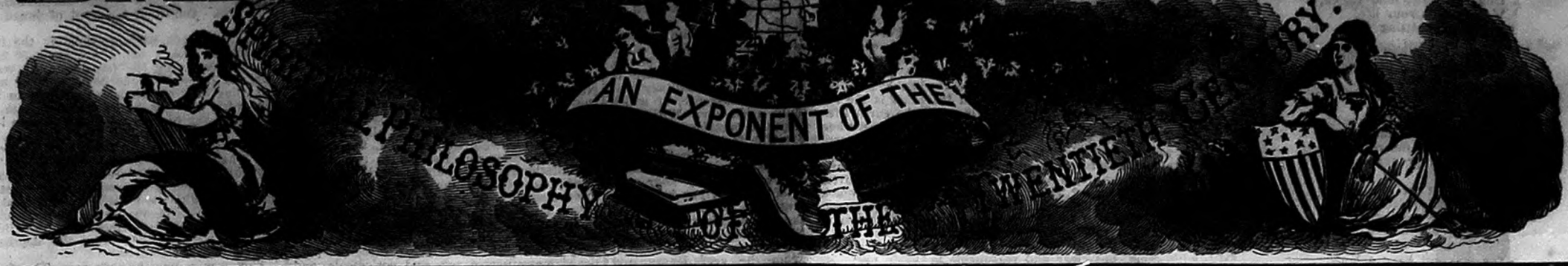


BANNER OF LIGHT.



HARVARD COLLEGE
MAR 8 1904
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

VOL 95.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1904.

{\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.}

NO. 2

MARCH.

Ho, merry March! A sand dune flies
Into my eager, watchful eyes!
I strive to find the violet new,
That prophesied the love most true.
But as I seek with jealous care,
Thou tanglest dead leaves in my hair!
Alas! and how the catkins tease
The naked branches of the trees!
How mad, capricious, wild and gay,
Thou dancest all thy days away!
One seldom weeps to see thee go,
And yet, O March, we love thee so!

The Image of God.

Salcarona.

Our courteous and beloved Christian Science friends indirectly tell us with hopeful and joyous optimism, that there is a splendid hope for the human race, because man has been "made in the image and likeness of God." The constitution of the United States also indirectly assures to every American the inalienable right of expressing his own individual judgment concerning the infallibility of the kindly statements of those persons who unwearingly profess to have the sole and special divine right of being the only religious teachers of the American people. It is, therefore, because of this national right of the layman's individual judgment, indirectly guaranteed to me by the Constitution of the U. S. A., that I also claim the personal right of trying to humbly understand, and to express my own layman's opinion, of the printed views of my great American religious teachers without fear of martyrdom, or imprisonment; simply suffering the indirect social cut, or ostracism, experienced for centuries by all those who differ from others. Thus, concerning the statement of my religious teachers that man is "made in the image and likeness of God," I here beg the American's common right of interpretation, and of saying personally without fear of social intimidation, or of ostracism, that the most vital spiritual point, which divides the old and new schools of American religious thought, may be—other things equal—the question as to the ultimate nature of the elements, which go to the final making up of this unity, which, in man, we are pleased to call, the likeness and image of God? And, secondly, as to the question of time or duration involved, in the ultimate making of man in the image and likeness of his Creator?

In a sense, the old religious school interprets this phrase, i. e., "made in the image and likeness of God," to mean, that man—if he only knew it—is already (at the present moment) made in the image and likeness of God. To realize this point is to become aware of our real manhood and real womanhood. This implies much.

On the other hand, the new school of spiritual religious evolution takes a different view. It states, indirectly, and logically, that man, in his present condition, is not at present existing as the "image and likeness" of the Creator, but that this image, and likeness, is a glorious ideal, which the race is trying to attain to. In other words; that, for man to be "made in the image and likeness of God," implies an individual as well as a world process of "becoming," to use Hegel's word, a progress, a development, a life education, an unfolding of the soul, a civilization of the nations as well as the individual, through the loftiest conceivable and imaginable methods of intellectual and emotional evolution. Therefore, the real man, i. e., the reflected "image and likeness," is a man that can only make its appearance by growth; not by miraculous spontaneity. By development; not by instantaneous processes. By spiritual self-culture, and self-education; not by divine favoritism. Furthermore, that the ultimate basis of man's "likeness" to God, i. e., is limited strictly to a psychological likeness; a mental image; not to an image of physics, or of anything material; even though we define "matter" to be exteriorized mind. It is therefore necessary that we exercise sufficient patience, in our attempt to understand clearly, what we mean by the phrase, i. e., that, in a psychological or mental sense, man is made (in the past, or is to be made in the future, by evolution) in the "image and likeness of God." Give to the spiritual, modern, religious evolutionist the words "image" and "likeness," and he might broadly paraphrase them roughly as follows, viz., through self-ascending processes of intellectual and emotional development, man—though he is not yet—is nevertheless capable of becoming (in a lofty relative sense) a mental "image," and psychological "likeness" of his Creator. Hence that the existence of this "image" and "likeness" always implies a process of growth, development, progress, evolution; not the proof of a present, or pre-istinct miracle, in the old sense. Now, if man is capable of becoming a mental "image" of God (as distinct wholly from a physical image) and our

idea of this "image" is to be strictly confined to mentality, i. e., as a strict mental and psychological "image" (not physical), then such a mental image must imply the existence of a certain, and exact sum of mental states, essential to the unity, or existence of that mental "image." Furthermore, that this view necessarily implies, that, in its last analysis, there are only two ways by which man ever has or can—in the future—be made in the image and likeness of God, i. e., either as a mental image; or, as a physical image. That is, this image, likeness, resemblance, or similitude, must be either physiological, or psychological; material or mental; for, there is nothing spiritual, that is not mental or psychological. If then we assume the image and likeness to be psychological, it becomes our religious duty to regard the science of psychology as the divine science. If the image and likeness is, in no sense, a psychological one, then we are under no obligation whatever, to regard the study of psychology in a religious light. It should in a word not be considered the first of the modern sciences of the world. In so far therefore as Christianity may express (through its lofty, and incomparably sublime doctrine of divine love) the highest emotional psychological expression, Christianity should henceforth be psychologically studied solely from its emotional standpoint; as its mission is only indirectly intellectual.

Psychologically speaking, the object of the Great Founder of Christianity, was to develop humanitarian feeling; not thought. Love; not reason. Lofty emotion; not concepts. A resplendent sympathy; not ideas. International compassion; not intellect. Pity; not mental images. Benevolence; not art. Mercy; not philosophy. The loftier emotional states of man were insisted on. Emotional states are psychological states, viz., mercy, pity, sympathy, love, are emotions; not states of the intellect. The Founder of Christianity emphasized the aspects of emotional development; not those which are intellectual. The human race can develop only in three ways, viz., emotionally, intellectually, and physically. To be spiritual, simply means that I am actuated by the loftiest emotions, concepts, motives, and sensations, capable of being experienced by my own consciousness. There cannot possibly be anything spiritual that is not psychological. Therefore, if it is my religious duty to be spiritual, it is also my religious duty to study psychology as a divine science. I must study Christianity and practice it from its emotional standpoint; for its intent is to broaden my heart, not my head. Christianity is to be studied therefore as a part of the divine science of psychology; whose laws reach back through all the evolved ages of the dawning better emotions, and intellectual growth, of the civilized human soul. This divine science of psychology therefore implies a study of the laws of the soul; not of books, only as they help to throw light upon the psychological principles of the soul itself. And, if the question of man, being yet to be made, "in the image and likeness of God," implies, that this image and likeness is a strictly psychological image and likeness, what shall we say of those to whom even a request for a definition of such terms as sensation, conception, emotion—three terms lying at the base of all psychology—would be considered as an impertinence? If, on the other hand, man already exists as the perfect image and likeness of God, the study of psychology is, of course, wholly unnecessary.

No person of common sense ever doubts but what matter is the weapon and vehicle of mind; but common sense still asserts its right to thoroughly investigate the psychological laws by which mind acts. The fact that Professor Ramsey re-asserts the half a century old discovered law of the transformation of force, and the conservation of energy, and again calls attention to the fact growing out of this, viz., that the elements can be changed one into another, is, of course, only a substantiation of the fact that the law of the transformation of material force and the conservation of its energy is as unalterable as the laws which bind the world together. No one out of a lunatic asylum, believes in the substantial entity of "matter," because "matter" is phenomena, semblance, similitude, phantasm, some mode of exteriorized mentality. But the regularity of the solar system makes all persons (not fanatics) pay respect to the divine laws impressed on it as motions of the Sun, Moon, and Stars, and these divine laws of the heavens are called—forgive the ghastly shudder—"physical" laws. These two terribly blasphemous words, matter and physics, we would of course like to see eradicated from the dictionaries of nations, seeing that they fairly reek with all the horrors of the universe. But the poor human intellect has to give names to the objects which come in contact with the senses, and in an awful hour it invented those two blood-curdling words, i. e., matter, physics! Touch is the creator of the sense of tangibility, and touch is a psychological law, enabling us to learn the laws of the things existing outside of us. And these laws of "matter" and

"physics" are deserving of profound respect, study and dignified reverence. So are those laws which are psychological, and which, being divine, help man to know how, and by what laws of psychological growth, he may be made in the image and likeness of God. The law of the indestructibility of mental or psychological force, or that nothing mentally that exists in us can ever cease to be, is the basis of memory, and furnishes a basis of comparison whereby we can test the stages, or degrees of our ascent in that growth towards that ideal which enables us to say that man is, at last, the image and likeness of God.

THREE PSALMS.

Be merciful to the great man.
For he must pay the penalty of his fame.
His daily uprisings and down sittings are
noted with care.
And his speech is wonderfully considered.
Wherefore he liveth in constant fear lest he
err,
For what the common man doeth with im-
punity he must avoid.
Or else he will fall from his greatness.
Therefore be merciful to the great man—
Yea, even pity him—
For he standeth on a pedestal,
And his fall thereof is far.

Pity not the poor man,
For he might have grown rich, yet would
not.
He proclaimed it in the streets and published
it in the churches
That riches are vanity
And vexation of spirit.
Therefore he would not have riches,
And he suffereth the consequences.
He is poor and unhappy
And hath not even the satisfaction of vanity.

Be heedful of the rich fool in rare raiment;
Do not mock him,
Do not say harsh things concerning him,
For he enjoyeth himself and is happy.
And happiness is greatly to be sought.
Behold, he hath money!
And he scattereth it abroad and at home,
And perchance a portion may fall thy way,
And thou may'st enjoy even that which thou
revest;
Wherefore be heedful of the rich fool;
Flatter him,
Fawn upon him,
And persuade thyself thou wouldst not be as
he is.
—John Lewis, in Boston Traveler.

Alfred E. Giles, A. B., L. D. B.

Hudson Tuttle.

AN IDEAL SPIRITUALIST

In the transition of Alfred E. Giles, Spiritualism has lost an exemplary and noble champion. A profound scholar, an independent thinker, chivalrously honest, and fearless in his position when once convinced that he was right. He was an ideal Spiritualist. His genial and sympathetic nature endeared him to his friends, whom he met always with cordial hospitality. I little thought when we parted at his home a little more than a year ago, that our good-bye would be our last on this side of time. Well that we did not, for if the future were allowed to cast its dark shadow athwart the present, joy would go out of life. Hope may be delusion, but better far its illusive anticipations than the certainty that the last has come.

MRS. GILES.

Mr. Giles was blessed with a strong, loving wife, who, although unlike him in belief (for she was reared in the strict creed of the Baptist Church, and to the last maintained her interest therein), she was a woman of great strength of mind and ability. Both were church members until he drifted out of the belief into independent thought, but she never interfered, and their lives were not disturbed by differences of opinion. Each granted the other the sacred right to think, and he was at times quite expressive of his delight at the influence she exercised in church matters, while she was equally pleased at the success of his literary efforts which were opposed to church belief.

BIRTH AND ANCESTRY.

Alfred Ellingwood Giles was born Nov. 2, 1819, in Boston, Mass.
His father was Benjamin Giles, a sea captain of Beverly. His mother, Nancy, was second daughter of Rev. Ellisha Scott Williams, a Baptist minister of Beverly from 1805 to 1832. Mr. Williams was one of the overseers of Brown University. He was a staunch patriot of the Revolution, being engaged in the battles of Princeton, Trenton, suffering at Valley Forge, and accompanied Washington as aide-de-camp in the memorable "Crossing of the Delaware." In 1776, he is represented in the famous painting by Trumbull, in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. His great-grandfather, Ellisha Williams, was rector of Yale thirteen years, from 1726 to 1739, and is said in the Records to have been a "wise, great and good man." He inherited his character from his mother's ancestry, and to the latest hour of his life

spoke of her reverently, as he would of a saint. She deserved his loving affection, for upon her alone fell the burden of rearing and supporting him through school and college until he began the practice of law in 1847.

COLLEGIATE AND UNIVERSITY CAREER.

He prepared for college at Worcester County Manual Labor High School. Here he "experienced religion," and in 1837 was baptized by Rev. George B. Ide and became a member of the Federal Street Baptist Church in Boston, where his mother and sister worshipped.

LAW.

In 1839 he entered Brown University, graduating therefrom in 1844, receiving the degree of A. B. In the autumn of 1845 he entered the Dane Law School of Harvard College, receiving the degree of LL. B., and in the winter of 1847 was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar, and began the practice of law in Boston.

MARRIAGE

On June 3, 1853, he married Miss Susannah R. H. Lord, eldest daughter of Mr. Melvin Lord, a retired bookseller. Two children came to them, both of whom died young.

OUTGROWS HIS CHURCH.

Although the law was his chosen profession, and he was remarkably successful, as he advanced in years it became distasteful. He felt degraded by the narrowness and selfishness he met, and he was anxious to pursue a liberal course of study at leisure. He had read and thought himself out of the church. The well known Rev. Baron Stow was then his pastor, and to this divine he addressed the letter severing his connection. As he says, modestly, "I withdrew and quietly assumed my birthright, hitherto held in abeyance, to the exercise of free thought and expression."

RETIRES TO PRIVATE LIFE.

In 1876, he withdrew from the practice of the law, and retired to Hyde Park, a pretty village just outside of Boston, where he built a home in one of the most charming localities, overlooking the town and an exquisite landscape with an immense sweep of horizon, embracing towns, cities, miles and miles of hill and vale, to the distant mountains. Here in the midst of intense activity of life, he enjoyed seclusion and devoted himself to the study of the great question of the day, to which he brought a mind trained to think along the line of evidence.

AS A STUDENT.

He surrounded himself with books. The room designed for a library overflowed into every nook and corner of the house. Wherever there was an available angle or turn, there was a collection of books. When he wished for an authority he had not in his possession he availed himself of the public libraries of Boston. His general course of study, however, had little relation to special lines, but was pursued for the love of knowledge. In this he was seconded by Mrs. Giles. They studied various languages together under private instructors, and took up Hebrew after they were past 60 years, and became proficient therein.

BECOMES A SPIRITUALIST.

His attention was engaged by Spiritualism and he became an ardent believer. It was his temperament, for he was born a Spiritualist. He became deeply interested in the works of Andrew Jackson Davis, and a warm friend of that great seer. Of my publications he was generously appreciative, and his poetic mind was delighted with the poems of Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle. The "Harmonical Philosophy" he accepted as his staff and guide.

LITERARY LABORS.

His almost abnormal undervaluation of his own abilities as a writer, and the exhaustiveness of his research, prevented him from engaging in literary tasks for which he was abundantly equipped. What he did do, however, was of the highest merit, and of crystal finish. These efforts were all on live topics, of immediate interest. Among the pamphlets written by him may be mentioned: "The Right of Withdrawal from the Church;" "Civil and Medical Liberty in the Healing Art;" "The Iniquity of Compulsory Vaccination;" "The Mormon Problem;" "Marriage and Divorce;" "Societies for Suppression of Vice;" and "The Sabbath Questions." In discussing this question, his profound historical knowledge is displayed to great advantage and he wins his case by such logical clearness and unwavering candor that even his opponents admitted their defeat.

He also contributed articles on current events to the spiritual journals, especially the "Banner of Light."

AGAINST PREMATURE INTERMENT.

Late years he became deeply interested in the danger of interment before death had liberated the spirit, and gathered a large number of facts from which he compiled a pamphlet, aiming to prevent burial until absolute indications were given of death. He advocated

the preservation of the body until decomposition showed there could be no mistake in consigning it to the tomb, or the flames. To make sure that his friends would follow his advice in his own case, he had a room, a "Mortuary," built as a part of his dwelling, where he or any member of the family might be placed after supposed death. The matter created quite a newspaper sensation at the time.

AN HONORABLE ACTION.

The honor and integrity of Mr. Giles may be best understood by a little incident. It came to his knowledge that there was a debt his father left unpaid. It had become outlawed, and he was under no obligation to pay it, yet such was his keen sense of justice, that he would not rest until the obligation was met. He had great difficulty in finding the person authorized to receive his money, and was repeatedly repulsed with the assurance that there was no claim. Yet he urged the matter until principal and interest were finally accepted.

AS A SCHOLAR

His erudition was as remarkable as his honesty. A scholar for the love of study, a free-thinker, because he would not be bound, a Spiritualist because spiritual, a sincere, sympathetic friend, one always ready with encouragement, who never censured or blamed, such was the noble character of A. E. Giles.

DYING HAD NO TERROR.

He has, since the passing from this life of his companion, about a year ago, felt that the strongest attraction was "over there," and longed to go. Life's work for him, he felt, was finished, and he was anxious to depart. Hence we cannot call him back with our selfish desires to the shard he has left, because no longer useful to his expanding spirit. We will not call him down to us, we will strive to ascend to him.

The following poem, "A Faithful Outpost," was written to him four years ago by Emma Rood Tuttle, for the gallant stand at the front he always maintained.

TO ALFRED E. GILES, A FAITHFUL OUTPOST.

A genuine New Englander,
Reared in her brainiest part,
Rich art thou in a reasoning head,
A true and tender heart.

Tall as her best thy soul's house is,
Fashioned for full command;
Yet, wouldst thou rather lead by love
Than order, sword in hand.

Old Harvard put her polish on
Thy mind in rosy youth,
But left unmarried thy inborn love
Of Progress and of Truth.

And loyal hast thou been to them,
Wherever thou hast stood,
Striving to move the world ahead
Toward wisdom, and all good.

A faithful outpost hast thou been,
Guiding without dismay,
The vast, wild army rattling on
Up Progress' rocky way.

In thy high watchtower thou canst see
The ultimate will be
The whitening of mankind, and, oh!
A glorious victory!

Thy trenchant pen has done its work,
Obedient to thy brain,
And never has one thought or word
Been given wings in vain.

Far east and west and north and south
Thy vivid thoughts have flown,
Winging to fertile human hearts,
Although to thee unknown.

Watch out, oh faithful outpost! work
Hopefully, wisely on,
And never may thy native earth
Feel thou art wholly gone.

A Portrait of the Pope.

The frontispiece of the March Century will be a full-page portrait of the Pope in color. The story of the picture is interesting. Some one—who, no one knows—made a snap-shot of Pius X when he was Patriarch of Venice as he passed in the procession of Corpus Christi. From this small photograph George T. Tobin has made a large drawing. To insure correctness of every detail of dress and likeness, the drawing was submitted to officials high in the church, and to authorities on Catholic vestments. Only when they had pronounced the portrait and its treatment excellent, was work begun on the reproduction. The same issue will have also a photograph of the Pope standing in front of the papal throne—a genial and attractive personality. These portraits go with a paper of "Anecdotes of the New Pope" by William J. D. Croke, who gleaned much of his material from relatives and personal friends of Pius X.

KEEP MOVING.

W. S. Haskell.

Keep moving. Keep moving.
Don't sit down and frown.
If you value your life,
Don't keep sitting down.

For you ne'er will prosper
While time has its roll.
If you're not ambitious,
For some honest goal.

If you care not for wealth,
For glory, or fame;
And have no desire
To honor your name.

Or care not for any
Of earth's sudden things,
And look with distrust
On love's brilliant wings.

You may yet have a hope.
When your body shall die,
That your soul will yet live,
In the sweet by and bye.

And with this end in view
Your chances improving,
You will own, I am sure,
'Tis best to keep moving.

Diamond, Cal.

Disembodied Catholics.

E. Ruthven.

Nearly two years ago the writer had a somewhat singular experience with Catholic spirits, while investigating Catholicism, and now would like to know if other mediums have met with anything similar?

In the first place a converted friend asked me to witness her baptism; from curiosity I did so. The rite was performed in a little room off the chapel, and was impressive as all Catholic ceremonies are. But what impressed me still more was the powerful spirit influence, so strong as to be oppressive, and evidently conflicting with influences attending me. For reasons best known to himself, the priest fancied that I would be an easy convert, and through my friend sent urgent invitations to call on him to discuss religion. Having been brought up to consider Catholicism a cloak for iniquity, and priests as adepts in the same, I put off going until a spirit friend said: "Why not go and find out for yourself if they are as bad as represented?" So finally I went with my friend one evening.

The priests have various methods of converting, which are applied according to the temperament of the subject, and the first one this good fair tried was that of firing Catholic doctrines at me with great will and determination, which was met with the doubting questions a Protestant (and Spiritualist) naturally would ask, backed by equal will. There was a sense of the room being filled by spirits, whose interest was intense. They accompanied me home, and my apartment was filled with seething influences, some of them being bigoted and unkindly disposed. Next morning, on awaking, and during most of the forenoon, my spirit body (it must have been, although the physical shared the feeling) from head to foot felt sore and bruised, as if it had been beaten with a club. Now can anyone account for it? Was it due to the priest's intense will power exerted in argument, or did Catholic spirits use a club to punish my unbelief?

In the course of subsequent interviews with the priest (who proved to be really a conscientious, fair-minded, upright man), a better understanding of each other's religious beliefs, modified antagonism somewhat. I read Catholic literature, which, of course, drew Catholic spirits close. Most of these were kindly disposed, bringing a good, sweet influence, with an indefinable something besides, which marks the disembodied Catholic. One day, I mentally requested them to control and move my hand to answer questions. They were reluctant to do so, some positively would not, but finally one did, and as nothing happened to him, they all seemed to think better of it. Prejudices instilled while on earth clung to them when the very fact of their being here proved the error of the teachings. I argued that point successfully with them, and several times afterward, some of them controlled without squeamishness.

About that time I painted something for a friend, part of the design being a crucifix. While working intently at the latter, a very high order of beings—celestial, surely, for their influence was purer, sweeter, more rarefied yet powerful, than any I ever felt before—drew close, evidently attracted by the crucifix. Not being strong nor well then, their influence about a life while was overwhelming, when they came so near—seemed almost as if drawing me out of my physical body. They came only while I worked on the crucifix.

Several weeks later, I accompanied a friend to the cathedral one afternoon, and while she prayed in various places around the edifice, I mentally requested that one of the Catholic spirits, whom I felt near, would control and answer questions. One reluctantly did so a little. That evening I sat in my room, pondering deeply on Catholicism and its disembodied adherents. (It may be well to explain that my room is rented of a Catholic family, whose unfailing goodness of heart inclined me favorably toward their religion.) All was quiet, peaceful, and harmonious. Feeling spirits near, I requested one to control; almost a hesitating, one did so, answering "yes," or "no," by moving my hand. He expressed willingness to write, and I took up paper and pencil. After a few sentences replying to questions about my personal affairs, he wrote (automatically): "It seems strange to communicate with you in this way. We would be glad if we could reach everybody as well, but the time for that is not come yet. It will be a very long while before this is accepted—admitted freely by those in power in the Church on earth, but it will come about eventually. It would be better if they could know on earth what they will be taught when they get over here. Sometimes we can influence them, but those who need our influences most are the hardest to reach. We thank you for giving us this opportunity to send back a few words to the earth-life. Yes, it seems good to do so. Your friends of the Band of Saint Anthony."

For some reason names and dates have always been difficult to give through my mediumship, requiring especial effort of the control. It was so in this case. The control stuck at the name of the saint, and then came a new influence, the most powerful—intense—that I ever felt. The source of it seemed to be a little to the rear and above the room. Analyzed, it was a kind, tender affection for all humanity, combined with a degree of purity and goodness that is incomprehensible to us poor earth-dwellers. It has to be felt, to be understood—believed. As the spirit approached, the influence, or aura, was felt more and more, until it was overpowering. I gasped for breath, and nearly fell from my chair. It obliged me to ask that the spirit would come no nearer, though I would have given much for ability to physically endure that heavenly aura. After perhaps two minutes, it went away, and the spirit controlling

my hand wrote the saint's name readily. I asked if the spirit who had been there was the saint in person, and he said it was. I believe it, but did not suppose it was possible for spirits so advanced and spiritualized to re-enter the earthly atmosphere. It was a revelation in several ways, to me, throwing light on points Catholic as well as spiritualistic.

A priest and several Catholics, to whom I related the occurrence, and showed the written communication, thought some evil spirits deceived me; yet they claim to believe in the communion of saints. If only they could feel the influence of such—even once. It is easy to comprehend that spirits so advanced and powerful are able to perform what are called miracles, and if they, who lived since Christ's time, have such great power, may not Catholics be nearly right about the powers of the Virgin Mary and Jesus? Their idea of an intermediate state, called purgatory, corresponds nearly with what our spirit friends tell us of the first few spheres in the spirit world, and in several things, which are matters of faith with them, but clear and reasonable in the light of our Philosophy, is indication that the latter will some day be auxiliary to the Catholic Church.

More than a year ago, some one sent me Catholic papers at various times. I learned to know when one was coming, because for two days previously several Catholic spirits came and stayed around, one of whom evidently belonged to a Brotherhood when on earth. His aura gave the impression of the greatest austerity, and all of those spirits were so intensely Catholic that they had a spiritual odor—most unpleasant, but sometimes almost too strong.

Occasionally, through clairaudience, I enjoy spirit music, usually vocal, and melodies never heard before. One piece of music carried by many voices had become familiar, so when I accompanied a friend to a cathedral service, I was astounded to hear the choir perform that same music, which, I was told later, was the litany. Apparently disembodied Catholics, sing the same things as on earth.

I would suggest that some in our ranks stop discussing reincarnation, and find out something about Catholicism, both in this world and the next. There is certainly more to it than even Catholics themselves are aware of. To meet with the desired class of spirits, go to some priest in the same peaceful frame of mind that we ask of investigators in our seances, and question him as to such points you wish to compare with our own belief. Tell him mildly when necessary, for he is sworn not to believe differently, but it may set him thinking—also the spirits around him. Ecclesiastics have as mistaken ideas of Spiritualism as Protestants have of Catholicism. Personal missionary work by Spiritualists among them is the best way to correct that. Concede points when you can, and avoid advocating reincarnation or theosophy under the guise of Spiritualism.

MEMORY.

Adelaide E. Langdon.

Ah! Memory, thou comest here again;
I hear thy foot-fall; soon, I see thy face;
Dearest of life, yet sad and lonely, when
I'd touch thee, and thou vanishest in space.

Thou hauntest all these fields and fairy days;
O, deeper than the deep, and far above
Yon peaks, the measure of thy thrilling is;
And whispers, "Knowest not that I was Love?"

I close my eyes and bid sweet Memory in;
Blest visions of the past, I'd feel thy peace;
Tarry with me until my soul begin
To feel thy potency and find release.

Communication from Abby A. Judson.

Once more, dear friends, I greet you through this sensitive, whose kindly heart-beats throb in unison with mine, in the great desire to be of some service to humanity. Obeying my spirit impressions, as I hover near her in her quiet home while seated at the piano pouring forth her whole soul in sweetest strains of music, she quickly arose, and taking paper and pencil, seated herself by the cheery grate fire, and listening to my spirit whispers, truthfully indited my message to the dear "Banner," and to my precious soul-friends on earth.

Ah! this is, indeed, a wonderful and blessed gift! to be endowed by nature with psychic powers of an unusually fine degree of development, to be thus responsive to the touch of spirit hands upon her sensitive physical frame, to catch instantly our thoughts as fast as we give them to her receptive brain, and to voice our messages so truthfully to our earth friends.

Now, while writing this, she feels distinctly my spirit hand holding her left arm, and her whole delicate frame is quivering with delight to be able thus to do a good work for the spirit world. Ah! the many wonders of the universe! "Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath not heard," the glories of the heavenly future for the children of humanity.

Here in my spirit home, I sense dimly the seraphic joys preparing for all souls, in the coming aeons of eternity. Happy, oh! so happy, is my present life in the spirit land! And yet I have only just begun to taste of the nectar of heavenly wisdom, love, joy and peace, which the Creator has in reserve for all of His children. Yes, I feel I have only just begun to live, though my life now is as superior to my earth existence as is the love-liness and fragrance of the full-blown rose, to the partially-opened bud. That brighter, freer, fuller life of the rose, enhanced by the sweet, imprisoned essence of the bud, whose delicious odor purifies with its fragrance the surrounding atmosphere, is a facsimile of the broader, developed, useful life of my arisen spirit, whose God-given faculties are allowed a better chance to cheer, expand and beautify, and to send the fragrance of my spiritualized soul over the longing, loving hearts of my treasured friends of earth.

Yes, here I have found the true kinship of souls! Here do I bathe in the pure, invigorating love-waves of those congenial soul-mates, whose natures possess the same sweet, responsive strings of the spiritual harp of life.

Long ago I ceased to grieve over the distressing differences and the consequent inharmonious relations of the ties of blood. In my long earth life, I discovered that sad truth to my dismay, many, many years ago. But the grief caused by that fact made to me all the more precious and enjoyable the bliss of companionship with soul-mates, and I was blessed beyond human ken in the possession of so many true, loving and dearly loved friends. Yes, the ties of soul-kinship I fully understood and gratefully appreciated when upon earth. But here in this glorious life, the joy of commingling with soul-mates is enhanced a hundred fold. Can you comprehend, dear friends, even a tithe of this glorious truth? No, it is impossible while you are thus encased, imprisoned, in the fleshly form. But wait! oh, wait with cheerful patience for the time will surely come to all, when the same ecstatic bliss will be enjoyed. Oh, the boundless realms of knowledge yet unexplored which I see ahead of me! I am now drinking

deep from the heavenly fount. I am growing, unfolding, like the petals of a rose, my hidden, buried faculties. I am finding my true self, and deep down within my soul do I perceive the why and the wherefore. I see now the important causes of many past, puzzling events in my own life, as well as in the lives of others.

For the comfort and cheer of many friends upon earth, whose thoughts I oftentimes catch, and even feel the quivering of their pulses, in the intensity of their earnest desire to know more of this higher life, I will say that this is the real life, the substance, of which the earth life is only a shadow. Why, it is an ecstasy here simply to breathe of this life-giving atmosphere! The feeling of buoyancy and lightness as you glide through the air is beautiful beyond compare, and as you move from place to place, propelled by your will, with the queen of thoughts, you hear constantly sweetest strains of music, which seem to emanate from everything around you.

From the beautiful songbirds in the air, from the exquisite flowers which bloom in such profusion, from the very leaves and branches of the tall, stately trees, from all things full of abundant life and vitality, there seems constantly to emanate sweet, soothing melody, which enchants the ear, and speaks to the heart, in the sweet, tuneful voice of nature. All inanimate things over here seem gifted with a musical language peculiarly their own. From the little streamlet gushing merrily across the bright, green meadows, to the grand, majestic river, whose steadily flying waters give forth a song of praise, and the calm, peaceful lake, whose shimmering waves give forth the glorious light of the spiritual sun, like millions of little diamonds, whose sparkling iridescence emit a faint, sweet perfume of sound, that floats through the air for miles around, and charms the ears of those travelers who happen near the shores. All beautiful things in nature over here are radiant with ecstatic, joyous life, and the voice of each expresses happiness in a musical sound peculiar to its kind.

Now, my dear friends of earth, I wish to say right here that your loving thoughts reach me here in the spirit land, and I have oftentimes felt a great desire to answer your many questions. But one of the most difficult things to accomplish is to give your thoughts in a clear and forcible manner through a sensitive upon earth. It is difficult to find out what you will in perfect rapidity, and then when found, it is not easy to find the right conditions, or time to control. In my case, after my first attempt some time ago, I have not been able since to impress this psychic owing to depressing conditions in her home life. At last I have succeeded, and hope to write a satisfactory message once again to the "Banner" and to the friends whom I can reach through its columns.

I know you all desire to hear something of my continued life here in the spirit spheres. As well as I can I will describe some of my experience since I left the form.

I have but faintly given you an idea of the music of the spheres, but I did not finish. I must tell you of the rapture I felt when first I heard the sweet, pure, angel voices. Nothing that I ever heard upon earth can compare with the richness, the angelic sweetness of quality of the tuneful voices which the arisen spirits possess over here. Oh! the music of the spheres! It cannot be described, it must be heard to be appreciated. My soul was thrilled with rapture when I first heard an angel choir. And oh! the flowers of the spirit land!

Flowers of every hue and size, of such delicious fragrance! Why, there are whole fields of roses, acres of lilies of every color! My father has a rose garden so large that I ramble daily through its fragrant, winding paths for hours at a time. I revel in their sweet perfume, in the glorious colors, their wonderful beauty of form, and the air, so laden with the fragrance of these heavenly roses both soothes and invigorates my spirit. Here in the midst of this luxuriance do I often sit in an arbor covered with rose vines, and ponder deeply over the many intricate, beautiful designs of nature's varied kingdom. Here I sit and review, with keen enjoyment, all the long years of my earth life, dotted with many pleasures as well as pain, which have here become jewels among my spiritual possessions. From this lovely bower of roses, the air around me filled with the sweet trilling of song birds, and oftentimes the cooling of gentle doves, who delight me by resting on my shoulders and hands, my soul flooded with a happiness unspeakable. I send out loving thoughts to many dear friends on the earth plane. And when my thought waves glide so much times, I know my thought waves are received and answered, and my happiness is enhanced thereby. My two little pets are playing among the vines, their gambols of innocent glee affording me amusement.

Off in the distance I hear sweet music from angel voices, which blends with nature's music, forming a harmony complete. Two forms I now see approaching, my father's dignified bearing and noble mien, his face aglow with joyful pride as he bends his stately head with loving glance to listen to the musical voice of my beautiful angel mother, walking by his side. Her arms are full of roses of all colors, whose fragrance and beauty, in the midst of the graceful leaves and branches of the rose tree, adorn the white flowing robe of my graceful mother, whose simplicity of dress is one of her greatest charms.

Ah! here comes another manly form! I see his golden head in the distance, through the intertwining branches of the rose vines, and catch an occasional glimpse of his buoyant, happy form, as he hurries eagerly forward down the winding path to join the family group. Yes, it is my dearly-loved brother, whom I bade goodbye to the earth plane some years before I passed over. Is not this a picture, my friends, worthy the skill of an artist? Is not this a heavenly scene, far too beautiful for language to describe? Can you imagine your old friend Abby in the midst of such artistic beauty, enjoying the pure, sweet pleasures of "Home, Sweet Home?"

It is all true, nevertheless. Every word I have uttered in this faint attempt to describe my spirit home and pleasures is the living truth, but I have left out so much that is needed for the completion of the picture, as time and space will not allow more on this subject. I have so much to tell you!

How I would love to write a letter for the dear "Banner" every week, just as I used to do when upon earth. Perhaps I may be able, through this sensitive, a little later on.

I want to tell you of my various journeys to earth, in connection with the "Mission Band," of which I am an active member. I would love to tell you of the good we have accomplished, of the many spirits we rescue from darkness, who are earth-bound and know it not. In some future letter I hope to enlarge upon this subject, which is of thrilling interest. I wish also to speak and enlarge upon this "Storm Cloud" now in your midst, this new book called "The Great Psychological Crime," which is creating such a disturbance in your ranks. Viewed from the spirit side as I now witness it, Spiritualism has nothing to fear from that book. It will only result in good in the end, for, as "The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom," the minds of the world's best thinkers will only be strengthened and purified by this discussion, and will gain an enlarged interior vision of the spirit world, and they will understand better than ever that great and wonderful law of cause and effect.

The author of the book is sincere and honest, and is actuated by the purest, highest motives for the good of humanity. But as no one is perfect, and man at his best even is liable to mistakes, so we must not expect perfection in any one thing or person, but simply accept the good, reject the evil, and have the broadest charity for everyone. "Judge not, that ye be not judged," should be remembered by all I have been deeply interested from the first in all this discussion, and in noting the effect it caused in certain minds. No soul in all of God's boundless universe, the divine spark from the eternal fount, can ever be lost, or, worse still, annihilated. "Though buried in the centre of all sin, no soul is lost to God." How can God, the Infinite Creator, become any less, which the loss, or annihilation of even one soul in His universe, would cause a diminution of His power? Fear not, my friends, eternal justice and mercy is unchangeable, and His divine love embraces and sustains all. Over here, on this side of life unending, in the many varied cities of the different spheres, there are published many newspapers and periodicals, and one especially in each sphere, gives a graphic account of all the happenings in fact, all of the most important news of the earth sphere.

This paper is eagerly read by many progressive spirits, and at certain large conventions held here semi-annually, extracts from this publication are often read and commented upon, and sometimes form the subject of a discourse.

Well, my dear friends, my lengthy letter must close, for this psychic is weary. My enjoyment has been so keen, in obtaining perfect control, that I did not realize my letter was so voluminous. Full to overflowing with thoughts desiring expression, I hope I may be forgiven for this taxation of the medium's powers, as well as the patience of my readers. Hoping to enjoy this same pleasure soon again, and in this way reach my many dear friends of earth, with my heart's best love and my spirit blessings, I sign myself, as of old,

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Ella F. Porter, 206 Lenox Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Some Remarkable Illustrations of Clairaudience.

Wm. Phillips.

I have often thought it not only useful but a sacred duty that we should give to the world the experiences of our spiritual unfoldment. For that purpose I take my pen today, and being in the 77th year of my age, Time admonishes me to try to illumine the pathway of Life that others who may have to follow in my footsteps may not often stumble therein.

I may say I have led a pioneer life in every sense of that word. Having been born in Alabama in 1827, leaving there with my parents for Illinois in 1828, and remaining there 17 years, or until 1845. In September of that year, being in the 18th year of my age, I turned my footsteps westward, intending to reach the then far off Oregon Territory, which I did in due time, and I may say, comparatively speaking, I have lived in advance of civilization most of my days.

It was in Illinois, when quite a youth, I heard the first of life beyond the grave. How grave and incomprehensible the idea seemed to me at that time. My father being a preacher of the Calvinistic faith, I would listen to him, and the firm purposes of Calvin's God were to me quite sustaining, yet there was a void Calvin never filled. "What was God's pastime in the eternal past? What was nature's appearance ere creation came?" Like Noah's dove I could find no resting place for my feet, and would return to the theological ark for safety. But that ark was too narrow for my restless wing. Instinctively I sought the soul of things. I am now convinced I was on the intuitive plane, for knowledge would come to me unsought. Yet I was restless, and felt that there was somewhere a deeper fountain to drink from. I sought for years to find it until it seemed serendipity was in vain.

It is said "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," when I had seemingly reached the limit of my search, when all at once my mental vision burst its fetters and the spirit world with its incomparable beauties came suddenly to view. My feelings were inexpressible. Here was the fulness of what I had so feebly sought so long. A voice soft as dulcimer tones proclaimed, "You are now born into the new life, into the heavenly kingdom. In this behold your kinship to God."

This occurred on a warm spring day of 1842, when the spring work was pushing all and sundry to the limit of their strength, and the fatigue of the day did not tire me. I felt in harmony with every living thing, even with infinitude itself. But as Jonah was three days in the whale's belly, and as Jesus was three days in the grave, the mystic three days held me on top Pisgah's mountain viewing the promised land. The past, like Moses' body, was buried in the valley of oblivion, and no man can find the grave today.

When the three days were past I found myself in the valley again, or, in other words, my spiritual nature had drunk all it could at that time, and must needs rest awhile. But the contrast from high to low was really painful. What strange beings we mortals are!

The church would have claimed me as her own, but I was strangely restrained from going there, not but there was spirituality in the church, yet it did not meet my aspirations, I could not tell why. I felt a reaching out for a broader foundation than the church seemed to stand upon, yet I had veneration for the God of the church as an anchor of life, and was averse to losing my moorings therefrom. And while resting there a voice from the inner life said to me, "The God of the church is a mythical being—an idea of the imagination."

This claim on the part of the unseen caused me much discomfort. "Where could a man rest without this God of the church?" I asked. I spurned the thought and drove the influence from me as being the work of the direct enemy of all righteousness.

During these days the settlement of Oregon was in dispute, and some were preparing to go there to make homes for themselves and strengthen our claims to the country. I felt the influence or inspiration to go westward. Yet the undertaking was great, 2,000 miles of unsettled country to travel over, infested with wild, and often savage, tribes of Indians the whole route. But a stronger intelligence kept saying to me, "Go, go." So in the autumn of 1845 I started for the far-off coast, never once feeling I should fail in my journey, but was sustained by inspiring hope amidst the trials and dangers encountered on the way. One whole year was occupied in consummating the journey. As our journey ended we were weary and travel-sore, and starvation was staring us in the face; and while we were approaching without shelter for ourselves or our stock, yet I felt we should not die, but through some suffering regain the plain of plenty within a few years, which we did.

Thus time passed during that weary winter, and spring opened with its blooms and its grasses. It was our custom, or necessity, in those days to take pieces of work whenever we could get them, sometimes far out in the

country, where white people, except ourselves, were not seen for weeks at a time. And it was on a sweet day in June, 1847, I took a contract to break and fence some prairie land ten miles in the country. Taking two small brothers with me we camped on the bank of a stream. Our food consisted of bread and water.

One day when we were building the fence around the broken sod, I was about 50 yards in advance laying the foundation (it was a Virginia fence), for the boys to build upon, but going back occasionally to help them with the work, a voice called plainly from the deep blue sky to the east of me, "There is no God."

Had a peal of thunder burst from that clear sky I had not been more surprised. My first thoughts were, "Who are you? And why do you make such a statement? Does not all nature proclaim the handwork of a God?"

His (it was a man's voice that had spoken) reply was, "No, my friend, all those things you see were evolved from the depths of nature, and not created."

This was a new idea to me. The first I had ever heard of evolution, though at that time Darwin was probably writing his great book on that theory. Though I could not deny the claims made me, yet I could not accept them, and offered every argument my young mind was then capable of producing to refute them. Yet I was met at every turn with unanswerable logic. Still I kept on in my defense of a maker, God. When I would return to assist the boys, and while in their aura, I could not hear my friend speaking. Nor when the noon hour came could I hear his voice. But on returning to work, and being again a little way from the boys, the conversation was recommenced by my unseen friend just where it was left off at noon. But while in camp all was still, nor was the talking resumed again until the working hours next day.

The second day, morning was ushered in with songs of birds, and the waters close by murmuring a soft lullaby, and sunbeams soon came over the hills drying up the dews and assisting sweet odors to arise from the flowers. We ate our scanty meal of bread and water, and repaired to our fencing again. When, as on the day before, I was a little way from the boys, my invisible friend's voice was heard again in the same contention as on the yesterday. Beginning where we had left off the evening before (and it is a mystery to me today how I found argument to oppose so continuously one so learned as my opposing friend seemed to be), it was near noon when he ceased to speak in audible voice, and the argument was even then continued for a short while in thought waves. He read and answered my thoughts or mental questions before I could form them into words, while I could also answer his thoughts or propositions in the same way. But the time came when my friend seemed to have made up his mind that he could instruct me no further at that time, and he dropped the subject. But he went not away. This contention had been continued for one and a half days, while I felt his presence still for another day and a half, making another mystic three days in the realm of spirit.

(To be concluded.)

The Watery Signs of Zodiac.

By a Student in Washington.

Although we are not to accept our respective places in the Zodiac as final, knowing that as we progress we shall outgrow all limiting tendencies, yet in the meanwhile it would be a good plan for each one to study his or her particular place in the Zodiac and learn as much as possible from that particular sign and use that knowledge to the best of his or her advantage.

We will take the three watery signs, viz.: Cancer, Scorpio, Pisces.

Water is symbolic of purity; it is like a mirror and reflects all that passes before it just as the body reflects the conditions of the mind. People coming under these three watery signs usually display the calmness of temperament, but their thoughts can be very quickly changed to a seething tempestuousness by circumstances.

The first and second signs represent the more shallow water and those under them will be found to take things more lightly than people coming under the third sign, Pisces. These last are usually very deep and will weigh everything well and stir things to the very bottom before they are satisfied. They will often make sacrifices for the sake of peace; and as it takes somewhat longer to bring about a tempest in them than those under the former signs, so, also, it takes longer to restore equilibrium in them when once thoroughly aroused. These people will get their own way in the end, though others are not always aware of it, that is, they usually wait for an opportunity when the man is off his guard, and then they run away with him.

Persons coming under the watery signs often think themselves sorely tried, or complain of having a hard time in life because of their being receptive to all conditions. Such people are very susceptible to atmospheric changes; their natural state is warmth as the water dissolves or liquefies hard substances. Such people should make good clairvoyants, as they very readily receive conditions from others, being always in a receptive state. As they so truly reflect these outward conditions, just so can they turn within and reflect the spiritual or higher conditions which God is always ready to have us reflect.

As in the material world, we see the most beautiful scenes reflected or mirrored in the water, so we can see the higher and more beautiful spiritual pictures or heavenly scenes reflected from within, after the mind has been purified.

The last of the watery signs, Pisces, occupies the lowliest and humblest of places. To people therein is given the making of much of very little, and the ability to point out, very often, what many others would pass by unnoticed. Water and Fire signs would make good companions, as the fire people would be much benefited by the cooling influence of the water, and the latter benefited by the warm nature of the fire. Though the work of Pisces people seems often small and trivial, yet all should be glad to whom is assigned the very last and lowliest place in the zodiac, and we should do those minute and partial things well, for they are the foundation of the whole Grand Man, and he rests securely upon his feet; remembering that "That which is humble shall be exalted." Those in this final department of the Zodiac may justly regard their work as quite as important and honorable as that of any workers in seemingly more exalted stations.

Note.—We are indebted to W. J. Colville for the foregoing essay. Possibly some of our astrological readers can say something further upon the subject?—Editor.

We are all an eternal part of one eternal and universal Mind and Life.—A. Z.

"The soul, heart and mind must be put into all we do, to make each undertaking a grand success.—Brother Ananda.

Neglect and carelessness and half-heartedness make for failure; in this busy and progressive age neglect is at once apparent and makes itself manifest in glaring failure.—A Mystic Adept.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE
No. 254 Dartmouth Street, next door to Pierce
Building, Copley Sq., Boston, Mass.

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

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE
Per Year \$2.00
Postage paid by publishers.

Issued by

THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

Full particulars furnished upon application.

Advertisements to be reviewed at continued
rates must be left at our office before 9 A. M.
on Saturday, a week in advance of the date
whereon they are to appear.

The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to touch for
the honesty 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-
personal free thought, but we do not necessarily endorse all
the varied ideas 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
canceled articles.
For those who 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, MARCH 5, 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.

Mediumship.

Only ten letters to spell the most wonderful word in the world!

It is the key which unlocks the gates between the two worlds. It is the outward sign of the reality of our inward spiritual faculties.

To stand between the two lives is a position fraught with tremendous responsibilities. The medium is the trusted agent between us and our risen friends in the Summerland.

Keep the channel pure, neither permit others or yourself to pollute the mediumship you possess. Shrink with righteous horror from aught that falsifies or disgraces your place and work as a ministering servant of the angel world.

Hudson Tuttle contributes a fine Memorial Biography of our ascended friend, Alfred E. Giles. To be so highly regarded by the two noble souls who have commented upon his life shows that Mr. Giles was a man among men, and a Spiritualist whose life shed lustre upon our Cause. Honors paid by two such honorable men as Andrew Jackson Davis and Hudson Tuttle are honors.

"The Great Psychological Crime" Considered" formed the subject of a series of three lectures given by the Rev. F. A. Wiggins at the Sunday morning meetings of the Boston Spiritual Temple Society on the Sundays of February 7th, 14th and 21st. The lectures were reported and are now published as a pamphlet of forty-seven pages, price twenty-five cents, and the booklet is on sale at this office. A more extended notice will appear next week.

What are our Lyceums doing? The "Banner" is waiting for accounts of their work, but outside of the Lyceums in this city we receive no information. In looking through the pages of The Progressive Lyceum, edited and published by John W. Ring, National Superintendent of Lyceum Work for the N. S. A., we see no reports of work being done by the Lyceums of the land. The little paper is issued weekly, so, surely, the workers should show sufficient interest regarding it to supply notes of what is being done. Let us issue an Army order: General Activity, vice General Apathy dismissed.

We are in receipt of a neatly gotten up journal called The Spiritualist, published in Bradford, England, and edited by David Gavin. The paper consists of sixteen pages, every one of which is brimful of interest. The circulation of the paper is very large, and it finds its way to all parts of the United

Kingdom and many far countries as well. For an English paper it is a marvel in price, as it is only one cent per copy! The articles are varied, interesting and well written, and the news embraces occurrences all over the country. Twenty-five cents will bring it to you for a year. See our advertising columns for address.

During the past month the Philosophical Journal, of San Francisco, has passed under new direction. The editorship is now in the hands of W. T. Jones, a veteran Spiritualist of the Pacific Coast, long and honorably known in San Francisco and the state of California as an ardent Lyceum worker and the efficient and courteous secretary of the California State Association of Spiritualists. The Journal already shows signs of the reign of its new editor and bids fair to become a power on the Pacific coast under the altered condition of affairs. The business management is in the hands of Mrs. Annie E. Wadsworth, who is well qualified for that important position.

The Hon. A. H. Dailey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in a recent letter, writes that the church of the Fraternity of Soul Communion, of that city, has recently reorganized under the title of the First Spiritual Church of Brooklyn. The management have extended a call to Rev. Mrs. May S. Pepper, the well known medium, to act as pastor for two years commencing on the first Sunday of October this year. The church will continue the meetings in Aurora Grata Cathedral, Bedford Avenue, and Mrs. Pepper will lecture and give messages in the evenings, the admission to which is to be twenty-five cents. A Sunday school, conference, social meetings, and other forms of church work, will be included in the operations of the organization.

The study of Hypnotism shows that mind affects matter, or that thought can check, change or suspend sensation, which means produce definite alterations in the ordinary processes of human bodies. The crux of the question is whether such changes are induced by a force proceeding from the operator—a fluid—or whether the changes result from altered mental conditions set up by the person experimented upon as a consequence of the suggestion of the operator? Or, is it "brain waves," due to thought action creating physical results in the atmosphere that like "wireless" messages are propagated from one point in space to another point in space, produce the effects claimed, as in the case of so-called absent and mental treatment? How is it? Is it not necessary to consider whether such practice as mental therapeutics may not be as dangerous as spirit control is said to be, by some? A wicked mental healer might obsess a patient, like an evil spirit is said to obsess a medium. That the mind affects the body, and the body the mental state, is quite true, that there are dangers as well as blessings in mental treatments is also true, but all such methods are on the plane of natural powers as we have them now, therefore it is not wise to complicate a natural fact using the term in relation to our present world, with a speculative philosophy about rebirth or re-embodiment, or to assert that for revenge a dead man can and does create the symptoms of the disease he suffered from upon some one against whom he had a grudge.

"School! What memories come back to us over the arid wastes of life at the mention of this magic word! There is the place where immortal minds are filled with loathing at the very sight of books, or where the torch of learning is kindled which burns on with ever increasing brightness forevermore." When I think of some of the teachers of my youth I am reminded of what a wise pastor said to a "stupid lunkhead" who had conceived the preposterous idea that he was called to be a preacher. "What, you be a minister?" "Yes," said the dunce, "are we not commanded in the holy book to preach the gospel to every critter?" "Verily," was the reply, "but every critter is not commanded to preach the gospel!" So long as percentages obtained after "cramping" for examinations are the criterions which decide the accepting of candidates for teaching positions, we must expect critics for the school guides of our children who will "stuff" the school children, fill up the heads of them, send them home sick to the beds of them; when they are through with the craze and the show of it, what do they care for it, what do they know of it?"

The foregoing extract is from James Henry Foss' deeply interesting book, "The Gentleman from Everywhere," the thirty-two chapters of which are filled with stirring incidents, narrated in a captivating and charming fashion by the able and fascinating author of the handsome volume. Send for a copy before the edition is exhausted. The price is only one dollar and fifty cents, with eleven cents additional for postage.

The Great Spiritual Crime.

It is not intended to inflict further comments regarding "The Great Psychological Crime" upon the unsuspecting reader in the present instance. That peculiar book has been sufficiently exploited already, and its epitaph will soon appear, should W. J. Colville be induced to publish his pamphlet as mentioned elsewhere.

The subject for present consideration brings us to another "crime" which requires at this time some notice at the hands of all truth loving Spiritualists, and every honest, upright medium throughout the land. The "crime" in question is the presentation of any form of simulated mediumship as genuine, the presentation of any form of faked "phenomena" as produced by the spirits. There is no more despicable use of mediumship, no more dastardly assault on the deepest emotions of our lives than such a fraud upon the most sacred interests of humanity. It is abominable, detestable, diabolical, and shows a depth of personal degradation that places those who resort to such practices on just about as low a moral and spiritual plane as can well be conceived.

The "Banner of Light" stands for no impossible standards, nor does it insist that if

any one "falls from grace" such shall never be allowed to regain their lost status. But this journal does stand for just some things which every honest Spiritualist and medium must stand for if such a thing as respect for our holy Cause means anything more than words. For instance we stand for honesty in mediumship, less than that is a crime against the people of the other life, against our own personal friends who have passed on to the home over there. It is a crime against the Cause, and when, as it inevitably is and always will be, it is detected, it casts a stain upon all concerned and makes us the victims in a foul plot against the honor of all things real spirit communion stands for. The base proceeding of simulating any form of phenomena for a few sordid dollars deserves, whenever detected, the sternest methods of repression.

Concerning the foregoing remarks there is little or no room for objection. That "fake" mediumship has infested our ranks is well enough known to Spiritualists. Today we are confident that such mediumship (?) is less than ever before. Yet once in a while a correspondent takes up the duty of saying, so and so is a "fake" message or materialization medium. Sometimes the charge, when examined, resolves itself into a matter of personal spleen and business jealousy, in which case we admonish the complainants to mend their ways and avoid committing another crime, that of speaking evilly of their neighbors without cause. Occasionally a letter comes with every appearance of bona fides, but though the signature is appended the proper address is not attached. But in every case we reply to our esteemed correspondents saying, send on your facts and proofs, give us something definite and legal, then we can consider the assertions made and decide upon what is to be done. Alas! it is just here where the chain snaps. The accusers rarely come to time, innuendoes, suggestions, unfair prejudices are not evidences, therefore we decline to write anyone guilty by any less proofs than would satisfy a judge and jury. It is as wrong to blast a person's reputation by insinuations as it is to steal his money by false representations. Besides, these sly accusers of mediums are only playing the game for every opponent of Spiritualism throughout the world. Such assert all mediums are frauds, nor will they back their accusations with proofs of the sweeping assertions they make. That some have simulated mediumship and its associated phenomena is true, but the "some" are a few in number compared with the multitudes who have not. Putting it broadly, we are all agreed that the faintest whisper from the Summerland received through the lips of an honest medium is of more priceless value than any faked "test," no matter how seemingly wonderful it is.

Right here is one of the difficulties regarding the matter under discussion. It is this: When we ask how it is that if such an one is a "fake medium" why is it that societies engage such person? the answer is, "Oh, because they draw and it pays!" We cannot believe that the managers of any Spiritualist society are so bereft of all moral consciousness and rectitude as to willingly and knowingly engage people whom they know to be common cheats and swindlers, merely for the purpose of catching the needful dollars to sustain the work. If there are any such societies they are a disgrace to our Cause and their officials are engaged in committing—or at least, in aiding and abetting—the Great Spiritual Crime as presented in this article. But we say we cannot believe it, not until actual proof is submitted to us in black and white.

Finally, as said, we will stand in no one's way, who, having fallen from grace, honestly and strenuously strives to atone for the past and walk in the path of true amendment. It may not be possible to entirely forget, but at least we may forgive. It may take many years to re-establish the forfeited confidence of former days. It may be even unwise to place the repentant one in a position of responsibility, for fraudulent use of mediumship is a crime too serious to be lightly condoned even when repented of. So let it be clearly understood that the "Banner" is as resolutely as ever opposed to fraudulent mediumship as it is opposed to what are really fraudulent accusations against mediums, when such rest solely upon hearsay, personal prejudices, spleen or spite.

J. Frank Baxter.

One by one the valiant pioneers of our Cause are passing hence to the Land of the Everliving beyond the mortal.

The latest to answer to the call of the Messenger is J. Frank Baxter, a name known wherever Spiritualists congregate, and wherever our gospel has been preached in this broad land. Long and honorably associated with the lecture platform as a speaker of proven ability and a test medium of rare powers our ascended brother rendered noble service in the days when our path was not the comparatively smooth roadway of today. Also, as a musician and vocalist his voice lent a charm to his platform duties, which proved an additional attraction to the multitudes gathered to listen to his utterances. His abilities, combined with a notable and attractive personality made him naturally a remarkable figure in our ranks.

As our readers will recall it was stated in the "Banner" of February 12th, our good brother was taken sick. He was hopeful, but the attack of typhoid fever proved too strong in character, and on Sunday last, February 28th, he passed quietly away from the earthly body, at the Frost hospital, Chelsea, leaving an only daughter behind, Mrs. Barron.

Mr. Baxter was born in Plymouth 62 years ago. His father was Josiah D. Baxter, who was murdered in that town many years ago, while doing police duty there. After getting a public school education in Plymouth, J. Frank Baxter went to the normal school at Bridgewater, and, being graduated there, returned to Plymouth to teach school. Later he taught

in the schools at Nantucket, after that at Winchester, and finally at Amesbury.

When he was about 30 years old Mr. Baxter began to gain reputation as a lecturer on spiritualistic subjects, and soon came to devote his entire time to that work. He made several tours over the United States and through Canada as a lecturer, singer and medium.

Mr. Baxter lived in Chelsea about 27 years. The funeral services were held on Tuesday evening at Mr. Baxter's home, the Rev. F. A. Wiggins of the First Spiritual Society of Boston officiating in conjunction with Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes who assisted.

The departure of our coworker will create a vacancy it will be difficult, for the moment, to adequately fill. He will be greatly missed by a very large circle of friends, and fellow laborers. We may not mourn his loss, for, after many days of faithful service, he has earned that rest which change of scene, and entrance into higher realms, confer upon us all. He rejoins a beloved wife, meets again old time friends, and learns by actual life therein, how real is the world of the Summerland, and its people, for whom he strove so freely, and who guided him so lovingly in his work for our Cause.

A Question of Funds.

There is an old saying to the effect that we can learn from our enemies. Far be it from us to suggest that ministers or members of the liberal denominations are the enemies of Spiritualism, itself the broadest of all broad thought, yet sometimes valuable suggestions can be received by studying the methods of other bodies. To conduct a Spiritualist meeting successfully, a suitable hall, competent speakers and mediums, and a practical organization are the three essential features. Occasionally speakers may be animated by benevolent intentions, and be willing to offer their services either free of cost, or at a minimum salary, but the owners of property are not willing to accord the use of their premises without a financial equivalent in return; nor can advertising space in the secular press be utilized without payment of toll for the same. In this latter matter the Spiritualist press must certainly be the very embodiment of generosity, for, as a general rule, it gives abundant publicity to all sorts of enterprises in our ranks for which it rarely receives pay, and oftentimes the barest thanks for presenting the advertisement in its pages.

To meet the expenses incident to the regularly constituted meeting, by which is meant, a meeting promoted by a properly organized society with responsible officials and an actual membership, various methods must necessarily be pursued. Entrance fees and membership dues do not always bring a sufficient return. Collections from the audience are not always, indeed are rarely, satisfactory as to the amount realized; an admittance fee at the door has a tendency to impart a commercial aspect to the meeting. The result of either of the foregoing methods, if satisfactory talent is employed means, more frequently than not, a deficit in the treasury at the end of the season. A few faithful souls put their hands into their pockets and pay out enough for the deficiency. This is all very well as an evidence of devotion, and as an altruistic proceeding may pass muster as justifiable; but on the other hand, the level-headed business man or woman who, as a member of the society, elects to have a voice in its management, will ask the question, "Can we not run our meetings upon business lines?" not the ordinary commercial lines, but the lines of justice whereby we, ourselves, pay for what we procure to the full extent of our just liability. Indeed, the argument is sometimes carried a stage further by the statement that it is our religion, it is our meeting place, it is our blessing, and therefore we, not strangers, should pay for it. If we invite the public to share the joys we know of we should be willing to entertain them, free of charge. One does not ask a friend to dinner and expect him to pay for the feast. When we extend our hospitality to the inquirer whom we invite to our spiritual banquets, can we not treat him as generously as we would a friend whom we invite to dine with us?

It may now be pointed out that in addition to the methods of raising funds previously referred to, other plans are utilized, such as seat rental, which is a quite legitimate method of financial assistance; then the profits from entertainments, dances, suppers, etc., all of which are legitimate sources of revenue to which no one can reasonably object. There is, however, one method of raising revenue which is open to serious remark to which we would like to call attention. In a number of notices of meetings will be noticed the statement that "Next week our usual Whist Party, or Euchre Party, or Card Party will be held, and prizes will be awarded." Surely no spiritually-minded person can conscientiously approve of raising money for spiritual work by a cultivation of the gambling spirit, or a resort to the methods of the gaming-table. What people do in the privacy of social life concerns themselves; but what is done in connection with public life, and representative causes, concerns the community on one hand, and the members of the Cause upon the other hand? Without casting any reflection upon those, who no doubt unreflectingly accept the card party as a means of raising funds, we would earnestly suggest that a more morally healthy and unobjectionable method should be pursued. The gambling of the stock exchange, the race course, the trotting track, and certain clubs produce such unmitigated ills that we, as reformers in the religious and moral world, cannot afford, even in the most indirect manner, to countenance or adopt such methods of raising funds in connection with our work.

At the present time we can learn from the religious world a lesson that is applicable to the foregoing observations. There is in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, a Congregational minister, the Rev. W. O. Detling, pastor of the Peoples' Congregational Church, who has

put into operation a new plan for the abolition of collections at the services held in his church. Under the new regulations which he has instituted, there are to be no church collections, and all bazaars, fairs and quilt rallies are to be studiously avoided. Mr. Detling says, "I believe that while these socials, entertainments, suppers, etc., under certain restrictions for the support of the church may not be wrong, with certain other features added such as clap-trap, grab-bag, catch penny device schemes, they are pernicious and positively harmful, and tend to lower the respect of the community for the church. These indirect methods, even under wisest directions, are unbusiness-like and often the source of confusion in the community, and very often end in a depleted church treasury, while more business-like methods would have left a credit balance." Mr. Detling's method is this: On a particular Sunday in December, the members of the Peoples' Church, of which he is pastor, give pledges to cover the expenses of the entire ensuing year. These pledges were made up in sums from a few cents to several dollars per month. No further reference to contributions at any service is thereafter made for one year. If further funds are needed during the year, the members of the church will be informed of the needs, privately. How much better this method seems than even seat renting, to say nothing of collections, admission fees, and all the other methods with which we are familiar for raising money. An atmosphere of self-respect, not to say pride, must prevail under such conditions for we are keeping open house, extending hospitality, spreading the glad tidings "without money and without price," paying our own bills, and are not beholden to any one. Who will be first to set the example?

If we are as willing to support our Cause with our money as we are with our voice, and will only do so, the freeing of our meetings to the entire world is but a matter of weeks. One, however, cannot forget a little story of a good Methodist Brother at a camp meeting, who, while giving testimony fervidly exclaimed that he had been a Methodist for 40 years and had been infinitely blessed, and then he thanked God that in all that time it had not cost him a cent.

A Query.

Some time during the summer of 1902 there appeared in the Banner a remedy for St. Vitus Dance. The paper having been lost, I write to ask if the writer, seeing this, will again give it to the Banner readers, or send to Editor, with request to forward. Any harmless remedy for insomnia or nerve exhaustion would be welcomed. Reader.

A Proposition by W. J. Colville.

Before and after the editorial comments in the "Banner of Light," dated February 13, 1904, I have been importuned from various sources to write a concise popular reply to "The Great Psychological Crime," dealing fairly and temperately, but quite unequivocally, with the main statements made by the author of that much discussed volume to the effect that mediumship is a menace to humanity.

Many of my friends have suggested that in order to place this reply within the reach of persons in all circumstances, it should consist of only six chapters or essays, and be issued in thick paper covers to retail at twenty-five cents a copy. I am quite ready to do my best to comply with the demand if it prove sufficiently vociferous and to the end of ascertaining whether there is a widespread demand for such a document, I request all my friends who desire me to produce the work, to notify me how many copies they are prepared to take. I will send three copies, post paid, to any address, for fifty cents, if that amount is remitted to me at once.

I can assure all Spiritualists I have presented the case strongly in defence of mediumship, though I have conscientiously pointed out to the best of my ability certain rocks and pitfalls against which it is highly desirable that investigators as well as special sensitives should guard. I have drawn freely upon my personal experiences and observations during the long period which I have been before the public as an inspirational lecturer, though I know full well that in a work extending to scarcely more than 100 pages, it is not possible to fully answer all charges contained in a volume of 400 pages which was quoted at \$2.00, eight times the price of my pamphlet.

As a missionary document my proposed pamphlet will, I am convinced, be of service to the cause of Spiritualism, and render some aid in dispelling the misapprehensions which still becloud the minds of many honest people into whose hands statements of accusations fall. I leave it for the editor of the "Banner" to write a treatise entitled "The Great Psychological Salvation," as he has suggested that admirable title in his editorial remarks. I purpose to call my effort "Mediumship Defined and Defended." I hope it will be brought out by the Banner of Light Publishing Company very shortly. My post-office address until March 15th is Lake Helen, Florida. After that date, 125 West 56th St., New York.

Mass Meeting at Worcester.

The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists will hold a mass meeting in Worcester, Mass., on March 22d, in G. A. R. Hall, 35 Pearl Street.

Among those who will be present and take part are Mrs. Juliett Yeaw, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Dr. G. A. Fuller, Mr. A. P. Blinn, Mrs. Dr. Caird and others to be heard from.

Delegations are expected from all surrounding towns and a good time is anticipated. Those friends wishing to go from Boston can meet the delegation at South Station at 11.45. Train leaves at 12 noon.

Carrie L. Hatch, sec.

Massachusetts State Association.

ANNIVERSARY ARRANGEMENTS.

The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists will celebrate the 56th 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.

Among the interesting features of the evening meeting will be, "Thirty Minutes with British Spiritualists," to be given by Mr. J. J. Morse, illustrated by a large number of fine stereoscopic views of places, persons and incidents connected with our Cause across the water.

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. A. Albe, First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society; Mrs. Irving F. Symonds, Veteran Spiritualists' Union; Mrs. M. M. Soule, Gospel Spirit Return Society; Mrs. E. Barnes, Ladies' Lyceum Union; Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Ladies' Industrial Union; Mr. J. E. Hayward, First Spiritualist 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.

EXPLANATION.

It having come to my knowledge that there is some misunderstanding in regard to the Reception Committee appointed by the Massachusetts State Association for the anniversary to be held in Berkeley Hall, March 11, I wish to state that the Board of Directors voted to appoint only those upon the committee who were members of the State Association, therefore some of those appointed were not officers of the society they represent, but the State Association felt it would add to the harmony of the occasion if all organized societies of Boston were recognized. We sincerely hope we have made this matter clear to all.

Carrie L. Hatch, sec.

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. 28th is "Charity." Mrs. M. J. Butler, pres.; Mrs. M. E. Stillings, sec.

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, March 6, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kates will begin a month's engagement with this society. Mr. and Mrs. Kates are both very able speakers and Mrs. Kates one of the foremost test mediums in the country. Circles are held from 4 to 5, supper served at 5, song service at 6, concert by Chase's orchestra at 6.30. Regular services 2.30 and 7.30.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society, Dwight Hall, Red Men's Hall, Tremont Street, Boston, at their meeting on Thursday, March 10th, receive and entertain as the guests of the evening Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse and Miss Florence Morse. A cordial invitation is extended to all friends to be present and give our good friends a cordial and hearty greeting. Business meeting at 4 p. m., supper 6.15, and usual meeting at 7.45 p. m.

The Progressive Spiritualists' Association, Lynn, Mass., Anna J. Quaide, president, meets at Temple's Hall, Market Street, afternoon and evening. Supper at 6.15 p. m. Vocal and instrumental music and other interesting and instructive items.

The Boston Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday afternoon and evening in Appleton Hall, Appleton Street. Supper at 6.15; evening meeting 7.45.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Incorporated, meets 724 Washington Street, up 2 flights, America Hall, Clara E. Strong, conductor. Morning circle, 11 a. m.; afternoon and evening service at 3 and 7.30 p. m. All mediums invited. Extra music and graphophone concert afternoon and evening. Good talent every Sunday, C. D. Chapman, pianist. Home circles Tuesday and Friday evenings, 20 Huntington Avenue, Room 420.—A. M. S., sec.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, Louise Hall, Brown Building, Pleasant Street, Harvey Redding, president. Meetings every Sunday at 3 p. m. Circle for healing and development. Evening service, 7.30 p. m. The best of talent always present. Song service precedes each session. Home circles 202 Main Street, Everett, Tuesday evenings. The "Banner of Light" on sale at all of our meetings.—O. L. Redding, cor. 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.

Dr. George W. Carey is now in St. Louis, 906 So. 18th St., where he will remain until about May 15th, when he will come to Boston to remain during the summer and autumn.

Dr. Carey is on the program for the Onset Association work and will give two platform lectures and five lessons at the Arcade in August.

Mr. J. J. Morse, editor of the "Banner of Light," will lecture at Brockton on Sunday evening, March 6th.

Miss Florence Morse, of England, will serve the Waltham Society on Sunday, March 6th.

Dr. Geo. A. Fuller will lecture at Providence, R. I., March 6th, Lowell, Mass., March 13th, and Worcester, Mass., the 20th and 27th; also at Mass Meeting State Association at Worcester, Mass., the 22d, and anniversary celebrations by State Association at Berkeley Hall, Boston, March 31st. For dates, etc., address Onset, Mass.

People are seeking health and youth and beauty. They must make of themselves living affirmations, before their desires can be materialized.

Wealth obtained in stock gambling is ill-gotten gain; it is immoral, because the aim is to get something for nothing; it is not success; it is stock speculation, the parasite of business, feeding upon values, creating none.—Andrew Carnegie.

J. Frank Baxter.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is with deep sorrow that I pen these lines asking you to announce the passing away of our dear friend and brother, J. Frank Baxter, which occurred this morning from the Frost Hospital, Chelsea. The immediate cause of his passing away was typhoid fever.

For many years Mr. Baxter has been one of the ablest lecturers upon our platform, and in his passing away the cause of Spiritualism has lost a true and noble advocate, and we, a kind and loving friend. No eulogy is needed, for Bro. Baxter. He has written it upon the hearts of the thousands all over this broad land who have heard his sweet voice raised in song, and have listened to his inspired utterances in the lecture hall.

We shall hear his voice no more raised in defence of the Cause he loved so well, and had sacrificed so much for, but we know that the spirit-world has been enriched by the entrance of this bright spirit, and that he will be one with us in all that goes to advance the cause of humanity, and may bring sweet consolation to the hearts of his sorrowing daughter, her companion and the dear little grandsons he loved so fondly, who have been left to journey along life's pathway just a short space of time, and then the reunion in spirit-life with father and mother, never again to be separated.—H. C. Berry.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 28th, 1904.

A Physician Cures His Wife of Consumption.

Dr. Stevens-Noyes, Rochester, N. Y., is in receipt of a letter from one of the leading physicians of the State of Kentucky, who by the use of the Dr. Stevens' East India Consumption Cure saved his wife from this terrible disease after fourteen years of sickness and suspense. A copy of this letter, which is a powerful testimonial to the efficacy of Dr. Noyes' remedy, with hundreds of other testimonials, is sent free, together with symptom blanks, etc., to all who suffer from Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, etc., by addressing Dr. Stevens-Noyes, Rochester, N. Y. The advertisement of Dr. Noyes appears elsewhere in this paper.

Mrs. Laura G. Fixen in Australia.

It was a great day for Spiritualism in Australia when this brilliant speaker decided to visit our great continent. Mrs. Fixen, with her secretary, Miss Stegman, landed in Sydney on the S. S. "Ventura" on January 1st, 1904.

A warm welcome by Spiritualists awaited her, and at Leigh House the following Sunday night, Jan. 3d, under the auspices of the Psychic Society of New South Wales, an immense audience listened with rapt attention to her first lecture in the southern hemisphere.

Urgent telegrams from Melbourne inviting Mrs. Fixen to appear at the Bijou Theatre there on Jan. 10th and 17th instead of for one night only, decided her to at once proceed to that important city, at present the seat of Government of the Commonwealth of Australia. Mrs. Fixen's lecture on "Spiritualism, Science and Reason" had been widely advertised, but it was scarcely expected that for more than an hour before the advertised time for the lecture a great crowd would have assembled eager to enter the building.

By the time the lecturer appeared on the platform there was not a vacant seat in that large auditorium, 2,000 being present. All creeds were represented, and the lecture, which told of her intimate knowledge and working with orthodox churches before her eyes were open to the fact that the great spiritual universe was entirely suited to fix the attention of mixed beliefs.

For the first time for many years, as Spiritualism had been a tabooed subject in Melbourne, the daily press devoted columns of space to interviews with Mrs. Fixen, Mr. T. W. Stanford, a leading Spiritualist, brother of the late Leland Stanford, founder of the Stanford University, and other authorities on both sides. All this excitement induced Mrs. Fixen to select as a subject for her second lecture, "Why I am a Spiritualist," with the result that the crowd was earlier than ever at the doors, and she was greeted with ringing cheers as she faced another enormous and expectant audience.

Much as her first lecture was appreciated, the second proved a veritable masterpiece. Mr. Stanford and party occupied a private box as well as the manager of the theatre, who appeared to have caught the prevalent enthusiasm.

At the close of the address a great demonstration took place, and at the request of Mrs. Chas. Bright, who sat on the platform and voiced the thanks of the great audience, a gentleman called for three cheers for Mrs. Fixen, and she was surrounded on all sides with thanks and congratulations.

In honor of her country the platform was decorated with the American flag as well as the Australian flag, the Consul-General of the United States, Mr. G. P. Bray, supplying the American flag for the purpose. Special hymns printed for the occasion were sung by a choir of 60 voices with orchestra, and some fine solos were rendered.

The gathering was the most successful Melbourne Spiritualists have ever attracted. It has inspired the workers with fresh enthusiasm and over a thousand orthodox people never reached before are beginning to investigate this new philosophy, and Mrs. Fixen's visit will cause a great accession to the Victorian Association of Spiritualists.

The effect of her visit will be felt throughout Australia and she leaves hosts of friends behind her, earnestly desiring her speedy return to their midst.—Annie Bright, Hon. Secretary Victorian Association of Spiritualists, Melbourne.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

CHARLES M. SAININ, ONSET, MASS.

From his home on West Boulevard, Onset, Mass., Feb. 20th, Mr. Charles L. Sainin, aged 71 years.

Mr. Sainin had not been well for many years—in fact had not seen a well day since he left the naval service after the close of the Civil War. He had long been an open and avowed Spiritualist, and in his daily life ever sought to put its principles into practice. He was a good husband and a kind neighbor. He was a member of the Orange, Mass., Lodge of Masons, and also a member of the Grand Army. His wish had always been for a very simple funeral without the least attempt at display, therefore the services were conducted by the writer at his late home as briefly as possible, in the presence of a few neighbors and friends, and representatives from the Grand Army and Woman's Relief Corps. Four members of the Post accompanied the body to the crematory.

He leaves a brother and wife, who are consoled by the sweet and tender memories of a good and noble man, and may they be comforted by communion with his arisen spirit.

Geo. A. Fuller, M. D.
Onset, Mass.

MY DEPOSIT 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. 5th Street
St. Louis, Mo.

"THE GENTLEMAN FROM EVERYWHERE"

or Truth Stranger than Fiction

By JAMES HENRY FOSB

The following headings of the thirty-two chapters of this book show that it treats of very interesting themes:

Launching of My Life-boat; My First Voyage; Near to Nature's Heart; Joys and Sorrows of School-days; Career of a Domestic Pedagogue; Dreams of My Youth; A Disenchanted College Freshman; In Shadow Land; Sunlight and Darkness in Palace and Cottage; Adventures in Mosquito-land; In Arcadia; From Philistine to Benedict and a Homonym; The Angels of Life and Death; Tribulations of a Widower; Faith Sees a Star; On the Political Stump; That Edifying Christian Science; In the Land of Flowery; Sunset; The Female; A Founder of Towns and Cities; A Million Dollar Business With a One Dollar Capital; A Pendulum "Twist Smiles and Tears; Monarch of all He Surveyed; The Client of the Psychical Medium; A Practical Socialist and Colonizer; Hand in Hand with Angels; An Ounce of the Law Shakes; Campaigning in Wonderland; Among the Clouds; Disenchantment—Home Again; The Florida Cracker; Looking Forward.

Handsomely Illustrated.

Price, \$1.50. Postage 11 cents extra.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOK STORE.

CANCER CURED

WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS.

Cancer, Tumor, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Ulcers, Eczema and all Skin and Female Diseases. Write for Illustrated Book, Sent free. Address

DR. BYE, Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

94235-521-23 43 67 8 9 10 11 12

Poetical Inspirations from the Granite Hills.

HOMER DARLING TRASK.

A volume of verse, cloth-bound, 8 1/2 by 6 inches, of over 200 pages that will be found interesting and instructive to people of all ages and classes, at home, in the school, or at public entertainments. An excellent holiday or birthday gift. Published under the auspices of Mrs. ELLA BOSS and JOSEPH STANLEY PALMER. Sent postpaid to any address upon receipt of \$1.50

Why not also send 25 cents for a copy of the sweetest of songs, "I WAS A DREAM I'LL LONG REMEMBER," the song that is fast becoming popular in the West.

For sale by THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Buy Your Stockings Wholesale

5 PAIRS Best Egyptian Cotton 1.00

5 PEQUOT STOCKINGS Post Paid

From Mill to Wearer

Plain colors and embroidered designs in heavy, medium and light weights. Noted for durability and absolutely fast color.

Why not save the dealer's profit and buy direct?

Send ten two-cent stamps with size for sample pair. Write for Booklet B 78.

PEQUOT MILLS, HARTFORD, CONN.

In ordering please mention Banner of Light.

9421-25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32

Rupture Cured.

Best Truss made. Will hold any rupture during most violent exertions. Worn by men, women and children.

NIGHT AND DAY with comfort, effecting a radical cure.

NEW PATENTED IMPROVED RUBBER BANDS made hard or soft simply by turning a screw. Any amount of pressure obtained at will. Easiest to adjust. No straps, no buttons, no tapes. Sent by mail, and rules for self-measuring sent securely sealed. Address Dept. L, AXION MFG. CO., 744 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

REVELATIONS FROM THE ETERNAL WORLD.

Given Through the Faraday Medium.

Embracing explanations of the beings that create worlds, and the motive of creation. Also a true exposition of the ancient Hebrew revelations by the seers and prophets of Israel.

Angel of the Covenant, Abraham, Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, Elijah, Jeremiah, Daniel, Josephus.

This book is one of the startling and unexpected results of the present spiritual dispensation. It purports to come from the minds of those who lived centuries and eras past. It advances the theory that all spiritual beings that have ever lived on the planet are still living as conscious entities, they can return and record their past and present knowledge of spiritual realities.

There is no impenetrable mystery about either the spiritual or mortal life according to these revelations. The practical laws of thought transmission are utilized in giving them.

No. 1 contains revelations from the authors of the Hebrew system, in which the Angel of the Covenant, Abraham, Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, Elijah, Jeremiah and Daniel of the old dispensation make statements, with a conclusion by Josephus the Jewish historian.

Price, 50 cents, postage 5 cents.

For sale by THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

The Banner of Light Publishing Company

204 DARTMOUTH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.,

PUBLISHERS OF, AND DEALERS IN, ALL WORKS RELATING TO

SPIRITUALISM
RELIGIOUS REFORM
MENTAL SCIENCE
NEW THOUGHT
MEDICAL REFORM
OCCULTISM
POETRY, Etc., Etc., Etc.

HEALTH AND FOOD REFORM
PHYSIOLOGY
PHRENOLOGY
HYPNOTISM
MESMERISM
THEOSOPHY

All works advertised in this paper kept in stock, or supplied to order; and any work published in any part of the world procured on request, if not in stock.

TERMS.—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or at least half cash; the balance, if any, must be paid C. O. D. Orders for Books to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. FRACTIONAL parts of a dollar can be remitted in postage stamps.

Remittance can be safely sent by an Express Money Order, which will be issued by any of the large Express Companies. Sums under \$5.00 can be sent in the manner for 5 cents.

Address all communications to IRVING F. SYMONDS, Treasurer and Business Manager.

Three Epoch-Making Books,

By HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

How to Control Fate Through Suggestion.

Not Hypnotism, but Suggestion.

Man's Greatest Discovery.

Price, 25 cents each.

"Mr. Brown has written three books this year, and all good."—*Reveille*.

They will help you to self-mastery.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

"What Converted Me To Spiritualism."

A book of 81 Testimonies, 70 Portraits, recounting some of the most wonderful experiences in Spiritual phenomena ever given to the world.

Interesting as Romance. Unanswerable as Truth.

Paper, 200 pp., 75 cents. Cloth, \$1.00.

THE AUSTIN PUBLISHING CO., Toronto, Can.

For sale by THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Echoes From Shadow-Land

By AGNES PROCTER.

This is a thoroughly unique literary production. It is a collection of beautiful prose poems—the outcome of clairvoyant impressions received from the distinguished actress and poetess and author of "Infelicia." ADAM ISAACS MENKIN (deceased).

A student of the higher Spiritualism and a investigator of Psychic Phenomena should possess this exquisite volume, which is handsomely bound in cloth and gold and contains a frontispiece portrait of Miss Procter.

Price 25 cents, postpaid.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

61 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass.

Radium, Radiate, Illuminate!

CLAIRVOYANCE.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE (recovered the way to reach the unseen world by a simple but unique process. It is taught in his book which is endorsed by scholars everywhere!)

Recent Book Notices.

Mr. Grumbine has clearly and logically presented his subject in a manner at once simple and profound.—*Star*.

"Your work is marvelous, epoch-making."—Lillian Whiting, Boston Correspondent to Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Admirably up to date in the law and nature of clairvoyance."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"A remarkable book. Originality and depth of thought, combined with perspicacity characterize every page. It is evident in every sentence that this volume is the offspring of inspiration."—*Progressive Thinker*.

It contains the latest on clairvoyance a most remarkable and practical work on development. It harmonizes well with the H.metic Schools of Philosophy, in which I learned the mysteries of adaptability."—Prof. George W. Waldron, Astrologer.

It is the best work on the subject of Clairvoyance thus far, and points out an alluring goal of true spiritual development."—Mind, New York City.

"It is a revelation."—Light, London, Eng.

"All sincere students of the psychic realm will do well to read and study this excellent volume."—W. J. Colville, The Banner of Light, Boston.

Published in cloth. Price reduced to \$1.50 from \$2.

Divination. A rare series of lessons on how to penetrate the fourth dimension of space, become a seer, of omens, signs, spirits, enter at will the spiritual world.

Price \$1 only.

Auras and Colors. A book of books for those who are interested in knowing the nature and the causes of others with color dictionary absolutely correct. No student should be without it. Reduced to only 40 cents.

Every Lesson in Psychometry, Clairvoyance and Divination. A series of lessons on how to penetrate the fourth dimension of space, become a seer, of omens, signs, spirits, enter at will the spiritual world. Price \$1 only.

Send money to

J. C. F. GRUMBINE, 1285 Commonwealth Ave., BOSTON, MASS.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The People's Handbook

OF

Spiritual Science.

A Course of Lessons for the Use of Students.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

CONTENTS:

LESSON 1. Old and New Schools of Healing and their Systems: Physical and Spiritual Methods.

LESSON 2. The Origin of Disease: Metaphysically Considered; Subjective and Objective Causes.

LESSON 3. Positivity and Negativity: Self-Control and Self-Reliance; Truth and Holiness; or Wholeness.

LESSON 4. The Power of the Will; Divine Realization in Man's Healing.

LESSON 5. Hypnotism, Sleep, Rest and Repose as Healing Agents. Paper covers. Price 25 cents.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

21

GEORGE A. PORTER,

BUSINESS AND TEST MEDIUM AND MAGNETIC HEALER.

Sittings daily for test, business, and medical diagnosis, 11 A. M. to 7 P. M., Saturday, 12 Edgewood St., Roxbury. Phone 1874 Box. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. BANNER OF LIGHT BLDG., 21 BARTHOLOMEW ST., LUDLOW Bldg., Back Bay.

Sunday eve. meetings, BANNER OF LIGHT BLDG., 745 P. M.

To meet the increasing demand of our low-lying people who cannot reach reliable mediums personally, sittings by mail for messages and advice by spirit friends will be given, \$1.00. Five personal questions answered, \$1.25.

GEORGE A. PORTER.

Connected with the healing work, after Sept. 1st, to a limited number Mr. Porter will give mental treatments in the evening, 7 P. M. to 9 P. M., at 12 Edgewood St., Roxbury. Phone 1874 Box. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. BANNER OF LIGHT BLDG., 21 BARTHOLOMEW ST., LUDLOW Bldg., Back Bay.

To meet the increasing demand of our low-lying people who cannot reach reliable mediums personally, sittings by mail for messages and advice by spirit friends will be given, \$1.00. Five personal questions answered, \$1.25.

GEORGE A. PORTER.

Connected with the healing work, after Sept. 1st, to a limited number Mr. Porter will give mental treatments in the evening, 7 P. M. to 9 P. M., at 12 Edgewood St., Roxbury. Phone 1874 Box. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. BANNER OF LIGHT BLDG., 21 BARTHOLOMEW ST., LUDLOW Bldg.,

Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

Thy Kingdom Come.

We pray "Thy Kingdom come," but not by prayer.
Can it be ever built of breath in air?
In life through labor, must be brought to birth
The Kingdom; as it is in Heaven, on earth.
The light that left Heaven centuries ago
Hath not yet reached dark myriads here below;
Your lives should be the lamp that bears this light,
Still burning, as the stars through all the night.
Because ye are looked up to, they would mark you shining!
O, the spirits lying dark
Today, as jewels waiting but the spark
Of splendor that to Love's dear smile is given.
To brighten with the best that brighten Heaven!
Look down, you Shining Ones, look kindly down,
And save them, set as jewels in your crown.
Gerald Massey.

A Link in Our Golden Chain.

LET HIM WHO WOULD MOVE THE WORLD, MOVE FIRST HIMSELF.

One day a philosopher came to Athens, from a far country, to learn the ways of the wonderful Greeks, and perhaps to teach them the great lore he treasured in his heart. The wise men heard him; sought his company in the gardens; talked with him in private. The young men loved him. He passed for a wonder with that wonder-loving people. Among those that followed him was the son of Sophroniscus, an ill-favored young man, a mechanic of humble rank. He was one of the few that understood the dark, Oriental doctrines of the Sage, when he spoke of God, Man, Freedom, Goodness, of the Life that never dies. The young man saw these doctrines were pregnant with actions, and would one day work a revolution in the affairs of men, disintegrating many an ancient sin now held legitimate.

So he said to himself, when he saw a man rich or famous: "Oh, that I also were rich, and famous, I would move the world soon. Here are sins to be plucked up and truths to be planted. Oh, that I could do it all, I would mend the world right soon." Yet he did nothing but wait for Wealth and Fame. One day the Sage heard him complain with himself, and said: "Young man, thou speakest as silly women. This Gospel of God is writ for all. LET HIM THAT WOULD MOVE THE WORLD MOVE FIRST HIMSELF. He that would do good to men begins with what tools God gives him, and gets more as the world gets on. It asks neither Wealth nor Fame to live out a noble life, at the end of thy lane in Athens. Make thy Light thy Life; thy Thought, Action; others will come round. Thou askest a place to stand on hereafter and move the world. Foolish young man, take where thou standest, and begin now. So the work shall go forward. Reform thy little self, and thou hast begun to reform the world. Fear not thy work shall die!"

The youth took the hint; reformed himself of his coarseness, his sneers, of all meanness that was in him. His life became his life; and that blameless and lovely. His Truth passed into the public mind as the sun into the air. His Acorn is the father of Forests. His influence passes like morning, from continent to continent, and the rich and poor are blessed by the light and warmed by the life of Socrates, though they know not his name. Parker.

Don.

Dear Banner Children:—Please may I come in and tell you about my canary that I have just lost. Don was what is called a cinnamon canary. He was a beautiful singer and was 12 years old. He could whistle like a boy (of course we taught him to whistle). He was very neat. He would wash just as often as we put his little bath dish in with clean water, but if there was a speck of dirt in it he would not get into it, but stand on the edge of the dish and call till I took it out and gave him some clean water, then he would get into it and just make the water fly. He was a very jealous bird. He did not like to have me talk to the cat at all. We could tell very quickly when anything did not suit him, for he would begin to scold and ruffle up his feathers, then go up into his swing and swing just as hard as he could until I would go and talk to him, then he would seem to be all right.

He was very fond of music. He had a shock which caused him to lose the use of his legs, to a great extent. Tuesday morning as I was passing the cage (which hung in a south window among my plants), he called to me and I answered him and sat down to the organ and played and sang some hymns, then left the organ, turned round to the cage, and there lay little Don on his left side just as nice, his little bright eyes closed. I spoke to him but he did not respond. He had stopped breathing. Just think, he passed out with music! Don't you think that was very beautiful, when he loved music so well, and had been such a beautiful singer himself? I do, and I will tell you what I did with him. I got a little clean white pasteboard box, covered the bottom with rose geranium leaves, laid Don carefully on them, covered him with tissue paper, put on the cover, tied it with white ribbon and cremated him.

If this does not find its way to the waste basket, I will come again if I am not tiresome.

We are all interested in the story of Aunt Helen's bird and perhaps some one else will tell us of their pets.

Appropos, is the following from the Boston Transcript:

Dear Listener:—The remarkable story of a canary bird in Saturday evening's Transcript, Feb. 6, makes me bold to tell another. A lady in a city in Maine, with a rare love for flowers and birds, was given a sick canary to nurse back to health. She at once took him to her hearth and would hold him in her warm hand, and talk to him after the fashion of mothers. "Mother's darling, beauty, baby bird," was her pet refrain. When the bird got well he would fly about the house, following his mistress upstairs, and from room to room, never liking to be far from her. One day she was sitting by a window and heard a voice that she at first thought was that of a child. She listened and heard her beloved bird distinctly sing and trill, "Mother's darling, beauty, baby bird." From that time it was his constant song. After having heard the marvelous tale from several reliable people, I determined to satisfy myself of its truth, and went one summer afternoon to pay a visit to the lady—who was a friend of my mother. The bird was flying about the room and the lady feared I would be disappointed, as the day was waning and the bird was merriest in the sunshine. However, after a few minutes the wee mouth opened and the carol began, "Mother's darling, beauty, baby bird!"

bird!" It was as distinct as if spoken by a child, but so full of melody and unearthly suggestion that one could hardly believe one's own senses. It is possible that some of our readers may be able to corroborate this, as strangers from near and far went to crave audience with the wonderful creature. Large sums of money were refused for him, and I am sorry to say that within the last year death has claimed the sweet voice. F. F. F.

Pony Seymour's Adventure in the Outworld.

Sophia Worthington.

When Pony Seymour came from New York to spend the summer at her Grandpapa Sedgewick's country place, she might play all day within the hedge that enclosed it, and where there was much to amuse her; little fluffy chickens, doves in blue-gray suits with all the dignity of ladies walking abroad, and the dearest little Phoebe-bird that crowded around her when she came out with bread crumbs in her apron—but she was strictly forbidden to go outside the gate, alone. On Sundays she was taken to the Sabbath-school, in which she delighted. Of the large juvenile class of fifty little girls none was more interested than Pony; when the teacher asked some question and desired all who could answer it to raise the right hand, Pony's sturdy fist flew up with an energy and decision that made the other scholars smile at her eagerness, and she always had a ready answer.

Pony's favorite seat was on the top of the high post by the street gateway of her Grandpapa's grounds, where she could climb up by the bars of the gate and observe all that was passing. Overhead, the drooping branches of an old elm made a pleasant shade, birds twittered and sang in the trees, bees buzzed, and butterflies fluttered in the sunshine.

On one Monday morning when all householders were busy, Pony climbed to her post of observation. She was pretty enough for a picture with her rosy cheeks and bright brown eyes, her tiptilted little nose peeping through a veil of frizzed brown hair that came to her waist, below which could be seen the skirt of her white dress and the ends of her blue ribbon sash. She held in her arms her favorite pet, a doll of an entirely original and peculiar design. A four-legged stool formed its body, and grandmother's red and green table cover was planned about it for a dress. Two of its legs served for arms, and the other two for feet, and Pony loved this homely object more than her fine wax lady in satin and lace. She laid the wooden baby on her shoulder, and was about to descend from her perch, when she saw that the barred gate had swung away out of her reach and there was no way for her to get down without help. Presently Herman Redmond, a great friend of hers, came sauntering along, and said, "Ho-ho, Miss Pony, what are you doing up there? My stars! What a scrumptious dolly you have! I don't think I ever saw a more intellectual countenance."

Pony suspected that Mr. Herman was laughing at her, so she only said, "Will you please help me down if you please?" "Certainly, with the greatest pleasure," answered Herman. "Now, jump, and I will catch you." Down she came as lightly as a feather into his outstretched arms.

Soon her friend was out of sight, and she looked up and down the street. The spirit of inquiry was strong within her, and she forgot that she had been cautioned against walking out alone.

Pony held Sophronia by one of her wooden arms, and as she ventured forward the long green tablecloth trailed out beautifully behind. The people who passed by said, "What a lovely child you have." Taking an occasional backward glance at the graceful sweep of her baby's dress, Pony walked on without thinking of the distance until she came to the houses and shops of the town.

A boy with a hand-organ and a monkey had gathered a crowd of children before the village hotel and Pony stopped to hear the music. There were curious dancing figures in the organ, and the monkey, with its red coat and green cap with a yellow feather, was very comical. The children threw nuts and bits of candy, which he caught in his black fingers and tossed into his mouth. A naughty boy gave him a pepper lozenge and as he tasted it, he was angry and rushed in among the children scattering them right and left. Pony, much scared, ran into the hotel.

In the parlor, an elderly lady who was ill was waiting with her husband and daughter; a servant came in to say that dinner was ready, and they went out to the dining room. Pony's long walk had made her hungry, and she followed them. She took a seat at the end of the long table with Sophronia by her side. The dinner was very good and the waiter quite attentive to her wants, which she made known with the greatest decision and composure.

Pony had observed that the elderly lady looked pale and feeble, and felt sorry for her. Looking up at her, she asked, "Lady, are you sick?" The stranger replied that she was. "Well, don't you trouble about it," said Pony, "because if you should die, Dethus would avenge you. He would say Talithe Cuml, I learned it at the thabba-cool."

The ladies looked with some surprise at this wise little body, supposing her to belong in the house. At this moment the hostess came in to look after the comforts of her guests, and seeing the child sitting apart, said kindly to the strangers: "Would you not like to have your little girl sit nearer to you?" "She does not belong to us," the elderly lady replied. "How strange," said the landlady, "who in the world can she be?" "What is your name, little one?" she inquired. "My name is Mith Pothy Thorem and thith thith my doll, Thophonia." "Does your mother know where you are?" asked the good woman. "My mother has gone to Thawotora Thplingth, but I guth Thoothan Thmiff will come after me pitty quick!" "How will she know where to find you, child?" Pony had not thought of that, and began to wish she was at home.

"Where did you get such a beautiful red and green dress for your baby?" the hostess asked. "Oh, that thith Ganna Thedgewie-the's," said Pony, "but I take it thome-thime."

"Sure enough," exclaimed the good woman, holding up both hands. "This is old Mrs. Sedgewick's granddaughter that is spending the summer with her. She will be dreadfully scared. I must send the child home, right away."

Susan Smith had had a fine fright. Having searched for the little girl through the house, the garden and orchard, she was about to tell Mrs. Sedgewick of her fear that Pony had strayed away, when she spied coming up the carriage-way a coach with two horses, which stopped before the front hall door. The coachman got down and opened the carriage door; then carefully assisted Miss Pony Seymour down the step, and with a great show of respect handed out Miss Sophronia.

When Pony told the story of her adventure, Grandma Sedgewick was so surprised, and so glad to see the child safe at home that she forgot to give any words of reproof. But Pony had had enough roaming, nor cared all the summer long to repeat her visit to the outworld alone.—Vick's Magazine.

The presence of those we love is as double life.—Mrs. Jameson.

Message Department.

Report of Seances held February 24, 1904, S. E. 56.

MEDIUM, MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

IN EXPLANATION.

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

TO OUR READERS.

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

Invocation.

Above the waves of discord and strife, above the ill, the cares, the worries, and all things that make inharmonious, we would rise on the wings of faith, and serene and calm would speak with those who have gone on. We would look into the eyes of our loved ones and hear again the message of love and confidence. We would be breathed upon by the airs of Heaven, the sweet influences of that broader life, until refreshed and strengthened we may return into the midst of all things and be true, brave and strong.

O bless us, Spirit of Life and Love, in our effort to be all that is best. O help us as we aspire after more knowledge, more wisdom, more of the beauty of the spiritual life. May we speak the word to those who are in need that shall help them to understand that only in the great life of spirit is there peace, is there hope and joy. May the dear ones who are anxiously waiting for this hour, who stand with tear dimmed eyes looking out to desolate hearths, may they be made strong by our effort and speak as never before the word that shall heal and bless and comfort. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Henry Brown.

The first spirit who speaks to me this afternoon is a young man about twenty-three years old; medium height, rather fair complexion, blue eyes, brown hair and brown mustache. He doesn't seem very much disturbed over coming, but seems rather to feel that he is going to help the people to whom he would speak by his message. He says, "My name is Henry Brown and I am from Chelmsford, Mass. My father and mother are alive and they know a little about Spiritualism. They are anxious to know more, but do not know just which way to turn to find out more about it. My mother is quite mediumistic. She has always been impressionable and has felt my presence many times since I came over here, but she doesn't know how to get the definite word from me, so I am telling her now that I will come to her each day about three o'clock and will try and make myself known to her in a stronger way than ever before. I have seen Frank and he is quite happy and content, and does not seem to care so much about coming back or even about sending a message. I went to see our friend the Doctor and he said he was called unexpectedly to this side of life. I thought you would be glad to know that because there was some question about how it all happened. I send my love and my desire to get closer into the life. It grows every day that I am here. I wish I could tell you how much your eagerness to hear from me has helped me in my effort to come."

George Freeman.

There is a spirit of a man I should think about fifty-five years old. He is short, with a full gray beard, very dark eyes and quite heavy hair. He is very quick and energetic, and seems to say just the thing he wants to without any trouble; makes no extra movements and makes no extra words either. He is not at all cross or impolite, but seems to be quick and almost curt. He says, "My name is George Freeman and I lived in Nashua. I have got some people there, but I want to send this message to Lizzie. It is not much I can say that will help her, but perhaps the knowledge that I will always be near will sometimes sustain her when she is in great need of strength and upliftment. It seems a pity that everything has had to be so upset since I came away. For a long time before I did come there was such quiet and such an even way of living that to suddenly have an upheaval was distressing. I have tried to use my influence to make things more as you would have them, and in some instances have been able to bring about better changes. I do not see that you are settled for good yet, but hope before long the thing you are striving for will be accomplished and that you will feel once more as though you are straightened out. I saw Abbie and she showed a good deal of anxiety over your saying many times that she felt it was too much for you to have the burden. I asked what she expected me to do about it since there was nothing I could do materially, and then she saw the wisdom of sending strong and helpful influences to you, so you will get a lift from her I think. You know I send my love and am grateful for everything that has been done. I shall wait for you and shall never feel quiet at ease until you are here with me. Good bye."

Melissa Roberts.

There is a spirit here by the name of Melissa Roberts and she used to live in Townsend, Ohio. She says, "I was an old lady and had lived the most of my life without any particular religious belief. I tried to take care of myself and keep off the poor farm and I thought that was about all God expected of me. I do not know that He expects any more of me yet. So far I have not been able to get any answer as to just what my life was for, but I am able to talk and tell my friends that I am in no worse shape than some of those who spend all their days making extra pie and cake to take to church societies. I have seen some of those who thought they were just paying for a front seat with a little pastry and I don't see they are any nearer the front than I am. Some things they have to unlearn when I am free to receive without any idea that I ought to receive it a little quicker or a little better or in a little choicer way than anybody else. I never did believe there were a few people elected to sit in the best places, and I do not now. If I could get back I would not change my life so that I would go to church any more than I did before, but I would get out and mingle with people more, for I think it made me very narrow to stay in one rut as I did. My friends over here seemed as glad to see me as I would expect them to. They have not tried to convert me to any new idea of life, but they just let me go on my own way. I am just as fond of animals as I was before I came and I want to put a word in here for my cats. Some people who think they are a little better than the rest of creation and God made them a little higher than the angels instead of a little bit lower, will think it rather funny that I have got my cats with me, but I have and I do not know that Heaven would seem quite Heaven if I had not, for I certainly know I would have no desire to go to any place where they could not go with me. I also want to speak for my friend Miss Ella. I have found her and I want my friends to know that while I do not believe as she did, she and I are together and happy and often talk over the old times and conditions. Now, this word is sent to help some of my friends who want to get out of ruts but have not got the courage. I hope if they want to bad enough, they will call on me and I will see if I cannot bring some spirits to help them and cannot speak a word myself that shall release them."

Christine.

There is a beautiful spirit comes now. She is very beautiful in her spirit aside from her personality as a woman. She is a little taller than the average, rather fair, dark brown hair, blue eyes, and she has such a beautiful voice, sweet as a bird, and she stands here looking at me with the very prettiest manner. She says, "It is so good to be able to send a message. For a long time I have dreamed of it, but I was afraid my time would never come. I have often been to different centers striving to express the thought, and thinking that through some particular channel I might be made useful for some one in need. It is not for my own especial joy that I come, but to let everybody know that I am still working to carry wherever I can the joy of music and the happiness of being released from earth's conditions through the harmonious tones. I have lately been able to express myself through a medium. She has not believed I could come, but has asked me to come here and speak, if such a thing were possible, so I would like to come like you to make recognition of my coming that will help others to believe when some one comes to them who is well known that they can manifest in other ways and thus give evidence of their personality. My name is Christine and that is the name I gave to the medium."

Joseph Henderson.

There is a spirit by the name of Joseph Henderson. He is rather tall and slim. He has side whiskers, gray blue eyes and a little bald spot on the top of his head. He is full of fun; hardly keeps still long enough to give his message. He says, "I am from Concord, N. H. I lived there some years ago, but I knew a little about Spiritualism. A little does not mean what you folks know; it means that I knew about spirit rappings, tipping tables and giving medicine; and that is about all. The philosophy of it I didn't know much about. I want to send this message to Mary. She knows that spirits are all about the house. She often hears them closing doors, moving about, and it is so natural that she has got so she does not pay much attention. Now, I do not want her to make it so much like a gust of wind that she looks up and knows the door has gone together and it might be a spirit or it might be the wind. When we walk around the house and make manifestations we do it because we want to get into communication; we are not just making raps and noises and all that sort of thing because we have not anything else to do. I cannot see why she should sit still and say, 'I know you are there; it is all right; I understand.' All she understands is that we are there and I want her to understand we are there for something. All this preliminary business is just to get into communication with those we have left behind. I might as well go to a friend's house and ring the door bell over and over again, and when he looked out of the window and saw I was here and said to himself, 'Well, it is Joe, he has rung my bell. I know he is there'; and then go and sit down and let me stand there. When I ring a man's bell I ring it because I want to get in and because I want to get in for something. So my little lecture is to tell a people not to rest content, but say what they have got to say. Now, Mary, if you will just pay attention, we have got some things that are important to say to you. They may help you more than you think. Aside from just telling you that we are waiting for you; that we are sorry to go and that we love to be where you are, we ask you to make us your friends, your companions, your helpers, and then you will understand the mission of spirits to mortals."

Maude Gregg.

A spirit comes of a woman about twenty-two. She is medium size, not very stout or very thin. She looks very pale as though she had suffered a great deal before she went to the spirit. It seems to me that it must have been a great relief to her to have left behind a body that was so poorly fitted for her use. The woman's name is Maude Gregg and she says she was the wife of Charlie Gregg and lived in Ottawa. "Everything was done that could be thought of to make it possible for me to stay but I had to go. When I found I had got to go I felt I must return, if possible, so this is my effort. I want to say to you that I am just as much with my people as I was before I came. I cannot seem to attach myself to the spirit conditions; they do not seem to belong to me. I want to be with Hattie and I want to see Ma. I want to talk and be one with you all. If I could only come back for a day and see you and talk as we used to, I think I could be happier over here. I have Aunt Fannie with me. She told me I would feel better if I tried to speak to you and then I could come back with new strength to her. Do not forget me; do not put me out of your lives as if I had never existed. Do not shut up everything that was dear to me as if I do not know anything about it. Leave it all open; let me feel that I have a part in your life and I shall be much happier. I am glad you put my body just where you did. It is no hindrance to me and it is better so. Tell Sarah I was with her through her sickness and that I helped her and shall still help her, but that her baby is with me."

The Subliminal Self,—or Spirits!

To judge from the accounts now appearing in the secular press regarding mediumistic phenomena, a modern "Saul" is among the prophets of the journalistic fraternity! Yet, in recounting his experiences, the average reporter will persist in using the ugly word "psychic" when speaking of mediums and the phenomena occurring in their presence. Possibly, because some journalists have said such outrageous things about mediums and mediumship, their scribes are ashamed to use the word now they are becoming convinced that the facts associated with it are real? If so, and they are now ready to make a somewhat tardy and left-handed confession of past error by according

publicity to some forms of spiritual, excuse us, "psychic" phenomena, let us help them over the stile, and hope that in time they will not be afraid to use the nomenclature of Spiritualism when dealing with its facts.

The foregoing is the preamble leading up to some quotations from an article under the heading of "Psychic Piano Player Performs," which appeared in an article in the New York Herald of February 17, which article narrates the incidents connected with a musical exhibition given in New York on the previous evening by a Mrs. Ellen McAllister-Spencer. The article proceeds as follows:

"Music lovers and specialists in psychic phenomena gathered last night in the parlors of Dr. John D. Quackenbos, professor in Columbia College, Doctor of Medicine, and lecturer on hypnosis, to witness a private performance—the first in New York—of Mrs. Ellen McAllister-Spencer, who is known to her friends as the 'psychic piano player.'"

"Mrs. McAllister-Spencer is personally and ancestrally well known in Chicago and other western cities. She is the daughter of the late William King McAllister, for many years senior Judge of the Appellate Court in Illinois. Her home is in Ravenswood, Chicago. According to the story she told me last night her father and her mother were both fond of music and wished that she should be taught in her early youth to play the piano."

"I took lessons," she said, "for about three years between the ages of twelve and fifteen, but my teacher gave me up as an impossible subject. In the first place, my hands, as you see, and she held up a plump and diminutive hand, with very short fingers, 'are too small for a piano player's.' Furthermore, I could never memorize a piece, and I was not the least bit interested in my studies. So my parents had to accept the teacher's verdict."

"Some twenty years ago the family was living in Waukegan, Ill. Spiritualism was beginning to be talked about there. It was a favorite pastime for young people to sit in a circle around a table with their hands upon its surface and concentrate their attention in the hope of making the table move."

"The table never did move in the McAllister family, but a sister of Mrs. Spencer suddenly began to move her hands as if she were playing a piano. It was suggested that she should seat herself at the piano and see what she could do. This experiment also was a failure."

"Suddenly I expressed an ardent wish that I could play," said Mrs. Spencer. "I felt a strange inspiration. My mother told me to try. I sat down at the keyboard, and to the astonishment of everybody, my own especially, my hands flew over the keys in an improvisation. I played on for hours, and everything that I played was as new to everybody as it was to me. I felt that I was impelled by some unseen force within me. Since that time the gift has never left me."

"And how do you account for it?" was asked. "Personally, I believe that the spirits of masters dead and gone take possession of my hands. For while I do not play anything that is in their works, I always play in the style of some famous composer."

"The guests had gathered by this time and the performance began. Professor James Hyslop, of Columbia College, was the master of ceremonies. He came simply as an unbiased observer to make up his mind as to the character of Mrs. Spencer's gifts, and if they were supernatural, to make a report to the International Psychic Society, of which he is the most prominent New York member."

"This was the method employed. Professor Hyslop whispered in Mrs. Spencer's ear the name of some composer whose method she was to follow. She at once dashed into a brilliant performance. Her fingers moved over the keys with a precision and agility that seemed to bespeak the trained performer."

"At the close of every selection the audience was called upon to give its verdict as to the master who had been imitated. In every case the musical critics responded correctly. The list comprised Chopin, Wagner, Beethoven, Mozart, Grieg, Schumann, Gottschalk, Strauss and Stalsmidt."

"Then themes for improvisation were suggested, and the following were successfully performed without hesitation: 'Evening,' 'Rain,' 'Cradle Song,' 'Death,' 'Battle,' 'Dreams,' 'A Wedding March,' 'Love,' 'A Funeral March.'"

"Yet, as Mrs. Spencer avers, she had never, prior to her entrance into this psychic state, been able to memorize, still less to improvise, a single bar."

"At the close of the performance Professor Hyslop, while acknowledging that it was a brilliant tour de force, said he would have to reserve any decision as to possible psychic influences until he had had further opportunity to study the pianist."

"Of course," he said, "from the bare facts before me it is impossible to say whether it is a feat of memory or not. I must hear the lady play many times and subject her to many tests before I can be assured that each selection is really an improvisation of the moment. If she never repeats herself in long series of performances then it would seem that her gifts are supernatural."

"I would next have to obtain facts as to her ancestry, to learn if her gifts were atavistic. I think from what I have heard tonight, however, that it is likely Mrs. Spencer's mind has a disposition to subliminal activity."

"Dr. Quackenbos, on his part, was entirely convinced that Mrs. Spencer's pneauma or soul is impressed by discarnate or incarnate spirits, that is, of spirits who have shuffled off this mortal coil or who never had any mortal coil to shuffle off."

"He did not, however, believe that these personalities of the past entered into her body and dispossessed the soul, but rather that they acted upon that soul from the outside."

It would appear that the reporter scarcely does justice to Dr. Quackenbos in attributing to that gentleman the ideas to which it is alleged he gave utterance. It is unlikely he would consider "uncarnate" spirits, however willing he might be to accept the action of "discarnate" spirits as explaining Mrs. Spencer's mediumship.

That a leading metropolitan daily affords space to a serious and, on the face of it, fair and almost sympathetic report of such a matter, is a notable indication of the fact that Spiritualism is at last receiving its just recognition from the press of the land.

Mrs. Spencer's phenomena are by no means new in our history, for many of our readers will readily recall the name of Jesse H. Shepard, and the equally remarkable musical phenomena he exhibited.

Our friend, Professor Hyslop still clings to the "subliminal" self idea, but granting the report quoted above is substantially accurate as to its facts, it is not too much to suggest that Mrs. Spencer is simply a medium, the Professor notwithstanding.

The tenor and grind of the average business life may bring in a few more dollars, but it may also tend to weaken one's capacity for the enjoyment of the fruits of labor.

It is a poor specimen of a man who thinks only how to gain money, regardless of right acting; he is a grand type of man who righteously strives to earn money and who acquires great wealth.—Frank Harrison.

Societary News.

Correspondence for this department must reach the Editor by the first mail delivery on Monday morning, to insure insertion the same week. We wish to assist all, but our space is limited. Use ink and write plainly.

Boston and Vicinity.

Appleton Hall, Appleton Street, Friday, Feb. 26th.—The First Spiritualist Ladies' Society met as usual at the above hall. The Blue Jay Supper was a great success. After supper Mrs. Strong favored the audience with music from the graphophone. A service of plantation songs was indulged in, and it was enjoyed by all. Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse told of many events that have happened spiritually in her life, and her remarks were appreciated. Mrs. S. C. Cunningham spoke briefly and then gave many communications which were all recognized. Duet by Mrs. Strong and Mrs. Lovering was well received. Mrs. Knowles then gave many tests which were all recognized. Mrs. Strong then spoke briefly and gave an outline of her promise (to the spirit world) to devote herself to the Cause. She closed with tests. The meeting closed with benediction. This society has voted to hold their anniversary exercises on Friday, April 1st. Full particulars will be published later. Next Friday we will have a Sandwich Supper, and good talent will be present in the evening. Mr. J. J. Morse is expected to be with us upon this occasion. Mary F. Lovering, sec. pro tem.

Dwight Hall, Tremont Street, Wednesday, Feb. 24th.—The Ladies' Lyceum Union, M. J. Butler, president, met as usual. Business meeting at 5, supper at 6. After supper, the company adjourned to Red Men's Hall, where the grand work of the evening was held, "Ye Old Folks' Concert," under the supervision of Mr. George Cleveland. I can assure you it was a grand success. Some of the costumes were very elaborate. The company marched into the hall to seats arranged on the platform headed by "Becky" as a soldier boy. Next came Mrs. Butler and Mr. Cleveland and Mrs. Witham as the Goddess of Liberty. Interspersed with the old-fashioned songs were solos, duets and dances by the children of the Lyceum. In the old-fashioned song "Jedediah" the little Blanchette Collett sang the solo. The Allen sisters sang "Rachel and Reuben" very acceptably. Mr. Warren Richards entertained the company with some very fine anecdotes and impersonations. Becky sang a song, "Perlie Cushing sang 'Rags,' in costume, and responded to an encore with the bones, accompanied on the violin by his grandfather. Annette Jacobson rendered a very pretty song, and responded to an encore with a dance. Miss Blanchette Collett sang two songs. Mr. Sawyer sang two very fine solos. A very pretty feature of the evening was the presentation to Mr. Cleveland by Mrs. Butler of a very handsome ring, quite a surprise to the young man. A jig by four members of the company closed the entertainment, and then the floor was cleared for dancing, old and new. Everything passed off finely and the concert went down in history as one of the best entertainments given by the Lyceum and Union.—S. E. Jones, sec. pro tem.

Dwight Hall, Feb. 26th.—The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society last evening gave another of their social dances which was enjoyed by all present. March 3d will be mediums' night at the hall, in which a number of home talent will participate. On March 10th the Editor of the "Banner," Mr. J. J. Morse, Mrs. Morse and Miss Florence Morse will be the guests of the society. Do not forget that March 17th is the night that Mr. C. E. Watkins will be with us with his illustrated lecture, "The True and the False of Spiritualism."—F. H. Rice, rec. sec.

Lynn.—The Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall Society, Dr. Caird, president, have had very interesting meetings during the month of February. The first two Sundays Dr. George A. Fuller was with us and gave the usual good satisfaction. Dr. Fuller is a favorite of Lynn audiences and is always warmly welcomed. Sunday, the 21st, Hon. James H. Foss, author of "The Gentleman from Everywhere," lectured for us. This was Mr. Foss' first visit to our society. His lectures were original, instructive and full of interest. We would cordially recommend him to societies looking for an able and conscientious worker. Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kates will be with us during the whole month of March, and they are assured of a warm welcome from the many friends made by them during their stay with us in November. Music is of the very highest order at our services, an hour's concert being given every evening from 6.30 to 7.30 by Chase's orchestra. Local and visiting mediums are always very kind in holding circles at the close of the afternoon service. Supper is served in the hall the first and third Sundays of each month. The Lyceum, which meets at 12.30, is doing most excellent work, having recently held a very successful minstrel show and are now busily preparing for another entertainment to be given the last of April. The Ladies' Social Union meets every Wednesday, circle at 3, supper 6.15, test service 7.45.—Sec. Metaphysical Hall, Huntington Avenue, Feb. 21 and 23.—The Students of Truth held their usual meeting in Metaphysical Hall, Huntington Avenue, Sunday evenings of Feb. 21st and 23rd. In the absence of Mr. Porter, who served the Worcester society, Miss Susie C. Clark lectured on both occasions. "The True Spiritualist" and "Soul Growth" were the subjects which drew rich treasures of thought from her storehouse of intellectual and psychic experiences. A silence for spiritual unfoldment was followed by a conversation, questions pertaining to the lecture being asked and answered. Miss Evelyn Sampson and Mr. Frank Davis furnished instrumental music.

Red Men's Hall, Tremont Street, Sunday, Feb. 14.—Meetings conducted by Mrs. M. J. Butler. The service opened with an invocation by Mrs. H. C. Berry. Mrs. S. B. Hall of Cambridge gave a short address, followed by remarks by H. C. Berry, Mrs. Knowles. Mrs. Butler gave many descriptions of spirits present that were recognized. A good audience was present and was much interested in the exercises.

Sunday, Feb. 21st.—Opened with an invocation by Mrs. H. C. Berry. Mrs. Arthur of Lowell followed with remarks and spirit delineations. Mr. Russ Gilbert was introduced and spoke briefly and read an original poem entitled "My Belief." Violin solos by Master Coffey. Mrs. Knowles and Mrs. Butler spoke and gave spirit descriptions. The services closed with a benediction by Mrs. Berry.

Sunday, Feb. 28th.—Services were opened by Mr. H. C. Berry, who spoke of the transition of Mr. J. Frank Baxter and the many speakers and workers who were going to their rewards, and asked the question, Who are to take their places? Mrs. Alice Waterhouse followed along the same line of thought with a short but interesting speech. Mrs. M. J. Butler spoke feelingly of those who had passed over from our ranks and gave a large number of recognized tests. A good audience was present.—H. C. Berry.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Incorporated, 734 Washington Street, Clara E.

Strong, conductor. Feb. 28th.—Although stormy and unpleasant weather has been the order of the day, yet the meetings all day were genial and sunny. "Sitting Bull," through his medium, W. L. Mason, gave forth uplifting thoughts. The theme of the meetings was "First, God's Power to Help Us." Our trust and confidence in the higher power is necessary in order for us to be benefited and helped. Mr. Hill spoke on the subject of Spiritualism and its power to help us. Names and messages were given with usual clearness and directness by mediums during the day.—A. M. S., sec.

Brighton, Mass., Feb. 26th.—The meeting of the Brighton Psychic Society was a remarkable one. Every seat was taken, prompt to time. The best interest was manifested in the subject presented by A. F. Hill, of Boston, "The Power of Concentration," which was ably presented. Mr. Hill is a powerful inspirational speaker. Miss L. R. Sears, of Boston, and her good influences held a very convincing seance. Mr. Hill's subject for March 11th will be "Presentiment." Miss Sears will be the medium for messages. The parlors of the Brighton Psychic Society are at 14 New Kenrick Street, Brighton.—D. H. Hall, conductor.

General.

Bristol, R. I.—At last the cherished hope of the few earnest Spiritualists in this historic city has become an accomplished fact in the form of a newly organized society, with Mr. Thos. Blackburn as its president. The first meeting was held Nov. 29th, 1903, with Mr. J. S. Scarlett of Cambridge as speaker and medium. He was with us again on Sunday, Feb. 14th, when a good and appreciative audience greeted him. He was at his best, was the verdict of all. It gave us great pleasure not only to notice some of Bristol's best citizens at this meeting, but also friends from Providence, R. I. The society holds its regular weekly circle and we believe much good will be done while loving spirits point the way onward and upward.—Thos. Blackburn, pres.

Fitchburg, Mass., Feb. 28th.—Edith Loyd Brown of Lynn was speaker for the First Spiritualist Society Sunday. There were very large attendances at each service and the time was given to astrological readings, tests and spirit messages, fully recognized. Ruth A. Swift of Haverhill, speaker and test medium, will address the society next Sunday.—Dr. C. L. Fox, pres.

New York City, Sunday, Feb. 28th.—First Association of Spiritualists. The Rev. May S. Pepper closed a very successful engagement with this association, large audiences having assembled at each service to listen to the remarkable evidences of spirit power furnished by the guides of this fine instrument for the angel world. We extend to her our best wishes for success in the new field of labor upon which she is to enter in October of this year. On Sunday next, March 6th, Miss Margaret Gaulle will return to our platform and continue with us until the season closes, on the last Sunday in May. The concert given by the Severn Twin was finely attended and of great musical merit, setting in tidy little sum for our treasury. Our best appreciative thanks are theirs in unstinted measure. I wish to acknowledge the receipt of one dollar from Mrs. Bowen of Portchester, N. Y., in response to my appeal for Mrs. Morrell. I trust that is but the beginning.—Marie J. Fitzmaurice, sec.

Philadelphia Spiritualists' Society, Handel & Haydn Hall, Eighth and Spring Garden Streets.—Having received a call to serve this society during the month of February, Mrs. Blinn and myself arrived here Saturday, Feb. 6th, being met at the station by the genial president, Thomas M. Locke and his good wife. The society holds meetings every Friday night at which the philosophy is expounded by the writer and the phenomena are demonstrated by one of the local mediums. During our stay the weather has been decidedly inclement, it having stormed each Friday night and all three Sunday evenings, but the audiences have been large, and we certainly have not found the Philadelphia friends to be merely "fair-weather" Spiritualists. At the Friday evening meetings Brother Locke and Mrs. Snyder have demonstrated that they possess psychical powers of a high order. My addresses have included a variety of topics, "Progressive Consciousness," "The Relation of Religion to the Present Unrest of Nations," "Life and Character of Abraham Lincoln," "In My Father's House Are Many Mansions," "The End is No Death," "Ancient Prophecies and Modern Mediums," etc., etc. Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley was to have been the speaker for next month, but has cancelled on account of sickness, so I will be here for the first two Sundays of March, being unable to take the entire month on account of engagements in Massachusetts. The Sunday services are held at 2.30 and 7.30, a thriving Lyceum meeting at 1.30, in which great interest is taken. Mr. McGlenn and his wife are earnest workers for the Lyceum. We feel that the movement in Philadelphia is in capable hands, being advanced along broad and progressive lines; the people are hospitable, and to use a pet phrase of President Locke's, the "Pennsylvania Dutch" have taken the stranger in, have ministered to his needs, and though we shall go on our way rejoicing at the good work being done, we shall regret leaving the good friends that we feel we have made during our sojourn in the "Quaker City."—Albert P. Blinn.

Marlboro, Mass., Sunday, Feb. 21st.—First Spiritualists' Society, Miss Blanche H. Brannard, of Lowell, lectured and gave spirit messages at 2.30 and 7 o'clock. The subject of the afternoon's lecture was, "The Creed to Be;" in the evening, "If I had only understood." The large attendance at both meetings speaks for itself of Miss Brannard's popularity in this locality and her many friends wish her success, knowing the angel world will bless her abundantly as she deserves.—Benedict.

Lafayette, Ind.—Rev. E. W. Sprague and wife, N. S. Missionaries, have just closed their second series of lectures in our society, which were very beneficial and greatly enjoyed by all. There was a large attendance throughout the entire series and great interest was manifested by many of the leading business people of our city. Brother Sprague and wife arrived here on the 1st day of January and on the 8th day organized the "Psychic Spiritualist Society" of Lafayette, Ind., with forty members, leaving us on the 11th of January. Since that time the society has leased the old Universalist Church for one year and prepared and fitted it for their exclusive use. Brother Sprague was called back last Sunday to dedicate our new church and he highly approved the steps taken by the society to place its work on a higher plane and so show to the world that we are not ashamed to proclaim the truths of Spiritualism. May this Banner continue to wave, and may the angels of love guard, guide and direct our dear brother and sister in their noble work.—Mrs. Mary Ince, pres.

Keene, N. H., Feb. 28th.—Mrs. Elsie I. Webster of Lynn, Mass., gave two lectures, followed by tests at Universalist Hall. She also held a circle in the parlors of Mrs. David Reed, Monday evening. To say that we were well pleased would be putting it altogether too lightly. Her tests made many new converts to the cause of truth.—W. D. Lockwood.

Portland, Me., Feb. 28th.—Miss Florence Morse closed her labors with us today. Her four lectures were interesting and very instructive. The subjects for the evening's discourse were taken from questions asked by members of the audience. During her stay she gave the society a week night meeting. Miss Morse sang "The Holy City" very beautifully. A gratifying feature of the afternoon was a communication from Arthur Wilkie, the young man who passed away last week, to his relatives, who were present. He asked them not to mourn for him, and spoke words of comfort and consolation which were received with great satisfaction by the friends present. Surely, Spiritualism is a "rock in a weary land, a shelter in the time of storm."—Mrs. F. E. Allen, clerk.

Lyceum Notes.

Local.

Red Men's Hall, Tremont Street, Sunday, Feb. 21.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 of Boston held their regular session at 11.30 a. m., with a goodly number of children and friends present. The subject of the lesson was Patriotism and the responsive readings were written for the occasion by Mr. Alonso Danforth. The answers by the scholars exhibit considerable knowledge of history. The following is the lesson mentioned:

PATRIOTISM.

Prepared by Alonso Danforth.

Ques.—Of what does true Patriotism consist?
Ans.—In performing with fidelity the duties which a citizen owes to a state, and loyalty to a right principle.

Ques.—What are those duties?
Ans.—To become acquainted with the institutions of the state, and the workings of our government; and no one should use the ballot who cannot read and write.

Ques.—What are the internal foes of a nation?
Ans.—Vice, intemperance, ignorance and superstition.

Ques.—What does the Patriotism of a nation depend upon?
Ans.—On the brave, silent, unnoticed heroes, who think, talk and vote for Right and Truth in times of peace.

Ques.—How have we attained our Patriotism?
Ans.—By having the only government on the face of the earth that is based on manhood; "A government of the people, for the people, and by the people."

Ques.—How have we kept it?
Ans.—By Education, which is offered, free, to every one.

Ques.—In our civil war, who showed Patriotism?
Ans.—Not only our brave soldiers, but our women, who, in parting with their loved ones, and in nursing their arms for war.

Ques.—What did that mother say, that was a Patriot?
Ans.—"Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, I would have them die nobly for their country."

Ques.—What constitutes a nation of Patriots?
Ans.—One that submits its grievances to arbitration, accepting war, only as a last resort, to secure an honorable peace.

Ques.—What is one willing to do?
Ans.—To give all that you have, all that you are, and all that you expect to be, for the sake of your country.

Ques.—When is a mother's Patriotism truly grand?
Ans.—When she places the Bible in the hands of her darling boy, as he stands in the railroad station with his comrades, waiting his turn to board the train, bound for the seat of war, and with a silent, tearful prayer, bids him do his duty even unto death, in defense of his flag and country.

Ques.—What was the Patriotism of Washington?
Ans.—To establish the independence of this grand country.

Ques.—What was the Patriotism of Wendell Phillips?
Ans.—To lift his divinely impassioned voice in behalf of the wretched slave, when every moment was pregnant with danger to his life, for so doing.

Ques.—What was the Patriotism of Lincoln?
Ans.—"This nation shall have a new birth of Freedom," he, in the hour of peril and danger, inspired a faith as sublime as his own.

Ques.—What was the Patriotism of Grant?
Ans.—"I will fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," he taught the nation, that by courage, patience and Patriotism, the cause of the Union and Human Liberty would be eventually victorious.

Ques.—What was the Patriotism of Patrick Henry?
Ans.—From the pulpit in the old church in Virginia, "Give me Liberty, or give me death."

Ques.—What was the Patriotism of Daniel Webster?
Ans.—"Liberty and Union now and forever, one and inseparable."

After the march Alice Eva Scott, Isabel Peterson and Eva Lea gave readings. Caroline Nelson gave a beautiful reading with songs appropriate to the occasion. Mrs. S. E. Jones gave a reading. Mrs. Florence Johnson gave a reading. Although she did not know the subject of the lesson she recalled a beautiful and very patriotic piece. Mrs. Hawes, President of W. R. C., 51, made a few remarks, as did our treasurer, Mr. F. N. Willis, a veteran of the Civil War.—Mrs. M. E. Stillings, sec.

Friendship Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, Sunday, Feb. 28th.—Many answers were given upon the subject for the day, "Our Pioneer Workers." Luther Colby, Warren Chase, Achsa Sprague, J. B. Hatch and many others were mentioned. Mr. and Mrs. Hatch, Mr. Danforth, Mr. Forest Harding, all spoke upon the subject. Literary portion had reading, by Beatrice Spooner; recitation, Susie Tonda; recitations, Nellie Bonney and Florence Bonney; speaking, Ernest Bill, and the topic of the day by E. B. Packard. Next Sunday is Band of Mercy Sunday.—E. B. Packard, clerk.

Friendship Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, Sunday, Feb. 28th.—Many answers were given upon the subject for the day, "Our Pioneer Workers." Luther Colby, Warren Chase, Achsa Sprague, J. B. Hatch and many others were mentioned. Mr. and Mrs. Hatch, Mr. Danforth, Mr. Forest Harding, all spoke upon the subject. Literary portion had reading, by Beatrice Spooner; recitation, Susie Tonda; recitations, Nellie Bonney and Florence Bonney; speaking, Ernest Bill, and the topic of the day by E. B. Packard. Next Sunday is Band of Mercy Sunday.—E. B. Packard, clerk.

Cures Rheumatic
and gouty aches and pains.
Expels excess of uric acid.
Sold on its merits for 60 years.
Contains no narcotics or heart depressants, but in a simple, natural and pleasant way carries off rheumatic and gouty poisons from the blood by a gentle but efficient action on the pores, kidneys and bowels. Cannot harm—can't help but help. A postal will bring pamphlet. At drug stores, 50c. & 91c. & by mail from THE TARRANT CO., 31 Jay St., New York. MB 24400W

A Partial List of Astrological Works for sale by the Banner of Light.

Raphael's Almanac and Ephemeris for 1904 \$0.85
Postage Prepaid

Raphael's Almanac—190420

Astrology of the Old Testament 5.00

Arcana of Astrology 4.00

Simmonite35

Almanack 1.75

Zadkiel35

Astrology 1.75

Lilly35

Almanack35

Raphael (any year)35

Almanac25

Rev. Hicks50

Auras and Colors 1.00

Grumline 1.00

Celestial Dynamics 1.00

Burgoyne 1.00

Clairvoyance 1.00

Grumline50

Ephemeris35

Raphael (any year)35

Easy Lessons in Psychometry, etc.50

Grumline 1.50

Esoteric Lessons 1.50

Grimke 1.00

Faces and Degrees of the Zodiac35

Raphael 1.00

Influence of the Zodiac upon Human Life 2.00

Eleanor Kirk 2.00

Influence of the Stars 2.00

Rosa Baughan35

Key50

Raphael 2.00

Language of the Stars 1.00

Burgoyne 1.00

Light of Egypt 1.00

Vol. I. Burgoyne. Cloth 2.00

Light of Egypt 1.00

Vol. I. Burgoyne. Paper 1.00

Libra 1.00

A romance. Eleanor Kirk 1.00

Neptune35

(100 years). Raphael 1.00

Perpetual Youth 5.00

Eleanor Kirk 1.50

Solar Biology 1.50

Butler 1.50

Tetrabiblos 1.10

Ptolemy75

Tables of Houses 1.50

Anderson 1.50

Within the Temple of Isis 1.50

Wagner 1.50

Ancient Pagan and Modern Christian Symbolism 1.50

1.50

Ancient Egyptian Doctrine of Immortality75

Also the following works of Professor WILLIAM DENTON:

Geology: The Past and Future of our Planet. Cloth 1.50

Soul of Things; or Psychometric Researches and Discoveries. Vol. I. A marvelous work. Cloth 1.50

Soul of Things. Vol. II. Illustrated 450 pp. Cloth 1.50

Soul of Things. Vol. III. Illustrated 362 pp. Cloth 1.50

Radical Rhymes 1.25

There is meat enough in this volume of verses to stock a score of ordinary poets. Cloth 1.25

Radical Discourse on Religious Subjects. Ten in all. Cloth 1.25

Is Darwin Right? or, The Origin of Man. Cloth 1.00

What was He? or, Jesus in the Light of the Nineteenth Century. Cloth 1.25

The Irreconcilable Records; or, Genesis and Geology. Cloth40

Paper25

The Deluge in the Light of Modern Science. It shows the Flood Story to be as false as it is foolish. Paper10

Sermon from Shakespeare's Text An excellent discourse. Paper10

Orthodoxy False, since Spiritualism is True. Paper10

The God Proposed for Our National Constitution. Paper10

Christianity no Finality; or Spiritualism Superior to Christianity. Paper10

Common Sense Thoughts on the Bible. Paper10

Be Thyself10

Is Spiritualism True?10

Man's True Saviors. A Lecture10

Paper10

The Pocasset Tragedy10

Paper10

What is Right?10

Paper10

Who are Christians?10

Paper10

Garrison in Heaven10

Paper10

STOMACH TROUBLES CURED

If you suffer from Dyspepsia, Stomach, Liver, or Bowel Trouble of any kind, read this liberal offer. IT WILL BE WORTH MONEY TO YOU.



Do you suffer from dyspepsia, indigestion, or stomach trouble, or liver, or bowel trouble of any kind? If you do, why not let us cure you? We do not mean to help you by doing you with a strong, stimulating, or laxative medicine, or a patent "Dyspepsia Pill." Such things will stimulate and soothe temporarily, but in the end will only irritate and further weaken the already diseased and weakened membranes. We have a remedy that will positively cure any case, no matter how complicated or long standing or how many have failed in the past, that we will send a full two weeks' treatment of stomach trouble in the treatment itself, and knowing the wonderful power of this treatment for others, and believing only we have a treatment that will positively cure any case, no matter how complicated or long standing or how many have failed in the past, that we will send a full two weeks' treatment of stomach trouble in the treatment itself, and knowing the wonderful power of this treatment for others, and believing only we have a treatment that will positively cure any case, no matter how complicated or long standing or how many have failed in the past, that we will send a full two weeks' treatment of stomach trouble in the treatment itself, and knowing the wonderful power of this treatment for others, and believing only we have a treatment that will positively cure any case, no matter how complicated or long standing or how many have failed in the past, that we will send a full two weeks' treatment of stomach trouble in the treatment itself, and knowing the wonderful power of this treatment for others, and believing only we have a treatment that will positively cure any case, no matter how complicated or long standing or how many have failed in the past, that we will send a full two weeks' treatment of stomach trouble in the treatment itself, and knowing the wonderful power of this treatment for others, and believing only we have a treatment that will positively cure any case, no matter how complicated or long standing or how many have failed in the past, that we will send a full two weeks' treatment of stomach trouble in the treatment itself, and knowing the wonderful power of this treatment for others, and believing only we have a treatment that will positively cure any case, no matter how complicated or long standing or how many have failed in the past, that we will send a full two weeks' treatment of stomach trouble in the treatment itself, and knowing the wonderful power of this treatment for others, and believing only we have a treatment that will positively cure any case, no matter how complicated or long standing or how many have failed in the past, that we will send a full two weeks' treatment of stomach trouble in the treatment itself, and knowing the wonderful power of this treatment for others, and believing only we have a treatment that will positively cure any case, no matter how complicated or long standing or how many have failed in the past, that we will send a full two weeks' treatment of stomach trouble in the treatment itself, and knowing the wonderful power of this treatment for others, and believing only we have a treatment that will positively cure any case, no matter how complicated or long standing or how many have failed in the past, that we will send a full two weeks' treatment of stomach trouble in the treatment itself, and knowing the wonderful power of this treatment for others, and believing only we have a treatment that will positively cure any case, no matter how complicated or long standing or how many have failed in the past, that we will send a full two weeks' treatment of stomach trouble in the treatment itself, and knowing the wonderful power of this treatment for others, and believing only we have a treatment that will positively cure any case, no matter how complicated or long standing or how many have failed in the past, that we will send a full two weeks' treatment of stomach trouble in the treatment itself, and knowing the wonderful power of this treatment for others, and believing only we have a treatment that will positively cure any case, no matter how complicated or long standing or how many have failed in the past, that we will send a full two weeks' treatment of stomach trouble in the treatment itself, and knowing the wonderful power of this treatment for others, and believing only we have a treatment that will positively cure any case, no matter how complicated or long standing or how many have failed in the past, that we will send a full two weeks' treatment of stomach trouble in the treatment itself, and knowing the wonderful power of this treatment for others, and believing only we have a treatment that will positively cure any case, no matter how complicated or long standing or how many have failed in the past, that we will send a full two weeks' treatment of stomach trouble in the treatment itself, and knowing the wonderful power of this treatment for others, and believing only we have a treatment that will positively cure any case, no matter how complicated or long standing or how many have failed in the past, that we will send a full two weeks' treatment of stomach trouble in the treatment itself, and