Joan, with her marvelous dash and go, and in spite of all the cautious counsels of her marshals, attacked those terrible forts one after another, and carried them all in a few days. On one occasion she was wounded, as she had long foretold; but, although she cried like a girl, she continued to fight until the bastille was taken. She received the wound while mounting a scaling-ladder. Whenever her men recoiled from their terrible task, she would put herself at their head with her white banner, and this gave new life and courage to her men, and seemed to paralyze her foes. What all the generals of France had pronounced impossible, that girl had done in four days! After the fall of the great fortress the Tourelles, Talbot and his English evacuated all the other bastilles, and left the French masters of all. Thus was raised the great siege of Orleans!

After reporting these glorious results to Charles, and after a battle with his timorous councillors, Joan was permitted to begin the second great task of her mission. This was the reduction of the strongholds of Loire. This amazing campaign, lasting only a few days, ended with the momentous battle of Patay, which broke the back of the English power; and, as Joan herself said, it was a blow from which they would not recover for a thousand years.

Then followed the third great movement. She induced the vacillating King to place himself in charge of the army, and then began the celebrated "Bloodless March" to Rheims to consummate her achievements by the crowning of her King. Although the march was through hostile country, such was the power of her name that the great towns threw open their gates on her approach, and Rheims was reached without a blow being struck. Everywhere Joan moved between adoring multitudes, eager to kiss her feet, or even the footprints of her horse. At last she attained the dearest wish of her heart, the culminating point of her angel-guided mission; she saw her King crowned in great pomp, under the shadow of her own victorious banner, with all the ancient rights and ceremonies, without which no one could be a real King in the eyes of the priest-governed people. No statesman in the whole of France had discerned the true significance of this step, and the momentous results which must follow. This was reserved for the village maiden and her spirit-guides. But it was seen later by Bedford and the Burgundians, and one of the objects of the great trial was to prove that Charles had been crowned by the aid of a witch, and so rob him of the sanctity with which these ceremonies had surrounded him.

Her Voices ordered her to stay at St. Denis, but being wounded she was taken elsewhere, against her wish. On recovering she took part in some minor movements, and was finally captured by the Burgundians. Whether or not this was through the treachery which she foresaw, and which was the only thing she feared, it is impossible to say. She was taken as a prisoner to the camp of the Duke of Burgundy, and was placed in prison, while the Duke waited for the expected ransom. But neither France nor her wretched King made any move to save her, and, after two attempts at escape, she was finally ransomed by the infamous Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, a miserable tool of the English, for a prince's ransom. She was taken to Rouen, in the heart of the English power, thrown into a dungeon, heavily ironed, and always kept in the presence of several brutal, common soldiers. Forty or fifty ecclesiastics were got together from various parts, especially selected for their English sympathies. One of these, a smooth-tongued villain, was allowed access to Joan's prison disguised as a cobbler. He represented himself as a priest from her own part of the country and a sympathizer with her. By this cruel trick he got her to pour out her full heart in confession. As secrets of the confessional could not be directly used, the Bishop placed himself and other witnesses at a hole in the wall so that every word was heard, and the information thus gained was used to guide the ruthless cross-examination to which the poor girl was exposed. This is but a specimen of the cruel arts and illegalities by which an unjust verdict was obtained.

When the friendless girl was brought face to face with this packed jury of inquisitors, thirsting for her destruction, the simple grandeur of her character shone out more brightly than at almost any period of her stormy career. She was steadfast as a rock; sometimes against the storming of nearly the

whole Court at once. Every forensic trick, every dialectical art, was used to trip or entrap her without avail. Profound theological questions were sprung on her which would have puzzled many of the churchmen themselves to answer without impaling themselves on the horns of a dilemma. For six long days the battle raged between the one and the many, the unadvised prisoner baffling all her cruel judges. The populace began to laugh over the Bishop's repeated defeats, so, for very shame, the next nine examinations were held in private. These had like results; and all the examinations were only preliminary fishings to obtain matter to bring against her at the Trial in Ordinary, which lasted almost as long.

She was condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the ecclesiastical prisons. She was given woman's attire, and forbidden to resume her man's dress. Then every promise was shamelessly violated, and she was sent back to her old dungeon to be always in the presence of brutal soldiers.

The English were indignant with the Bishop for having allowed them to be balked of their prey; but he assured them that he had her in a trap from which she could not escape. During the night her woman's garments were taken away and the forbidden man's clothes substituted. She had no option, and so resumed the prohibited dress. This was a fatal relapse; she was taken to the market place, condemned by the gloating Bishop, excommunicated, and handed over to the secular authorities for the death-sentence. But before this was given she was seized by the soldiers and hurried to the dreadful stake. On the terrible news being conveyed to Joan in her prison she momentarily broke down, and had her own Gethsemane agony, but recovered her self-possession, bravely reaffirmed the truth of her revelations, and died as worthily as she had lived; and one of her last thoughts was for the personal safety of the priest who was holding the cross before her eyes. She died calling on the name of Jesus, and it is said that this hallowed name was written that day in tongues of flame!

We English figure badly in this business, but we had seen the prize, striven for through a hundred years of war, dashed from our hands just as we were about to grasp it, by this heaven-sent Maid whom we thought a daughter of the devil. If our share of this great crime was bad, the part played by the French was even worse. What of that wretched King to whom the Maid had given a crown and a kingdom, during all those months while the Duke of Burgundy was waiting for her to be ransomed? What of the French people who idolized the Maid as a savior of France? Where were they, and where were their sons and francs which should have been poured forth for her deliverance? And what of Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, and his crew of cringing ecclesiastics, whose villainy was made the more despicable by the slime of hypocrisy which covered all? No wonder that outraged Nature brought most of them to an untimely end!

That her Guides should have appeared to her as Saints whose names were familiar to her was to be expected; to have appeared in any other form would have defeated their great object. That these spirits were not materializations is evident from the fact that Joan saw Michael accompanied by a great light and by a heavenly host—showing that her spiritual sight was opened, that she was clairvoyant.

The Spiritualist's explanation is the only one which covers the facts and does not land us in insuperable difficulties. Even if the visions were "subjective" they were discerned by the Maid's opened spiritual vision, or were caused telepathically by the spirits who claimed to be her Guides. And we may fairly regard Joan of Arc as the greatest medium, the grandest Spiritualist of all. If she brought us no new revelation of Truth, what a glorious revelation she herself was of the possibilities of human nature when in touch with the spirit world! She was the "Personification of Patriotism," and of the extremes of sweet simplicity with the highest grandeur of soul, worthy to be thought of with Him who is regarded as the Great Exemplar; worthy not only of the impending canonization of the Vatican, but of the more glorious canonization in Humanity's innermost heart of hearts.

The Christian says to himself: I am saved; and to the infidel: You are lost. Saved to what? Lost to what? Saved where? Lost where? Of all the foolish pride, the pride of salvation is the foolishest, the meanest, the cruelest. The Christian may be narrow-minded, close-fisted, intolerant and unjust, and yet because he believes certain religious statements he is saved. We prefer to be lost with a kind heart, generous feelings and noble sentiments rather than to be saved with a big bank account and ideas too mean to carry out in life.—Boston Investigator.

PROGRESSION.

Annie Knowlton Heman.

Within our minds is one conclusion fixed,
Not born of vain imaginings,
And that no warped opinion can restrict,
That 'tis our right to peer into
The unseen world, and view the bright be-
yond.

If we but guide our straying feet
With heartfelt truth, and love, are ever fond
Of thoughts and deeds that will unfold
Our spirit's grandest purpose, we shall know
The angels who more truly live,
We have but to improve this life, and grow
In graces that adorn the soul.
We know the unseen ones may far outrun
Our lagging feet; to reach their plane
We must maintain the strife for work un-
done.

Would saint or sinner bar our way?
Are we the worse for spirit cognizance?
May not our souls in sunlight bask?
E'en Christ himself did not forbid the glance,
But bent our thoughts to things above,
And told us he would surely come again.
Proving the truth beyond a doubt
That there are many heartcalls, not in vain
Sent to us from the world of love.
A subtle something is the sure response
Within our eager, anxious souls
About which angels throw a firmer scone
Against gloomy doubts, and sterner fear,
And in this truth is one incentive grand,
Our fainting hearts to guide and cheer,
That with the unseen ones we yet may stand
And in their presence learn to know.
That progress there, as here, is proved a
power.

Our souls are like all natural growth,
A fair, symmetrical, and budding flower,
The hand of Death is tender too,
It starts the spirit bud to bloom anew,
A rare unfoldment is the end.
Nay think not that we covet death, nor view it
As a monster dread, we feel
The force of gradual growth, and long to
pace.

Still nearer to the unseen ones,
The touch of death will leave of fear no trace.
Death gives a royal robe, aside
The old one falls, Death is a summer shower
That woe the soul bud to new life,
And with uplifted face will burst in flower.
A friend is Death in homely garb
Who leads us toward Elysian fields where we
Through progress' mighty law are fit
To know the grandeur of eternity.

Our Father does not love us less
Because so human that the thought of eyes,
Dear spirit eyes, can move us to
More earnest work, and fault that in us lies
Seems pitiful, and fills us with
A deep and constant sense of burning shame,
Because those loving eyes can see,
And grieve for our misdeeds. He does not
blame.

The one who holds a truth, and proves
It good to cheer this earthly biding place,
There is no call within this life
That fills us so with pure, and saintly grace
As knowledge that our angels know
Are conscious of each life and every deed.
And if we will accept the truth
The converse sweet will prove a royal need.

Why should we alien be to truth?
Unveil your hearts, and let your lives resound
With knowledge that the worlds commune,
Nor make your silence prove you aliens
bound.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

On Monday, February 1, at 10:30 a. m., I bade a reluctant and decidedly hurried fare-
well to beautiful California, where I had just
completed a delightful three months' sojourn.
I crossed the continent via Ogden, Denver,
St. Louis, and Jacksonville, to Lake Helen,
Florida, in a little less than five and one-
half days. The weather was beautiful all
the way, and the train service via the
Burlington Route and Illinois Central, left
nothing to be desired. I was really glad to
see snow, and when a friend met me at St.
Louis, where I had nearly three hours
changing space, and took me through the
snow-laid streets to dinner in an excellent
restaurant, and back to the Union Station,
I did not feel altogether like complaining
the dwellers in neighborhoods where good
northern winter weather has prevailed,
though I freely admit that the Illinois
Central was all that could be desired. Trains
departed and arrived exactly on schedule
time, so though I allowed no margin, I ar-
rived at my destination in ample time to meet
my engagement, which opened on Sunday,
February 7th, the day of the opening of the
Southern Cassadaga, as the Camp at Lake
Helen is called. The weather was quite
ideal for that latitude, though much warmer
than in the sections of California which I
have recently visited. Pine trees which are
very abundant, give Lake Helen a fine rep-
utation as a health resort for all who dislike
or fear the rigors of a New England
winter. No more genial situation could well
be found.

When I first visited Florida in 1896, I heard
complaints of frost and frozen oranges on
every hand, but the tide has now completely
changed from adversity to prosperity, a pleas-
ing fact which is clearly indicated by the
large number of new cottages in course of
erection, and the general spirit of well-to-do-
ness which has completely ousted the old
sentiment of poverty.

Spiritualism is treated with great respect
on this peninsula. The official guide books
allude to Spiritualists with the same respect
which is justly shown to all denominations,
and in this circumstance, we can certainly
trace the good effects of organization, steadily
maintained for years in the face of many
difficulties. The Bond family of Deland are
to the front in all camp affairs. The veteran
E. W. Bond is a truly venerable presiding
officer, and though fairly advanced in years,
is the happy possessor of a truly faithful
spirit. Mr. Bond is very ably seconded by
Dr. Hilligoss, of Cincinnati, who makes a
most efficient vice president, and indeed, all
the officers are thoroughly earnest and capa-
ble men and women, plainly resolved to do
their utmost to make Lake Helen one of the
most delightful spots on earth.

Among the active workers must be men-
tioned Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twining, who is doing
her very utmost to introduce the "Banner"
to new readers. She is devoted to all manner
of good works, and is a universal favorite.

Mr. Budington is another very useful per-
sonage through whose instrumentality suc-
cessful excursions from New York have been
arranged on the famous Clyde steamers,
which sail regularly to and from Jacksonville.
The trip, including berth and meals, in both
directions, is \$37.00 when advantage is taken
of Mr. Budington's arrangements. The sea
trip occupies about three days in each direc-
tion, and is truly charming, except in the
severest weather. Some of the Clyde steam-
ers ply between Boston and Jacksonville
direct. Now, as the camp will continue until
the middle of March, there is ample time for
New York and New England visitors to yet
avail themselves of the special opportunities
awaiting them.

Prof. Peck of St. Louis is another active
and valuable worker, and one who makes
himself both heard and felt, as he directs the
music, in which he is actively assisted by

some highly gifted ladies, and has charge of
various entertainments.

Sunday, February 7th, has been pronounced
a red letter day at Lake Helen. There were
three largely attended meetings which com-
menced at 10:30 a. m., 3 and 7:30 p. m. The
fine auditorium was beautiful, and the decora-
tions deserve extremely high praise for having
converted it into a perfect bower of loveliness.
All the workers participated in the exercises,
though the lion's share of the speaking was
assigned to the present correspondent. The
audiences were excellent in all respects, and
the management expressed great satisfaction
with the work of the opening day.

On Monday, February 8, I began my sys-
tematic course by consecutive lessons in spiritual
science and philosophy at 10 a. m. There was
a large audience of interested students, many
of whom asked questions of vital moment con-
cerning practical methods for aiding in the
work of human progress. At 2 p. m. a very
interesting Conference was held, at which
Dr. Hilligoss very genially presided.

Mrs. Dr. Buchanan and many other well
known literary lights are in the encampment.
Mrs. Stevens is helping a great many in-
quirers by her spiritual connections. Mr. Colby,
the pioneer of the camp, looks well in health,
and well satisfied with the fulfillment of the
roseate predictions made through his medi-
umship in days when the future of Florida
was very problematical. All in all, it is best
just to say that this season's work at Lake
Helen is progressing most successfully, and
the widely representative character of the
numerous campers and visitors keeps alive a
continuous stream of flowing interest.

Many colored people attend the meetings,
which they seem to highly appreciate. The
presiding officers give them cordial welcome,
and make them feel thoroughly at home.

Though personally I have no desire to live
permanently in a tropical or semi-tropical
region, I can thoroughly recommend Lake
Helen to all who wish to live pleasantly and
economically among cultured, large-hearted
people, in a zone where icicles are never pen-
dant, and where sunstrokes also are unknown.
A little way off the camp ground is the hotel
and sanitarium of Dr. Wepeter, which is
fitted up with every appliance for health and
comfort. The hostelry is abundantly supplied
with all those modern conveniences, such as
good bath tubs and abundant running water,
hot and cold, which in these days many peo-
ple have come to regard as necessities, rather
than as luxuries of life.

In some respects, Florida resembles that
part of Australia known as Queensland, and
extended travel shows me wherever I go,
that the more nature does for places, the
more man is apt to leave undone. The solid
comfort to be enjoyed indoors in a good Eng-
lish or thrifty North American home is quite
unknown in all districts where out-door life
can be enjoyed almost without intermission.

About twenty miles from Lake Helen is
New Smyrna, which is a decidedly beautiful
resort, as the ocean is only one mile away
from the railway station, and there is a good
hotel on the beach. Train service is good but
not very frequent, so we are a little out of
the great world in this sylvan retreat. I ex-
pect to lecture in Deland and in Jacksonville
before going to New York, which city I shall
be very pleased to see again, for despite all
the attractions of a country settlement, I
scarcely think I shall ever become indifferent
to life in a great metropolis.

Though I have not been a regular contribu-
tor of late to the Question and Answer De-
partment, I hope all the readers of the Ban-
ner will remember that it is not discontinued.
All letters sent to me containing queries for
reply are promptly forwarded to me. Every-
body is praising the "Banner" this season.
Lake Helen, Fla.

Further Personal Experiences.

David P. Cook.

After learning with surprise and great as-
tonishment that I could talk freely with some
intelligence that appeared to be that of my
wife, who had but so shortly passed away, I
was filled with delight that knew no bounds.
I talked with that intelligence at any time
of the night or day, and found it ever present
and at my side at all times. I thought this
indeed grand, for I found every thought of
mine was at once known and answered by her.
My happiness knew no bounds and I was so
filled with delight that I wanted everybody
to know it as well as myself.

I soon found that the people did not believe
it, and the harder I tried to convince them
the more they disbelieved what I said. They
soon began to think I was out of my right
mind, and the children stared at me as though
I was some monster to shun. It was not the
children alone, either, for many that were
children forty or fifty years ago were in-
clined to shun me. Many left me alone
through fear of being in the company of one
not sane. That was the result of trying to
find someone who would rejoice with me in
my good fortune. Well, the same intelli-
gence was ever apparently at my side, and
very sociable indeed at all times, and always
very kind and pleasant.

To me it appeared that my wife had nearly
gone from my sight, for I could talk freely
with her on any subject that I wished to talk
on, but when I asked a question I could not
get a very satisfactory answer, for it was
evident in some kind but pleasant reply that
appeared to satisfy me, though I left me no
wiser, unless it was something that I already
knew. I was unable to get any new infor-
mation on any subject and if I pressed her for an
answer, she would say, "Father, dear, you
must try and be patient and wait until you are
more developed. Then, when you are suffi-
ciently developed, I will answer any question
that you may wish to ask, but until then,
please try and be as patient as it is possible for
you to be under the conditions, for the condi-
tions that separate us are so great, and you
are wholly undeveloped in regard to this life,
that you so little understand and so little
comprehend, that I cannot tell you these
things; so please do not ask me any questions
for I cannot answer you for some time, but
I will do the best I can to please you as I
have ever done and ever shall do while we are
separated. Now, father dear, if all is not to
your satisfaction do not blame me, for I shall
ever and always do the best I can for your
present and future happiness, so please do not
ask any more questions."

My great desire to know more of this, to
make most wonderful of wonders, kept me from
asking questions, but with no better results.
Words are inadequate to describe my feelings
when I tried so hard to learn more and could
not, and I would often coax and plead to be
told in a manner which she could not with-
stand when in her body. But with no better
results, for she would gently chide me and
say, "Father, please do not coax me, for were
it possible for me to answer your questions I
would do so without your asking me, so please
don't do so, for it only makes me feel bad
because I am not able to answer you and do
for you as I always did." Thus it has con-
tinued up to the present time, although I
have been told some most astonishing facts in
regard to the future life that appeared all too
much for me, as I could not believe what was
told, for it was to me all too incredible.

But I find there is really more truth in what
I have been told than I could ever hope for,
or ever dream of in my wildest imagination,
and today, and during the past nine months,

I have enjoyed the highest condition of hap-
piness that it is possible for us to enjoy on
this planet, and it appears to be on the in-
crease all the time. What the result will be
I am not able to say, for there must be a
limit to this happiness, for it is one constant
round of joy and peace of mind at all times.
In my waking hours I am constantly under
that heavenly influence all the time, regard-
less of what there may be otherwise to annoy
me; but there is not any annoyance connected
with this influence which guides and cares
for me at all times.

When I lie down to rest at night and find
myself going into unconscious slumber, a voice
will often sing to me in the gentle tone that
was so common with my wife, "good night,
father, good night." Well, if I am crazy it
would be well if there were more crazy ones,
for there is something in this that is above
my comprehension that I am daily filled with
wonder and astonishment. I am continually
pressing forward, yet ever being held in check
by that same kind and ever gentle voice, who
says, "Father, you are in too great of a
hurry; you are developing just as fast as you
can, and you have developed more than most
others do in a lifetime." Yet I am throwing
myself forward to the best of my ability, and
the nearer I approach that voice the more
there is for me to enjoy, that I have learned
from experience, for all I know of these phe-
nomena is from my own experience, and it
has not all been of the softest kind, as you
will learn if you follow me through this the
most bitter experience of my life, as well as
the most delightful. The two extremes come
from the same source, and after I have re-
lated some rather trying experiences, if any
person can shed light upon the ordeal that I
have passed through, and have come out of it
with a sane mind, I would be pleased. To me
the truth is often stranger than fiction, and
were I to tell the whole story as it occurred,
I doubt if there is any person on earth that
would believe me truthful. I almost doubt if
they will after I have told what I have to
tell, with some parts that are ever to remain
a secret with me while on earth. If anyone
doubts my statements that is their privilege,
for you have only my word for it, and you
have all learned ere this that everybody does
not tell the whole truth, so that leaves a large
place for sceptics to get out of.

Now to return to my story of my many
joys and sorrows in my struggle to reach my
wife. Sometimes I had reason to believe it
was she, and other times to think there was
a demon that had taken her place. I was
treated with the most unkind, unjust and
cruel treatment that it has ever been my
fortune to receive, but never did I once find
under the abuse that I received, for I can find
no other word for it, and that treatment re-
duced my weight from 160 lbs. to 140 lbs., but
I am now up to 153 lbs. again and still gain-
ing, with a splendid appetite that has re-
newed my health and strength and mainly
vigour. I am free from all disease, as far as
I am able to tell, and feel that the weight of
my 77 years hath been removed from me, and
that I am almost as a boy again once more,
except in my conduct, for I am inclined to be
serious and grave, and in my own opinion
prove a deep thinker. But there is a mind
behind that controls me at times that is so
far above me in intellect that my own mind
is dwarfed into nothingness. I at times find
myself writing and speaking upon subjects
that to me were heretofore unknown, as many
are able to testify that have known me, but
that development began with the writing of
my wife's name and my own in an involun-
tary manner, and from that small beginning
I find myself now writing more powerful lec-
tures than I ever heard or read.

Now as to the troubles and trials. The
talk and pleasant conversations that were at
my command at all times made me believe
that all would be joy for me in the future.
But about one week after the shaking and
the talk began, after I had been in bed but
a few moments, I felt the sensation of the
coldest foot on the calf of my leg that I ever
experienced from the genuine article. To say
that I jumped violently is placing it all too
mildly, for it felt just like a piece of ice, but
there was no ice there nor a cold foot. What
was it; do you think it was imagination or
was I crazy? It certainly was the farthest
thing from my mind as I lay there just fall-
ing into slumber. That took place every night
for about one week, and then ceased entirely.
The conversations referred to had been some-
times highly pleasing, and at other times
quite annoying. Sometimes I was obliged to
remain awake half the night through various
annoyances, such as violent twitching and
rolling me about, so that to sleep was im-
possible and it began now to be quite inter-
esting. I never felt the least fear at any
time then, or since, when the troubles began
to multiply. I often used to think the invi-
sibles were so numerous that I tried to
beat them off with a towel or anything that I
could swing. After I had been kept awake
for hours all would cease and I would go
quietly to sleep, all unconscious of any
trouble in the past or in the future. Never,
at any time, was I injured in the least men-
tally or physically, as far as I am able to
judge. The most kind and pleasant talk came
from the one who appeared to be my wife,
and I would sit and talk and laugh at the re-
marks, as far as I can form an opinion, from
what I could hear and not see, was my wife.

Now appears the third part, the coming of a
second voice, which appeared to be that of a
man, who told me he was my brother George,
who was drowned at sea by the loss of the
Brig Rianzi about 60 years ago. He greeted
me pleasantly and was soon gone, and I again
resumed the conversation with my apparent
wife, for the voice was all I had to judge
from. I was so very much annoyed and chag-
rined at the treatment that I had received,
as it was told me that it was her, and then it
would be thrown upon others that had passed
away before she did. She often told me that
she would always do for me all she could for
my good and happiness, but some experi-
ences did not look much like it, so I often in
my fits of anger, for do not for a moment
think I was good natured all the time, for
I would get into a violent rage of passion and
say some words that are not pretty to repeat
and yet my troubles had only yet just begun.
Provincetown, Mass.

(To be continued.)

The Better Brotherhood of Man.

William Brewster.

We sing, "There is a good time coming,"
and love to sing about it. It seems a long
time on the way, and we fear it may have
got side-tracked, and yet we keep to our
hope and stand at the door looking for it.

In the nature of things it is sure to come,
for there is no question of the improvement
of the race and the conditions under which
we find ourselves. They are growing better
every day as sure as we live, and this means
the arrival of the good and its settlement in
our midst in peace and happiness. This we
most wisely believe in and confidently expect.

It is the gospel of our day that is being
preached by the dominant forces of society.
Even the selfishness of men is working out
the problem by proving that such conduct
does not pay, that it cannot be continued and
give the gain its votaries desire to receive.
While there is a large spirit of benevolence
in all ranks, which assures us that men have
only to see their duty and know their obli-
gations in order to perform it. This is the

encouraging sign of our day. Men are be-
lieving in what they believe because it points
to a present heaven or hell, which they are
to immediately seek or shun, as the case may
be. That we can better our condition, no
longer needs proof. It is an assured fact,
and we are persuaded that it is stupid, if not
criminal, should we fail to do so.

The rich must help in order that their chil-
dren may enjoy in any security the wealth
and leisure and standing they have won.
The poor must help in order that poverty
may be overcome and that hard times may be
no more, and that their children may have
health, and a worthy purpose in living, and
may not be the slaves of passion and appet-
ite, and suffer the age-long drawbacks they
themselves have to struggle against.

The light is on to dream nobly and to do
grandly.

One preparation for this is the spirit of
goodwill, and this is what we must cultivate
in an all-round way. Hate and envy must be
weeded out of society as the weeds are taken
from a flower garden. They are a blot on
the landscape and must be got rid of some
way or another. Individuals, communities
and nations must learn to love each other
wisely and well. We have been playing at
this for ages, now it has got to be done and
become the fact of our living. It is the only
right and square idea of manhood.

Then we must insist on a worthy ideal of
public life. It is the service of society to it-
self. It is the duty of the citizen to all citi-
zens. It is the membership where each suf-
fers or rejoices according to the unfaithful-
ness or fidelity of all concerned. What is
done anywhere records itself everywhere—
and we have discovered there is no escaping
this.

The lust for gold must be subdued and elim-
inated. We must reason ourselves out of the
idol worship of wealth as such. We may
properly ask for fine houses, clothing and
food—but this blind wish for money that
sounds big, must give place to the sense that
manhood is the paramount thing in life, and
its interests cannot be sacrificed to show and
pretence. We may now devote our time and
energies to making this real.

Then we shall come to the higher thoughts
of home. We are said to be in a scandalous
state of insecurity in relation to this great
bond of brotherhood. We are coming, per-
haps, to see its needs and friendships more
clearly, and we are to build up the idea of
fidelity and reverence for it, so that marriage
shall indeed be sacred in the highest way.

We are after practical things in the assur-
ance that if we can build a vatican with its
eleven thousand rooms, we can build eleven
millions of such palaces for the people. If we
can have a city like Paris, we can have thou-
sands on thousands just as fine, yes, and
even better—in every country on the face of
the earth. We are no longer scared at such
dreams as these—for the better brotherhood
would bring them to pass.

We can eliminate poverty and crime and
disease from society. Now we are playing
with them so as to keep them within bounds.
But the causes of our grief must be looked
into more carefully, and we have got to put
into play our powers of reification. I be-
lieve man is so much of a man that when we
have demonstrated that intemperance and in-
sanity and other evils can be corrected in a
year and a day, that we shall hasten the day
of determination, and the year will do the
work. This is coming because we have had
our eyes opened to the fact that it is with us
to do it and to do it now.

We are wanting a religion good enough for
every day and that will in the Christ name
tackle these evils, and make good all the good
of brotherhood. It is not for the church as
in any building, as it is for humanity with
its immediate, as this, great salvation. To
have the Christ spirit is to be a brother to
man right near to us—and then as afar off as
you please, even to the end of the world—for
we are all one and suffer or rejoice together.

Visiectomy Fleishish and Useless.

The defenders of visiectomy, when they
condescend to notice the protests of the ten-
der-hearted, give us the comforting assur-
ance that when the student flays and carves
the body of a living creature, or ventures to
titillate ever so gently the exposed nerves of
sensation, he is very careful to know that all
sensation has been overpowered by a liberal
use of chloroform. It is admitted that on rare
occasions living animals, commonly mere
frogs, are dissected without any attempt to
render them unconscious during the operation,
but we are solemnly assured by those who
assume to know all about it that these are
rare occasions indeed and that the protest
against visiectomy on the ground of sympathy
for the victim of it is but the gable of sen-
timental women, who know little of science
and less of the joyous sensations which living
animals experience on the dissecting table under
the tender manipulations of the kindhearted
gentlemen who leisurely unjoint and dismem-
ber them, or pick at a bare nerve and note
with care the curious phenomena of sensation
and its corollary, pain. And there are sim-
ple-minded laymen who are comfortable in the
belief that visiectomy without the use of
anesthetics is of rare occurrence in this
benevolent and enlightened country. Really
there are comparatively few people who care
very much about the matter anyway, and
curiously, they who make the most fuss if
their little finger ache, care least about the
aches of dumb brute creatures.

Any man of common sense and a fair
knowledge of human nature can easily see
that the cost of chloroform and the trouble of
administering it is an objection to its use
sufficient to overcome the very slight counter-
objection to witnessing agony that can ex-
press itself only by inarticulate cries. It is
easier to strap or chain an animal to the pit-
iless plank so that its struggles under the
knife cannot interfere with the operator than
to bother with chloroform for an operation
that may continue but half an hour or an
hour, or such length of time as may weary
the man who wields the knife. An acquain-
tance with some of the young gentlemen who
do this sort of thing as cheerfully as they eat
their morning meals will lead to the logical
conclusion that no small part of the pleasur-
able excitement which they find in visiectomy
is in the indescribable agony of the subject on
the table, and that painless visiectomy comes
soon to have as little fascination as the hum-
drum carving of a rotten cadaver.

My attention has been called anew to this
unpleasant subject by a letter printed in the
Hartford Daily Courant of February 13 inst.,
in which the writer, Frank G. Atwood, D. V.
S., of New Haven, gives us some glimpses of
what he alleges to be true inside history of
what took place at a meeting of the Con-
necticut Veterinary Association held in New
Haven, August 18, 1903. Having a grievance
against the Association the doctor is inclined
to be communicative. His little finger aches
in consequence of fancied ill treatment meted
out to him by the Association, which promptly
expelled him when it was found that he
had denounced certain of his fellow surgeons
and threatened to expose them as ignorant
practitioners guilty of cruelty so monstrous as
to shock the sensibilities of a "thorough doctor."
Moreover he claimed to have in his possession
snap-shot photographs of the gentlemen and
their lovely work, with which he offered to
verify his statements. The necessity of ex-

posing such a recalcitrant member, for sen-
timentality, if for nothing else, was apparent
to the Association, as it must be to the rest
of us, and they put him out without any
useless ceremony. But for this grievance the
world might not be the wiser for what is
said to have taken place behind barred doors
in the pious city of New Haven on the 18th
of last August. We are to reflect that not
often do these fellows fall out among them-
selves on such occasions to such extent as to
lead to disclosures of the secrets of their
guild, and one disclosure may give us a
glimpse of one ten thousandth part of the
visiectomy horrors that go on under our noses
and are never disclosed.

The operation took place, Dr. Atwood says,
in a stable, and one of the surgeons undertook
to demonstrate to the visiting members of
the Association what he pretended was a new
operation. The horse chosen for the exhibi-
tion was strapped to the bare surface of a
plank table, and in addition to the straps six
men were employed to hold the animal by the
neck. I quote from the doctor's letter in the
Courant:

"The horse was pulled over on the table
at 11:05 a. m. and given no anesthetic; the
out of town veterinarian made an incision
about three inches long in the horse's leg,
when the struggles and groans of the poor
horse began, I suggested giving the animal
chloroform, but they did not and proceeded
digging and picking at the leg in search of
the nerve.

"Knowing that the doctor had made his in-
cision in the wrong part of the leg to find the
nerve, I returned to my office where I had
several photographs of the same operation,
taken by M. Filley of this city, while horses
were under chloroform, which allowed him to
take a fine photograph of the operation, which
was conducted with no suffering to the horse.

"Placing several of the photographs in my
carriage I returned to show them for the
benefit of all veterinarians present, as the
Association meetings were supposed to be for
the purpose of gaining knowledge and com-
paring notes on various operations.

"On my return I drove one of the horses on
which I had performed the same operation; it
was a success; the horse was traveling finely
and about ready to be returned to its owner.
To my surprise they were still working at
the same operation on the horse which was
still suffering the most excruciating pain from
the poor judgment of the operator. I took
a small camera with me and snapped a photo-
graph of the situation.

"The doctor had not found the nerve, the
horse had struggled and knocked the skin
from its head in places; it was the most
cruel surgical proceeding without an anes-
thetic I had ever witnessed. One of the
doctors present suggested that the horse be
removed from the plank table and placed in
the stocks, thinking the doctor would be able
to complete his job. I made the remark that
the nerve never would be found in the in-
cision he had made.

"A few minutes later the operator cut a
piece of the tendon from the horse's leg and
threw it on the floor and said he had finished
his job. I picked up the piece which he threw
on the floor and asked him if he considered
that a nerve. He said 'Yes' I advised him,
it was a piece of tendon, and not the nerve,
he was looking for. His helper flashed a roll
of bills in my face and asked how much I
wanted to bet on the matter and at the same
time placed his other hand over my hand so
I could not look at the piece of tendon until
I said how much I would bet.

"My reply was I did not want to win any-
one's money by betting, but as he insisted I
offered to cover any amount he would suggest.
He put up all the money he had in his hand.
The piece of ligament removed from the
horse's leg was placed in a qualified veteri-
narian's hand to decide the bet and it was
decided in my favor.

"I did not feel like keeping the money I
had won so I returned it. The poor horse
had in its struggles broken the hide and flesh
on its left hip and on the side of its neck.
The door of the stable and office was locked
to keep out strangers but there was a large
crowd of boys on the outside trying to look
in and asking what was doing that caused
the groans of the poor animal.

"There was one poor mare tied into the
stocks and a large incision made. This mare
was given no chloroform or ether, simply
chained to the floor and allowed to stand and
suffer. To those who wish to prove and sub-
stantiate this statement I would be pleased
to show the photographs taken at the time.

"There were several dogs operated on with-
out an anesthetic. I made the remark that
the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to
Animals and the Humane Society of other
states had sent its officers on such occasions
to prevent such barbarous and unprofessional
treatment of animals."

Dr. Atwood claims that he undertook to
sever his connection with the Association,
either because it failed to condemn the alleged
acts of cruelty or for other reason, and to
that end he placed his resignation in the
hands of the secretary. The Association ig-
nored the resignation and proceeded to kick
the doctor down stairs, so to speak. It ex-
pelled him on the charge that he advertised!
So it will be seen that in this snug little State
we look after the mint, anise and cummin of
propriety, though we may neglect occasional
carnivals of cruelty and some other weighty
matters of the law. We have a robust law
against prize fighting; we have stringent
restrictions relative to the running of rail-
way cars on Sunday; we are in a continual
blue funk over the sins of the Mormons; we
have societies for the prevention of profane
swearing within five miles of any house, barn
or other out-building; also societies for the
prohibition of this and that and tober; but
we are not greatly disturbed over the dis-
section of live horses and dogs, and most of
us agree that stories like Dr. Atwood's,
particularly if they are true, had better not
be published. They stir up discord and pro-
mote strife among men, and at best they
benefit mere cattle.—L. V. Pinney.

Winsted, Conn., February 15, 1904.

A Portrait of Washington.

A new three-color portrait of Washington at
forty-six embellishes the cover of the Wash-
ington's Birthday Number (February 18th) of
The Youth's Companion. This portrait,
which is suitable for framing, will be sent to
the 654,000 families who are subscribers to
The Companion. Washington's lifelong
friendship with the Fairfaxes of Virginia is
recalled in Mrs. Burton Harrison's article in
this number—"Belvoir on the Potomac."

Keep busy—Benjamin Franklin.

Who wrote "Mary Had a Little Lamb?"
Not Mother Goose, as many persons suppose.
There are two claimants to the authorship of
the immortal jingle; John Rolstone, who is
said to have written the lines to Mrs. Mary
E. Tyler, and Mrs.

The Reviewer.

Poems of Power.

The many readers of this paper will be interested in learning that a new and revised edition of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Poems of Power," has just been issued by W. B. Conkey Co. of Chicago. This new volume of verses is handsomely bound in illuminated cloth, gold lettered, price \$1.00, and contains her very latest poems, together with many old favorites that have adorned the pages of this publication.

Mrs. Wilcox's poems touch the heart and contain vital truths that appeal to every earnest soul. Nearly all are familiar with the passage, "This, too, will pass away," and apply it to every event in life that seems hard to bear. The entire poem is reproduced in this edition, also the one commencing "Talk happiness; the world is sad enough without your woes." Another familiar one oft quoted contains these lines, "You never can tell what your thoughts will do in bringing you hate or love." The entire poem is in this beautiful volume also those entitled "The World is Growing Better," "You and Today," "Smiles," "Song of the Spirit," etc. I will give a few quotations from those I have never seen in print before, which may be of profit as well as pleasure to the reader.

WORDS.

"Words are great forces in the realm of life.
Be careful of their use. Who talks of hate
Of poverty, of sickness, but sets rife
These very elements to mar his fate."

"When love, health, happiness and plenty hear
Their names repeated over day by day,
They wing their way like answering fairies
Near.
Then nestle down within our homes to stay."

"Who talks of evil conjures into shape
The formless thing and gives it life and scope.
"This is the law. Then let no word escape
That does not breathe of everlasting hope."

TRUE CHARITY.

I gave a beggar from my little store
Of well-earned gold. He spent the shining ore
And came again and yet again still cold
And hungry as before.

I gave a thought and through that thought of mine
He found himself, the man, supreme, divine!
Fed, clothed and crowned with blessings manifold,
And now he begs no more.

WE TWO.

We two make home of any place we go;
We two find joy in any kind of weather;
Or if the earth is clothed in bloom or snow,
If summer days invite, or bleak winds blow,
What matters it if we two are together
We two, we two, we make our world, our weather.

This choice volume of poems contains sentiments to fit every mood, and should be a friend and companion of our daily lives. It is also a comforter and consoler in times of trouble or distress.

Lida Briggs Browne.

How Some of Our Readers Can Make Money.

Having read of the success of some of your readers selling Dish-washers, I have tried the work with wonderful success. I have not made less than \$9.00 any day for the last six months. The Mound City Dish-washer gives good satisfaction and every family wants one. A lady can wash and dry the dishes without removing her gloves and can do the work in two minutes. I got my sample machine from the Mound City Dish-washer Co., of St. Louis, Mo. I used it to take orders and sold 12 Dish-washers the first day. The Mound City Dish-washer Co. will start you. Write them for particulars. Ladies can do as well as men. John F. M.

What Is a Christian?

Elinor Starr.

I wish to submit this question: "What is a Christian?" In this age of discoveries, of rarities and radium and thought transfer, and spirit communion and wireless telegraphy and electrical wonders, it remains for some one to discover a Christian. Let us see if we can find one. Away back in the centuries there lived a man by the name of Jesus who was called the Christ. He was human—so are we. He was divine—so are we. He had a natural body—so have we, for the Bible says so. He was a child of God—so are we, for the Bible says so, and while all that the Bible says may not be so, and while it may be full of errors and is not infallible, having the marks of many human hands upon it along its pathway down the ages, it still contains the essence of all spiritual truths and still stands as a landmark to the sons and daughters of men. Emerson has said "everything good is in the highway," and so with the Bible—you need not look down all its alleys and by-ways, but everything good stands out clear and distinct in the highway of its pages. We are but infants and are not ready to discard this spiritual text-book which the Father has given us; and as the broader light of science and a higher spiritual understanding is dawning upon our developing minds we read with a broader comprehension the records there given. It is in this book that we find a record of the life of this man Jesus—the Christ above mentioned. He lived a life of power, of peace, of purity and perfection. Being both human and divine, even as we are, he lived this perfect life, a portion of time upon the earth to prove to the rest of God's family that it is possible for a mortal to so live while yet upon the earth-plane, and to teach them how to attain to such an accomplishment.

But, O friends, how far away we are as a people from such an attainment! When we view the agony and distress all about us, both physical and mental; when we scan the faces of the crowd and see there pictured the low, sensual passions of the material man, holding high carnival and dominating and almost annihilating, for the time being, the soul of the spiritual man; when we see distorted faces, seamed with worry and discontent, who know not how to control themselves or their affairs, a picture of weakness and of ignorance of the higher laws of life of which Christ taught; when we see the greed and the scramble for worldly supremacy and the tragedies that are enacted daily throughout the world, all of which are results of evil where there should be good—well may we truly ask, What is a Christian, and where in all this tumult and turmoil and tragedy may we find one?

There are organizations called churches who claim to know something about the matter. They have a lot of substitutes who are called church members, but it would be hard to find among them a true follower of the Christ. Are there many among them who "seek first the kingdom of heaven," truly and absolutely knowing, with an unwavering trust in the power of the Spirit, that "all things else will be added?" Who realize that to "seek first the kingdom of heaven" means to put first in your everyday life all things which are pure and true and right and good, to resist temptation, to stand for principle and tell the truth, though in the face of apparent loss to self; to seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit and to live, though in the midst of the battle, above its stinging wounds, with that peace and serenity of soul which comes only to one who has grasped the higher spiritual life?

It is generally admitted that Christ is the example for the Christian world to follow. Why, then, all this bluster and antagonism about certain classes of people who are becoming dimly conscious of the latent possibilities within them of a higher knowledge of natural law—the law of cause and effect, and the necessary conditions in which they find it possible to heal the sick, to commune with spirit and some other things which were impossible to the careless observer? Christ did all this and he drew from out the universe, by the aid of invisible forces, the elements to materialize wine at the feast and bread and fishes for the multitude; and he himself said at the time that "greater things than these shall ye do."

The power to heal has been demonstrated in many instances at the present time, as has also the power of communing with spirit. I am not speaking of those who have attempted and failed or of those with dishonest motives, but of the few real cases the truth of which cannot be refuted; and what is possible to a few is possible to more.

Now, this being the truth, I care not whether the name of him who found it out be Christian science, psychic science, Spiritualism or Methodism. I affirm that it is Christian; that it is a good thing, and let us put it in our basket and trudge on up the mountain, seeking for more treasures along the way through the broader unfoldment of the natural laws of God.

I care not for isms and asms
And numerous spasms,
Of various sects and creeds;
For the only true difference
Before holy Omnipotence
Is the difference of good and bad deeds.

When it is learned that religion is a science and not a sentiment; that the Christ-life can be better attained by a better knowledge of natural law and an adherence to certain required conditions governed by scientific principles; when it is learned that science and religion emanate from the same source and go hand in hand—then will we have a purer and a truer Christianity. When Jesus Christ is no longer a mystery and science has proved his miracles to be but natural—the result of cause and effect and possible to others—then will science have opened the gateway for the angel of peace, garbed in simplicity and purity, to enter the hearts of men and produce in the world a humanity with much of its filth and degradation and misery eliminated. When it is learned that the Christ-life can be attained not only in part, but in its entirety; when the secret of his power is better unfolded to the world—then will we as mortals behold the second coming of the Christ, not embodied in one individual, but reincarnated in the great, throbbing heart of humanity.—The Light of Truth.

Boston Spiritual Temple.

Rev. F. A. Wiggin, pastor of the Boston Spiritual Temple Society, delivered his last address upon the subject, "The Great Psychological Crime," to a large audience last Sunday.

The following is a brief synopsis of Mr. Wiggin's address. "This writer has committed an error, common to too many mediums and Spiritualists, of making no distinction between the spiritual and the spiritualistic. Because of this lack of a proper and much-needed classification, there are thousands who will affirm that they believe in Spiritualism, but they are not Spiritualists; and I must confess to sharing in no small degree this sentiment."

"Many needs in connection with organic Spiritualism may be in evidence, but nothing more emphatically demands intelligent action, and that at once, than such a movement as shall rescue the 'spiritual' from the 'spiritualistic,' or else to change the spiritualistic, not by a covering of paint or any veneering process for the sake of external appearances, but by an internal renovation, as shall not only give to the appearance, but, as well, a real and genuine spiritual quality."

"No one imposes more mercilessly upon the credulous, whether of the earth or spirit-sphere, than he who writes or talks so faintly as to lead any to suppose that there is no distinction between 'spiritual' and 'spiritualistic,' between 'spirit' control and 'spiritual' co-operation, between mediumship and obsession, which is but an expression of insanity, due to the interposition of unprincipled vicious spirits."

"The author of the book under consideration classifies mediumship as follows:

1. "Those whose motives and intentions are good."

2. "Those whose motives and intentions are indifferent."

3. "Those whose motives and intentions are bad."

"It would be just as consistent to classify money as follows: Genuine standard government money, counterfeit money, and 'stage' money. No one, who has come to years of ordinary understanding, can be found, who does not know that genuine standard government money is the only real money, and that all else is but an imitation. Yet, while this is true, there are evidently some who do not know good money from bad or worthless money."

"From the beginning to the end of the book, with the exception of one paragraph, the author has dealt with 'spiritualistic' mediumship and has utterly failed to touch upon the subject of 'spiritual' mediumship. The time is at hand when the world should be made to understand that true Spiritualism stands as sponsor for no phase of mediumship except such as is 'spiritual.'"

"During this series of discourses I have endeavored to show that the only possible means of advancing organic Spiritualism, is for all true Spiritualists to demand and insist upon having none other as its teachers than an intellectually and spiritually educated mediumship."

A Psychic "Captive Balloon"

Laymen when dealing with special subjects with which they have no personal knowledge or practical acquaintance, invariably involve themselves in a cloud of ridicule. The expert smiles broadly at the incompetence disclosed by the unwary daring of the inexpert, and indeed all who possess practical knowledge in any direction, or on

any subject, cannot well avoid doing. Science and philosophy, to say nothing of religion and morals, have often suffered at the hands of those who have but a small amount of knowledge upon a given topic and still less capacity to explain the little they do know. Perhaps few subjects lend themselves so easily to empiricism on the one hand, or banality on the other, than the various departments of psychological investigation. The usually astute members of the press are, when not fooled themselves, often the unwitting victims of befuddlement at the hands, or pens, of some rank outsider of the journalistic world, as was the case some years since when press and people were fooled by one reportorial yarn about the photographing of the soul, and another one regarding the tricks of an Indian fakir. Now the genial Chatterer of the Boston Herald has either been subjected to another hoax, or is trying one on his readers, by reviving, in a somewhat altered form, the photographing of the soul story, told by him as follows:

"The other day I read a Paris dispatch that made the shivers run down the vertebrae. It was about a new experiment which had been tried upon hypnotized subjects with a view to satisfying a French scientist that each human being has a fluid double. According to this Col. Albert Rochas, he has found that a fluid equivalent of the human body rises above the latter and floats like a captive balloon attached by an impalpable cord. To prove this, several experiments have been made with individuals, but it appears, not without expressions of suffering from the sleeping persons. In order to save the subject physical or mental torture, several hypnotists propose the experiment should be tried on hypnotized animals, as it is known that they, too, have this fluid double. It is this proposition that is so shocking to the humane. Animals have to endure enough, heaven knows, in the cause of experimental physiology without this torture being added to their experiences at the hands of science. The animal cannot protest, the human being is a free agent. Whatever suffering he passes through in a hypnotic state, he has that knowledge to console him, and he can shriek and scream as his spirit, or 'fluid double,' is extracted by means of hypnotism. The poor animals, if they really possess souls, are entitled to the same consideration accorded to human beings."

Frankly, I would much rather submit myself to this Rochas' experiment than to ask any animal I know to save me the anguish of what is presumably an electric shock!"

Supposing such a statement was put forth by a Spiritualist, would not the first question of the secular press be, Where, when and how was this "experiment" conducted? A quite natural demand for exact data and verifiable authorities would arise. But all the data involved in the extract quoted consists in the words, "The other day I read in a Paris dispatch," and a name quoted as "Col. Albert Rochas," which may, or may not be, the correct designation of the French experimenter. Such loose and inexact statements tend to make journalism ridiculous and robs the journalist of the confidence and respect of intelligent people who think that the object of editors and writers is to tell facts correctly, and not to play fast and loose with the important questions of scientific psychic science.

Possibly whatever grains of truth there may be in the alleged experiments may be only what Spiritualists have long since known, that from certain people a subtle aura is evolved, which, in the cases of Dr. J. R. Newton, Dr. Jas. Mack, and other American Healers, with James Ashman, a one time noted English Healer, with Willie Egington, the celebrated London Medium and others in that country, has been photographed as rising from the hands and heads of the persons in question.

It is to be hoped that the Herald's growing interest in spiritual and psychical inquiry will not be allowed to suffer from the carelessness of its correspondents who must be alert in guarding themselves from being imposed upon by the smart boys who at so much per desire to turn an honest cent. Further, caution is necessary so that needless offence be not given to the large and intelligent body of people interested in spiritual science, and who cannot help either amusement or disgust when reputable scribes present such breaks as the cheerful Chatterer appears to have committed in the paragraph quoted above.

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

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

Life's Springtime.

Ella L. Layson.

Life is like nature in its various forms and manifestations. In nature we have clouds and sunshine, storms followed by periods of calm. Dainty, picturesque landscapes to please the eye, and rough and rugged mountains to inspire us with awe. Barren wastes and poisonous weeds as well as grand forests and beautiful, fragrant flowers—all have a place in nature.

And in life we have trials and sorrows, tempestuous experiences alternating with periods of peace and happiness. Depression gives way to hope even as the clouds give way to sunshine.

In character we have people who are true and kind, again we find those whose lives find expression only in evil ways; from such emanate an influence both baneful and dangerous—they are like the poisonous weeds.

Now and then we find those noble souls whom we liken to the lofty mountains that in grandeur stand above and apart from their companions, having a distinct existence in themselves.

In the autumn when nature's work is completed a change sweeps over the earth; the grass grows dull and brown, the dying leaves are falling, the blossoms fade and disappear. All the life and beauty has vanished. It would seem that never more shall we gaze with rapture upon the soft, green grass, the lovely, inspiring flowers, or see the trees arrayed in their brilliant garments.

But we know it is only the rest that God has given; the life, hidden from our view, is still there to awaken to a new, glad existence when, in the spring, the balmy breezes and warm sunshine shall come again. In the roots beneath the soil in the tiny seed the life germ lies hidden ready to spring into active life when proper conditions shall be given. And thus it is with us.

When, after a long season of storms and sunshine, heartbreaking experiences and love's own joy our work is finished, we grow tired and our eyes close in sleep to open in the radiance of an eternal day to sleep no more. The soul, our real self springs forth from the old, worn-out body to enter into the grander, more beautiful life of immortality. Life's springtime has come.

West Berkeley, Cal.

I will govern my life and thoughts as if the whole world were seeing the one and reading the other.—Seneca.

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 sake of presenting views that may elicit discussion.

"Hereditry."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As my letter to Mr. Colville appearing recently in the "Banner," though not written for publication, has received editorial comment, permit me, in justice to the ideas which the letter expressed, to draw your attention to the fact that several serious mistakes in printing have tended to obscure the meaning. The twelfth line from the top of the column, reads, "It was so in my mother's nature," when it should read, "It was not so in my mother's nature," the true reading showing the state of mind referred to as temporary with the mother, yet appearing as a characteristic of the child, and so to me a proof that the temporary condition in the mother was a reflection of a real condition in the incarnating soul, of which the effect would be to reflect through the mother's mind, upon the forming body, the true characteristics of the soul that was to inhabit it, so making an instrument perfectly adapted to the indwelling spirit, which spirit always has the power to modify, by will and effort, its own characteristics, but whenever needing embodiment always creating, by the instrumentality of the parents, a body perfectly adapted to its needs at the stage of its development then reached. Had you comprehended my letter, which I was perhaps unfortunate in not making sufficiently clear, you could not have accused me of begging the question.

As for the parents being the parents of the soul I have never supposed that anyone, save here and there a materialist, believed that.

The spirit is of God; the character, developed by slow evolutionary processes of experience, is the evolving consciousness that we call the soul, which in its perfect eventual rounding out is pure spirit; the body is the temporary garment or instrument of the soul, and is created by means of physical laws acting through physical parents. It seems to me that parents become only dearer when their love and care, their pain and devotion make them appear in the light of sympathetic and loving friends helping one to the means that spell progress for our souls; rather than as creators of us whether we will or no, stamping upon us without our knowledge or consent their own characteristics.

And does any soul ever "belong" to any other soul, save to itself and its Creator, God?

As to your questions: "How did the first two human beings stand as to their appearance in this world, or whence the origin of the organisms into which they entered for earth embodiment?" Believing that spirit, the greater, was first, and matter is a projection, or condensation of spirit, I hold that spirit entities, in countless experiment and experience with different forms of matter from the simplest to the most complex, gain conscious knowledge and development thereby.

When physical evolution had brought matters in the physical world to the time for the appearance of complex man, I suppose the incarnating soul, arrived also at the stage of its experience ready for the human embodiment, impressed its own nature upon some female organism of some department of the higher animal kingdom, through whom it was to incarnate, and man was born.

Mary Amory.

Note.—The original of our correspondent's letter being destroyed we accept her statement as to the misprint. But the line, as printed, so reads in our typist's transcript of the letter. Our correspondent's letter was included for publication in the article by Mr. Colville, as will be seen from his remarks just prior to the commencement of Miss Amory's letter, which does not appear to alter the points presented by your previous note.—Editor.

Prefers a Home.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I see in the last "Banner" a call for one thousand dollars to match the same sum, some one wants to give to the Mediums' Relief Fund. Why not make a call for funds to establish a home for these needy mediums and aged Spiritualists? There should be homes for them, and not compel those that are aged and needy to apply for a few dollars this week, and a few some other week, a constant reminder to them of their poverty, and the uncertainty of who is to care for them, even with the money they receive from this fund.

If this unnamed who offers one thousand dollars would apply it to the Waverley Home I think there could be a thousand raised to match it.

What is needed is homes, and home care. Let the generous put their money into homes for the aged Spiritualists. If they do not wish to help the Waverley Home start a home in some other good place and get all the spirits and mortals to help build homes. There ought to be a home near every large city in the United States for the unfortunate aged people. The relief fund is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough.—H. V. C.

Somerville, Mass.

Lake Helen, Florida.

Carrie E. S. Turing.

The arrivals at Camp Cassadaga during the week, and stopping at Hotel Cassadaga, are W. W. Wheeler, Oakfield, Wis.; Mrs. S. R. Guild and Mrs. P. H. S. Kelly, Brookline, Mass.; Mr. E. E. Vail, New York; James Burge and wife, A. Ely, E. Jennie Connell, New York; H. P. Gray and Lena Burns, Fairfax, Ga.; Julia Pierson, Brunswick, Ga.; Frank Wilder, Spring Valley, Minn.; W. W. Stewart, wife and child, Conway, Fla.; Mr. Chandler, West Palm Beach, Fla.

Those who are at The Webster, just outside the grounds, are F. H. Wheelan, San Francisco, Cal.; Willard D. Ball, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Everts, Bristol, Vt.; Mrs. Flora A. Bishop, Merced, Mass.; Dr. Wm. G. Maynard, Chicago, Ill.; Col. J. B. Chesney, Baltimore, Md.; O. G. Waules, Anoka, Minn.; J. B. Steele and wife, Pittsburg, Pa.; W. W. Marshall and wife, Hardwick, Vt.; C. H. Anderson, Redlands, Cal.; Mrs. J. Vigner, Lily Dale, N. Y.; Mrs. J. S. Duss, Economy, Pa.; Col. R. T. Van Horn and wife, Kansas City, Mo.

The opening week of the Southern Cassadaga Camp has been a very busy one, notwithstanding there has been two days of very inclement weather. The cold breezes from the north-east were far from pleasant, but when we read about the weather in the North we feel greatly blessed that we are only realizing faint zephyrs in comparison.

Mr. Colville's morning lessons have gone on most successfully, gaining in numbers and interest each day.

The dances have been very pleasant, with an absence of the rough element very perceptible, beginning at 7.30 and closing promptly at 11. The Monday evening card

NATURE'S GREATEST CURE



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

Dover, N. J., Nov. 12th, 1902.

I had both kidney and liver trouble for over three years. I tried the best physicians in Washington D. C., Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Chicago, and regret to say that I received very little benefit until I commenced taking the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. After taking the first bottle I noticed quite a change which satisfied me that at last I had found the right medicine. I continued on until I had taken four bottles, by this time I noticed such a marked improvement in my health, in every way, that I felt satisfied I was cured. But to be positive beyond a question or doubt, I was in Chicago during July, 1902, and went to the Columbus Medical Laboratory, No. 115 State St., and had them make a thorough and complete microscopical examination which showed my kidneys and liver to be perfectly well and healthy. I have their written report in my possession, signed by the doctors of the above Medical Laboratory, which is recognized as one of the best in the country.

Very truly yours,

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

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

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

parties give amusement to many who do not dance. The Dixie Gingerbread social was quite an event, although it was very rainy. Over fifty were present.

Conference on Mondays and Fridays. On Tuesday Prof. Peck gave the first of a series of five lectures upon "The Religion of Evolution," which he expects to give, the subject being "The Evolution of Worlds."

On Thursday afternoon the writer spoke upon the subject, "And He Went to His Own Place," and on Saturday Mr. Colville spoke from three subjects which were handed from the audience, "Divine Metaphysics," "Eternal Punishment," and the "Twin Brothers, Sleep and Death," and closed with a poem.

On Sunday morning a goodly number came in from outside the grounds and with the campers made a fine audience. The speaker of the morning was Mr. Colville, who discoursed upon the subject, "Man Visible and Invisible," and closed with an improvised poem. The afternoon service was opened by a solo by Mr. Colville, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair." He was accompanied by Miss Whitney on the organ.

Our singer Miss Whitney, and Miss Salinas of Brooklyn, aided by Prof. Peck, are doing good work. Longley's songs are very much in evidence here, songs that will cheer the world long after their author has said good bye to pain and age. But "Though they may forget the singer they will not forget the song." The Budington Hymnals are used for congregational singing and prove very acceptable, as familiar tunes are sung with words adapted to them that sing into souls the gospel of Spiritualism.

The Ladies' Auxiliary has already turned into the treasury over one hundred dollars. Prof. Peck's lectures, of which I will write more, are highly appreciated. His Sunday afternoon lecture, "The Evolution of Man," was listened to by a large audience with deep interest.

The Massachusetts people seem very happy here.

More anon.

A Human Life Line.

If all the people who have been cured by Vernal Palmettona (formerly known as Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine) were lined up in single file, two feet apart, the line beginning at Buffalo, would extend for miles and miles, far out toward the west. In this line would be found men, women and children, representing every vocation in life. Most of them were in bad shape physically when they began to take Vernal Palmettona. Some of them owe their very lives to it. If you were to talk to them, they would give full credit to this great tonic laxative remedy. Some of them went way on up into middle life, some of them even to old age, before they began taking our cure.

"If I had only taken Vernal Palmettona sooner," is the regret of many who realize that they might have been saved years of suffering. Do not let this be your experience. Indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia and all other diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are relieved quickly and eventually cured permanently by Vernal Palmettona. Only one dose a day does the work. It is done gently, yet thoroughly. This is in direct contrast to harsh purgatives and cathartics which are positively harmful. Many people are skeptical about a medicine with which they are unfamiliar. Maybe you are one of them. We don't blame you. It is common sense. We plainly print the guaranteed formula on every package of our remedy. Better still, we will send you postpaid a free sample. Try before you buy. Address, Vernal Remedy Co., 423 Seneca Building, Buffalo, N. Y. Sold at all druggists.

The fountain of tranquillity is within ourselves: let us keep it pure.—Phocian.

Fading Thoughts.

Goodness and love mold the form into their own image, and cause the beauty and joy of love to shine forth from every part of the face.—Swedenborg.

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whereon they are to appear.

The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to reach for
the benefit of its many advertisers. Advertisements which
appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and
whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons
are using our advertising columns, they are at once discontinued.
We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover
in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved
to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

Our columns are open for the expression of im-
portant free thought, but we do not necessarily endorse all
the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents may
give expression.
No attention is paid to anonymous communications.
Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guaranty
of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return
manuscript articles.
Whenever you desire the address of your paper
changed, always give the address of the place to which it
is then sent, or the change cannot be made.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 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.

1857-1894.

Volume One—Volume Ninety-Five.

In brief the above words and figures tell the story.

The "Banner of Light" starts out on another voyage with this issue, the ropes are taut, the machinery intact, the officers and watch on duty, and a clear course ahead is picked out on the chart.

Three cheers for the good old craft. No, two will do, if in the form of dollars, for they are the cheer which will show how much you mean it when you wish us well on our voyage, though thousands wish us well in any case, for truly, money is not all.

Will Mrs. T. A. Wardale, of Providence, R. I., kindly send her address to the editor? He replied to her recent favor, but as she sent no street and number the letter has been returned.

Many will be glad to welcome William Emmette Coleman to these pages once more. Our brother writes well, wields a facile as well as a caustic pen, is a hater of shams and a sturdy champion of the truth as it appeals to him. As a critic he is unequalled in our ranks, as a scholar and student he ranks deservedly among the best.

In the tenth line of the third paragraph on the second column of the front page of last week's issue an unfortunate omission of a full stop after the word "making" and the omission of the capital letter from the word "according" a regrettable confusion of sense occurred in that paragraph of Miss Susie C. Clark's "Brook Farm" article. In justice to the author and the philosopher we correct the mispunctuation.

If any of our friends do not see their favors in this issue of the "Banner" will they please understand that owing to the anniversary of the birthday of the Father of his country falling on Monday last the printers, like patriotic citizens, made holiday. Consequently the materials of this issue had to be prepared two days in advance of the usual time. Such news as reaches us in time will appear, the rest must be held over until next week.

Attention is directed to the verification of a spirit message which recently appeared in the Message Department. Such corroborations are very satisfactory from many points of view. Mrs. Soule renders invaluable service to the Cause in thus placing herself at the service of the "Banner" as its message medium, which fact is fully sustained by

numerous letters we receive regarding her work. While in Our Home Circle, which she personally conducts, she meets a need in the social life of our people in a thoroughly admirable manner. Our only regret is that her health still remains a matter of concern to her wide and sympathizing circle of friends. May she soon be sufficiently restored to resume her Sunday duties in the hope of all who have sustained her by their presence thereat.

Miss Isadore Duncan of California danced her way to Europe through New York drawing rooms, and let it be said, then started her own country people quite as much as she has London, Paris and Berlin by her theories of the classic dance and costume. Now, while conceding her grace of motion, and the effectiveness of her one drapery, it must be admitted that modern ideas do not harmonize with barely covered nudity. Fashion uncovers its shoulders; it also tolerates tight, but there it stops, despite Miss Duncan's assurance that the Greeks were beautiful because they knew how to dress, or undress. Fifty years hence this California reformer believes no one will wear clothes. Heigho! Let's wish the climate will change for good and all by 1954.—Boston Herald.

Volume Ninety-Five.

The ceaseless progress of the years has now carried the "Banner of Light" onward to its ninety-fifth volume. The legacy handed down by good and great hearted Luther Colby has been accepted by his successors with all good intentions, and such is true of those who are responsible for the journal and all its interests at this time. Promises are not of much real value, performances are the only things which tell in the end. We make no promises then, none that need be voiced aloud, but such as we have made within the silence of our spirit—we will manfully strive to live up to. The unseen friends of the Summerland—Colby, White and Day and many others,—will help us in the duty we have undertaken, and you good friends who so nobly support this paper will send your cheering thoughts towards us and thus add strength to our brain and arm.

Rest assured the "Banner of Light" stands firmly today. It will, as of yore, strive to uphold a rational and clean Spiritualism. It will, as always, be liberal to all who differ with it, hospitable to those who have something good and useful to say. But editorially it stands for Spiritualism without affix or suffix, the Spiritualism which means intelligent communion between the two worlds, a personal conscious individual life hereafter, and the ultimate destiny of eternal progress for each and all.

We feel we do not appeal in vain for the support of our friends, and are satisfied that the increased confidence already manifested in the future of the "Banner," as testified to by its increasing circulation and advertising, will steadily continue. We greet you, dear friends, as we start out on our ninety-fifth trip, and with all desire to serve the angels, the Cause, and the progress of the world, rejoice that we have so much to encourage and cheer us at the commencement of a new volume.

Departure of Alfred Ellingwood Giles to the Summer Land.

A. J. Davis.

It was an understanding between us that I should not write an extended notice of his departure from earth. While he desired just appreciation, he disliked eulogy and every form of complimentary praise and approbation. Therefore I must be brief in writing, even as by his written request, I was brief in my remarks, between two chosen hymns, at the final services at his Hyde Park residence.

His was a most remarkable personality. He was (and is), a real psychical genius. He was a study in homocultology. The real harmonious man was seldom visible to his most intimate associates. He was not by organization a philosopher; but he was an imperious reformer. A reformer critically investigates, seeks out defects, and condemns without the least qualification, while a philosopher looks serenely into the causes and covers many evils and imperfections with a beautiful robe of charity.

Our ascended friend and honored brother was, in his mental characteristics many-sided, but with no duplicity. His love of truth—of the exact truth—was (and is) almost a fierce passion. His estimate and appreciation of justice was high and uncompromising.

His intellectual endowments were of the finest. If there was in your armor a weak spot his quick discernment would likely point it out to you, regardless of the wound it might inflict on your love of approbation. In his denunciation of errors, superstitions, cherished affections in religion, he was positive and exhorting.

Our great friend was not a lovable man. He commanded your respect, and at once impressed you with a certain feeling of unapproachableness. You perceived that he was a scholar, a sharp critic, a seer of principles, and a gentleman of exquisite refinement and sensibility.

This great ever-present sensitiveness caused him to bear pain with vehement impatience. He repelled every discomfort and he quickly opposed all interference. He was armed at all points. If you did not know him, his sharp points would be likely to remind you that you came too near.

And yet during forty-two years of acquaintance and considerable familiar association with him, I never once felt the penetrating touch of his critical weapons.

His financial resources seemed to be commensurate with the demand of his beautiful home expenses, and perhaps a little over. This overplus, never abundantly as far as I knew, was given to the publication of many reform tracts and pamphlets. In a quiet (al-

most stealthy) manner he would send slices cut from his financial loaf to many indigent magnetic healers, and to mediums he had proved reliable.

Without the least ostentation I have known of his most generous aid extended to the publishers of radical reform journals, helping struggling editors, and especially sustaining every worthy person in any warfare who was opposed by the ministers, by doctors or by lawyers in the Congress at Washington or in the State Legislature.

O, how many souls will miss the friendly notes and the modest checks enclosed for their encouragement.

But why do I write all this in the past tense? Because it is customary, when speaking of the body that has been cast aside (in his case by request, cremated), but I should employ the present tense—for in real truth, our honored and beloved brother is not was, enjoying the first stages of an immortal progressive existence.

It is not for me to describe the many noble attributes and philanthropic acts of this departed friend. But it is proper that I should put on record that the Banner of Light Publishing Company was enabled to purchase all the plates of the entire Harmonical volumes by the most liberal contribution from the treasury of A. E. Giles.

This remarkable man was a reader of every author who said "something." His collection of books, magazines, periodicals, etc., is the finest and most thoroughly radical. He freely and constantly read all high spiritual books. But my "Nature's Divine Revelations" was his first love.

Therefore he gravitated to me with his wealth of loyal friendship and unbounded affection. Thus he and I have journeyed along together. He was my patient for years, being naturally feeble in his physical organs and structures; and when, at last, he tranquilly sank down into the valley preparatory to ascending the splendid mountain of life, I was frequently by his side, cheering him silently as he slept his last painless, dreamless, childlike sleep; and while I stood by his bedside, suddenly I observed a powerful magnetic current dancing over his feet and bosom, and then I knew for certain that he was packing up for his trip into the sphere where reside his many kindred, his earth-born friends, the great philosophers, the loyal and gifted of every age and clime.

Thus passed into the Summerland one of the most remarkable men, concealed from the public eye, and a closed book to his daily associates, yet a golden spirit fitted to enjoy the blessings of eternity.

A Devoted Believer.

Sincerity justifies many things, while it argues for honesty if even judgment is in error. It commands integrity of character and honesty of living. It shows itself in acts as well as in speech, and is, on broad lines, an admirable principle to base one's conduct upon. Its greatest danger lies in it becoming a barrier against the admission of new view points lest by a change of opinion the charge of insincerity should be incurred.

The average man attests his sincerity in a matter by his willingness to vest his money in its support, or risk it upon the success of a venture, and is much inclined to so act in regard to his beliefs and opinions. He is sincere in his attachment to his political party or his religious denomination and shows he is by his contributions to the funds of the party, or his church, and often shows his sincerity by bequeathing considerable wealth to his pet body, religious or secular as the case may be. That his political opinions may be out of date, or his religious convictions behind the age, is not the question; the point is that he is sincere in his attachment to them, and indicates it in the best method he can think of. If it is in connection with religion he desires to do something to perpetuate his form of faith and to show the Lord that he was not unmindful of the blessing He had bestowed upon him. We can respect the motive because of the sincerity behind it.

Just recently a wealthy lady of this vicinity passed away, Miss Mary E. Walker, of Waltham, Mass., and she has left an estate variously valued at from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000. By her will Miss Walker provides for the erection and maintenance of a bishop's church in Boston, or, preferably, on her beautiful estate in Waltham and Watertown. The amount bequeathed comprises the residue of the testatrix's large property after certain other bequests have been paid. These being satisfied, the remainder is left to Bishop Lawrence, the Rev. John S. Lindsay, who is designated in the will as archdeacon of Boston, E. Rollins Morse and Richard Olney, "for the purpose of building, establishing and maintaining a cathedral or bishop's church of the Protestant Episcopal church in the said city of Boston," etc. The executors named are Harriet Sarah Walker, sister of the testatrix, and E. Rollins Morse of Beverly.

The edifice it is anticipated, if erected will be modeled after St. Botolph's Church, in Boston, Lincolnshire, England, for the Herald of this city says:

"If a cathedral is erected in Boston, it is possible that it may be fashioned after the celebrated St. Botolph's Church in Old Boston, Eng. Bishop Lawrence preached in this church when in attendance on the Lambeth conference of bishops, and has expressed the fond hope that this old church might be duplicated on the banks of the Charles. Its architecture would lend itself readily to cathedral purposes, as the accompanying picture shows. It was built in 1300, and is the largest church without a spire in Great Britain. It is 251 feet long, 99 feet in breadth and has a tower 231 feet in height.

"Miss Walker has also made generous bequests to other institutions and gave to the Waltham Hospital and other charities in a quiet way. Her love for the home church and hospital is shown by the bequests in her will of \$5000 to each. About five years ago she gave, approximately, \$100,000 for the erection of the handsome Walker Memorial Art Gallery at Bowdoin College, in memory of her uncle, and equipped one room in the structure."

Is there not some food for reflection in the foregoing statement? If orthodox Christians can find money for building edifices for their faith, if so-called Christian "scientists" can build a million and a half cathedral in New York and smaller edifices elsewhere, why cannot the Spiritualists do likewise? Is it because we think the truth needs no house built for it, or because there is no certainty it would remain in our Cause, or because we prefer to put up with the inconvenience and discomforts of rented halls? The finest edifice we have, the magnificent Temple erected by Mr. Ayer and located in the best portion of this city, still remains under his sole control, and wisely so, for unless some such body as the N. S. A. could take it on trust for the movement, what guaranty is there that it would remain in our movement after Mr. Ayer has passed away? Let us cease to try to organize beliefs and creeds and instead endeavor to organize on practical business lines. Let us see to it that local, state and national societies are so organized that they can act as trustees for buildings devoted to our gospel so that such cannot be alienated from their purposes. Then we may see the time when sincere Spiritualists will bequeath money to us, which now many will not do until they can do so upon an absolutely safe legal basis.

If, however, the sincere believer does not care to leave his money by will why not spend it while in the flesh? It is said "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." We hope the number of Spiritualists who find the divine affection will soon increase.

Police Power.

In recent contributions to this paper Alexander Wilder has referred to what Governor Odell describes as "Police Power," whereby the police may be said to, in a measure, arbitrarily supersede the normal course of legal procedure. A case of what looks much like this rough and ready method has recently occurred in Chicago, as we are informed by a letter received from Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler, of Downers Grove, Ill., in connection with Mrs. C. H. Mullins a member of the Church of the Soul, Chicago.

Mrs. Mullins was arrested on the charge of abducting a young girl, and it was further asserted that she did so with the view of "making" the child into a medium! The facts appear to be that the child was originally taken from the Foundlings' Home in Detroit, Mich., by a second cousin of Mrs. Mullins and removed to that lady's home at Owasso, Mich. The child is named Hazel Wallace and lately expressed a wish to live with Mrs. Mullins and arrangements made to that end were carried out in due course. This was done in accordance with legal advice as the lawyer said as the child "was over fourteen years of age she was free to choose her guardian." The child became homesick and was in consequence sent back to Owasso. Then come in the police, a Chicago officer saying he had received a warrant from Owasso to arrest Mrs. Mullins for abducting the girl, but the officer after hearing Mrs. Mullins' statement refused to arrest her. A policeman then came from Owasso, carried the lady there and put her in jail, refusing her the opportunity to procure bail. Much stress was laid upon her being a Spiritualist and requiring the child for the purpose mentioned above. The hearing was several times postponed and it was a month after her arrest the hearing was held.

The evidence of the prosecution was heard.—Mr. Eugene Snow of Saginaw engaged by Mrs. Mullins, read the statute to the court, and she was discharged. She learned that the governor told them they had no case when they applied for requisition papers. Was the court ignorant of the statute? Or did he think as Mrs. Wallace was reported of saying that Mrs. Mullins would lay down a big sum to prevent proceedings and press notice?

Apart from the merits of the case, and the details before us are neither very full nor clear, the points for consideration are the use of the processes of law without a right knowledge of the statutes under which action was to be taken. Also, it appears that Sheriff Gerow from Owasso had no requisition papers with him when he came into Illinois to arrest Mrs. Mullins. And further, the stupid catering of the press to the ignorant prejudices of some people against Spiritualism is an unpleasant commentary on the freedom we are presumed to enjoy in regard to matters of opinion.

This question of "police power" is becoming increasingly important. Uncurbed and allowed to spread such power may become a real menace to the personal liberty and civic rights of Americans. Our liberties were purchased at too great a cost for us who have inherited them to be lax in preserving them intact. The immortal words, "Eternal Vigilance is the price of Liberty," are as true now as ever. Military despotism is still alien to our laws and customs, but let us beware lest a worse tyranny be established, the unchecked powers of the police, for all men should be secure in their rights at common law, and no legal action should be taken without due process of law being first observed.

Honor for a Maine Woman.

It is a good thing to be a "Reed from Maine," and more than one of this family has won distinction. But it fell to Mrs. Elizabeth Armstrong Reed, now a resident of Chicago, but born in the town of Winthrop, Me., to bear off an honor never before, according to the Boston Herald, won by a woman.

Always a scholar of deep research, the value of her work in regard to the "Ethics of Buddhism" was so appreciated by the Victorian Institute and Philosophical Society of Great Britain that her paper on the subject was accepted as authority. Her books on Hindu and Persian literature received the warmest praise from the late Prof. Max

Muller and the profoundest classical scholars of these times.

Her literary ability is of the rarest type; her philanthropies are far-reaching, her dignified womanliness, a matter of pride to the East and the West, both of which eagerly claim her as their own.

In the Reeds' charming home their daughter Myrtle, who is one of the young writers who are making brilliant records, is quite the life and light. Mother and daughter take justifiable pride in each other's work, widely different in style, but possessing individual value.

An Unchristian "Advocate."

According to the press there is a newspaper called The Christian Advocate, the editor of which professedly religious sheet in considering the cases of the two Methodist clergymen who met their fate in the Chicago theatre fire, remarks that these deaths were much more distressing than if these brethren had lost their lives in a railway wreck, or gone down in the depths of the sea with an ill-fated steamer. Obviously, the rule that nothing but good should be said of the dead is not a part of the Methodist creed, even under the most distressing circumstances.

Perhaps in one sense the contention may stand good, for death by drowning is more merciful than by burning, and frequently the victim of a railroad catastrophe is killed outright, almost before knowing it. But such is not the meaning of our contemporary, for the evident intention is to suggest that attending a theatre was contrary to the ministerial office. Did not the good Dr. Watts say that,

"Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less,"

and surely the relief from preaching a dreary gospel, which attendance at a secular entertainment doubtless meant to the two ministers in question, was no such heinous crime as this religious (?) editor would have us believe?

This living for "the other world" may be a beautiful ideal, but so far as becoming a practical success it has not been singularly distinguished. When it is meant that we should forsake worldly pleasures, duties and efforts for worldly improvements, "religion," or any other form or method by which we strive for a so called higher life, inevitably fails to accomplish lasting good. While it is in a measure true that ideals and idealism inspire the progress of the world, yet the practical man is the one who translates idealism into achievement. Even reformers, alike outside and within our own movement, need to watch all tendencies to "other worldism" with care. The race may be growing towards idealism, but idealists are rare birds still. Not only is that true, but they are often impracticable and intractable as well. Therefore, it can be said with truth that while in this world we must live for the work, purpose and pleasures which pertain thereto, and doing so does not mean that we drop to lower levels than our own least thought, for surely we can improve, without entirely discarding, upon our methods of enjoying the pleasures belonging to the plane of life upon which we live.

Constructive Spiritualism.

William Emmette Coleman.

There is an iconoclastic Spiritualism, and there is a constructive Spiritualism; with both I am in cordial sympathy. There is a cautious, discriminative Spiritualism, and there is an all-benevolent, quasi-charitable Spiritualism, which takes in any and everything that calls itself Spiritualism; with both of these I am not in sympathy, the first of the two being the one alone that commands itself to my judgment. To my mind, iconoclasm is as necessary in Spiritualism as is construction; but both require to be judiciously exercised. It is necessary that the mass of theological dead-wood cumbering the field of rational thought today should be removed, ere the temple of Spiritualistic truth can be upreared; and, to do this, earnest, persistent work is needed, critical, expositive and reformatory. To demonstrate the rationality of the tenets of the Spiritual philosophy, the irrationality of many of the elements of the popular faith must be established; and so iconoclasm and criticism, wisely handled, are often requisite preparatives for constructive Spiritualism.

Careful discrimination is demanded alike in our tearing down and in our upbuilding. Coarse, crude criticism of that held sacred by those addressed may repel rather than attract the investigator of Spiritual phenomena and philosophy; whereas a judicious, discriminative presentation of the errors and fallacies which we are desirous of overthrowing may be crowned with success. Still more careful should we be as to the character of that presented as a substitute for the old-time dogmas. To free the mind from one load of superstition and error, only again to fill it with another burden as far removed from truth as was the former one, is of scant benefit. It behooves us, above all things else in Spiritualistic propaganda, to be particularly careful as to our constructive work. Let our facts be sure, and our conclusions thereupon sound. Let us not jump to conclusions too readily.

It seems to me that, as regards practical constructive work in the world, Spiritualists should be doing more than they are at present. The Spiritual philosophy inculcates beneficence, humanitarian and philanthropic endeavor, the utilization and cultivation of all our mental and moral endowments; it teaches us that our condition in the spiritual world is dependent upon our labors here in this world,—that the more advanced we are intellectually and morally in this world, the higher, grander, and happier will be our estate in the next country. No other faith probably furnishes stronger incentives to moral, spiritual, and intellectual growth and progress, than that of the Spiritualists. Why, then, do we not more effectively embody in our life-work, individually and collectively, the sublime principles of our philosophy and of our religion? What a grand thing it would be for the world, and for Spiritualism, if the true, honest Spiritualist (exclusive, of course, of the pretenders, who use the sacred name of Spiritualism as a cloak for crime and vice), would from this time forth exert all their efforts to live, each day, in full accord with the highest precepts of the Spiritual philosophy,—each one striving, so far as in him lies, to develop all the higher elements of his nature, to do all that he can to improve the world, and to accomplish as much good as he

possibly can in every direction that may be open to him. That is the practical Spiritualism that we need, and for one I would bless the day that witnessed the "materialization" in verity, of such a form of "Constructive Spiritualism."

San Francisco, Cal.

Indiana State Spiritualist Convention.

The arrangements are all completed for the Indiana State Convention. It will be held in the Madison Ave. Spiritualist Temple at Anderson, Ind., Feb. 26, 27 and 28, 1904.

The local societies of the state will be represented by delegates and a state association composed of the local societies of the state, will be organized.

The best of talent has been secured for the occasion. Harrison D. Barrett, President of the N. S. A., will have charge of the meeting. Everyone who is interested in the movement, or who wishes to attend a good meeting, should avail themselves of this opportunity and attend all of these meetings.

E. W. Sprague and Wife,
N. S. A. Missionaries.
Address, Rochester, Ind.

Massachusetts State Association.

The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists will celebrate the 50th anniversary of modern Spiritualism on Thursday, March 11, 1904, in Berkeley Hall, Berkeley Street, Boston.

The best of talent will be presented and full details and notices of the same will appear in due course.

The following have been invited to serve upon the reception committee at the anniversary exercises to be held under the auspices of the Mass. State Association, each person representing a society.

Mrs. L. M. Rowe, Boston Spiritual Temple; Mrs. M. E. Alb, First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society; Mr. Irving P. Symonds, Veteran Spiritualists' Union; Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, Gospel Spirit Return Society; Mrs. A. B. Barnes, Ladies' Lyceum Union; Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Ladies' Industrial Union; Mr. J. E. Hayward, First Spiritual Temple; Miss Susie C. Clark, Mrs. M. C. Barrett and the Board of Directors of the State Association.

This meeting will be of interest to all Spiritualists, and the meetings will be free all day.—Carrie L. Hatch, sec.

An Important Inquiry.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Will some of our friends give advice in the following matter?

The Ladies' Auxiliary of a spiritual society in a city not a hundred miles south of the Mason and Dixon line elected a treasurer short time ago, said treasurer to deposit the funds of said auxiliary in bank in connection with a committee of two, said committee to countersign all checks.

The above committee has made two appointments with the treasurer, who has ignored the same. Although there have been two regular meetings of the auxiliary since, the treasurer has not attended either of them.

The auxiliary having no by-laws, what steps can be taken to compel the treasurer to comply with instructions of the auxiliary, as the members are losing interest in the face of above conditions?

Anxious.

The Morris Pratt Institute.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

By some kind of queer misapprehension the report has obtained circulation, especially in the East, that the Morris Pratt school is just about in the last throes of its earthly existence. Its Board of Trustees feel it their duty to correct that misapprehension, and in order to do that it authorizes the following statement:

It is true that there are parties who have tried in various ways to scare us with threats of litigation, in which the attempt would be made to show a cloud on our title to the institute buildings. This threat has been made over and over. Although such litigation, if it comes, will cost us something, we have not the least apprehension as to its final results. An offer has been made to change this program on the condition that we deed the institution to the N. S. A. This will never be done, for two reasons.

The first is, the N. S. A. has its hands full, and does not want the institution.

The second is, we have not brought the school up to its present status to abandon it. If we are to have the oft threatened lawsuit, it will cost us some time, worry and money, but it will not stop the school even for a day. If the property should be taken from us, which seems to us and our counsel impossible, we have other property, and we shall rent a place to hold the school until we can alter old buildings and build new ones.

The departure for the other shore of those now sacrificing their all for the school is, in our estimation, the only thing that can stop the great work in which we are now engaged.

We hope to see several of our students and graduates on the Spiritualist platforms the coming summer. We assure all who hear them that they will hear workmen of which those who love truth, oratory, logic, thought and inspiration need not be ashamed.

Between twenty-five and thirty new students have already engaged to be with us next year, any others are talking of coming. Several who are now taking their first year's course will return, and some who complete their second year's course are determined to spend another year in a post graduate course.

The debts of the institute, aside from what is owing to teachers, are not over six hundred dollars. Thirty paying students will pay the entire expense of running the school. We surely have nothing to fear.

If we are compelled to go into law that will be an additional reason why the friends of education should double their energies and rally to our support. In "these times, that try men's souls," if real friends would rally to the support of the school instead of giving credence to and circulating the report of the prospective downfall of the Morris Pratt Institute, they would prove themselves friends indeed. As it is, the Morris Pratt Institute is more alive today than anything with which we are acquainted in Spiritualism.

If the committee appointed by the N. S. A. to visit the school and report had attended to its duties, this article would not have been needed. The chairwoman of that committee made an effort to get it together, but was met with the answer that "as there is a prospect of some litigation over the property, it has been deemed best to wait the result of this and postpone the visit until a little later in the season." This "litigation," if it comes, will not begin before the N. S. A. has its next annual meeting. This talk may satisfy those who choose that committee as well as it would for it and the N. S. A. to have done as requested by the convention. The very reason which should have brought the committee together to aid us in our "litigation" has kept it

from doing its duty. The friends needed are those who will stand by us because of anticipated troubles.

In any case the Morris Pratt Institute will live. When it becomes a great and prosperous institution, then the boast will come from those who by their silence or their open enmity have tried to put it down that, "We have built up a great institution. We deserve much praise for we had great difficulties to overcome in giving the world this great seat of learning." Per order of committee.

Moses Hull, pres.
Clara L. Stewart, sec.

Movements of Platform Workers.

To the Spiritualists of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Missouri: We expect to turn our faces westward March 1st. We desire to hear from societies and individuals who would like our services.

Please write us at once if you would like our services, or we may have passed you by before we hear from you.

Address until March 10th Rochester, Ind. Home address 618 Newland Ave., Jamestown, N. Y.—E. W. Sprague and wife, N. S. A. missionaries.

G. W. Kates and wife will serve Lynn, Salem and other places in Massachusetts during March and April. They have some open week-nights, and the last Sunday of April. Address them at 35 School St., Lynn, Mass.

Announcements.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, meet in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., Sundays at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome to all. The subject for the lesson of Feb. 21st is Patriotism.—Mrs. M. J. Butler, pres.; Mrs. M. E. Stillings, sec.

Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists will hold its regular meeting Friday, Feb. 26, in Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Mass. Ave. Circle from 3 to 4 p. m. Business meeting from 4 to 5. Supper served 6.30. Evening meeting 7.45. Mr. J. J. Morse, editor of the "Banner of Light," will be our speaker.—Mrs. Mabel Merritt, pres.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum meets in Friendship Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, Berkeley Street, Boston, every Sunday at 1.30 p. m.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Alex. Caird, M. D., pres.—Sunday, Feb. 28th, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, the noted test medium, will be present at 2.30 and 7.30. Circles are held by all mediums from 4 to 5, supper at 5, song service at 6, concert 6.30. The Children's Lyceum meets at 12.30. Ladies' Social Union every Wednesday afternoon at 6.15.

America Hall, 724 Washington Street, Clara E. Strong, president.—Sunshine Club holds meetings every Sunday. Morning circle at 11. Afternoon service at 3 and evening service at 7.30. Graphophone concert after noon and evening. All mediums invited. Good talent every Sunday. C. D. Chapman, pianist. Home circles, 30 Huntington Ave., Room 420, every Tuesday and Friday. Banners for sale at all these meetings.—A. M. S., sec.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, Louise Hall, Brown Building, 138 Pleasant Street, Harvey Redding, president. We hold meetings every Sunday at 3 p. m. Circle for developing and healing. Evening service, 7.30 p. m. The best of talent always present. We shall have with us Sunday, Feb. 28, Mrs. Mabel Witham of Boston. Song service precedes each session. The "Banner of Light" on sale at all our meetings.

The Progressive Spiritualists' Association, Lynn, Mass., Anna J. Quaide, president, meets at Templars' Hall, Market Street, on Sunday next, Feb. 28th. Mr. W. J. Hardy and Nellie Miles, afternoon and evening. Supper at 6.15 p. m. Vocal and instrumental music and other interesting and instructive items.

The Post Check Plan.

Postmaster General Payne in his last annual report took strong ground in favor of the passage of a measure which would afford a safe and cheap method of transmitting money through the mails. The necessity for a measure of that character is all the greater because of the rapid extension of the rural free delivery system, and it was on that ground mainly that Postmaster General Payne based his recommendations.

The bill providing for the issue of post check currency would obviate all the annoyances and the difficulties attendant on the present system of transmitting money through the mails. The dweller in the rural district, equally with the dweller in the city, would have a cheap and convenient means of sending money through the mails absolutely safe and avoiding all question of torn or mutilated bills or stamps stuck to the letter in which they were placed for transmission as the equivalent of money.

The post check would possess all the circulating and value qualities of the present system of bank notes, and by its retirement on presentation at any postoffice for payment and the issue of another in its stead would maintain a constant supply of clean money, and would make every man his own money order office, with no outlay of time required on his part. The bill is one of the greatest possible merit.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A \$75,000 Prize.

Some public spirited men in St. Louis, to promote interest in the great World's Fair which opens in May, have organized a contest which is open to everyone in the world, as to the number in attendance at the Fair.

A fac-simile letter from the treasurer of the Missouri Trust Co., of St. Louis, in the possession of the publisher of this paper: "Certifies that the World's Fair Contest Company, incorporated, has this day deposited with this company \$75,000.00 in gold for the payment of the awards in its contest on a total paid attendance at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, 1904, and that such deposit is held in trust by this company, to be paid by it to such successful contestants as the Committee of Awards may direct."

The judges and other officials of the contest are men who are high in financial and business circles, and men who are prominently connected with the Fair as officers, and also directors and officials in prominent banking institutions in St. Louis.

It is quite an interesting contest, and we suggest that any of our readers interested write to the World's Fair Contest Co., for full information, addressing your letters to St. Louis, U. S. A.

We say that God is good, and so we trust Him. But what do we mean by goodness except the goodness we have seen here? Infinite goodness is, to our conception, human justice, human generosity, human pity, carried upward to their perfection. If we have no faith in man, how can we have faith in God?

NEW DEPOSITED IN THE BANK

\$75,000.00

IN CASH GIVEN AWAY.

To arouse interest in, and to advertise the GREAT ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR, this enormous sum will be distributed. Full information will be sent you ABSOLUTELY FREE. Just send your name and address on a postal card and we will send you full particulars.

World's Fair Contest Co.,
108 N. 8th Street
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Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

The Vow of Washington.

The sword was sheathed; in April's sun
Lay green the fields by Freedom won;
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States.

How felt the land in every part
The strong throbs of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to Union, Liberty, and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;
In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold
And hopes deceived all history told
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful
past,
Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was first,
The one man equal to his trust,
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a
trust,
And rule alone, which serves the ruled is
just;

That freedom generous is, but strong
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong,
Pretence that turns her holy truth to lies,
And lawless license masking in her guise.

For rule and trust must needs be ours;
Chooser and chosen both are powers
Equal in service as in rights; the claim
Of Duty rests on each and all the same.

John G. Whittier.

A Link in Our Golden Chain.
THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF VIRTUE IS
VIRTUE'S REWARD.

Spiritualism—the Evangel.

She is dead. All the wild beatings of her
heart are still. Her eye that sought our own
and spoke in luminous language is hidden
beneath its snowy cover. The lips, all tremu-
lous and sweet, move not. All unresponsive
to our sobbings, she lies cold and still.

And all our misunderstandings are dead.
They died with her body. Death has killed
our knowledge of everything about her, save
her striving after better things. How her soul
and its longings are revealed to our aching
hearts, as tearless and dumb we sit in the
shadow. A nameless agony takes possession
of us. A thousand questions pierce the sil-
ence. Forgotten acts of kindness force them-
selves on our recollection. Oh, wonderful,
wonderful Death! cutting with icy finger the
jewel from its setting! Rending the veil that
has blinded us! Swiftly we bow beneath the
lash of regret as memory binds us to the past.

Vain our devices to gather comfort through
conventional channels. No voice brings joy,
no argument gives peace.

For one consecrated hour of communion
with her, we would give all we possess.

See, through the shadow, a light is stealing!
Hark, through the silence the loved voice is
speaking! Sweetly and tenderly she speaks
and our hearts cease beating, that no word be
lost.

"I understand and I say that your loving
deeds, which you have long forgotten, are
roses in my path today. I remember your
patience and my impatience, your strength
and my weakness. Death has given me larger
vision just as it has you. Let us walk to-
gether and forgetting our own shortcomings,
build for each other a house of trust on the
foundation of our knowledge of what each
has attained."

Oh, blessed moment, and thrice blessed
message! Now the day dawns. Now the
pathway lightens. The heart grows strong,
and though the burden be heavy it is never
unbearable. Love whispers in the ear and
smiles come for Love says, "Always with
you, always near."

Has Spiritualism outlived its usefulness?
Has any new fad or any new thought been
able to do its work? Can any cult or any
church save us the agony of the death
chamber?

As long as love is the sweetest and strong-
est expression given to mortals, so long will
love wait and suffer and sob each side the
grave till the spirit message is wafted o'er the
chasm.

George Washington.

Time often separates us from people and
events until the heroes of history become un-
real and shadowy. If we can but take our
familiar names in history and put them in the
setting of the work-a-day world, they will
mean infinitely more to us as we read of their
brave deeds.

To many a boy and girl, George Washing-
ton is only the "Father of his country" or
"the boy who could not tell a lie"; and the
pictures of his strong, majestic face set these
impressions deeply in the mind. But he was
a man, human and care-burdened. All the
energies of his life were being sapped and
strained to establish a strong and safe govern-
ment.

In the midst of his many duties of state,
he writes a letter to his orphan niece, so full
of fatherly wisdom and love, with such an
understanding of the needs of a girl, that it
must interest us all. He becomes our ad-
viser and friend through its plain and simple
advice.

WASHINGTON'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG ORPHAN
NIECE.

"Occupied as my time now is and must be
during the sitting of Congress, I nevertheless
will endeavor to inculcate upon your mind the
delicacy and danger of that period to which
you are now arrived under peculiar circum-
stances.

"You are just entering into the state of
womanhood, without the watchful eye of a
mother to admonish, or the protecting aid of
a father to advise and defend you; you may
not be sensible that you are at this moment
about to be stamped with that character
which will adhere to you through life; the
consequences of which you have not perhaps
attended to, but be assured it is of the utmost
importance that you should.

"To be under but little or no control may
be pleasing to a mind that does not reflect,
but this pleasure cannot be of long duration;
and reason, too late perhaps, may convince
you of the folly of mispending time. You
are not to learn, I am certain, that your for-
tune is small. Supply the want of it, then,
with a well cultivated mind, with disposition
to industry and frugality, with gentleness of
manners, an obliging temper, and such qual-
ifications as will attract notice and recommend
you to a happy establishment for life.

"You might, instead of associating with
those from whom you can derive nothing that
is good, but may have observed everything
that is deceitful, lying, and bad, become the
intimate companion of, and aid to, your cousin
in the domestic concerns of the family. Many

girls before they have arrived at your age,
have been found so trustworthy as to take the
whole trouble of a family from their mothers;
but it is by a steady and rigid attention to
the rules of propriety that such confidence is
obtained, and nothing would give me more
pleasure than to hear that you had acquired
it. The merits and benefits of it would re-
bound more to your advantage in your pro-
gress through life, and to the person with
whom you may in due time form a matri-
monial connection, than to any others; but to
none would such a circumstance afford more
real satisfaction than to your affectionate
uncle."—To Harriot Washington, Oct. 30, 1791.

Fear and Love.

Fear and love are deadly enemies and one
will kill the other if left together. "I love
you so much that I am in constant fear of
losing you," is often considered a tribute to
a much esteemed friend, but fear is a poison
and will taint the sweetest love, the grandest
passion, until distorted and misshapen, it
does itself in a sea of doubt and despair.

The mother who loves devotedly and yet
lives in constant fear of danger and dis-
ease or temptation and sin that may beset
her darling is literally breaking down all
safe-guards which love would erect and
makes that darling a weakling, through lack
of open vigorous action or a tissue of de-
ception, woven to blind her eyes.

The wife who lives in constant fear of
losing her husband because of the attractions
and graces of other women is soon bereft of
every lovable and beautiful attainment and
becomes to that loved husband an object of
devotion through pity, or of neglect, through
disgust.

The husband who fears his wife may neg-
lect her home if she has freedom or that
she will become a spend-thrift and waste
his money, unless he holds the cash-box, in-
variably finds a subservient slave, in the place
of a loving helpmeet, or a broken-spirited
woman, whose dog-like devotion speaks of
the master's whip.

Fear of losing place in the heart of a
friend, will soon generate jealousy, that
terrible scourge, the destroyer of peace.
There is a time in the undeveloped life of
most of us, when it seems as if jealousy were
a proof of love. "Oh, he is so jealous of me,
he can't bear to have any one even look at
me," says a young lady, triumphantly, in
speaking of her fiancé.

The pain, the horror, the tragedies that
may be the outcome of such an expression
are swallowed up in the glamour of dominat-
ing, so completely, one man's life.

Oh, could we all but know the glory of
that perfect love which casteth out fear! Then
we would not only refuse to entertain
any other in our own hearts but would refuse
to allow any less expression from any one in
the wide world, cast its shadow over our
lives.

What sublime joy! What realization of
hopes for perfect happiness! "So completely
do I love you, that fully do I trust you.
You can do no wrong. My trust shall be a
shield in time of temptation, a staff in time
of need."

These shall be our words to those we
love, for as sure as jealousy is begotten of
fear, so trust is a child of love.

Busy Boy.

"Willie seems to have a great deal on his
mind these days. See him, so deeply
wrapped in thought. Probably thinking
over his lessons for tomorrow."

"You don't know Willie. He is just now
studying up the question of what comic
valentine he can send his teacher that will
be the meanest."—The Baltimore News.

A Mother's Influence.

"My father got his appointment from
Washington in March, 1853. His wife had
but one solicitude in leaving America; her
mother was aged and in delicate health, and
their parting might be forever in this world.
But a month before the appointment was
confirmed, her mother quietly and painlessly
died. It was as if she had wished not to be
separated from her beloved daughter, and
had entered into the spiritual state in the
expectation of being nearer to her than she
could be in the world. My mother al-
ways affirmed that she was conscious of her
mother's presence with her on momentous
occasions during the remainder of her own
life."—Hawthorne and His Circle, by Julian
Hawthorne, page 76.

When Willie Hurries.

AS RELATED BY LITTLE ROWLAND.

My brother Willie he

Just always lags

And drags—

He's slow as he can be.

And Mama has to say:

"Come Willie, hurry, pray!"

Whenever she

Wants him to help, 'cause he's so slow—

But, oh,

You ought to hear him when

He says his prayers at night!

I tell you then

He hustles up, all right,

And nearly 'fore I get

To where it says to let

"Thy will be done,"—both starting even,

too—

He's through!

The Secret of Success.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the

Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Never be led," said the Pencil.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Do business on tick," said the Clock.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nut-
meg.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Make much of small things," said the
Microscope."Never do anything off hand," said the
Glove."Spend much time in reflection," said the
Mirror."Do the work you are suited for," said the
Flue."Get a good pull with the ring," said the
Doorbell."Be sharp in all your dealings," said the
Knife."Find a good thing and stick to it," said the
Glue."Strive to make a good impression," said the
Seal.

Huxley's Definition of the Church.

"A place in which, week by week, services
should be devoted, not to the iteration of ab-
stract propositions in theology, but to the set-
ting before men's minds of an ideal of true,
just and pure living; a place in which those
who are weary of the burden of daily cares
should find a moment's rest in the contempla-
tion of the higher life which is possible for
all, though attained by so few; a place in
which the man of strife and business should
have time to think how small, after all, are
the rewards he covets, compared with peace
and charity."—Universalist Leader.

Message Department.

Report of Seances held February 23, 1904. S. E. M.

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 steno-
graphically by a representative of the "Ban-
ner 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
burden wherever it is made known to the
world. In the cause of truth, kindly assist
us to find those whom you believe may verify
them. Many of them are not Spiritualists or
subscribers to the "Banner of Light," so may
we ask each of you to become a missionary
for your particular locality?

Invocation.

O Spirit of Peace, breathe upon our wait-
ing hearts. Listening here for the voice of
the spirit may we be so responsive to the
slightest vibration that we may understand,
and, understanding, may walk in the light of
the truth that is revealed to us. May every
unkind thought be cast away from us this
hour by our earnest desire to live the holier
and purer life of the spirit. And, in this
attitude, this desire, may we receive the mes-
sage for those who wait in anguish and in
pain. May the blessing of the knowledge of
the spirit return be to their tear-dimmed
eyes as a great light that breaks through and
shines upon them. May the word spoken by
the spirit be as a sweet token of love that
speakeeth, that liveth, that understandeth, be-
yond the grave. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Emma Leland.

The first spirit that comes to me this after-
noon is a woman about thirty, tall and slender
and fair. She seems to be very much dis-
turbed over her condition in the spirit, as
though she could not rest until she had
spoken the word to her people. Her name is
Emma Leland and she lived in Lansing,
Mich. She says, "I want to get to Frank and
tell him I am anxious to have him realize
that I am near him. Sometimes it seems as
if he must understand, for he pays attention
in a way and then he seems to just throw his
head down as if he had been mistaken and
couldn't realize I was there. I know how his
life is broken up by my coming, and I would
like him to believe what Warren says, for
Warren has had more experience than he
and would not lead him astray. I have seen
Fred and I am often with Aunt Ella. She
is very happy and tries to make me so by
telling me that the time will come when I
will know why this separation had to come to
us."

Stephen Gates.

I see a spirit now of a man perhaps fifty-
five or six years old. He is very short and
stout and has a very happy, good-natured
looking face. He says, "Please do not spend
too much time talking about my life, but
just say that my name is Stephen Gates and
I am from Washington. This is such a new
thing for me that I hardly know how to con-
duct myself. A thousand things come in my
mind that I want to say. I am anxious to
tell my people about how I am getting on over
here, but I am anxious to make them under-
stand that every minute they live is import-
ant because of its reflex action here. I have
heard the theory of living first in this life and
that the mortal life was but the shadow of
the spirit, but, somehow, I believe that the
mortal life foreshadows the spirit life be-
cause I find that everything I did when I was
in the body has its effect on my life over here.
I wish Abbie could know just what I know
and that she wouldn't so determinedly set her
face against the light. She seems to think
she is doing the will of the Lord when she
refuses to get any word from the spirit, and
she seems to think the Lord only works in
one way and that is through religion, but as
far as I am concerned I can see that He
works in the religious way in every other sen-
timent in life. I found Paul. He met me
and seemed to know I was anxious to under-
stand all about spiritual life, for he took me
to people who had been over here a long
time and it wasn't any time, it seemed to
me, before I grasped the understanding of the
growth that can come to us here. I go to
lectures, I talk with my friends, and I some-
times take tramps through the woods, and
wherever I am, I am able to see what is
going on in the home of my friends. It seems
to be a sort of telescopic sight that makes it
possible for me to see from any place that I
may be, but I cannot see any one from this
distance that I am not in harmony with.
When I want to see somebody that I do not
care much about and have only a desire to
see them for some purpose other than love,
I have to go into the presence and find them
in that way. I find I have a certain amount
of power, too, but I do not know how to talk
about it, so I guess I will wait until I can
tell a little more definitely what I can do. I send
this message to prove that I have neither
forgotten nor lost interest, and that anything
I can do I shall do, and any amount of turn-
ing away from the message that I send will
not deter me the least whit, but make me the
more strong in my effort to express."

Fred Handy.

There is a spirit of a young man whose
name is Fred Handy. He says, "I am a
Charlestown boy. I lived there some years
ago. I came over here suddenly without any
warning, and certainly with no preparation
and it was pretty tough. It was tough be-
cause I heard so much talk and so much dis-
trust about my coming. As far as I was con-
cerned I was all right. I could see and hear,
and everything was beautiful. I really never
was in such a beautiful place as I found
here. It was like a beautiful spring morning
with everything as fresh and sweet as it can
be and I felt nothing but peace and happi-
ness. Every time I tried to get into the home
it was all so dark and sad that it was hard
for me to find my way. It was almost like
going in from a bright, sunny avenue to a
dark dungeon when you would have to wait
a while until you could tell just how big the
room was and where the things were placed.
That made me understand that very many
spirits, when they first attempt to talk, are
blinded by the change from the sunshine of
spirit life to the gloom of the shadow life. I
got over it after a time by staying right in
the conditions and finding out what was going
on. My father and mother were just about as
unhappy as they could be, so I began to see
what I could do. I found by keeping per-
fectly steady and saying over and over again,
Mother, I am here, I am here, I am here, that

after a while it seemed to take effect and she
half felt I was, and from that time on I be-
came a part of the household. Now I feel
pretty free and pretty happy as though I had
accomplished a good deal. It isn't because
they have forgotten me that they are hap-
py, but it is because I was able to express
something to them even though they were un-
conscious of it."

Nellie Sanderson.

A woman comes about thirty-five or six,
medium height, dark curly hair and very dark
eyes. She is really very pretty and nice.
She says, "This is my first attempt, though
they used to call me mediumistic. I did not
understand what they meant exactly. I
knew I was always having impressions; that
I couldn't bear some people and some others
I liked very much, but I called it oddity and
let it go at that. I came over to this side of
life very suddenly; just a little illness and a
great deal of pain, and I was here. I did not
realize that I was going, but I do not know as
I could have done anything if I had. It seems
sometimes when I see spirits trying to talk
and hear them telling of what they would
have done if they had only known as if the
most of people put off doing the things they
want to do until some other time, but I can-
not say that there was any special thing I
would have done had I known. I did not
have very much to give away, and what I
had went where I would have had it go, any-
way. I did not have anybody in particular
that I wanted to say words of comfort to,
but I found over here those who had been
waiting for me so long. My mother, who
came away when I was a child and who I
had always missed and yearned for, she was
here, and it was happiness to be with her.
My name is Nellie Sanderson and I used to
live in Bangor, Me. This is all I have to
say."

Dotty.

There is a little girl who calls herself
Dotty. She looks about five years old.
She is light, very golden hair, and it
is curled, but does not seem to be naturally
curly. It looks as if it was done up in
some way and curled. She is dressed in a
pink plaid, looks like a pink gingham, white
stockings and little shoes that lace. She
seems to have been gone some time to the
spirit because her clothes look as though they
were made a long time ago. She shows me
herself now grown to a young lady, so she
must have been gone years. She says, "They
will best remember me by the name of Dotty
and so I bring that as my title for recog-
nition. I have been a guide for a long
time to those where I came from. They are
mediums but do not associate with Spiritu-
alists much, not knowing how good the Spiritu-
alists are, and so I came today hoping I
would influence them to get out among that
kind of people more and they would learn
and understand more about things if they
could only be with them. I want to send the
word to Mr. Abbott, and I want him to know
that I did really come to see him and that I
will again as soon as I can."

Mrs. Annie Marston.

A spirit comes of a woman about sixty. Her
hair is white, her eyes are gray and her face
is a little long and thin. She is dressed in
deep black as if she wore black for a long
time before she came over. She looks rather
sad, as though she had had a great deal to go
through with. She says, "Truly you speak
as it is for it was a relief to me to come
over here. I am Mrs. Annie Marston and I
lived in Atlanta. I only come to tell those I
left that I found everything prepared for me.
I knew that I should have everything
ready and I often said so, but Sadie and Grace
were so sure I was mistaken and that it was
a fancy of mine, that they could not and
would not allow me to talk about it. So I hid
it all within my heart, but today I feel like
telling them that mother is just as ready to
speak to them as father was to speak to her.
They must give an opportunity and then I
will give them the word they wish sometimes
they might hear. Katie will be better. Do
not worry about her. She is only ill for a lit-
tle and will be better by and by. I found
Grandma Geoffrey and she is as happy as a
queen to have all her children at last with
her. She says, 'Tell them that I am happier
than any queen I ever saw because I have no
crown to press heavily upon my poor old
head.'"

A Spirit Message Verified.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I wish to acknowledge the receipt of the
communication in your issue of Feb. 6, given
by Eliza Wheeler. The personal description
of the spirit as given by the medium was per-
fect. It was as good a description of my sister
while in the physical body, as I could have
given myself.

I am certain the medium never saw my
sister, and am reasonably convinced that she
did not know that such a person ever lived.

There were several statements in the mes-
sage of deep significance, written in a way
which would be blind to strangers, but the
meaning of which was perfectly clear to me.
She was an older member of a large fam-
ily, while I was the youngest, and she often
said our relationship was more like mother
and son, than sister and brother; besides,
our tastes were congenial. I have no doubt
but what the message emanated from the
living mind of my sister, Eliza, who left the
physical form several years ago.

I thank the medium for giving the message,
and you for publishing it.

Yours respectfully,

Wm. W. Wheeler

Meriden, Conn., Feb. 14, 1904.

Spirit Hypnotism Seen Clair-
voyantly.

In many of the recent articles of our spir-
itual writers I note the claim that medium-
ship, psychology, or hypnotism, are either
wholly beneficent or entirely injurious.

The spirit editor, James M. Finck, of the
Reformer and Humanitarian Magazine, Gal-
veston, Texas, having been in the spirit
realms the infinite number of twenty years,
is declaring through its pages that evil spirits
are returned as nonentities to the great ocean
of universal life and that there is no Obses-
sion.

May I advise this spirit editor to become
acquainted with spirits Samuel Bowles,
Aaron Knight, Prof. von Marx, and the
author of "A Wanderer in Spirit Lands,"
and thousands of others who have been in-
vestigating for many decades through spirit
realms and inform us of existing evil minded
spirits and their ghodes. Yes, let him in-
terview the spirit guardians of Dr. M.
Peoples, of San Diego, Cal., of Dr. G. Lester
Lane, of 873 Huntington Ave., Boston, and
others who have proven beyond a doubt the
fact of Obsession, and have relieved many
persons hypnotized by injurious spirits.

I can travel twenty-three miles in Chicago
and not see a drunken man nor hear an oath,
and yet there are thousands swearing, drink-
ing, drunk. I simply have not investigated
existing conditions, but my lack of investi-
gation does not give me the right to declare
that no such conditions exist.

I have been clairvoyant but ten years, but
have learned that Nature does not snuff out

individual existence, either good or evil, nor
did I have to go to the haunts of aid, or the
holy of holies to see them, but in church
and hall, on the streets and in homes I have
seen both classes.

What a blessing are the true and the good,
robed in ethereal white, beaming with love
and spirituality, radiant with that higher in-
telligence, Orientals and Occidentals bearing
peace and harmony, soothing the sorrowing,
healing the afflicted, teaching through the
various phases of mediumship the truths of a
higher, spiritual, happier life, guiding and
guarding those of earth life, ever a blessing
and a truth. Some as companions talking
and suggesting to their sensitives, others
working independently, only requiring the
more material magnetism of a mortal person
as an aid, others psychologizing to full con-
trol, while others control from within the
brain, using the vocal organs independently,
the sensitive being fully conscious. Yes I
have seen the true and loving spirits striving
with will power and philosophic wisdom
against those of evil design in the presence
of a sensitive of sincere spiritual aspirations.

I have assisted the higher forces in break-
ing the hypnotic power of injurious spirits.
In one instance I seemed impelled to go to
the home of a friend on Lake Avenue, this
city. On arriving I found the daughter, a fine
sensitive, suffering from nervous prostration
and great depression. I described to the
family the spirit of a relative who in life had
attempted their financial ruin. There he was
hovering near the daughter, and projecting
the most injurious vibrations that he could
command. I was told to walk back and
forth through the rooms and break his vi-
brations by sweeping the atmosphere with
my hands. In a short time the daughter was
as well and joyous as ever, and there is not
a purer, nobler young lady anywhere than
she. The cause lay not in her mediumship, or
her character, but in the malicious nature of
the obsessing spirit, and without assistance
her case would have been most serious.

The wife of an acquaintance who knew
nothing of control became clairaudient, and
thinking that only the good could communi-
cate, she gave heed to their advice and with-
in two days it became necessary to call in a
physician and a Healer.

While in the home of a friend I met a noble,
virtuous young man. I saw a monk control
him to repeat poetry, and to give the name
of Edgar Allen Poe as his name. Having
read a description of Poe and some of his
writings, there was no coming the two.
Then another claiming to be Tennyson spoke
through him. Finally he passed into a trance
condition, becoming cold and white as in
death, and an ordinary spirit claiming to be
Christ spoke to us, not as the Christ would,
but as an impostor, not knowing we were
clairvoyant.

I once saw an investigator stretch out his
arms so that his form represented a cross,
then he remarked, "As this is emblematic of
the cross, so was I crucified. I am the
Christ." In looking back of this person I
saw two very dark spirits psychologizing him
to do and say what he had. Another party
was hypnotized to believe himself greater
than the president and was impelled by un-
seen forces to go to the station to purchase a
ticket to Washington, D. C. The public
would

