

BANNER LIGHT.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
MAR 10 1904

AN EXPONENT OF THE
PHILOSOPHY OF THE FUTURE

VOL. 95.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1904.

\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 3

OUR ANGEL EYES.

William Brewster.

Eyes we have that do not see,
Half the wonders of our earth;
Some are passed unconsciously,
And we lose their pleasant worth!

We have need of angel sight—
For the flowers that bloom in love;
We have need of inward light
All obstructions to remove!

Men are known by souls of men,
Not by rules of church or mart;
Men are known the moment when—
We discern them with the heart!

Pure religion is the same
Not the measure of a creed,
Not the calling of a name,
But the virtue of love's deed!

God is known unto the soul,
As a presence ever bright,
As the bliss of love's control—
Leading on from light to light!

Eyes we have that do not see,
Half the wonders of our day;
O, my Father, give to me,
Christ's own sight in Christ's own way!

The Centre of Creation.

Charles Dawburn.

(Continued.)

In his search for manhood within the solar system, Mr. Wallace begins with Mercury as nearest to the sun. Mercury is not only very near the sun, but, like our moon, keeps its face perpetually turned to its lord and master. It is therefore almost red hot on one side, and cold as space on the other. It has almost no atmosphere, and is too small to hold by attraction either hydrogen, oxygen or nitrogen. There would be a constant turmoil all over its border lands, where heat and cold meet. So, of course, man could not have been evolved under such condition.

The next planet is Venus. It is large and dense enough to retain the same gases as the earth, and has even a deeper atmosphere. But, alas! It has been recently discovered that it has no day and night. It turns the same face to the sun all the year round, so would roast humanity on one side, while freezing it on the other. Like Mercury, it would have cyclones and hurricanes galore playing perpetually at its border lines between the heat and the cold. Thus Venus is as unfavorable to human life as Mercury.

After the earth comes planet Mars. Poor Mars is but one-ninth the size of the earth, so cannot hold any gases lighter than carbonic acid. This alone would settle the question of any beings such as we call human existing on that planet. So it is not necessary to allude to the so-called "canals," now acknowledged to be due to natural causes. The planet is simply impossible to human life.

It is unnecessary to discuss the outer and larger planets, since they are acknowledged by every astronomer to be without a sufficiently solidified surface to support or maintain human life.

We need not discuss the Moon. Its conditions, like those of Mercury and Venus are simply impossible. We thus, after examining carefully the goods on Nature's counter, find nothing outside of earth that would be of any service to man.

Most certainly the learned doctor seems to have proved his assertion that earth is the only probable, not to say possible, abode of man throughout the whole of Cosmos. The evidence he presents will suffice for those who know a fact when they see it; and for the rest, arguments are needless and useless. But having these facts we propose to ask what they mean in the light of other knowledge, some of it but recently acquired by man?

We stop a moment to acknowledge our indebtedness to the learned author of "Man's Place in the Universe," but now his responsibility ceases, for the writer is proposing to go to work on his own account, and take a broad view of life from a standpoint not approached in that work, but of equal importance to the human race.

PART SECOND.

This theory of an entire Cosmos without a man in it, save on the one wee little earth, is startling, though apparently proved. Of course there may be some other kinds of beings on planets and suns, but, most assuredly, we cannot guess what they look like, nor the kind of food on which they subsist. If intelligence be at work in a form not human there will be nothing in the death process to change its nature. We have that lesson here upon Earth.

Nature offered intelligence the choice of two clearly defined lines of advance. She could either take a backbone and become a vertebrate, or, adorned with rings in sections, pose as an insect. On the one line she achieved manhood. On the other the ant has evolved a civilization just as remarkable, with some virtues, and even arts, impossible as yet to humans. But though living on the

same little planet, and equally in harmony with its conditions, no intercourse is possible, nor apparently would be possible in the spirit life of tomorrow. This law of intellectual separation must apply to all forms of human life everywhere, and not only through time, but possibly into eternity.

So the writer is not going to claim cousinship with other forms of life. But he would like to find out as much as he can about man, whether white, brown, black, yellow or red, with a view to his present and future possibilities, and relation to Cosmos.

The first singular fact is that you can take a man to pieces, to a large extent, and yet leave his manhood. Take off his legs and arms—a mere surgical trifle nowadays—remove his appendix and even his stomach, extract his teeth and shave his head, yet nobody will object to his voting at the coming election if otherwise qualified. His wife and family would still claim him, and his will would probably be attacked for usual causes. Of course that is only physical manhood, which we thus see has no fixed proportions, and is regulated only by the survival of the fittest.

But it is very different when we come to examine the mental side of him. Just a little twist to one side or the other, and off he goes to an asylum. He must act, and even think very much like his neighbors or he will be viewed with suspicion. And, as a most singular fact, certain rare cases have proved that this mentality can be broken up into a number of personalities, one, apparently, with as good a right to possession of the body as another. One of these new personalities may pose as a saint, and the very next hour a commonplace sinner may hold the fort.

The extraordinary cases of Mollie Fancher and Miss Beauchamp—scientifically attested—with many others more recently recognized, tell us that personality is just as evanescent as form. If one of Miss Fancher's half dozen personalities commits forgery or arson, no judge would know how to deal with the case other than by incarcerating the whole crowd in an asylum. Saints and sinners alike would have to go to the same hell. It is beginning to be recognized that personality is a very unreliable expression of manhood. The personality you knew 20 or 30 years ago, and have not met since, is gone for you. At best you exchange memories, and so believe yourself into the old relation with each other.

I have elsewhere, in other articles, given abundant reasons for believing that death itself, like birth and accident during life, sometimes disrupts the old personality, producing in that way much of the confusion and mystery of spirit return. Fancy Mollie Fancher over there and trying to come back. Sometimes you would feel to recognize some mutual fact, and cry "wonderful test." But then would come appearances, one after the other, each a true Mollie Fancher, with which you could make no connection. We must, therefore, have something far more reliable than personality if we are to make a real gain out of our mortal or spiritual experiences. It is no use John Smith shrieking that he wants to be always John Smith. The shrieker is himself only one of a lot of possible personalities, each with an apparent selfhood, with as good a claim to individuality and immortality, so far as we can see, as the rest of the crowd.

Of course this is a very interesting theme, and perhaps includes rather more than our talented Wallace was thinking of when he was limiting mortal humanity to just one speck in the universe. For the census says, "one times one is one, and nothing over," whereas personality becomes mathematics, if you follow it out far enough.

Once again, what do all these facts mean for us? To answer that query it really seems as if we must start in our quest all over again. Let us see what we really know about it, rather than what we merely believe.

It was not a joke when we said that a man could be cut into a great many pieces, and still remain a man. But you cannot cut up Nature. She has done that for herself, and her "cut ups" are the units which blend into temporary personalities. Sometimes they blend into a sun or a universe; sometimes into a man or a mite. It is only a question of shaking a lot of them together, and calling the result a personality. But if you shake them into a form you recognize, and perhaps admire, you can just as easily shake them out of it and begin all over again. The point of importance for the student to note is this—there are but three kinds of raw material—using the word material for want of a better and they are indestructible, and always found together. Energy, substance and intelligence are all there is to play, or work with, and they never separate.

It is no use hunting for the origin of will or mind, since they are only phases of intelligence, working through substance by means of energy. Just the triple godhead, if you choose, which no chemist can analyze, nor mortal comprehend. The unit has all three. You cannot have energy alone, or substance alone, or intelligence alone; and

the very moment two or more such units clasp hands, all three become visible in every movement. You may fancy that sometimes intelligence is working outside the molecule, whereupon you are told to call it chemical attraction and repulsion. Just a step or two further and your chemistry fails, for the intelligence is at work inside, and then the learned doctors of philosophy tell you you must call it "mind."

Herein is a stupendous fact. Every gathering of units is a form personality that, in one sense or other, marries, rears a family, and then retires. That is the entire history of creation. But all the time the unit—the eternal three—is lord and master of its own indestructible self. Since these are facts, scientifically attested, the question is what do they mean to the reader and writer of this article?

San Leandro, Cal.
(To be continued.)

A Message.

Annie Knowlton Hunman.

THE MESSENGER

One evening in the gloaming, a presence came to me with these words: "For sixty years I have been an inhabitant of the spirit world. Some might deem me a veteran sojourner here, but a life of sixty years would seem but a day when viewed against lives of hundreds of years' duration. Even the limited knowledge of embodied spirits enables them to know that there are those in the new life who can claim lives of such length that I would be deemed a mere youth."

"From early boyhood my love for exploring new scenes and new conditions was paramount. With an indomitable will I cast aside every obstacle that hindered my progress, and before my transition to the higher life my experiences had been wide and varied. I felt surprise and delight upon entering the spirit life to find that parting with my physical body gave me a broader field of action and wider and deeper opportunities for investigation, and that by the effort of will I could project my spirit in various directions, but to my chagrin I found myself subjected to limitations because an excess of fostering care had been bestowed upon my physical which constrained my spirit and made it impossible for me to maintain my equilibrium in the higher spiritual altitudes. Thus I learned that I must work out my own salvation, and having buckled on my armor of strength, gained through prayer, I started out into the spirit world knowing that I could be what I would be."

"Upon my journey I met throngs of spirits, pleasure seekers and humanitarians. Many poor, benighted wretches calling for a sight of their Master's face. Sometimes my heart was touched by what seemed their depravity and I ventured to tell them that only through the amelioration of their companions' condition could their Master's presence be felt. Many called upon me to lead them to their loved ones. Sometimes it was my blessed privilege to reunite families. Again I found their conditions so wide apart there were impassable barriers to surmount and I could only play the Good Samaritan, pouring words of comfort into their suffering souls, and teaching them to work out their salvation as I was working out mine."

"On and on I went, not knowing whether my condition was improved or not. At last my eye caught a ray of light so vivid and intense my whole interest was bent upon it. I seemed to drift toward it. Apart from all companionship I became possessed of a feeling of isolation, and began to wonder how much of time had been spent in my journeying. I had no record other than memory, but judging from my many, and varied experiences, I decided I must have passed two or three years. An eternity to look forward to, but in a retrospective view simply a day."

LEARNED A BROADER CHARITY.

"Many spiritual truths had been revealed to me and among them a broader charity for the victims of crime and degradation. I saw, too, that embodied spirits were in a manner irresponsible beings, as they were through the law of heredity suffering the ban of disease, and also had been unconsciously the mediums for evil spirits to manipulate in earth life, and these same controlling evil guides had been murderers, and criminals of the worst dye who had been hurried into eternity under laws made to protect a people against a lawless element, but which in reality hastened to the spirit world those who could return, and control embodied spirits to further their deep and varied machinations, but I digress."

SPIRIT SCENES AND PEOPLE.

"My new path proved long and circuitous, at times illumined to dazzling brightness, again plunged into inky blackness. Bereft of companionship, my soul reached out toward

that Over Soul, of whom I am a part, when Faith and Hope seemed to join hands with me. At last my soul drifted into a state of exaltation, my body swayed as if by a strong wind, my feet were lifted until I was in a reclining position, floating in space. I felt myself gradually growing oblivious to surroundings. How long this condition lasted I cannot say, but when consciousness was fully restored I found I had been transported into new scenes. Later I knew it as one of the higher spheres of the spirit life, a condition only accessible to those morally superior."

"When I opened my eyes they fell upon beings superior in face and form to any I had ever seen. They were of medium height. Limbs finely developed, chest well rounded out, and gracefully drooping shoulders. Hands long, but not too slender, and tapering fingers, indicating a nature delicate and refined. Their skin and hair were very fair. The locks of both sexes undulated from the crown of their heads in great luxuriance about their shoulders and almost enveloped their forms. As their bodies swayed to and fro, their gestures seemed to emphasize their social converse and I realized the poetry of motion. These spirits were clothed, or rather draped in an exquisite fabric that to the touch seemed like velvet, but to the eye bore a semblance to crêpe as it fell in soft, clinging folds about the forms of the wearers. These garments, on both sexes, fell from the left shoulder, where gleamed, with dazzling brightness, some badge of pure gold and silver, unstudded by gems."

"The women's robes fell, barely revealing their dainty, silver sandaled feet. At the waist, a silver cord loosely confined the dress. The robes of the men reached to the knees like kilts, with broad belts of hammered silver. Instead of sandals, bands of silver or gold ribbon crossing and recrossing until there was but the faint suggestion of an exquisitely formed foot that seemed to have been made to tread the air rather than solid earth."

"Apparently my fully restored consciousness attracted and held their attention. With an exquisite grace, they made me feel the full force of true hospitality. A deferential bow, and a graceful wave of the hand seemed to indicate an invitation to advance, when, barely touching the tips of my fingers, they turned and with a gliding motion, which seemed like branches swaying in a gentle breeze, they led me on until a scene of marvellous beauty burst upon my sight."

A MARVELOUS BUILDING.

"Before me were wide, smooth roads. In the near distance buildings of magnificent proportions began to loom up, and the architectural beauty was like nothing I had ever seen. My wildest conception of mortal's power to design and execute was here realized. Suddenly before my eager, expectant gaze rose a massive building, as if by magic. It was of solid blocks of marble with a highly polished surface, and of every known shape. My guides led me up a flight of steps hewn out of a block of Italian marble, and through an arched doorway with every variety of rare and costly gems, which threw such a blaze of light, and reflected such a gorgeous effect that for a moment I was dazzled and bewildered with the glory of light and color. I soon found myself in an extensive entrance hall with mosaic floor. The ceiling, at a vast height, presented allegorical pictures. Here and there crystal chandeliers reflected prismatic colors until the place became painfully brilliant. I recognized grand works of art, statuary, paintings from grand old masters. Music, too, held high and honored place. On canvas and in marble, giving a lifelike presence, were Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Handel and others. Poets and historians also claimed my homage here. At last I became satiated with all this display, and a feeling of excessive languor stole over my spirit. Everything seemed to fade from my sight. A rushing of waters fell upon my ears and I became senseless. Then I felt the touch of a hand and a soft voice, in soothing tones said: 'Heaven records all the hopes and aspirations of mortals, and in due time each shall receive his just deserts.' To my astonishment I found myself awakening from a slumber that was not dreamless, and with the increased knowledge that even disembodied spirits can weary and become lost in sleep."

"From my brief rest I arose refreshed, conscious that my guides had not deserted me. They tenderly raised me and motioned me to follow. I saw a perfect labyrinth of halls and corridors. Before me was every conceivable suggestion of the grandeur of literature, music, and art. Here poets, historians, sculptors, painters and musicians had immortalized their names. Not only was the record in the material world, but duplicated in a more glorious manner in the world of disembodied spirits. We soon left this gigantic museum where all the refining influences that uplift and spiritualize men's souls in earth life were faithfully recorded. When we

reached the main entrance we found an imposing equipage awaiting us.

A CARRIAGE AND HORSES.

"The carriage was shaped like an Egyptian couch, white as alabaster and piled with cushions. The horses were black and white, eight in number and gaily caparisoned. The leaders, two abreast, one black, the other white, were, like the rest, noble Arab steeds, and with distended nostrils stood champing their bits, trembling and quivering with eagerness to feel the signal for departure, which was simply the gentle lifting of dainty, silver ribbons. The driver was a handsome Creole appeared gaily, in a tunic of crimson. I was motioned to mount the vehicle and with a feeling of shy, awkward boyishness I did so, and was immediately followed by my entertainers, three in number, who sank gracefully back upon the pillows with an ease that proved these luxurious appointments familiar objects. A wave of the hand by one of the guides was the signal for departure. With one bound that set the tiny bells upon the harnesses tinkling, we sped, or rather flew over the ground. Not a sound, not even the clatter of a hoof met my ear, except one melodious peal of bells, that seemed to represent a thousand tongues, and from as many different directions."

"On and on we flew past orange, palm and magnolia groves. Here was every type of tree and shrub. A gorgeous array of color, a wonderful blending of shades, making a grandly harmonious picture. Here rivers and brooks meandered through narrow green swards, or extensive velvet lawns. Silver threads that sparkled like purest gems in the sunlight. Now and then a stately swan would glide by upon the glassy surface of the water. Anon I would see noble trees and flowering shrubs reflected. Occasionally we would dash through dense forests, and such a burst of song would fall upon my ear from the feathered warblers that in a moment of exhilaration I would forget everything but Divinity. Then I would spring to my feet shouting 'hallelujah,' and turning would find the faces of my companions wreathed in ineffable smiles."

NATIONAL FLOWERS IN SPIRIT LAND.

"In this sphere I found a wonderful exhibit of floriculture. Whole fields of lilies arranged in colors with delightful effect. Here were all the national flowers evidently nurtured with extreme care, and growing in great profusion. Every known flower was here duplicated, even what we account worthless weeds. In fact everything belonging to the vegetable kingdom had a place here. I have since learned that all life had its prototype in this region. Even animals find an existence in remote localities of this new world. These noble steeds had been imported to meet the needs of this grand race, not simply as beasts of burden, but as creatures susceptible of feeling, even of love. I subsequently found that whatever came within the radius of this charmed circle, this region where the love element ruled, bent to its power. Even these steeds full of fire and mettle had become docile, and instead of being forced by the lash and bit, were governed by the magnetic love force which swayed all life in this locality. I felt more deeply what I had previously confessed to my inner self that there is no magnetism as powerful as the love magnetism."

"With my limited, spiritualized vision I have seen a mighty and stupendous wall of strength, like an impenetrable armor, built around mortals by this same force thrown off, unconsciously, from the soul of some loving companion, embodied or disembodied."

A SPIRITUAL RIVER AND BOATS.

"At last we reached a river bank where our horses were rested and refreshed. I reveled in the picture before me. This beautiful stream was alive with pleasure barges that looked like floating palaces. Some were of crystal, some of choice perfumed woods, and as they glided over the surface of the water, like birds with gay plumage, and freighted with human souls, I felt I had reached the very acme of delight. From a distance came sweet strains of music. As the musicians rehearsed my old, much loved melodies, my mind reverted to earth life, and I seemed to hear naught but the echo of sacred associations."

(To be concluded.)

A man who has ability and a reputation for honesty and just dealing is more to be envied than one who obtains a fortune at the expense of health and character.—F. D. Underwood.

Success is the most natural thing in the world. The man who does not succeed has placed himself in opposition to the laws of the universe. The world needs you—it wants what you can produce—you can serve it, and if you will, it will reward you richly.—Ebert Hubbard.

OUR OLD PIONEERS.

Emma Train.

Yes, they are crossing and joining the ranks,
Gathered together on Jordan's fair banks;
Over the river, its shimmer and sheen,
O'er a vision of glory they're seen,
Crowned with the light and the knowledge of years—
These old pioneers.

Joining the soul life to which they have grown;
Sharing the harvest whose seed they have sown;
Throwing aside the old vestment of care,
Shining and beautiful garments they wear;
Lifting the veil without trembling or fears—
These old pioneers.

We should not mourn though we miss them today
Higher the life that is over the way;
Earth cannot keep the pure spirits that rise
Back to the love reaching down from the skies.

They have no need of your sorrow or tears—
These old pioneers.

Back to our earth life they often may roam,
Bringing the light of their beautiful home,
Shedding a glorified radiance down,
Weaving for mortals a wonderful crown,
Transmitting truth from the heavenly spheres—
These old pioneers.

Let us hold the ports that their valor has won;
Finish the work that their hands have begun;
Work as though worked for a purified cause;
Study, as they, into God's mystic laws;
Somewhere we'll meet in the love-lighted spheres—
Our old pioneers.

—The Two Worlds.

Mr. A. E. Giles as I Knew Him.

Alexander Wilder.

One afternoon, late in the summer of 1877, several persons well-known in Spiritualist circles visited me at No. 567 Orange street, Newark, N. J., where I was then domiciled, and brought with them Mr. Alfred E. Giles. The visit was brief, but conversation was lively, and well suited to impress itself upon everyone taking part in it. During the winter of 1878-9 Mr. Giles was in New York and attended regularly the lectures of the United States Medical College. I then saw more of him and came to esteem him highly.

He impressed me as a thoroughbred Yankee, generous, yet prudent, neither lavish nor stingy, sincere in his friendships, earnest and positive in his beliefs, careful to be perfectly fair with everyone, friend or otherwise, but both loving and hating in liberal measure. He was always a Carner, and while tenacious of his own views, almost to obstinacy, was not severe with others who were candidly differing.

Being in Boston in 1879, I visited him at his house. It was strictly the abode of a domestic man, a student and a thinker, yet who neglected nothing of a business character which required attention. He had begun life, in manhood, a Baptist, and had graduated at the Brown University, formerly the chief school of that denomination. His wife, also of the same belief, was a lady among ladies. When Mr. Giles embraced Spiritualism she did not go with him, yet this wide divergence did not seem in any respect to disassociate them. She entertained the visitors of the new faith with courtesy, never by a word or manner signifying anything to make them feel uncomfortable. Yet, she was as devoted on her part, as her husband was in his direction.

The only time that I ever saw a difference exhibited between them, was at a later visit. We were speaking of Gen. B. F. Butler, who, at that time, like the fabled bull in the China shop, was in a fair way of breaking things. But he and I thought that there was a deal of political chatter about that ought to be thoroughly pulverized, and he expressed his wishes warmly that Gen. Butler might succeed. Mrs. Giles immediately declared her feelings the other way. I am inclined to think her nearer right than we were. Her general good sense was always evident; her husband trusted in her, and was chivalric in his attentions. He was keenly sensitive to what was disorderly, whether in person, or conduct.

I remember his confidence in the peculiar powers of Charles H. Foster. He took me with him twice to see Foster, and seemed to be disappointed that I applied no "tests." I am not expert at such things, being myself more a student than a critic, yet I noted that I did not tell him—that while Foster displayed a faculty of seerishship which could not be intelligently denied, his replies to my questions were certain and definite only when my view of the matter was equally so; but that where I was in doubt or ignorant, the replies were equally obscure. I could but think that Foster's mind intermingled with mine and so became imbued with the same consciousness, and that from this he had his revelations, at least I am perhaps overdone. I was inclined to doubt his intuitions. Mr. Giles, however, seemed to have great confidence in him; yet I once saw disgust visibly marked in his face at a coarseness, and at another time he spoke to me of Foster in a way showing that he knew the man's faults.

His sense of humor was very defective. One summer he went upon an extended ramble with Mr. Davis, and I presume that they had a glorious good time together. When I wrote to him afterward, I rallied him for his career of dissipation. His reply was very serious, eagerly disclaiming every imputation of the sort, at least I am perhaps overdone of nonsense, and of rallying folk, but this was enough to deter me from any further liberty of the kind with him; but I never ceased to esteem him.

Though in manner unobtrusive and apparently far from aggressive, we was far from timid. He hated oppression as the vilest of human enemies. He was active in hostility to the Medical Legislation that now blotches the statute-books of Massachusetts. He opposed compulsory vaccination, and I am told, labored to prevent premature interments.

Probably his delicacy of health operated to deter him from active aggressiveness. For I believe that if he had had strength equal to his sentiments, he would have been famed like Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza, and if he could find no better way, would have met with a multitude in the Temple of Dagon where he would have pulled the roof down on them all.

In manner he was a New Englander. He could attend prayers punctually, but he would not neglect his powder-horn. If he had been predestined to shoot an Indian he would have been unusually careful to have his gun with him that time. He was friendly, but Yankee caution, almost David Harum-like, appeared on every side, and one might not come too near. Forethought seemed to him characteristic. He would never have created the world and afterward repented of having placed human beings in it. Though a lawyer, he was eminently a peace maker.

In short, he made few professions, but lived up to more by far, than he professed.

He was ready to be kind, but not to talk about it. Hence, much that he was, much that he did, are unknown except, perhaps, to the few who knew him best.

His last communication to me was dated on last Thanksgiving Day, and I affixed it to my scrap-book. This is a copy.

Thanksgiving Day.

Nov. 25, 1903.

Dear Professor Wilder—I have many things to be thankful for today, and among them is your admirable "Wisdom from Everlasting" in this week's "Banner of Light"—so comprehensive, so exact, and so completely perfect. These words such as they are, do not, and cannot, express the pleasure to its writer of

Yours cordially,

A. E. Giles.

Hyde Park, Mass.

From the time of his wife's decease I have been expecting his departure. All doubtless now is smooth. I will now add these lines of Tennyson as my requiem:

I hate the black negation of the bier,
And wish the dead, as happier than ourselves,

And higher, having climbed one step beyond
Our village miseries, might be torn in white
To burial or to burning, hymn'd from hence
With songs in praise of death, and crowned in flowers.

Spiritualism in Australia.

Laura G. Fizen.

Australia is called the new world and it would seem proper that all ideas expressed under the term New Thought should here find prolific ground. Spiritualism proper in Australia started about forty years ago in Melbourne. A seventeen-year-old lad, W. H. Terry, came from London and settled in Melbourne. When twenty-four his attention was called to Spiritualism by hearing about it. He interested a few others and together they investigated and had seances with remarkable demonstrations. One of the sitters developed and became a fine independent writer. Mr. Terry himself became "controlled" and then founded a society. He did a great deal to develop others. One of these saw clairvoyantly the front page of a Spiritualist paper, the heading of which read, "The Harbinger of Light," and told Mr. Terry that he would edit the paper, but as he had had no literary experience that was the last thing which he expected. Soon after another Spiritualist started a paper, greatly to Mr. Terry's relief. This, however, failed within a few months and Mr. Terry felt that he must obey the call and eighteen months after the vision the Harbinger of Light was started with a heading just as described and Mr. Terry has now published the paper for 30 years without making a cent profit. It has been the organ of the Cause for the entire Australasia and one of the greatest powers for propagating the work.

Mr. Terry became especially gifted with ability to diagnose diseases, and soon nearly all of his time was taken up with ministering to the sick. More than twelve of the leading physicians of different schools in Melbourne sought his advice in difficult cases and Dr. J. B. Motherwell, a member of the Council of the Melbourne University and for 25 years an Honorary Physician to the Melbourne Hospital, consulted him on "especially important cases of internal trouble which none of the other doctors could diagnose. As the patient was cured through Mr. Terry's ministrations, Dr. Motherwell became interested and was soon one of the leading Spiritualists in Melbourne. Dr. S. D. Bird was another prominent physician who consulted Mr. Terry, who soon had an enormous clientele and wrought wondrously for the Cause. He receives his communications in a peculiar way, by knocking on his forehead.

Another meteor dawned on the world of Spiritualism in 1866, Mr. Chas. Bright, a literary man and editor of a large paper. He was deputed by the Australian the largest and only paper of power in the Southern Hemisphere, to write six articles on Spiritualism, the new idea which was pervading the country. As Mr. Bright was an honest man, he desired to understand somewhat of the subject on which he was to write and so began to go to seances and otherwise to investigate Spiritualism. To his great amazement, he found that the claims of the cult were based upon facts. He was surprised at the wealth of literature published on the subject, which he eagerly read, and instead of writing against Spiritualism as had been his intention, he wrote strongly for it, and said that there was more in this new philosophy than the world even dreamed of. These articles caused much excitement as well as interest throughout the Commonwealth and were republished in pamphlet form and spread all over Australia. Mr. Bright became a Spiritualist and his first lecture on the subject was delivered in the Unitarian Church in Melbourne in 1868. His fame as a speaker increased and the largest halls could not hold the people who came to hear him. In 1875 he gave up all his business and his income of six thousand dollars a year and henceforth devoted his time to Spiritualism until last year, when his great soul went home. During the past 10 years of his life he lectured considerably in America.

Another leading man who became a Spiritualist was the Honorable Alfred Deakin, the present Premier of the Commonwealth of Australia. He became a trance speaker and was conductor of the Lyceum. He published a book, "The New Pilgrim's Progress," but when Mr. Deakin fifteen years ago first entered Parliament he thought best to drop Spiritualism and carefully bought up every copy of his book wherever it was for sale.

Another pioneer and a most ardent Spiritualist is the Honorable T. W. Stanford, brother of the late Leland Stanford, founder of the Stanford University in California. For forty years he has devoted much time, influence and money to the advancement of the Cause. He has been a widower for this number of years, as he lost his wife and child within a year after his marriage. Mr. Bailey, one of the most remarkable materializing mediums of the present day, has been engaged by Mr. Stanford exclusively for three years, and conducted private seances twice a week to a circle of about twenty guests. The visible results from these seances can probably not be duplicated anywhere. Mr. Stanford has in his apirary living birds which were brought to his office belonging to foreign countries; showers of living fish would cover the table at the seances, but some of these would only live for a few days or weeks. I also saw in Mr. Stanford's home a beautiful plant, rich in foliage, 18 inches high, grown from a materialized slip, and so far no one has been found who knows its name or the specie to which it belongs.

Also saw a well preserved skull, several pieces of papyrus covered with hieroglyphics, a leopard's skin from India, a large number of varied ancient coins and several tablets covered with inscriptions from Egypt, Greece and other countries. These were very ancient and were brought direct in the room and dropped on the table by request and as Mr. Bailey sat under strict test conditions there can be no doubt of the genuineness of these manifestations, through spirit power, of nearly two hundred articles. Mr. Bailey has just left for Italy by invitation of the Psychic Research Society there.

The Spiritualists have been greatly encouraged and assisted through the visits of workers from America and England, such as the late Emma Harding Britton and Wm. Denton, also Mrs. N. T. G. Brigham, Miss Florence Morse and Messrs. S. W. J. J. Colville, J. J. Morse and Dr. J. M. Leebles, each of whom have done grand work for the Cause. The Spiritualist societies in Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth are still young, but the Psychic Society of Sydney is flourishing, with Mr. Adams as president and Mr. Sercombe as secretary. The Sydney society owes much of its early life to the energy of the Hon. J. Bowle Wilson, Minister for Lands, a most single minded, earnest Spiritualist.

I shall not soon forget the hearty reception which was accorded me on my arrival, nor the enthusiastic audience gathered in Leigh Hall on Sunday evening, Jan. 24. They did all they could to make me feel welcome and it was indeed an inspiration in itself to look at the sea of kindly faces. They paid the closest attention to the address and seemed to drink in every word.

The largest society in Australia is the Victorian Association of Spiritualists, Inc., Melbourne. Mr. Terry has been its president for many years, but recently requested to be relieved and was succeeded by Mr. Otto Wachtz. R. O. T. Morgan is 1st Vice Pres., Mrs. M. A. Redfern, 2d Vice Pres.; Mrs. Anna Bright, Hon. Sec., and Mr. W. H. Terry, Treas. They have a membership of over 100 and have for ten years past rented a room in the Austral Building for their social gatherings. Mr. Terry has his offices in the same building and on the ground floor is a large book store for Spiritualist literature, in charge of the Misses Hingo and Skeelies.

The Melbourne Progressive Lyceum hold their usual Sunday meetings in Odd Fellows' Hall. They soon expect to build a Temple and have five thousand dollars in their treasury towards the building, while an aged member has willed them five thousand dollars more towards the same. They have a flourishing Lyceum with Mr. J. Isaacs conductor. There is as yet no State organization, but they are looking toward this end for further usefulness.

My reception in Melbourne was the most cordial I have ever had anywhere and the meetings the largest and most enthusiastic of any I ever addressed since speaking on the spiritualistic platform. From the moment I arrived at the depot until I left, every thoughtful attention that good will could suggest was mine. The Bijou Theatre, one of the prettiest in the city, had been engaged and a choir of 60 voices, drilled under the direction of Prof. Bloomfield, which with solos and orchestra, rendered beautiful music. Although the theatre seats two thousand, it was literally packed, and on the second Sunday still more were standing up than on the first, while the enthusiasm was even greater. It was estimated that over a thousand orthodox church members attended each meeting, and Melbourne Spiritualists have had no such meetings for over twenty years. The city seemed to have caught the enthusiasm and for the first time in their history the Press was opened on the subject, and every day there appeared articles of from one to two columns, pro and con, a fact very gratifying to the society. Ministers from their pulpits spoke of the craze which had struck the city and warned their people against it and the Wesleyan Methodist minister announced that he would "expose" Spiritualism on the Sunday after I left. Book stores placed their literature on Spiritualism in the most prominent places in the windows and I was besieged with letters of approval and disapproval.

On the first day of my arrival in Melbourne Mr. Terry had an informal reception at his home that I might meet the executive committee. The following Wednesday a public reception was arranged in the Austral Building with addresses of welcome and on the evening before I left another audience gathered here to bid me "bon voyage."

I was presented with a loving testimonial signed by the officers of the society and numerous evidences of the thoughtful kindness of the audience.

Mr. Wachtz, the president, is a man full of power and energy. Mr. Terry, the treasurer, can do but faint justice; his great mind and heart is given to the Cause, and last, but not least, Mrs. Bright, the secretary, is a source of power in herself. She it was who looked after the thousand and one things necessary to make a large meeting a success. She forgot weariness, but nothing else. She possesses the enviable adaptability which makes everyone love her, and is the essence of femininity. No wonder their society is such a power with such officials. I only wish every society was blessed with one such as these.

The word Melbourne has a new sweet sound to me, as it would have to anyone coming here as a stranger and receiving such a welcome and as I stood on the deck of the "Pateena" which carried me out of the harbor toward Tasmania, it was with a new pain that I watched the friends on shore through a mist of tears.

Note.—The editor can personally confirm Miss Fizen's account of Mr. Bailey's remarkable mediumship, having been present at a number of his seances and been shown by the courtesy of Mr. Stanford the various articles enumerated in the foregoing communication.—Editor.

Some Remarkable Illustrations of Clairaudience.

Wm. Phillips.

(Concluded.)

Notwithstanding all my invisible friend had said in favor of evolution as nature's mode of procedure, I was not convinced of its truth nor yet could I deny its claims. My father was at that time a preacher of the hard shell Baptist persuasion, so I half decided to tell him of these things and get his opinion of them, but deferred to do so for fear the whole proceeding would be classed with the Devil's doings. But while I could not believe I could not condemn my friend's theory, for there seemed a sacredness around it I could not help but revere.

The years passed by while I stood as between two fires. The church would gladly have taken me in, but there was an inclination on my part to get farther away from the church, and into broader fields of thought.

It was during these years of "dragging along" I first heard of spiritual phenomena, and the claims based upon them. I at once relegated them to their Satanic Majesty, but admitted, at the same time, that if a truth, it was the greatest truth ever known to man. But how could I decide without investigation?

The opportunity to investigate soon came. My wife was developed as a medium, with six or eight different phases of mediumship, consequently I learned through these of the mysteries of the higher life. But while admitting the fact of spirit intercourse, and to some extent, the conditions of life over there, I could not accept them fully to the exclusion of "Hard Shell" theology. "The New Birth," as taught by the church, still held a strong hold on my consciousness.

This new birth, as I understood it, placed man, while yet on earth, on the spiritual plane of life, and was in some way connected with Jesus and his crucifixion, but in what way I did not know. I would refer in my mind to my experience of 1842, but that did

not satisfy me. That experience was scarcely Christian. I was inclined to believe the Christian's "New Birth," as taught by the church, was a special gift of God; if so, spirit teachings were a delusion.

It was a warm December day in 1842. While busy here and there, a voice (similar to the voice of 1842, but somewhat dissimilar to the voice of 1847, as that voice was strong and positive, while this was soft and musical), seemingly from a nearby position, proclaimed so pleadingly, "The New Birth is an ordeal all must pass through." Again the words were repeated, then again, and again, in different places, following me all the day. Nor did it cease entirely when I was in the house among the family. At times there were several such voices repeating from different places, "The New Birth is an ordeal all must pass through." This proclamation seemed, from its nature, to call for no reply, consequently I kept silent, except that my intuitive perceptions seemed inspired, and I gradually drank in the principles that would sustain such claim. The day closed, and the darkness of night prevailed around my home, but these voices did not cease their warnings until sleep closed my hearing.

Morning dawned and the first to greet my senses was this same proclamation, "The New Birth is an ordeal all must pass through," seemingly from among the curtains around my bed. Now snow was still on the ground with plenty of slush and mud. But I had need to take a grit to mill that day. How patient the oxen that drew the load. They seemed to understand my every wish with a willingness to obey, and I understood their thoughts or feelings as well. The mud in the road did not annoy me in the least, nor did it seem to annoy the team. Sweet harmony appeared to prevail everywhere and in everything. All the way to the mill these same voices were heard, not in concert, but each for himself. From the fence corners, from the fir boughs that hung over the road, and from tops of the trees, moving as I moved, halting when I would halt.

This condition prevailed throughout that day, nor ceased until sleep again closed my eyes at night, to be repeated again the third day morning and continuing until late in the afternoon with this difference, the tone of the voices grew softer, and finally ceased to be heard. And although made no reply, asked no questions of those who made such proclamations, I seemed to realize, gradually, of course, the truth of spirit or soul evolution, and when that realization came my instructors, or whatever it may have been, seemed to consider their mission ended, and I heard them no more.

But a question arises here, Why was that proclamation made? and who or what made it?

In looking over the past in the light of today I am constrained to believe that proclamation could not have come to me one day sooner than it did. There is a material and a spiritual evolution, or rather there is but one principle of evolution which manifests both through the material and the spiritual. By degrees I had advanced to the plane of spirit evolution in which these ideas are understood and lived. In fact, such conditions are a part of the life of those who are able to live them.

But was it independent spirit voices that made this proclamation? or was it the voice of intuition?

Once at New Era camp, on the Willamette, I put this question to the guides of George P. Colby: "Is intuition a voice that might be mistaken for the voice of a spirit friend?" The guides replied at some length, admitting that intuitions often came as though a voice of a spirit was speaking. In fact it was not always we could distinguish one from the other. The voice that came to me in 1842 was doubtless the voice of intuition, but the voice that came in 1847 was plainly a spirit voice, for Yankee like, it would argue the question. But the voice in regard to the New Birth, it seems to me, was intuitive in every sense.

How strange the contrast after this last revelation as compared with my condition 14 years before. Then I was a cringing slave to theology. Now I am far removed from such leading strings and am a free man of a Calvinistic faith still lurking in my make up. "A power to lean on that would assume all our cares," I had been so taught from childhood, and was slow to yield the idea of such protection.

Could God, or could He not, move His hand and smash a world? Or by a similar move bring a world into existence? I queried on this point for several months. My intuitions had taught me that God was spirit, was the embodiment of eternal law, by virtue of which the universe moves in the harmony of love, and yet was there an arbitrary power?

At length a voice came saying, seemingly from the atmosphere, soft and low, but with much dignity, "God is not an Arbitrary Being," and as on the occasion of the ordeal of the New Birth this sentence was repeated again and again, and by several voices, but not in concert, for nearly three days, from almost every point of the compass. Wherever I would go that solemn and dignified voice would continually proclaim, "God is not an Arbitrary Being." During the three days this proclamation was being repeated, I seemed to grow to the plane of thought of my adviser, where I have remained ever since.

This last scene was during the days of the publication of the Spiritual Telegraph, about 1855 or 1856. Charles Partridge and S. B. Brittain were the editors and proprietors. These men with Dr. Wesie, Dr. Hall, Dr. Hallock and others had organized a public Lyceum to discuss topics embraced in the Philosophy of Life. While yet unsettled in my own mind as to the nature of God, I sent the question, "Is God an Arbitrary Being?" to Mr. Partridge, requesting that he submit it to this Lyceum for discussion. Mr. Partridge, in presenting the question, remarked that "It would be an answer except for himself. That we must look to nature to find nature's God, study the laws by which the universe is governed, and learn what they had to say." I followed this advice to the best of my ability until the voice came.

But again the question recurs, "Were these spirit voices or the voice of intuition?"

I am inclined to believe the latter. For, if a spirit had spoken there had been but one voice, nor would it have spoken so long, nor seemingly had ceased in energy as I in spirit grew to the plane of such knowledge. My own experience teaches me that it is some times difficult to distinguish between a spirit voice and the voice of intuition. Though intuition has no language that could be used by mortal tongue, yet, to the understanding, to the soul of man, it is a natural language to which the tired spirit listens as it journeys to the higher planes of life.

It seems that at this stage of life I should have rested, content that I had been taught so many things. But as mortal man is ever hungry, so with the immortal man, he is ever hungry for the true bread of life. Let him feast today on spiritual food, tomorrow he would feast again. There is a necessity for spiritual food as well as for material food.

So it was with me in 1856. But upon a certain autumn day in 1845 I heard a voice say: "William, I am here." Let me premise a little before proceeding further with this story.

I had an adopted sister, an orphan girl of about my own age. Her name was Jane. But Jane was unwilling to go with us to

Oregon and leave her brothers and sisters behind, so the parting day came, and as we supposed a long goodbye. Our far western home was reached at the end of a year, and as there were no mails to that country for several years we got no news from home, but while working in my field one day I heard a well known voice call, "William, I am here." I turned in the direction from whence the sounds came, and saw a small white cloud, seemingly about ten feet square, lying against the clear eastern sky. In the midst of this cloud was my sister Jane. I replied, "Yes, Jane, I perceive you are here, but was not aware you had died." She affirmed the fact of her demise, but did not say when she left the form, nor did I think to ask her. We conversed in audible tones for several minutes, then by thought waves perhaps as long, when it seemed we could talk no more. Yet the form remained in the cloud for half an hour, and was dressed as in her girlhood days. Then the form faded from view, but the cloud remained in its place for a while longer, then it, too, disappeared entirely.

Here was something new. Was Jane really dead? And how should I ascertain if the vision were true or false?

By this time we had a monthly mail from New York. I waited month after month for a return letter giving us news from home. At length, after two years' waiting, a letter came, and with other news stating, "and Jane died two years after you left here." Let me say that this was the first flower of the tree of knowledge that had been entrusted to my care.

I wish to say in regard to the cloud that only a few years ago I was relating to a medium the incident of this vision, when she, the medium, became instantly under spirit influence, or control, and said, "That was not a cloud you saw on that occasion, but a window that was opened between the two conditions of life through which you could both see and converse." But be that as it may, there was a spirit talking to me from what appeared to be a cloud. Talking to me two years in advance of my knowledge of her departure.

Such is an outline of my experience, a brief relation of things seen at the way-stations on the highway of real life, from which we may draw encouragement and instruction for our onward journey.

But the half has not been told, some of which would probably interest the public, though mostly of a personal nature.

Clackamas, Oregon.

Carrie E. S. Tuting.

Lake Helen, Florida.

There has been quite a large addition to the camp the past week, some who have come to stay, and some for only a week, while others expect to understand the mystery of spirit communion in a day or two if they have money to pay for it. Others come with the feeling if they can only get a glimpse of the real truth they will be satisfied, and do not demand the marvelous. We all learn sooner or later that the real spiritual truth is a plant of slow growth, that the seekers must grow up to the truth and not expect it to accommodate itself to their plans or desires, but in quiet, kindly ways people are seeking and finding gleams of heavenly light.

Mrs. Minnie Brown of Hotel Cassadaga never withholds a word when it will give comfort. Mrs. Stephens is also kind, and Mrs. Wheeler and her Indian guide Blue Flower. We also hear that Mrs. Steele of Hotel Webster has done good work there. The trumpet medium, Mrs. Bartholomew, has constantly in her charge a well loved niece, who has for some time been a sufferer from lung trouble. The climate has done her some good, but she looks like a lily in its whiteness. Mrs. Bartholomew's devotion to her is very touching. It's "Joie" first and her work afterwards.

The weather for the week until today has been most beautiful, but even the warm rain is very pleasant. Strawberries are very nice this year, but a little later than usual. Mr. Colville's classes have been held every week morning during the past two weeks and are well attended. He donates the proceeds to the association, and it is a nice sum. The writer has met him frequently for many years, but he never seemed such a marvel as now. The people who are not accustomed to real inspirational speaking and the improvising of poetry say, Is it true that he had no previous knowledge of the subject to be given? And when answered in the affirmative and requested to give subjects themselves, they say, "It doesn't seem possible!"

On Monday evening we had the largest card party of the season. The prizes were presented by Mrs. Dr. Hilligoss. Mrs. Stephens gave them another time. A friend who did not want her name mentioned upon another occasion. We have others in store from kind friends.

Tuesday Mr. Colville's subject was "The Problem of Life."

On Wednesday Mrs. Smith Baker read a poem at the seance, held each week at the Pavilion. Mrs. Baker is well known as an author and poet and is one of the lecturers in humanitarian work at her home in Kansas City. She was followed by Mrs. Brown of Philadelphia and Mrs. Bartholomew with spirit descriptions, which were very satisfactory.

Prof. Peck spoke Thursday upon "The Evolution of Man," and on Saturday upon "The Evolution of Mind." His lectures have been very interesting, showing thoughtful study, and illumined at times by an inspiration that made the hearers wonder how they ever could have believed in the old idea of creation.

Sunday, although it rained, there was a large audience at both sessions. In the morning the writer spoke upon the subject, "Are they not all ministering spirits?" and Mr. Colville closed with a poetical benediction. In the afternoon Mr. Colville spoke upon subjects given by the audience. It was a very excellent discourse. Both Mr. Colville and Prof. Peck sang solos. Prof. Peck was assisted in the chorus of "The Beautiful Island of Sometime" by the lady singers. Although it was very unpleasant on Sunday evening over seventy people turned out in the rain to attend Prof. Peck's stereopticon exhibition of the Solar System. He gives another exhibition next Sunday evening descriptive of his course of lectures upon evolution.

We would like to mention more of our people, but fear we would trespass upon your space. Still there is one whom we will mention, Mrs. C. C. Bacon, of Lake Brady, Ohio, who has given out some pleasing truths. She is well on her journey to the Summerland, but she talks sense in the conference. At one time she said: "I used to have a pretty bad temper and speak out quickly, but now I've made up my mind not to get mad until tomorrow!"

On Tuesday the subject at the conference was "The Golden Rule." Her speech opened with the following remark, "Well, it's a subject that has been talked about for hundreds of years, but the golden rule has never been worn out by being practiced!"

Mrs. Rose Johnson, of Dunkirk, N. Y., has the entire charge of Brigham Hall. She still has rooms, and the frequent changes in the hotel by people staying only a little while and then going farther south makes it possible for Mrs. Sage to accommodate a few more. Thanks for the articles for the bazar from Maine and Missouri.

Departure of John F. Goff.

Mr. Goff was born in Sempronius, Cayuga County, N. Y., June 25, 1823, and departed this life at the home of M. E. Depuy, near Wakelee, Mich., Feb. 12, 1904, aged 80 years, 7 months, 22 days.

Mr. Goff was a pioneer in this vicinity, and was one of the successful ones that crossed the western plains to California in search of gold. He was one of the most generous men in Southern Michigan, if not in the state. By his earnest love of justice and right doing he has defended many against those who would have taken undue advantages, and by so doing as well as his liberality in cases of need, he has also made many hearts happy, and by his careful planning and assistance helped many to gain a good and comfortable home that would otherwise have been in rather hard circumstances if not homeless.

His gifts were not frivolous, but always practical. At Christmas time it was his custom to present flour, groceries, clothing, etc., to those he deemed worthy and needy. These he always gave in a quiet way that those receiving them might not know who the giver was.

It was he who made it possible to establish a state Mediums' Home at Lansing, Mich., which property is located only four blocks from the state capitol, and only 20 rods from the center of the city. A large double lot, with a building 40 by 42 feet square, two stories and basement, furnace heated, lighted by gas, and supplied with city water. The State Association bought it in 1891 at the low price of \$4,750.00. Mr. Goff having started the Home fund with \$1200. The State Association now holds a deed of the property. Mr. Goff having canceled the debt August 26, 1903, after having paid nearly \$4,000 in all. It is hoped and expected the State Association will keep the Home running for the benefit of worthy and needy mediums. The property will be known as the Goff Mediums' Home.

Mr. Goff has been a Spiritualist for 45 years or more and lived his religion all these years, even when he was a Spiritualist was to be ill treated and ridiculed, but he lived above it all. It was through his efforts that "Farmer Riley" first investigated and sat for development. He has been the means of helping many to see the light that is to illumine the world.

He was a member of the Masonic order, and the brethren conducted the burial services. The funeral services, conducted by the writer, were held at the Methodist Protestant church at Wakelee (which society we heartily thank for their liberality in allowing us the use of their church on this, and former occasions).

An affecting poem was read as part of the service, it having been given by the guides some two months ago.

Mr. Goff was very mediumistic, and two years ago in a business transaction with Mr. R. D. Snyder, he made the remark that, "He would only be here about two years," and wanted to arrange all business accordingly. The time of passing-out was within three days of two years after the above statement. At another time he said his father and friends in spirit had agreed to let him know before the end just when the change would come.

He had been quite feeble for a long time, yet able to be around the house and among the friends when the weather would permit. On Monday, the 15th of February, after breakfast, he was taken quite suddenly ill, and went down very rapidly until the afternoon of the 18th, when the change came. On Tuesday he said his father and friends were all with him signifying that he had received the notice of the coming change, as promised. He was conscious till the last, and without a struggle or murmur he seemed to pass gladly on with his friends to that bright home his goodness and kindness had prepared in that fair land.

Where soul with soul can meet,
Beyond death's open door,
In love most pure and sweet,
Where parting comes no more.

—H. L. Chapman.

Marcellus, Mich.

An Easy Way to Make Money.

I have made \$500.00 in 80 days selling Dish-washers. I did my housework at the same time. I don't canvass. People come or send for the Dish-washers. I handle the Mound City Dish-washer. It is the best on the market. It is lovely to sell. It washes and dries the dishes perfectly in two minutes. Every lady who sees it wants one. I will devote all my future time to the business and expect to clear \$4,000.00 this year. Any intelligent person can do as well as I have done. Write for particulars to the Mound City Dish-washer Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. W. B.

The Magician Kellar, and His Exposure of Mediums at Cassadaga.

"Seen and Heard" is a magazinelet which apes the notorious Phyllis in makeup and attempts at the same crude witticism. The difference is that between fresh pop and a week after the cork has been blown out. The Phyllis is smart, but very thin; its little caricature mistakes slugging for a straight hit from the shoulder.

Among the choice tidbits served in a late number is a laudation of Kellar, or rather, that notorious performer of tricks fills the editor with what he thinks will be good advertising matter. Kellar says he was before the Seybert Commission and "surprised the members more than any person who had claimed to operate by spirit power."

As that commission held its sessions to show "how not to do it" it is not surprising that Kellar pleased, though it is difficult to understand the relation of a professional juggler to spiritual investigation. Slade, Maud Lord, Margaret Fox and other mediums were before that commission which did not even claim that they detected fraud.

But Kellar's triumph was at the camp meeting at Cassadaga in 1895. There he "denounced the whole business as a fraud and was publicly challenged to explain the manifestations."

In his own words:—"Spiritualists were thicker than bees in a hive at the lake, and the Cassadaga Propaganda was the talk of all tongues. It was nothing more nor less than a cabinet sitting, with all the familiar tests, except the conditions surrounding the cabinet were such as to preclude the possibility of any human being entering it, or being concealed in it. A huge piece of plate glass was first placed on trestles to form a platform. Then the ordinary cabinet was built up, piece by piece on the glass floor, the curtains were drawn and Caspiostro did the rest."

Caspiostro is his "familiar spirit." But this is as nothing to the doll-house of a cabinet Kellar followed with.

Emerson continues:—"In a week he was ready to show Mr. Medium a trick worth two of his. He made two little treaties about two feet wide, and across these he placed a window glass about

two feet long. Then he proceeded to construct a cabinet on the glass. He put it together piece by piece, and when it was completed, it was about as large as a little girl's doll-house. They were stumped from the very first by the smallness of this cabinet."

Thus prepared, he proceeded to give all the manifestations, to the wonderment, consternation and confusion of the Spiritualists, who were completely "stumped."

We have no doubt that Kellar is giving fresh news and that the magazinelet is printing matter never before circulated. It is presumable that of the tens of thousands of visitors at the camp-grounds not one remembers the coming of the great Kellar, or his "stumping" the mediums. A public challenge and its acceptance; the building of a cabinet on such a huge sheet of glass, or making a display from a doll-house, surely would have attracted attention and received mention in the newspapers of the time. Yet there never has been a word of this most successful of fakirs having visited that camp.

The charge is so libelous and damaging on account of its source, that it should be met with the strongest evidence procurable. Hence I wrote to Hon. A. Gaston, for many years president of the Cassadaga Association, and a man whose word is as good as his bond. The duties of his office required his constant attendance at the grounds. If any one knows the history of the camp he surely does. His reply has no uncertain sound.

"Meadville, Pa., Feb. 21, 1904.

"My dear Mr. Tuttle:

"So far as I know, Kellar, the Magician, was never on the grounds at Cassadaga. Had he been there openly in his own name, he would have created a sensation and I certainly should have heard of it and sought him out. As to any such public demonstration, it never took place nor anything upon which to base such a statement. I cannot understand why Kellar need to lie, for he draws good audiences on his own merits. The secretary, A. E. Gaston, who was on the grounds every day that season, joins me in this statement, and if more evidence is needed the testimony of the trustees and of every visitor on the grounds that season might be taken.

"I am respectfully yours,

"A. Gaston."

It is expecting too much of "poor human nature" that magazines making such false charges will make honorable amend by admitting their refutation. The attack on Spiritualism by falsehood has been made continuously for more than fifty years, and if in a single instance the cowards who have dealt the blows have ever acknowledged their errors, the miracle has not come to my attention.

If Kellar was not at Cassadaga as he claims to have been; if he was not "challenged to explain the manifestations," of what value is the other portion of his story? Kellar in the role of a medium is a fake, and his tricks have no more relation to the genuine phenomena than a bogus coin has to the United States mint.

Hudson Tuttle,

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

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

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

Boston Spiritual Temple.

Last Sunday morning, Rev. F. A. Wiggins spoke in an interesting and instructive manner before the Boston Spiritual Temple Society upon the subject of "Prophecy and Miracles."

"A prophet is one who foretells events. When it is claimed that man lives only in the present, it is distinctly asserted that he is totally out of harmony and communion with the plans of the Infinite as well as all law by and through which design is fulfilled. No man, however, is entirely outside of this pale, and every man is a prophet just to the degree of his consciousness of his own divinity by which he is intelligently related to Divine purposes. A realization of divinity constitutes a prophet in the broadest and truest sense, for such a realization reveals a principle in which the operation of law is observed where cause and consequence, as links in a chain, stretch out to infinity.

"It is true that the past is not; it is gone forever, but only in a very limited sense. While written history aids in commanding the past to pay deference to certain demands of the present, such history is, at best, only partial and fragmentary. In the last analysis, however, it will be demonstrated that even the slightest event of the past has not failed of being properly recorded. That which all life expresses today, with reverence to civilization, moral and spiritual culture, in fact with reference to every feature which determines it to be just what it is, is the consequence of an unbroken thread of cause and consequence.

"Rock-written history is being deciphered; a study of evolution is making clearer every day the facts connected with the development of life's multitudinous expressions. The mystic web of the past will yet be unraveled, thread by thread, and its history will, in its entirety, be recorded. Such an unraveling will reveal the fingerprints of cause and effect at each and every step of the way and thereby establish a law and reveal its operations so definitely that by its application the future will be compelled to throw open wide its doors and permit mankind to gaze along the vista of coming time and events.

"Whoever looks upon any event as being miraculous, proclaims the fact of their limitation of knowledge. If an occurrence is slightly outside of the usual, it is miraculous to the very ignorant, but with the development of intelligence, the miraculous disappears.

"We deny that the conception of Jesus, the Christ, was a miracle, but we are glad to consider it as immaculate, for we entertain a strong belief that the hope of the future is involved in the principle, and at the same time feel assured that with the development of intelligence all humanity will be born of pure love and thereby all expressions of life will bear the imprint of the immaculate.

"Simply because it was somewhat outside of the usual occurrences, ignorance proclaimed the immaculate conception of Christ a miracle.

"When such an exhibition of pure love becomes the usual, as it sometime certainly will, no miracle will ever be thought of connected therewith, but will be recognized as an expression of nature, as she fulfills her purposes, no longer hindered, but aided, by the intelligent co-operation of man."

A free reading of your disease and drink habit, how to cure, given by Spirit Dr. Henry Sheffield. Give symptoms, with two cent postage stamps. Address John Hinderer, 1424 East 23d St., Anderson, Ind.

The sublime vision comes to the pure and simple soul in a clean and chaste body.—Emerson.

He who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king.—Milton.

The Beholder.

The Autobiography of a Medium.

Psychic Light: The Continuity of Law and Life by Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake. For sale at the "Banner of Light" book store. Price \$1.50, postage twenty cents.

With the passing away of pioneer mediums, and Spiritualists, it becomes increasingly necessary that records of the earlier days of the movement should be rescued from the privacy of personal keeping and presented to the world at large. This is all the more necessary when we consider the garbled and unsatisfactory nature of the public reports of Spiritualism and its phenomena which have, until recent years, appeared in the press. Many will recollect the substantial service rendered to the Cause in the above indicated respect by Emma Hardinge Britten, who published that valuable work, "Twenty-One Years of American Spiritualism," but, since that time, now some thirty years ago, little if any attempt has been made to give us any valuable account either of the progress of the work, or the career of individual workers. Any attempt, therefore, to supplement this, which can only be described as a deficiency in our literature, deserves respectful consideration. When such a work is produced by a well-known personality, is clearly written, abundantly supplied with verifiable information, and numbers of the persons to whom reference is made are still in the flesh, such a book deserves more than a passing notice. And when, in addition to the above named virtues, it possesses the merit of a clear, interesting and readable style, it is assured warm welcome on all hands. The Spiritualists in the United States, therefore, are to be congratulated upon the production of the book bearing the above title, recently issued to the world.

The compiler, or authoress, for she is entitled to both appellations, is Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake, well known to Spiritualists, and who as Maud Lord, was a prominent medium 40 years ago for various forms of spirit phenomena, as reports of her mediumship in the Banner of Light, the Religious-Philosophical Journal, and other papers of that period will testify.

The book before us states that Mrs. Lord was born on March 15, 1852, in Marion County, West Virginia. Her parents were liberally educated and thoroughly imbued with religious teachings, though, curiously, attached to separate creeds. Maud was the fourth child of the family, and her mother constantly dreamed that she would be a child out of the ordinary. The consternation of the parents, who were both religious people, was great when the child was born with a double veil over her face, the mother persistently asserting that there was so much writing on this appendage at which she was so frightened, that she caused it to be hastily buried in the yard.

From her childhood days, Mrs. Lord was quite familiar with spirit presences. Spirit hands rocked her cradle, and upon one occasion when she had been severely scalded and a doctor had been called in to attend her, she was compelled to put her hand into his pocket, take therefrom a pencil, and write a prescription. Her hand was cured, but for many years she suffered from the effects of the scalding. This experience, followed by many wonderful visions, occurred when she was a little child. The phenomena taking place in her presence included faces, the bringing of articles, or, as we nowadays prefer to describe it, "apparitions," the playing upon musical instruments, etc., all of which first were described by our opponents as the working of the Devil, who appears to have been a marvellously successful operator, according to the accounts before us.

A singular incident occurred in the winter of 1869, when faces appeared upon window-panes of the house, apparently etched in the position upon the glass. Some of the faces were recognized, and from one of them Mrs. Lord was able to find her mother from whom she had been separated. These faces were photographed and created a great sensation. The celebrated Nathan tragedy in New York City in 1871 was the subject of the exercise of Mrs. Lord's mediumistic gifts. She was then living at Pondulac, Wis., and when entranced, described the man and the house, saw the old man lying there asleep, and other particulars. Her revelations were corroborated by the investigation of detectives upon the spot.

The remarkable case of what is now described as "absent treatment" is narrated, the patient living in Boston, and Mrs. Lord residing in Chicago.

An interesting statement is presented in regard to Madame Blavatsky during her residence in New York. We read that "She was always delighted to have Mrs. Lord call and was pleased with the phenomena, as were others of her followers. It was the custom of Madame to take a leaf out of the centre of an extension table, and darken it underneath by having curtains and draperies around the edges and have her spirit friends talk to her and show their hands and faces through the opening made in the table. She would place paper, pencils and slate under the table and receive messages written in the various languages with which she was familiar. . . . She had at this time been known in New York two or three years, and with Col. H. S. Scott, formed what is known as the Theosophical Society for the study of Aryan literature. It was a society of queer thinkers, queer to those who differed with them, and to those who knew nothing about them. Her rooms were known as 'The Lamasery.' Here on certain nights could be met business men, merchants, physicians, lawyers, Catholic priests, and actresses, and others, including Wong Chin Foo, a space writer on a Chicago paper, and Baron De Palma, both as bizarre as the Madame's oriental furniture. . . . Nothing that science or religion accepted as axiomatic met with her approval. She could express her denunciation in a half dozen different languages, and never failed to do so when the occasion required. She was a born leader, and her place will never be filled."

In the early fall, September, 1887, Mrs. Lord was united in marriage with Mr. J. S. Drake, a prominent contractor and hydraulic engineer, well known in the West and South. Since then, she and her husband have traveled extensively in the interests of our work, and Mrs. Drake's mediumship has uniformly sustained its marvelous and complete reliability. At a later date an opportunity will occur not only to present some extracts from this intensely fascinating book, in regard to the phenomena occurring in Mrs. Drake's presence, but some of the very many shrewd observations and profound reflections which are scattered through its pages. We can recall but very few volumes so rich in mediumistic records, so fertile of suggestive thoughts, or so well calculated to uphold the dignity of wisely used and intelligently directed mediumship, as the book before us. The work is embellished with a capital photograph of Mrs. Drake, and also of her excellent husband, and one or two other persons referred to in the text.

To old Spiritualists who wish to revive the memories of the past, to those who have lately entered the movement, and who desire to know the nature of the evidences upon which our Spiritualism was founded, to the student of psychic questions in their broadest relationships, no more valuable work can be commended to their notice. The book can be conscientiously commended to the Spiritualists of the world as a veritable mine of information upon the great subject of mediumship and its varied manifestations.—U. T. Proslin.

The Indiana State Convention.

The first delegate convention of Spiritualists held in Indiana closed its labors last night after a three days' session, at the Madison avenue temple with a program consisting of short addresses, music and spirit messages, at the close of which President Barrett of the N. S. A. announced that the Indiana State Association of Spiritualists was a legal body and ready to enter upon its duties. The following is a list of the names of officers elected:

President, E. A. Schram, Peru; First vice-president, Elizabeth Williamson, Richmond; Second vice-president, Chas. A. Gaines, Anderson; Secretary, Carrie Mong, Muncie; Treasurer, Louisa Schwenessen, Muncie; Trustees, J. G. Foster, Elwood; Marguerite Miller, Rochester; J. H. York, Peru; W. S. Wood, Kokomo.

In addition to the official board elected, the president appointed six superintendents whose duties are to look after missionary work in their respective districts and to report to the president the presence of any person or persons known to them to be unworthy of confidence who may do or attempt to do business as physical or mental mediums. The president will then forward a copy of such information to all the superintendents, who will in turn report the same to the secretaries of the societies under their charge. In short, the association is going after the fraudulent mediums in a systematic manner, and it is proposed to drive them out of business at the earliest possible time.

John B. Chisney, of Chisney, and J. F. Havens represented the southern part of the state in an acceptable manner, contributing \$25 each for the benefit of the new association, when it was announced that such contribution were needed. A half dozen others contributed like amounts. The contributions all told were about \$300.

There were many good five minute speeches by the delegates at the Sunday morning conference. Dr. Bitters' talk was especially good.

E. W. Sprague and wife, the missionaries who worked up the convention, will go to Oxford, Ind., tomorrow, where they will organize a society.

Mr. Schram, the president of the new State association, is a business man of Peru, being president of the retail grocers' association of that city. Many of the delegates are members of the Chesterfield campmeet association.

The vocal solos by Mrs. Russell were excellent, and much enjoyed.

One of the features of the exercises was the excellent music by the E. Z. Mandolin club of this city. The board of trustees will select the place for the next annual convention.—E. W. Sprague.

"Let Us Take Counsel."

Dr. M. E. Conger.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The above suggestion and the able, clear cut editorial that follows in "The Banner of Light" of Feb. 20th seems to invite an endorsement from one of the earliest readers of "The Banner," and other spiritual papers, in the fifties.

Yes! the pride and glory of Spiritualism from 1848 to 1868 (twenty years), was that it was "creedless and leaderless." It should have remained so. Something more important than faith and dogma occupied our time then, and why not now?

Spiritualism was hailed as a universal liberator, and that is its inspiration and power. From this point of view glorious opportunities for able, conscientious workers will multiply.

Those who were sufficiently liberated—evolved—to hear the spirit raps in 1850 and perceive their significance, their far reaching influence, were just emerging from the priestly subjugation that held the masses in a mental and spiritual slavery, as debasing and corrupting as the physical slavery of that day, that held four million negroes in human bondage. Has fifty years of agitation, spiritual inspiration and lessons liberated Spiritualists?

Is it not strange, too strange to believe, that a few thousand Spiritualists after a half century of spiritual sunshine and a history of thousands, and tens of thousands of years of the reign of kingcraft and priestcraft, and their subjugating influences, should be engaged in organizing spiritual churches, adopting the subjugating methods and forms of the old harlot, Yes! such selfishness, degeneracy and barefaced impudence on the part of a handful of assumed leaders is surprising. Five or six hundred sectarian divisions are not enough. The workers, the producers must now be taxed to support another church impostor, labeled spiritual.

Organization is an infinite law, an objective truth which compels recognition; it is an orderly method of expression, but like every other natural law, it is, and may be perverted by man.

Organized king and priestcraft have cursed humanity; the curse will continue so long as the support is forthcoming.

The truth of continued life beyond the grave does not require a priest for an interpreter.

The truth, the demonstration of continued life, has solved and settled the greatest and most important problem ever propounded to this world.

Is not all and everything involved in this life problem?

Organizations for social and business purposes are desirable; Spiritualists can go no further, safely. The selfish ambitious desire of the present leaders to curry favor of the public and make an external show of spiritual strength and power is a cheap farce, and a shame. It is not numbers, bank accounts, dress parade, prayers, songs, any or all external expressions, but the lives we live that signify.

From the viewpoint of the writer, Spiritualism occupies the highest possible position and relations conceivable or perceivable by man, angels or the gods. It relates humanity to infinity, and in no way degrades or subjugates, but with every breath adds strength and independence; it is the one universal power that can and will uplift and redeem this world from selfish ambition and gratification.

Recognizing the individual as the king of kings, and lord of lords, amplifies our efforts, and increases the importance of our experiences. Nature's open door textbook is filled with valuable every day lessons. 4918 Calumet Ave., Chicago.

"Higher and still higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The deep blue thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar,
And soaring ever singest."

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains the linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it, or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, and a book that tells all about it, both sent absolutely free by mail. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure to mention that you read this generous offer in the Banner of Light. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

A REMEDY FOR

Epileptic Fits

Out of deep sympathy for our readers who are afflicted with epilepsy, we wish to give the following information:

Our son suffered from this dreadful disease from childhood and had the attacks day, and often as high as eight or ten times a day. All medicines and doctors were of no use—his case was considered hopeless. The more medicine he used the worse he became. Somewhat over two years ago we heard of a doctor who had after thirty years of hard study, found a cure. As hopeless as our case was, we decided to try this doctor. One of our ministers from there wrote us that he was personally acquainted with the doctor, and knew of the most incurable cases, some of which were of thirty and forty years' standing, which had received help, and had been enabled to enjoy good health thereafter. We put our boy under treatment, and at once were aware of a change for the better. The first five weeks he had but one spell a week, then followed weeks in which he had none; the last two spells which he had occurred two years ago, and otherwise his health is bettered. Thanks to God! Any further information will be cheerfully given to anyone who may inquire.

REV. E. R. IRMSCHER, 643 Olive St., St. Paul, Minn.
City Missionary and Editor of "Our Visitor." 4634

The Morris Pratt Institute.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

There has been a variety of opinions given to the public respecting the merits of the Morris Pratt Institute. As nearly all of these opinions have emanated from those who have never visited the school and are wholly unacquainted with its inner workings and methods, I feel that the Spiritualists at large should be apprised of the status of the school from the standpoint of its students.

As one of the students I simply voice the feelings of all when I say that too much praise cannot be given the efforts being put forth by the instructors toward the advancement of its students in the various branches of study, to fit them for higher development and usefulness as successful workers in the great field of life.

Professor Weaver, the principal, is one of Nature's born teachers. His power of imparting knowledge so as to leave a lasting impression is indeed a marvel.

It may be well here to correct the erroneous idea that seems so prevalent among Spiritualists, that the sole purpose of this school is to grind out speakers and mediums. Nothing could be more misleading. I have personally asked the question of every student: "What was your object in coming to this school?" The reply, with two or three exceptions, was: "For self improvement, and to make up, in some measure, what I was deprived of in my earlier years."

Then, again, it has been said that there is no need of this school, when so many institutions of learning stand open for all to enter. But few of the students here could enter the majority of the schools of the country, because of age and other requirements. Several of them, as they have mingled with the world, have felt the necessity of a more complete education; and upon learning that this school was open to all over fifteen years of age, without examination, and that all its studies were elective, they availed themselves of the opportunity. Their progress along all lines of study has been of the utmost satisfaction to them. Some of them were qualified in some branches to enter a high grade school, while their deficiency in other branches would prohibit them, thus rendering it necessary for them to enter a lower grade, which in their pride they could not do. Let us take this fact home and see how many of us, had we not had the advantage of a good education, would at mature age, willingly take our places in schools with children.

Now a word or two to the Spiritualists of the country. Are you willing to see the only monument in our ranks reared to the cause of education pass out of existence when by a little timely assistance financially you could place it on a foundation where, in a short time, it could be made self-supporting?

We appreciate Brother Bach's efforts through the Sunflower, but would suggest that every local society in the country devote the proceeds of one evening's entertainment to the Morris Pratt Institute. Who will be the first to start the ball rolling?

Christine Cooper.

Whitewater, Wis.

OPPORTUNITY.

Once, at least, I knock at every man's door;
Fate bids me be kind to all.
Sometimes I knock thrice; ay, many times more;
No censure on me may fall.

I knock loudly; and call; but I entreat not.
In truth no beggar am I.
I offer myself. Accept me or not,
I linger for no man's sigh.

He who opens to me will never regret.
Who needs not, through life will cry,
Bemoan, complain and bitterly fret.
For, Opportunity am I.

Mary K. Price.

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

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

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE
Per Year.....\$2.00
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 renewed 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 reach for
its honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which op-
pose fair and honorable upon their fact are accepted, and
whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons
are using our advertising columns, they are at once interdicted.
We request printers 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 views of opinions 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
cancelled articles.
If you ever desire the address of your paper
changed, always give the address of the place in which it
is then sent or the change cannot be made.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1904.

1-CENT 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 Washing-
ton, D. C., October, 1903.

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

Brevities.

War.
Progress.
Humanitarianism.
Strife is not only upon the battle field.
Every conflict between men or nations is a
war.
Domestic quarrels, labor strikes, religious
persecutions, each is war.
Progress is slow, yet surely it has some-
thing more to its credit than warfare as still
the only means of adjusting disputes?
Progress has shortened the duration of war,
but has added indescribably to the deadliness
of the implements of battle. Yet war remains
war, and no rosewater can sweeten it, nor
can fine phrases render it less horrid.
Humanitarianism is still the hope of the
world. That is the hope of the most de-
veloped humans. The multitude still linger
in the valleys and look upon humanitarianism
as a dream of the future.

But blessed be some of the dreamers of the
world! Let them tell how they dream of fair
cities, fertile lands, healthy, happy, unfolded
peoples, happy lives and homes, so that the
souls of the practical may be inspired to turn
these fair dreams of far seeing souls into the
sweet realities of life.

We regret to learn that Mr. Edward Ship-
pen, of Ellijay, Ga., is quite sick at this
time. Our good friend has been a steady sup-
porter of the "Banner of Light" for many
years, and some years since we published a
book for him. Mr. Shippen is now in his 85th
year, and we heartily wish him all the com-
fort possible while he remains in the form.

Arrangements are in progress for an issue
of the "Banner of Light" at an early date,
the contents of which will have a special sig-
nificance and value to Spiritualists throughout
the entire world. Societies will please bear
in mind this intimation, and when the full
particulars are announced we shall anticipate
large orders for extra copies of the issue for
the week it will appear.

Hudson Tuttle pays his respects to Kellar
the magician, as will be seen in another
column. The editor of the magazine referred
to is probably the really guilty party. Such
scribes add nothing to the dignity of journal-
ism; all they bring to their duties is a nar-
row mind, and a small sense of moral respon-
sibility. There is an old saying to the effect
that, if you give a lie twenty-four hours'
start God himself could not catch up with it,
which is true as Spiritualists have found out
in unnumbered instances to their cost.

A rather noticeable feature of recent issues
of the "Banner" has been the several narra-
tions of personal experiences the readers have
had presented to them. Such narratives are
instructive; they show, too, how in widely
separated cases similar experiences are passed
through; in other words, that neither time,
place nor person can stand in the way of the
truth, and that spiritual manifestations cover
so wide an area that they may almost be said
to embrace the entire human family. Well
authenticated cases of the character of those
we have printed are always acceptable to the
general reader, and also to the student of
Spiritual phenomena in any of their forms.

The birthday of modern Spiritualism is
rapidly approaching. Boston, as befitting the
Mecca of our Cause, will not be behindhand
with her celebrations suited to the occasion.
The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society,
The Ladies' Industrial Spiritualists' Society,
The Veteran Spiritualists' Union, and the two
Boston Children's Lyceums are making prepa-
rations, as also the Massachusetts State
Association promises a big program for the
occasion. Watch our pages for full particu-
lars of the impending gatherings for the an-
nouncements will soon be all ready to make.

The "Banner" contains this week the ac-
count of the final honors paid to our arisen
brother and fellow worker, J. Frank Baxter.
The admirable address delivered by Rev. Mr.
Wiggin, and the large number of friends who
were present, would serve to show the esteem
in which Mr. Baxter was held locally, but it
would be impossible to express in adequate
terms the high respect in which he was held
in all sections of the country. Mr. Wiggin's
words were a fitting tribute worthily ex-
pressed, while Mrs. Byrnes voiced, as she al-
ways does on such occasions, sentiments full
of tenderness and sustaining power. The re-
mains of our good brother were cremated in
accordance with his expressed desire.

Rubbish! Absolutely true! These exclama-
tions represent the extremes of the average
opinion regarding the ancient science of As-
trology. There is a very large territory in the
middle ground where, without endorsing
everything called astrological, thousands of
people avow they have had proof of the truth
of astrological predictions. One thing is cer-
tain, the astrological section of the book busi-
ness of this office is a most important one.
Judging from not only the number of works
sold each week, but the character of the peo-
ple who purchase them, astrology is attracting
a greatly increased attention at the hands of
thoughtful people. We have on sale at this
office what is probably the largest variety of
works upon this fascinating subject of any
dealer in the United States. Let us hear from
you.

In years gone by when phenomena were
rife, and held a place in the Cause, the name
of Maud Lord was on thousands of lips con-
tinually. Since some have esteemed fads as
of more importance than phenomena the evi-
dences of spirit power have gradually de-
clined in amount as mediums for such
manifestations have been discouraged. That
we "may not forget" we welcome the appear-
ance of a work recounting the life story of
so wonderful a medium as the lady named
above, a review of which appears upon an-
other page of this issue. Mrs. Lord subse-
quently married Mr. Drake, as many will
recollect, and the book mentioned, telling the
history of Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake's life,
should find a place in the home of Spiritu-
alists everywhere, for it is as valuable a docu-
ment as the movement has had presented to
it for many days.

Tread softly, speak gently, the White Angel
has come. He brings with him a brooding
peacefulness, and he whispers sweetly, "A
little longer my tired child and the journey is
finished," then he passes his soft hand across
the forehead and the wrinkles vanish, the
roses flourish on the pale cheeks, and the
ruby returns to the thin lips. A beam of
light illumines the eye for an instant as the
radiance of the Summerland is caught, and
when the eye closes and the form falls
asleep a smile prints itself upon the erst-
while strained face and the angel departs
with his child to the realms of sunshine and
peace. Welcome, sweet angel, we will not
dread thy coming. Men may call thee death,
but Spiritualists know thee as Life. May our
hearts be clean, our lives sweet, our deeds
worthy while in the flesh, then shall we be
ready for the coming of the Angel in White,
and hail his appearance as the opening of a
fairer and greater day.

During the past month the editor of the
"Banner of Light" has visited several of the
societies in Boston, and those at Norwich,
Conn., and Brockton, Mass. The Boston
Ladies' Aid, the Ladies' Lyceum Union, the
Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial, and the Cam-
bridge Industrial, are so well known for their
interesting assemblies, generous hospitality,
and the harmony characterizing their efforts
that to praise one is to praise all, for each
deserve every encouragement in their good
works. At Norwich the editor was delighted
with the handsome and cozy building the
friends own, the Spiritual Academy. It is
bright, clean, and in an excellent part of the
city. The hospitality of Mrs. Robbins was
thoroughly enjoyed, as were the courtesies of
the president and officers and friends. At
Brockton there is also a bright, clean hall in
use, the president and secretary, in fact all
the officials, are earnest workers, so it is not
to be wondered at that the meetings are so
well attended. A notable feature here was
the presence of two young lady seers, the
Misses Etta Shean and Florence Cooley,
whose bright smiles of welcome to the visitors
and smart accomplishment of the duties of
their office was a striking feature of the evening.
Among the visits paid was a most en-
joyable one to the Cadet Hall Society at
Lynn, where Dr. and Mrs. Caird and Mrs.
Averill, with the rest, are doing such good
work. The sale of this paper at the above
places was reported as quite satisfactory.

The "Banner" takes pleasure in presenting
to you this week among others, Hudson
Tuttle, who stirs up the conjurer Kellar, and

the editor of a magazine who has evidently
been caught napping; Prof. Alexander
Wilder, who writes appreciatively of our as-
sumed friend, Mr. A. E. Gilles, while Wm.
Phillips concludes his remarkable clairaudient
experiences. Dr. Conger has a letter appreci-
ative of a recent editorial, and Mrs. Laura
G. Fixen tells about her travels at the an-
tipodes. The account of the memorial ser-
vice over the remains of our brother and
comrade, J. Frank Baxter, will be read with
interest by thousands of our subscribers.
While the remarkable "Message" on the front
page, and Charles Dawbarn's article, will call
forth many observations from thoughtful
readers. The editorials must speak for them-
selves. Evidently the friends at the South-
ern Cassadaga, Laken Helen, Fla., are hav-
ing an enjoyable season, as you will see in
Mrs. Twing's readable letter. Many com-
mendations reach us regarding the "Ban-
ner," but our modesty precludes quotations.

The Progressive Thinker recently quoted,
with due acknowledgments to this paper,
portions of an editorial article upon Mr. Al-
fred E. Gilles. The Light of Truth has also
reproduced with due acknowledgments, the
article upon The Better Brotherhood of Man,
by William Branton. Such evidences of frat-
ernal courtesy show that the teachings of
Spiritualism bear fruit. It is little use
preaching brotherhood unless brotherliness
prevails.

Two Questions.

Looking impartially at the state of human
society today two questions suggest them-
selves as the result of the survey: Are we
Civilized? and Are we Spiritualized?

The reply to the first interrogation will be
shaped in accordance with the ideas concern-
ing civilization entertained by the answerer. If
such person accepts the evidences of physical
scientific progress, as manifested in art and
handicraft, in mechanics and engineering, in
electrical communication, in marine and
terrene transportation, in the lavish luxury
of the multi-millionaires, and the ostentatious
display of the things which money can com-
mand, then it is likely our question will be
answered in the affirmative and we shall be
assured that we are civilized.

Even so, what follows? America, France
and Great Britain are now probably the rich-
est countries in the world. But the rich
people in each of those lands are compared to
their populations, a mere handful in either
case. Consequently the benefits and comforts
of the civilization as represented in the ma-
terial circumstances, which money can create
and command are but the advantage of the
few. The doctrine that wealth is the right
of those who create it requires cautious han-
dling. Brain and muscle each play their parts,
but do they receive their proportionate
shares? No man can by honest labor accumu-
late by his own personal effort a million
dollars. If, then, he amasses that amount and
more by subordinating the lives of others,
with their talents and skill directed to en-
riching him, it requires some imagination to de-
scribe that state of society as being highly
civilized which tolerates such a condition of
affairs, and it would seem that Sermon on the
Mount was relegated to the study, and was
useless upon the stock exchange. If wealth
is all the world can offer as the prize of life
then civilization is not a de facto accomplish-
ment as yet.

There is at this time peeping out the fact
that our civilization is but skin deep after all.
Prejudices, national and racial, are once more
coming to the surface as a result of the war
now being waged by Russia and Japan against
each other. The fact is that the average man
and woman cannot help sympathizing with a
question one way or another. It is inevitable
that even the most unintelligent should form
an opinion, and that the opinions of people
are more or less correct depends upon their
ability to reason clearly and intelligently
weigh evidence, is also self-evident. While
many people are so constituted that they must
enter upon sides into every passing fight no
matter what the subject of dispute may be.
But it is not curious that in spite of arbitra-
tion conferences, Hague tribunals, and our
professed civilization, that the red records of
war have lately had inscribed upon them
South Africa, Cuba, the Philippines, and now
Russia and Japan? The proclamation of
neutrality issued by the United States is no
doubt to many a notable instance of civiliza-
tion, but is it so? Does it not look more like
stalking out the ring and telling the combat-
ants to fight to a finish within the ropes, the
ring being formed for a fight between the two
principals that others may not interfere? The
great powers are so civilly jealous of one
another, and China is so tempting a morsel
to them all, that it some had but half a
chance to sneak in behind the Bear and drive
him back to his snow-clad steppes, they
would unhesitatingly do so, hence a ring,
that no outsiders be allowed to interfere.
Certainly we are civilized!

The Prince of Peace is out of place in a
democratic community where Nobles are not
tolerated. The Russ is Christian so supplies
her saints and Savior for aid in her con-
flict. The Jap is not inclined that way, and
perhaps a strict attention to business in war
is as satisfactory a way to assure good results
as in other matters. But if religion plays a
part in war the evidence of civilization thus
afforded does not prove very much in favor of
our advancement. While hundreds of thou-
sands of dollars will be expended by the news
agencies of the world in providing news of the
various battles as they occur, and the more
gory the details, and horrible the ac-
counts are the greater profit the press, natu-
rally, reaps from the investment made to
secure the ghastly particulars. The press is
not to blame, the public demands such food
as a sign of the marvelous state of civiliza-
tion of the present day!

Our civilization is further emphasized by
the prevailing strife between labor and cap-
ital. A strike is a state of war, a lock-out is
but the same thing in another form. Has our
civilization no better word for commercial
disputes between men than war even if it be

not on the field with guns, bayonets and
swords? Indeed the spirit to use such
weapons is not absent in what are called
labor troubles. Possibly wars of all kinds
are efforts to overthrow the bad and estab-
lish improved conditions? Possibly that is
the unexpected result from the land hunger
of nations and the lusts of politicians, but
few wars seem worth their cost a hundred
years afterwards! At its best war is brutal
and brutalizing. With war, unduly gained
wealth, poverty, crime the jealousies of
nations, and hosts of other evils, civilization
is not yet a full success, it would seem.

Are we spiritualized? If to be "spiritual-
ized" means to live in a condition of mentally
pleasing emotions, and to imagine that our
feelings are evidences of real personal de-
velopment, then but little separates the new-
est smug theological convert from the latest
incompetent digester of the current platitudes
of emotional new thoughtism. Mental emo-
tions change with conditions, one may learn
the trick of sending out thought impulses
without in the least manner becoming spiri-
tualized. It is the life character that affects
the character of the thought impulses, and
that character is builded up by the achieve-
ments of personal effort along the lines of
culture, right use, and careful exercise of all
the powers of body, mind and spirit.

Let it be granted that thought impulses
are transmissible, and that like a so-called
"wireless" message thought can be sent to
distant places. What thought is the world
throwing out today in regard to the war re-
ferred to? Is not every prejudice, every mor-
tal of the old animal in our blood, the malice
and uncharitableness of racial animosities,
being stirred by the thought impulse this war
sets moving round the world? And does it
not seem that such impulses are in the end
more potent than the impulses of peace-
thought? But why strain the theory of the
propagation of thought impulses through the
world? It is needless, for suggestion will ex-
plain the phenomena of war-tought and war-
feeling now prevalent. If then, either sugges-
tion or vibration explains the case the plain
inference is that mankind still possesses a
large amount of latent animalism and brutal-
ism which only waits the right kind of vibra-
tion or suggestion to bring it to the surface.
The spiritualization of the race is still an ob-
jective to be attained.

Upon what does the civilization and spiri-
tualization of mankind depend? A weighty
question, truly. If man is absolutely pure
spirit how shall we explain the phenomena
of evil? If he be reincarnated in matter to
work out experiences and is pure spirit then
matter must contain the seeds of evil for
man's education! If he is builded up from
nature and grows step and stage in conscious-
ness then evolutionary methods to account
for his nature and appearance must be sought.
Let the answer be what it may to each reader
of these lines, none will dispute the simple
fact that the civilization and spiritualization
of mankind at this stage of the progress of
the race leaves much to be desired. But a
careful student of the principles laid down by
our two ablest writers, Davis and Tuttle,
would do more to enlighten those who seek
light on these themes, and incidentally afford
them a rational explanation of strifes, wars,
crimes, poverty and the hundreds of distress-
ing conditions which prevail in spite of all
the undeniable progress man has achieved.

More Police Power.

Close upon the heels of an editorial upon
Police Power which appeared in the "Banner
of Light" for February 27th, came the news
that all the leading "Clairvoyants, palm
readers and spirit mediums" are to be turned
out of the city of Washington, D. C., by
order of the police department! It is a
curious order, for the District charges a
medium \$20.00 a year license fee, and pre-
sumably "palm readers" and "clairvoyants"
are similarly taxed?

The reasons alleged for the clearing out
process are thus stated in a news telegram,
viz, the "discovery of many incidents of clair-
voyants taking advantage of 'foolish women'
is given by the authorities of the District of
Columbia as their reason for this move. One
of the leading palmists of the city has been
ordered to leave town, and the police say that
such orders will be given to all others who
are engaged in similar business within a few
days."

The actual "authorities" of the District are
not disclosed, so presumably it is the police
board and not the District Commissioners?
The startling statement was also contained
in the telegram in question, that Chief
Boardman of the detective bureau said:

"I believe that these people are all fakes,"
said Chief Boardman of the detective bureau
today. They claim to be able to do things
that they cannot possibly do, and that nobody
else could ever do. The authorities are pro-
ceeding under the supposition that they are
subject to a charge of obtaining money under
false pretenses."

Naturally, Chief Boardman is quite com-
petent to decide the whole question, for evi-
dently he knows nothing about the matters he
decides upon, and therefore is an unpreju-
diced (without understanding) kind of a judge.
But suppose the Police Power was applied to
a Catholic priest, and the receipt of money
for masses for the repose of departed souls
was in question, would this official say that
the priests were pretenders and should be
driven out of business? We trow not!

In one particular we agree with this officer
of police, for, if he is reported correctly in
saying "that they have received a large num-
ber of letters lately from women who claim
to have been mulcted in sums varying from
\$1 to \$100 through false promises, and in some
cases through threats from the fortune tell-
ers," then such frauds and harpies deserve
nothing less than the law, but in a lawful
manner, and not on the irresponsible motions
of either the chiefs of police, or detective
bureaus. Yet the question remains: If the
District Commissioners license mediums, can
the police over-ride that provision before the
Commissioners have rescinded it?

The information to hand concludes by say-
ing that "several of the palmists declare their
intention of fighting the matter in the courts.
The present law in the District places them
on the same footing as any other business,
but arrangements are being made to ask
Congress to pass a bill excluding all of their
ilk from doing business in Washington."

If Congress passes such a law it must needs
be accepted as a lawful authority for so do-
ing, but the growing exercise of police power
is a menace requiring careful watching.
Helen Wilmans receives sentence of a year
and a day because her alleged "absent treat-
ments" were pronounced a fraud, presently
mental healers, new thoughters, metaphys-
icians and all such practitioners may find
themselves under police power, in which case
the court will be against them. Let us have
liberty but not license. Let swindlers be
purged from our ranks but let it be by the
laws made and provided against criminals,
and not by the straining of the law against
the demonstrations of spiritual intercourse,
or mental science used in any form for
therapeutic purposes.

ANNIVERSARY NOTICES.

Massachusetts State Association.

The Massachusetts State Association of
Spiritualists will celebrate the 56th anniver-
sary of modern spiritualism on Thursday,
March 31st, 1904, in Berkeley Hall, Berkeley
Street, Boston. Among those who have been
invited to take part are Mr. F. A. Wiggin,
Mr. A. P. Blinn, Dr. Dean Clarke, Pres. G. A.
Fuller, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. Sarah A.
Byrnes, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. Kate
R. Stiles, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Mrs. M. M.
Soule, Mrs. Kate Ham, Mrs. Effie Webster,
Mrs. G. F. Loring, Miss Susan C. Clark, Mrs.
Caird, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates. Good
music. The morning session, part of it at
least, will be devoted to business, as the
Committee on Ordination has to report at this
meeting, as the annual meeting adjourned
to meet at this time. Sessions will be 10.30,
2 p. m., 7.30 p. m. It gives me pleasure to
announce that I have received a communica-
tion from the secretary of the Ladies' In-
dustrial Union of Boston (which meets
Thursday), that they unanimously voted to
adjourn their regular meeting to join with the
State Association in celebration. The action
was very courteous, and is appreciated by the
Board of Directors.

Among the interesting features of the even-
ing 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 anniver-
sary exercises to be held under the auspices
of the Massachusetts State Association, each
person representing a society:
Mrs. L. M. Rowe, Boston Spiritual Temple;
Mrs. M. E. A. Albe, First Spiritualist
Ladies' Aid Society; Mr. Irving F. Symonds,
Veteran Spiritualists' Union; Mrs. Minnie M.
Soule, Gospel Spirit Return Society; Mrs. A.
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. O. Barrett and
the Board of Directors of the State Associ-
ation.

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

Spiritualist Ladies Aid Society.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society
will celebrate the 56th anniversary at Apple-
ton Hall, Appleton Street, on Friday,
April 1st. Full particulars next week.—Mary
F. Lovering, sec. pro tem.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union will celebrate
the 56th anniversary of modern Spiritualism
in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont Street, on
Wednesday, March 30th, afternoon and even-
ing.

We are to have the best speakers and test
mediums, and one of the grandest celebra-
tions. The following is a partial list of
speakers; a complete list will be published
later.

Mrs. Sarah Byrnes, Mrs. N. J. Willis and
daughter, Mr. J. J. Morse and Miss Florence
Morse, Mrs. Alice Waterhouse, Mrs. Ham,
Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Rev. C. F. Andrews,
Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock, Mr. Roscoe, Dr. Huot,
Mr. A. P. Blinn, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Pettin-
gill, Mrs. Mabel Witham, Dr. Scarlett, Mrs.
Abbie Burham, Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. Mattie
Albe, Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. Cunningham,
Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Effie Webster, Mrs. A.
E. Barnes, Mr. Smith, Dr. Clough, Mrs.
Berry, Mrs. Hattie Mason, Mrs. A. Banks
Scott, and our president, Mrs. M. J. Butler.
—Mrs. M. E. Stillings, fin. sec.

As Daniel Webster once said, "There is
always room at the top," so in railways there
is an abundance of opportunities at the head,
and the aim of every man should be by in-
dustry and hard work to get there.—Melville
E. Ingalls.

Mass Meeting at Worcester.

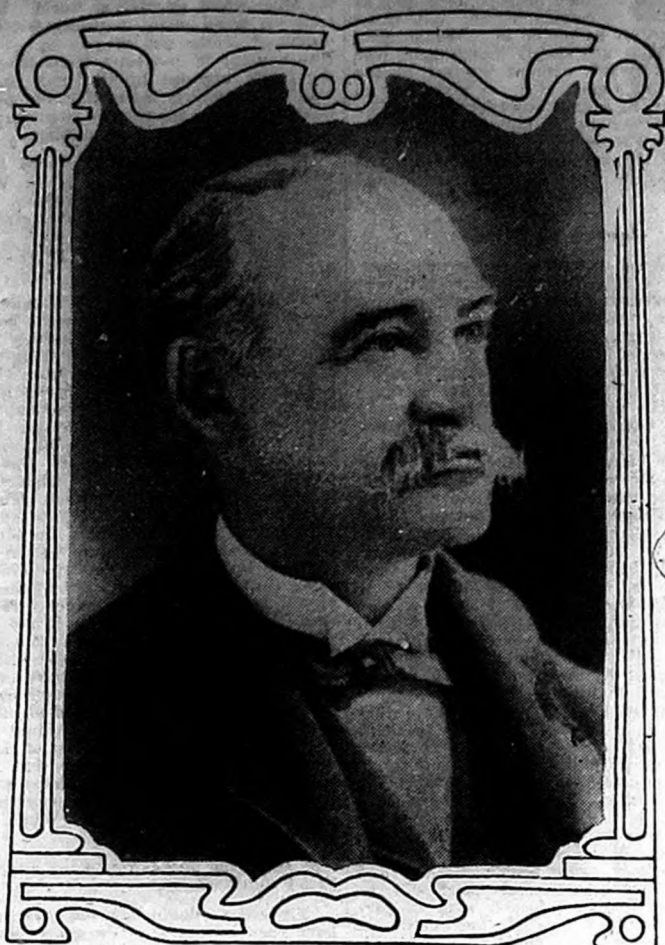
The Massachusetts State Association of
Spiritualists will hold a mass meeting in
Worcester, Mass., on March 22d, in G. A. H.
Hall, 35 Pearl Street.

Among those who will be present and take
part are Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, Mrs. Carrie F.
Loring, Mrs. B. A. Swift, Mrs. Sarah A.
Byrnes, Dr. G. A. Fuller, Mrs. A. P. Blinn,
Mrs. Dr. Caird and others to be heard from.
Delegations are expected from all sur-
rounding towns and a good time is antici-
pated.

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.

The unwakened or unspiritualized man is
in the dead or negative part of life; the spiri-
tual man is in the live or positive part of life;
both are in eternal life, the same as a blind
man and a seeing man may stand in the same
sunlight, but both do not see or feel the sun
alike. One man walks in light with his eyes
closed, another with his eyes opened; one
sees all the beauty in this blessed world, and
the other sees all the ugliness; one has suc-
cess, and the other failure; one says God
blesses him, and the other says God ignores
him; again, one is positive and forceful, and
the other is negative and powerless. Come,
wake up, beloved brother, and look within
and without and learn the blessed lessons of
eternal Life.—Frank Harrison.

FUNERAL OF J. FRANK BAXTER.



J. FRANK BAXTER.

A MEMORABLE OCCASION.

To the large number of friends and co-workers of our ardent brother, J. Frank Baxter, who filled to overflowing his late and spacious residence on Tuesday, March 1st, the event calling them together was, indeed, a memorable occasion. To participate in memorial services is a frequent duty, but to bid adieu to the mortal remains of an old-time friend, coworker and colleague, marks such an event with more than ordinary importance and significance. True, "time and tide wait for no man," therefore each of us must in due season come to the ferry and cross to the more beautiful on the other side of life.

The friends gathered to show their esteem of Brother Baxter and pay honor to him as a medium, a worker and a man; came from far and near, while the chamber was beautifully and large numbers of tasteful floral tributes received from friends present, as well as others who could not attend.

After the assembled friends were duly called to order, the simple service was proceeded with, the officiating workers being Rev. F. A. Wiggins of the Boston Spiritual Temple Society, and Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. The oration of the occasion was delivered by the first named speaker, whose remarks were dignified, generous and most admirably suited to the circumstances. The following is the full text of the address.

REV. F. A. WIGGINS' ADDRESS.

Written language fails to furnish a vocabulary sufficiently strong and lucid with which to completely assuage the poignancy of a bitter grief.

There is, nevertheless, a language which is able to fully respond to this common, yet unusual demand of life.

A kind and loving father, an indulgent grandfather, a highly honored and respected neighbor, a staunch and constant friend to humanity, a never-failing advocate of truth, a message-bearer of wisdom, harmony and consolation, a scholar as well as a teacher of unusual brilliancy and force, in the person of our ardent brother, J. Frank Baxter, has furnished not only to his bereaved family, but also to the world, a language adequate in clearness and forcefulness to put to route all grief, and to instill in the minds of all who knew him and his work, the greatest of all facts, that "there is no death."

My personal and most friendly acquaintance for many years with our ardent brother, informs me of no desire, at this time, upon his part, that I should indulge in any laudation of his virtues. But, his entire life's career was so thoroughly intermingled with the weal of humanity in general, that this fact and all that it may mean, pleads with a tongue of such eloquence, that it seems most befitting that I should use, though briefly, my scant ability and stammering speech in justification of the means employed by him, whereby his heaven-born and spiritual victory has at last been won.

Mr. Baxter was born of sterling stock, who gained their strength and fortitude, and imparted this quality to our brother, amid the environments of the bleak New England climate, where old ocean constantly lashed with her fury the historic headlands of Plymouth Rock.

It would seem that the never-resting waves of the Atlantic, as if determined, not only to wash but also to wear away the rocky coast, holding them without bounds, inspired Brother Baxter, from his earliest days to turn his masterly mind and all his energies against the headlands of ignorance and superstition to the end that they might be forever removed, and to wash the places they once occupied clean of every vestige of hindrance to human progress. And this he did.

"Nor did he wait till freedom had become the popular shibboleth of couriers' lips; But smote for her when God himself seemed dumb, And all His arching skies were in eclipse."

Mr. Baxter was most tender in his sympathies and the pathos of his soul found ready utterance, not only in his home relations, but as it has thrilled the thousands upon thousands whom he has addressed with sweet and inspiring songs, with epigrammatic, strong and forcible oratory, and last, but not least, in the countless spirit messages which have brought consolation and happiness to many, whose gratitude will survive the dissolution of all monuments cut from either marble or granite.

If each individual to whom the ministrations of Brother Baxter has justly moved to an awakened sense of gratitude, were permitted to place even a single rosebud about this tenement of clay, this house would not be large enough to contain them.

operation and help, and upon whom he lavished an unselfish devotion.

He believed in the guidance of angels; he ever appreciated their help, he loved to aid them, by giving to them an instrument for their use possessed with the charm of a cultured mind.

His words were words of wisdom, and his thoughts always bore the impress of an artistic linguistic dress and ornamentation.

His earlier life was vigorously devoted to getting an education and also to teaching in the public schools of several towns of this old Commonwealth, but the latter and by far the greater part of his useful busy life, has been given to teaching and demonstrating the truths involved in the highest and best in connection with modern Spiritualism. In the former capacity he served with unusual ability. While in the latter, it can be truthfully said, that he had as contemporary laborers in this specific field, no superiors and few, if any, equals. He was an honor to his calling, and profession, and was never guilty of being the cause of any reproach upon Spiritualism. He never indulged in mere platitudes.

The spiritual was so thoroughly awakened within him, that his sense of responsibility to humanity and the great truths which he so constantly and unobtrusively pushed to the foreground, forced him in both word and action to place nothing but the best within him upon that sacred altar, before which he so earnestly consecrated his life, with all of his spiritual, mental, moral and physical energies. To a naturally clear and fertile brain, that higher power of an exceptional intuition and clairvoyance were added, and all these forces were orderly marshaled under the guidance of a high sense of right to perform valiant service in the cause of truth, and most fitting it is to declare that the world's thought is richer; its spiritual illumination is much enhanced; its civilization is broader and better because Brother J. Frank Baxter has lived.

He has left the legacy of an example of a true and happy home, such as only a true husband and noble father can bestow. He left the world better than he found it, and contributed no little to this result. He drove darkness out and opened the way for light to come in. He took away an angry and partial God and helped reveal to the world a divine principle of love. He healed the lacerations of sorrow and dried the tears of humanity by a demonstration of the fact that there is no death.

He wrought well, and his life and work will be cherished by many, even after they have taken up their abode upon the shores of a new and a better world. Many to whom he gave consolation preceded him to the world of immortals and I know that their appreciation of his service to them led to a reciprocating of his kindness with a heartfelt and most cordial welcome to his present home, where he now dwells with the loved companion of his earthly life, who went before him by a few years to that land of continual sunshine.

I have alluded to his broad sympathies. His was no ordinary nature. It was broad, and was deep as broad, and for this reason was not at once understood by all, and never by the superficial. I came to know him well, and a truer, more sympathetic and tender nature I have seldom, if ever known.

Had Brother Baxter's soul not been in his labors, his work would or might have proved a continual sacrifice. A great lover of home and all that a happy home, such as his, could mean, he was often compelled to be away from it for weeks at a time, but his devotion to a principle made of all this privation and labor a pleasant service rather than a sacrifice, and often, as he labored far from home, in some great and busy city, he was frequently cheered on his way with loving letters from his wife and later on from his much beloved Lizzie Frank, of whom I have often heard him speak feelingly and lovingly, until the hour came for him to turn his footsteps homeward, where upon arrival he was always assured of a most cordial welcome. Later on, I have heard him speak of the babies, of Baxter and Philip, and eloquently as he ever expressed himself upon all subjects, his eloquent and loving words seemed to know no bound when speaking of the babies.

In all physical respects Brother Baxter's labor is done. He has gone home. There he has met father and mother, wife and all relatives and many to whom he was bound by the golden cord of love.

Most happy the truth that while he has gone to join those out there in the spirit world whom he loves, and by whom he is loved, he is not separated from the dearly beloved ones who are left to keep up the home here, neither is his work for the advancement of human interests cut off. He loved humanity and labored unceasingly for its welfare, and that persevering nature which prompted him in his efforts, was of the soul, and that soul which cannot die will continue its activity on and on

until man is saved from ignorance and freed from its blighting curse.

Brother Baxter was ever ready to perform any service of kindness. He was ever active, and for thirty-two years, during which time he has been a most faithful servant in the cause of truth, he has ever held himself in readiness to minister to the needs of humanity. He always most cheerfully responded to every call, and even death's summons was by him as sweetly answered.

My humble tribute, upon this occasion, is laid upon the altar of my brother's memory, when I have added to what I have already said, that his life, as I knew it, I consider worthy of a most faithful emulation.

MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, who, by the special request of Mr. Baxter, assisted Mr. Wiggins, delivered a most earnest, eloquent and soulful tribute to the memory of our ardent brother, and his work in connection with the advance of true Spiritualism. To J. Frank Baxter as a man, to his scholarly presentation of Spiritualism, to his unusually gifted powers as a medium, to his relations to family and home, and to the fulness of fruition realized by him in the land of the spirits. Her warm and soulful words constituted a tribute at once masterful and sympathetic.

The Ladies-Schubert Quartet of the Boston Spiritual Temple Society, was present at the request of the deceased and very beautifully rendered three selections of song.

The loving spirits came so near upon this occasion, that sad and solemn funeral strains were forced to give place to the light of their tender love as it came to brighten the hearts of all present with its cheerful benediction of Hope.

The body reposed in an alcove of the spacious front parlor, the face bearing the impress of quiet, peaceful sleep, surrounded by elaborate floral contributions, indicative of the love and high esteem in which he was held by his many friends. The body was cremated the following day at our friend's expressed desire.

The portrait at the head of this article has been specially and kindly supplied to the "Banner of Light" by Mrs. Baron, the only survivor of our ardent brother.

NOT DEPOSITED IN THE BANK

\$75,000.00

IN CASH GIVEN AWAY.

To arouse interest in, and to advertise the GREAT ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR, this enormous sum will be distributed. 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. 9th Street
St. Louis, Mo.

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."—*News*.

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 seers and poets and authors of "Intuition," ADAM ISAACS MENZIES (deceased).

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

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO., 81 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass.

CANCER CURED

WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS.

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

DR. BYE, 9th & Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

9428-2521-23 45-47-51-11-12

Buy Your Stockings Wholesale

5 PAIRS Best Egyptian Cotton 1.00

PEQUOT STOCKINGS

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. 9428-2521-23

DO YOU NEED SPECTACLES?

Let better eyesight. I can help you. I will save your eyes by clairvoyance and spirit assistance, at your own home, with my improved MYSTIC PRISM LENSES, to see near and far as a distance. Write for illustrated circular showing styles and prices, also my spirit method of treating that restores lost vision and impaired eyesight. I guarantee 75 to 90 per cent. cure, and safe delivery by mail.

J. F. POOLE, 31 Evanston Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. F. F. POOLE'S My Mystic Prism Lenses. Perfectly Spectacles received. I am delighted, they are perfect in every way.

J. F. POOLE, 31 Evanston Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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 this manner for 5 cents.

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

PSYCHIC LIGHT: The Continuity of Law and Life.

By Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake.

CONTENTS.

Preface. The Chateau Berleaux. An Udder reports his own death. Deities to commit suicide. Experiences of A. H. Williams of Orléans. Returns from Peru. Experiences of Laura H. Hooker, M. D. Life in Chicago. First visit to New York City. Experiences of E. T. King, Lima, Ohio. Phenomenon appreciable to Physical Senses. Madame Blavatsky. Mrs. Lord's Mystical Disappearance. Return to Boston. Psychometry. Queen City Park. What is Death? "Koolah," the Indian Control, James Medley. Arrested. Materialization. A Materialized Rose. Telepathic Experiment. Conclusion.

Illustrated with Portraits of the Medium.

Large Octavo. Full Cloth. Six Hundred Pages. Twenty-one Chapters.

Price, \$1.50. Postage, 20 cents.

For sale by the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

'THE GENTLEMAN FROM EVERYWHERE'

or Truth Stranger than Fiction

By JAMES HENRY FOSS

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 Disenfranchised Collector; Preacher in Shadow Land; Sunlight and Darkness in Palace and Cottage; Adventures in Mosquito-land; In Arcadia; From Philistine to Benedict and a Honorary; The Semblance 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; Sunbeams, the Semblance of Immortality; A Million Dollar Business With a One Dollar Capital; A Pendulum "Twirl Smiles and Tears; Monarch of the Air; Then I Married; Fortunes of Immortality; A Practical Book List and Colonizer; Hand in Hand with Angels; Among the Law-Sharks; Campaigning in Wonderland; Among the Clouds; Disenfranchised—Home Again; The Florida Crackers; Looking Forward.

Handsomely Illustrated.

Price, \$1.50. Postage 11 cents extra.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOK STORE.

Radium, Radiate, Illuminate!

CLAIRVOYANCE.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE discovered 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!

2-cent Book Notices.

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

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

Admirably unfolded the law and nature of clairvoyance.—"Chicago Infer-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."

"I consider the book on Clairvoyance a most remarkable and practical work on development. It harmonizes well with the H. M. School of Philosophy, in which I learned the mysteries of adeptship."—"Prof. George W. Walcott, 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 psychic realm will do well to read and study this excellent volume."—"J. 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, or communicate with spirits, enter at will the spiritual world.—"Price \$1 only."

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

Every Lesson in Psychometry, Clairvoyance and Inspiration, now 40 cents, also that standard work on Psychometry which has stood the test of ten years at 40 cents.

Send money to

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

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

9428-2521-23

GEORGE A. PORTER, BUSINESS AND TEST MEDIUM AND MAGNETIC HEALER.

Sittings daily for test, business, and medical diagnosis. 11-12, Tuesday, Thurs., Saturday, 11 Edgewood St., Roxbury. Phone 1074-4 Box. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., BANNER OF LIGHT BLDG., 304 Dartmouth St., Phone 1111 Back Bay. Sunday eve. meetings, BANNER OF LIGHT BLDG., 745 E. 7th St., Boston, Mass. Mr. Porter, refers by permission to the publishers of the Banner of Light.

GEORGE A. PORTER.

Connected with the healing work, after Sept. 1st, to a limited number Mr. Porter will give mental treatment for \$1.00 a month. Each patient will be treated personally by my guide, connection, being established by concentration and correspondence. For further particulars send stamped envelope to GEO. A. PORTER, 304 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass. Mr. Porter refers by permission to the publishers of the Banner of Light.

BIOCHEMISTRY

THE NATURAL LAW OF CURE.

THE TRIUMPH OF CHEMISTRY OVER DISEASE.

BIOPLASMA.

A combination of the Twelve Cell-Salts of the Human Organism that Supplies Deficiencies and Cures Disease.

Bioplasma is a perfect nerve, brain, and blood food composed of the phosphates, sulphates and chlorides contained in vegetables, fruits, grains and nuts. Sent by mail. Prescribed, one month, \$5.00; for two months, \$8.00; for three months, \$10.00; for six months, \$15.00; for twelve months, \$25.00. Cash in advance. Write to W. C. GARNETT, 2711 Franklin St., St. Louis, Mo.

JIM

Or the Touch of an Angel Mother.

BY CARRIE E. S. TWING.

In her preface, Mrs. Twing says: "I trust that the readers of 'Jim' will deal with him as tenderly as they have with 'Lusbeth.' He is by no means a perfect boy, nor would I desire any boy to be perfect; but he is a type of what may come to the lowest children of earth if they will recognize the union of the Earthly and Heavenly—and while battling with earth's conditions understand that true living will bring to them the echo of 'Angels' Song.'"

CONTENTS.

Jim, The Poor-House Wail, Jim's History and the Touch of the Angel Mother, Jim Finds a Friend and Benefactor, Jim Says Good-bye to the Poor House, Jim Reaches His New Home, Jim Gets Acquainted with New Surroundings, Jim Champions the Oppressed, Larry—"Home Found," Jim's First Smoke a Failure, Jim Inspires a Worker, Charitable Act, Jim Selects His School, The Spirit Hand Safely Guides Jim, Jim Opens a School, Jim Disciplines His School, Jim Visits Goldie in Trouble, Jim Assists Goldie, Jim Interests Dr. Briggs, Jim and Goldie are Engaged, Death of Mrs. Golden, Goldie's Last Home, Ties Broken, Goldie's Teacher Her New Home, New Home Life—Jim's First Letter, Aunt Eliza Tells Her Romance, Jim Meets His Grandfather, Jim Reveals His Identity to His Grandfather, Jim's Grandfather Passes Over, Mrs. Barnett Visits the Barrows Household, Jim and Goldie Married.

Clashbound, 358 pages with portrait of author. Price \$1.00.

SENT ON APPROVAL TO RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE

Laughlin Fountain Pen

Guaranteed Finest Grade 14k. SOLID GOLD PEN

To test the merits of the BANNER OF LIGHT as an advertising medium we offer your choice of These Two Popular Styles For Only **\$1.00**

(By registered mail 6 cents extra.)

Holder is made of finest quality hard rubber, in four simple parts, fitted with very highest grade, large size 14k. gold pen, any flexibility desired—ink feeding device perfect.

Either style—Richly Gold Mounted for presentation purposes, \$1.00 extra.

Grand Special Offer

You may try the pen a week, if you do not find it as represented, fully as fine a value as you can secure for three times the price in any other makes. If not entirely satisfactory in every respect, return it and we will send you \$1.10 for it, the extra 10c. is for your trouble in writing us and to show our confidence in the Laughlin Pen—(Not one customer in 6000 has asked for their money back.)

Illustration on left is full size of "Ladies" style; on right, Gentlemen's style.

Lay this Paper Down and Write NOW

Safety Pocket Pen Holder sent free of charge with each Pen.

—ADDRESS—

Laughlin Mfg. Co.

83 Griswold St., DETROIT, MICH.

9428-2521

LONGLEY'S CHOICE COLLECTION OF BEAUTIFUL SONGS

Five volumes in one substantial cover. A grand book of songs with music for the home, or meetings of any kind. This new edition of Longley's beautiful songs contains the contents of his four volumes hitherto published in a series, with the addition of another—Vol. V.—of choice compositions; nearly all the songs of this later part have never been published; only two or three of the old established favorites of the author's productions are added to them, to satisfy the popular demand for these songs in a form that is convenient for congregation, as well as for home use. This entire book contains seventy-six beautiful songs, with music. Every one is a gem. They are bound in boards, also in cloth, and are neat and substantial. All who know Longley's songs will wish a copy of this slightly and convenient work. All who have yet to become acquainted with them, will find their money well invested in purchasing a copy, and in singing or listening to these rare melodies with their sweet and uplifting words.

Longley's beautiful songs were published in 1902, and delegates from different sections stated that these compositions were entirely used in the meetings of their respective societies. The Convention in Cleveland of 1903 had no other songs than Mr. Longley's compositions on its program for evening meetings. For sale retail, and to the trade, at this office. Price, boards, 40 cents per copy. 60 cents in cloth covers. In cloth covers per doz. \$5.00, and in board covers \$15.00. Special prices made to societies or agents for large orders.

For Sale by Banner of Light Publishing Company.

Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY MINNIE M. SOULE.

Hope.

We struggle onward through life's tollsome way,
Treading the thorny pathway, day by day,
Doubting oftentimes the truth of spirit word,
So crushed our hopes that seem so long deferred.

Perhaps our pride impels us to be brave,
Like to a soldier, fighting to the grave.
Or, like some clinging life with ours entwined,
We smile, to keep that faith in us sublime.

Nor oft that they who us attend
Must need our love, to inspiration send,
For who can work without a thought of cheer,
As well within the spirit-world as here?

Give us the faith of childhood's days again,
That cast a halo over everything.
Even in the saddest hours, hope, real and true
Pointed they way to pastures ever new.

Oh, when a child, I loved to walk alone
In a fair garden, hidden and unknown,
And to the flowers talked, as if they knew
All the fond hopes my heart had hid from view.

I feared no failure then, for a bright star
Guided me with hope and lit my path afar;
And youthful knowledge, with conceit supreme,
Made life the subject of a beautiful dream.

The dream is o'er and reality remains,
And now I know why nothing e'er seemed strange
In those past days, for unseen ones were near,
Who guided and sustained my life each year.

So trust I the Power that governs above,
And keep my faith supreme in spirit-love,
Whose inspiration hath the widest scope,
Brightening all pathways with a star of hope.

M. E. G.

A Link in Our Golden Chain.

THE RIGHT, THE GOOD, THE TRUE
IS ALL POWERFUL.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

Power.

If power could be bought by the pound we
would all haste to the vender and supply
ourselves with the treasure, for almost every-
body who has had any experience yearns at
times after that commodity.

It may not always be a yearning after
power to do the same thing that our neigh-
bors and friends are doing, but a deep desire,
hidden away in the inner consciousness, to do
some particular thing, and do it so well that
it shall become a power in the world.

We may long for the power of money,
thinking we would use it in such a way that
the burdens of the poor would be materially
lightened. We may wish for the power of
oratory, that we may move the brain of the
world, or the power of song, that we may
touch its heart. Whatever it may be that
we wish to do, we want it to be effective and
we measure its worth by the amount of
power it has to produce the effect we desire.

A friend wishes to become a Healer, that
she may become a power for good in the com-
munity where she lives. "What can I do to
satisfy this longing for power to work among
the people?" she asks. That is her soul cry-
ing out for opportunity to serve.

One of the remarkable things about spiri-
tual unfoldment is the desire to express, to do,
to serve. The simple task of caring for one's
own bodily condition becomes of so little im-
portance, compared with the magnificent work
of carrying comfort and joy and strength and
health to the hundreds, that self is forgotten
and the broad life of the Humanitarian be-
gins. When the soul begins to grow it begins
to yearn for power to express and that is the
time when nurture and training are as need-
ful as sun and dew to the flowers or food
and sleep for the babe.

Power grows.
It does not suddenly take possession of one
and become the master of conditions, but
when the first throbs of desire to be or to do
more than in the past are felt within us then
we have begun to possess power.

Money cannot give us power.
It may give us things and goods, which we
may use to cover up disagreeable sights, or
to assuage the restless cravings of our
companions, who will call us, "awfully
good fellows;" but, let it slip away from us
and we have no power.

Oratory cannot give us power.
It may win for us a few hand claps and
press notices, but let it be discovered that we
have nothing but fine phrases and expressive
gestures and our listeners will laugh us to
scorn.

Ah, the power is in the soul and grows with
our goodness, our truth and our love of the
right. A man who is good and true has power
to save a nation from steeping itself in crime.
A woman who lives a good life and who
nurtures her aspirations in truth has power
to lead a republic.

Indeed 'tis true.

The Magic Lake, or the Young Men Shall Dream Dreams.

Minnie M. Soule.

Once upon a time (all fairy tales begin that
way, and this is a sort of fairy tale), there
lived in the village of Weissnichte in Ger-
many, little Gretchen, the Mayor's daughter.
Gretchen was a pink and white little beauty
and all the boys of Weissnichte liked
nothing so much as to smile from Gretchen.
She showed her dimples when she smiled, and
boys always did like dimples.

The only thing Burly Wilhelm ever feared
was Gretchen's frown. Somehow Wilhelm
felt very much too big when Gretchen looked
at him out of her honest, German, blue eyes.
His hands were in the way and his feet were
always tripping him up. It was not so when
other girls smiled. For all this, Wilhelm
would die to please Gretchen. At least he
thought he would. While away from her he
lost all love for games and sports; when
Gretchen was with him, he was happy.

How long this happiness would have lasted,
no one knows. But one day Friedrich came
down from Dresden city to live with his
father in Weissnichte. Friedrich was so
different from Wilhelm. Wilhelm was big
and stout. Friedrich was slender and slim.
Wilhelm was a dunce at school and hated to
study. Friedrich cared nothing for sports
and loved his books. Wilhelm at once hated
Friedrich without knowing why and although
Friedrich tried in every way to be a good
fellow with the boys, he could never suit Wil-
helm. Wilhelm was always tripping him up
in school and making a laugh at Friedrich's
expense, or playing tricks on him during play
time. All the other fellows like Friedrich,
but they feared Wilhelm. So as time went
on, Wilhelm lost the friendship of all the boys
and girls, including even Gretchen. The more
of a bully he grew, the more the boys feared
him and the less Gretchen liked him. But
this, after all, made matters worse. To crown
all, Gretchen seemed to like Friedrich better
and better and Wilhelm—well, he got so bad
that everybody said he would have to go into
the army and be taught a good lesson in
obedience.

Friedrich loved machines. He would walk

a long way to see a new one and when an
electric machine was shown by the teacher,
he was so absorbed that he began to study all
about electricity, until it seemed that the days
were not long enough for him. One day Wil-
helm had been unbearable. Even the teacher
had to take a hand. Wilhelm had struck
everybody who spoke to him and was so cross
when he replied to the teacher that every-
body hoped he would at last get a good sound
whipping.

When Friedrich went to bed that night, he
had been reading of a wonderful electric foun-
tain that was used in America for exhibitions.
The water was pumped from a small lake and
forced through pipes until it appeared in a
beautiful fountain. Then electric lights of
different colors were thrown into the water
from a hidden place beneath and the foun-
tain changed shape, all the colors of the rain-
bow seemed to play in the rising stream.

And Friedrich dreamed and, as in all
dreams, times and places were jumbled to-
gether strangely. This was Friedrich's dream.

He stood in a vast tent. Tier on tier of
people sat all about a little lakelet in the
center of the tent. A small island of mossy
stones rose in the midst of the lake. It was
Friedrich's tent and he was about to give the
people a sight of the most wonderful electric
fountain in the world. For weeks he had
been conducting this exhibition and, as he
walked about the streets of the strange city
(he knew not where it was), he was pointed
at as that wonderful boy who invented the
magical colored fountain. Every night his
tent had been crowded and the money he so
much needed to use at the university was
fast becoming his. Every night before be-
ginning he had addressed the audience in a
little speech, explaining the marvel he was
about to show; and every night, while the
music filled the tent, the people feasted their
eyes on the many colors and the fantastic
forms of the fountain. The waters, as they
fell, sunk back into the lake with their beauty
all gone, only to be sent back through the
pumps, once more beautifully iridescent.

But tonight he had learned his old foe had
arrived (dreams always run this way) and
had plotted to spoil the exhibition. Friedrich
had learned that Wilhelm had left home and
got work in a soap factory. Now he found
out that Wilhelm lived in the very city he
had chosen for his first exhibition. In the
mysterious way we always learn things in
dreams, Friedrich knew that Wilhelm would
pump soap in the lake and turn its clear wa-
ter to suds. Every time the soapy water went
through the pumps and the spraying tubes of
the fountain, it would be more soapy and
after awhile the pumps would send forth
only foam and the exhibition would fail.

What should he do? "Ah, this is dream
land," he said to himself. "I will rub my
ring, as Aladdin did, and say, 'Hither, fairy,
hither come,' and, perhaps, a good fairy will
help me out."

No sooner said than done, and no sooner
done than a fairy, just like the fairies in
books, only with Gretchen's face, stood be-
fore him.

"Fair youth," she said, "follow me, I will
lead thee to a magician who will remove the
spell the treacherous Wilhelm would place
upon thee." She led him to a wise man, Pro-
fessor Edelweiss. The Professor looked so
very wise and yet so benign that Friedrich
felt not a bit abashed. He knew at once the
Professor would pull him out of the difficulty.
"Well, young man, what's your trouble?"
said the old Professor, after he had put on
a long white beard which was lying on the
table in front of him. "Soap," spoke the
fairy, anticipating what Friedrich would say
and knowing the Professor was a man of
few words.

"Soap? and water? Well, soap and water
and a pipe make bubbles, don't they?"
"Yes, sir," said Friedrich, now humbled by
the loud voice and big whiskers of the Pro-
fessor.

"Then don't bother me," shouted the Pro-
fessor and puff! he was gone and Friedrich
found himself standing outside his tent.
"The fairy said, 'Well, what do you think?'"
"I don't know," said Friedrich, "what to
think."

Puff! and back again appeared the Pro-
fessor and he shouted at Friedrich, "Put on
your thinking cap and put a cap on your
pipe, too."

Like a flash Friedrich's inventive mind saw
what the Professor meant. The fairy said
"Well?" and then Friedrich

"My fairy friend—"
"Call me Griselda."

"Dear Griselda, I need now a plumber
with two nozzles and four knees."

"In truth, good Friedrich, a queer shapen
man thou askest of me."

Then Friedrich laughed.
"The knees and nozzles are not of the
plumber. They are only his until he sells
them to me. Go to him. He will understand
the jargon of his trade."

The fairy went and with the plumber soon
came back. Knees and nozzles he had and
from them Friedrich selected the number he
required and the sizes he should want. Soon
beneath the lake the pipes were disconnected
from the fountain and the knees fastened to
the nozzles to the pumping pipes. Then Friedrich
reversed his pumps and, instead of drawing
water out, he forced air in. When the lake
bubbled and foamed he knew his enemy's plan
would fail.

Then he turned and, bowing low to Griselda,
he stooped and kissed her hand; just in time,
for she had vanished before he could stand
erect again.

The evening came with its crowds of people.
Every seat was taken. Down on the row
nearest the water, Friedrich saw Wilhelm
with a big parcel of something at his feet.
Friedrich made his usual speech, explaining
the marvelous beauty of the fountain and, as
he turned to address those at his right, his
back was turned to Wilhelm. The bad fel-
low seized this chance and threw into the
lake the contents of his packet. The audience
thought this throwing was a part of the prepa-
ration for the exhibition, and as the pow-
dery substance covered the water with a
white film which soon sank from view, no
alarm was excited.

Then Friedrich continued: "This, ladies
and gentlemen, was the show I have given
you until this evening. This evening I pro-
pose a change. I do this in order to please
you and to teach a very good friend of mine,
who tried just now to spoil my fountain, that
he has simply enabled me to give you some-
thing entirely new. I will now show you a
more beautiful sight than ever before, the
bubble monument, to conclude with the great-
est bubble ever seen on earth."

Then the pump started. At first only foam
appeared; but soon on each side of the rocky
islet came bubble after bubble rising in a
spreading pyramid, settling back only to rise
again. The electric lights of the fountain
were turned upon the moving pile of airy
globes, turning them to iridescent crystals.
Color upon color in kaleidoscopic changes
filled and covered the whole pyramid amid
one continuing thunder of applause, until
finally, as the soapy water grew stronger with
the suds, two huge bubbles, one on each side
of the islet, grew and rose until they touched
and joined in one, covering the islet in a
great bubble atmosphere. Then the audience
rose and cheered Friedrich. No one noticed
when Wilhelm sneaked away; but when
Friedrich turned to thank him, he had gone.
Friedrich turned to thank the audience,
when—the bubble burst; and Friedrich was
wide awake.

Message Department.

Report of Seances held March 4, 1904, S. E. M.

MEDIUM, MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

IN EXPLANATION.

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

TO OUR READERS.

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

Invocation.

Into this little circle of loving purpose we
would come again and bring a thought of
helpfulness, of comfort and of peace, to those
who are seeking and would find. Out from
the life of abundance of spiritual joy and
blissfulness we would let the glad song ring
that something of the harmonies of that life
might make the darker life better and
sweeter. Into every saddened home we would
send a thought of joy and gladness. Over
every broken heart we would pour a healing
balm and into every anxious soul we would
let the message of love pour its own healing
and its own wealth of expression. With this
purpose in mind, with this desire to serve,
may we be bound very close to every soul
who is aspiring after the same things; and
may our energies thus bound together be an
impulse and a strength in the world of sad-
ness and sorrow, until rising from knees of
pain a head is lifted to the joy supreme,
where the sun is shining and no clouds may
hover, and where only the sweetest and best
is visible and where strength comes like a
breeze from Heaven. Bless us, O Spirit of
Life and Love and Truth, and may the mes-
sage that we would bring be stronger than
ever before. May it be so clear and definite
that the one for whom it is intended shall
hear and take heed; that the one who is in
need shall have the heart made easy and the
burden lifted. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Lizzie Sherman.

There is a girl I should think about
nineteen, rather light hair, a little bit on the
red. Her eyes are blue, and she has got one
of those bright faces that seem as though life
held everything sweet and dear for her. She,
I know, was not sick long, because she has a
surprised expression as though she cannot
understand now how it all happened and she
is in the spirit. She says, "At first when I
came away all I could hear was a sound of
murmur as though those I left were very
much surprised that they had been stricken
and punished by my death. For a while I
could not hear distinctly what they said, then
I listened and found they were really im-
patient that the change had come, but I could
not see that it did any good to fret and mur-
mur. I tried to think of some way to bring
them comfort so I have come today. My
name is Lizzie Sherman and I am from Bos-
ton. I want my people to know that I am
happy with my music and friends, and talk
all the time about when they shall come to
me. It seems as if I ought to be able to help
my mother with the rest of the children and
I think I will be. So far I have only been
able to do for myself, with a message now
and then, but as time goes on I get stronger
and I hope to be able to take care of the
girls and help my little brother. I thank you
very much."

Amanda Willis.

A spirit comes of a woman about sixty
years old. She is quite stout and quite tall.
Her eyes are gray. Her hair is very gray and
is combed pretty well down over her ears.
She is very kind looking and seems to have
been in the spirit a long time, as though she
had for a good many years watched through
the windows of spirit life and now came to
the door to speak. Her name is Amanda
Willis and she comes from Comstock, Ill.
She says, "I wanted to go to Belle; she is
in great need and that is why I come. There
will be a change before long which will bring
her release. For the present there is nothing
to do but be patient and wait. I could almost
say that she will be glad she has waited
until it comes, for it will be so much better
than if it had come before. She will go away
from there and new associations will bring
her greater peace than she has known for a
long time. Do not get nervous and do not
feel that you are neglected, for we are with
you, as you know, and will help you whenever
we can."

William Devens.

There is a gentleman who stands before me
a little above the medium height, well built,
though not particularly stout. He has very
blue eyes that look strong and searching. His
hair is iron gray and it is brushed back from
his forehead with an air of independence as
if he had just done something he was pleased
with and thrown back his head and left his
hair in that fashion. He looks like one of
those strong, energetic, manly souls, that
would always find something to do wherever
it found itself.

He smiles like a child as if with all his
strength there was a sweetness and childlike
spirit about him. His name is William
Devens and he is from St. Paul, Minn. He
says, "I was also known in Minneapolis be-
cause I was in both cities more or less. This
subject, while it is intensely interesting to me
now, held nothing at all for me before I
came into the spirit world. I was so busy
with the affairs of my life and believed that
it was my duty to get ahead and do as much
as I could, that I never for a moment took
any particular interest in the life that was to
be, thinking God would take care of that and
it would be time enough when I arrived.
You can imagine something of my distress
when I found myself over here with com-
munication cut off. I could see and I could
at times catch the sound of what my friends
were saying, but I felt as if I were on an
island, stranded, wrecked, alone, and that I
could make no signal which would be heard
or seen from the shore. Every time I made
an effort to speak to my own I found myself
repulsed by their non-belief in this sort of
thing; so at last I made this effort. I want
to send this word to Emma and I want her
to make definite inquiries and find if it is not
possible for me to get into communication
with her as other spirits do with their own. I
feel that it would be helpful to us both and

many of the things I desire to help her
about, I might be able to do if she would
only meet me half way. I found mother and
of course with her own people. They pay as
little attention to communicating with those
back here as my people do to communicating
with me. They are simply living their lives
and going forward without interest in the
past, so I am almost alone in my effort to
communicate. I cannot quite let the past die
without some effort on my part to com-
municate with those who made it for me and
with me. I thank you for your kindness and
I hope I may get what I am seeking through
this circle."

George T. Ellis.

A spirit of a man walks into the room now,
about fifty or fifty-five, medium height, very
dark gray eyes, and brown hair with perhaps
a few silver threads in it, but you would
hardly call it gray. He has a full beard and
that has more of the gray in it than his hair.
He is a very modest appearing man; he seems
to be almost shy about making any advance
to speak. He is not alone. There is a lady
who seems urging him to make this expres-
sion. She is younger; darker, dark eyes,
dark brown hair, rather slender, and has a
very pretty manner. His name is George T.
Ellis, and he used to live in Andover, Mass.
He says, "This is Carrie with me and she is
trying to have me speak to Fred. Fred needs
awakening of the spirit message. Nothing,
perhaps, will bring him to a realizing sense
of life and its seriousness so quickly as to
know that life is continuous. I have so many
things to say that seem so personal it is hard
for me to sort them out and just give the
things that will be fit and proper to publish
in your paper. In the first place I am not
unhappy, and it is not because I am in a
state of unrest that I return, but rather
because I feel I may be of some use, perhaps
more so, to some one here now than I can
to any one in spirit life, so I am anxious to
do what I can. I used to be very much in-
terested in harness. Those who knew me will
understand; but over here I have found a
new occupation, though whatever I did has
had its weight in the choosing of my work in
this life. I met many people casually and
some very dear friends, and there will be
long periods of time when I seem to care
nothing for the life I have left, but am wholly
absorbed in this one. Once in a while it
comes over me that I must make an effort
to do just what I am trying to do now. I
send my fervent prayer that this may bring
about the result I desire so much."

Jennie Stebbins.

A spirit comes who says her name is Jennie
Stebbins and she lived in Worcester, Mass.
She is very delicate and frail looking, but has
a wonderfully strong will. Her eyes are gray,
her hair is light brown, and she is one of
those people you would not be surprised any
time to hear they were sick, and yet she never
is sick. She always seems to be able to do
just about so much and she does it and
gets along all right. She says it is a long time
since she came to the spirit and it is the
greatest pleasure she feels in returning to
this circle to give a message; that it is one of
the things she enjoys more than anything
else to give evidence of spirit reality. She
wants to get to Annie. She says, "Annie is
as strong a medium as anybody I know of,
and if she would only give up to the in-
fluences she could be very powerful, and I
want her to do it. I was with her last Tues-
day and now there was influence about her
at that time to have done almost anything she
wished, but she fought it off as she has done
so many times before, and so was left with-
out the evidence which would be good for
her. Hattie often speaks of you, dear, and
wishes she might tell you how much you help
her. Perhaps some day she will be able to
tell you through your own lips, and that will
be a happiness for you."

Agnes Benson.

A spirit walks up to me who says she is
Agnes Benson. After that she writes Glezen,
Ind. Then she smiles and says, "I want to
get to my little girl. It is not that I find
myself shut out from her presence that I
come here, but because I felt if I got this
circle interested I might be able to say some
things to her that would bring her close to
me. I find her easier than she finds me. Her
name is Maude. She is as sensitive as I was
before her and it is because I fear for this
sensitivity and the effect it will have on
her that I try to speak as I should. Tell
her not to mind what is going on; that the
day will come when she will be free from
these conditions that annoy her now, and it
is only a question of being patient with con-
ditions as they are, then she will be able to
do all she is yearning to do now. I know
how you want and need a mother's advice,
and if you will try to listen with your spirit
I will speak so plainly that there will be no
doubt in your mind as to what course you
ought to pursue. God bless you, my darling.
Every day I pray for the blessing of the
spirit world to rest upon you, and every day
I interest some wise one in your affairs and
conditions. It is all I can do, but that I do
with all the love that a mother can express."

W. T. Stead Asks a Question.

The name of W. T. Stead is known
throughout the world as that of an able jour-
nalist, a live man, and a many-sided one, also.
His opinions upon Spiritualism and psychic
research have at least the merits of force,
and are usually expressed with undeniable
clearness. He has been known for years as
a sort of enfant terrible in British Journalism,
and his latest venture, now deceased, The
Daily Paper, was a further evidence of his
versatility and unbounded energy. A copy of
that journal has been sent the writer by his
old friend Robert Cooper, of Eastbourne,
England, a gentleman whom many Boston
Spiritualists still remember most cordially.
In the copy of the paper was an article by
Mr. Stead entitled, "Where Is Mr. Whitaker
Wright Today?" from which a few quotations
may be permissible.

It must be premised that Whitaker Wright
was the presiding genius of the now notorious
London and Globe Finance Corporation,
which came to grief and involved thousands
of people in financial ruin, owing to the reck-
less financing of the prime spirit in the en-
terprise. The British government captured
the criminal, placed him on trial, and the
court sentenced him to seven years' imprison-
ment, equal to a state prison sentence in this
country. Anticipating the inevitable conse-
quence from his trial, this man who boldly
planned his coups in high finance could not
face the rigors of imprisonment and the re-
sultant social disgrace, to avoid which he had
provided himself with cyanide of potassium
tablets, and within half an hour of sentence
being pronounced he had swallowed the
deadly drug and his mortal remains lay stark
in an ante-room of the court. Based on this
dramatic, not to say tragic, termination of
the man and his trial, Mr. Stead propounds
the question referred to above, and proceeds
to deal with his query in the following
fashion:

"The question as to the present where-
abouts of Mr. Whitaker Wright will strike
most readers as an offence. That offence
would be without justification if there were

any intention on the part of the writer to sit
in judgment upon a fellow sinner who this
week has gone so suddenly 'out of space, into
the other world, or other no world.' Far be it
from us, or any man, to transgress the great
command, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'
But without in the least trespassing across
the limits imposed by Christian charity, it
may be not merely interesting, but profitable,
to consider for a moment or two what answer
we should return to that question."

He finds his question answered by those
who reply that now there is no Whitaker
Wright, and with such he refuses to deal,
saying of them: "They have given their
answer, we note it, and pass on."

Looking from another view point he speaks of:

"Those who have come to a more or less
reasoned belief that man is as the beast that
perisheth, and that when the earthly house of
this tabernacle is dissolved nothing remains,
are comparatively few in number. It must
be admitted, however, that in an articulate
sort of fashion this is the practical working
faith, or no faith, of the majority. They do
not care to admit it. Probably, if cross-
examined, they would deny it. But the old
phrase, 'After death the judgment,' has
ceased to grip their consciousness. That great
driving-belt of the orthodox faith, and of al-
most every faith not orthodox, has slipped off
the wheel of the machine. Even in our
churches how seldom is the hypothesis of life
after death—call it only a hypothesis—em-
ployed as an argument to influence the life of
man. In the newspaper press it has long ago
ceased to be alluded to even as a hypothesis.
Yet, nevertheless, unless the best, the wisest,
and the greatest of men who have ever lived
have erred, there may be something in the
theory that death does not end all, and that
after death the life of the individual persists.
If that be so, and probably most of those who
read these lines would admit that in their
heart of hearts they think, perhaps even fear,
that it is so, there is surely no more pertinent
question to ask than this: Where is Mr.
Whitaker Wright today?"

In supplying an answer to the question Mr.
Stead continues:

"There is no doubt how the question would
have been answered a few generations back.
In the great poem in which a supreme genius
expressed the ideas of mediæval Christianity,
not only was the destination of the suicide
known, but his location was fixed in the
seventh circle of the Inferno, where they
found themselves changed into gnarled trees.
Down to the year 1823, the suicide was buried
at the dead of night where three cross-roads
met, with a stake in his inside, the more
effectively to prevent his damned soul finding
his way back. To this day the Book of Com-
mon Prayer expressly enjoins the right to
Christian burial to those who have laid
violent hands upon themselves—although the
ethical value of this interdiction is practically
nullified by its extension to persons unbat-
tized. The instinct of human affection which
revolts against the sentence of external dam-
nation pronounced upon those who, 'mad from
life's mystery,' plunge unsummoned into the
outburst of Laertes over the drowned Ophelia:

I tell thee, churchyard priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be
When thou dost howling.

"The human heart, finding expression
through the verdict of coroner's juries, is
ever rightful pitiful of those who, in a mo-
ment of mental aberration, put an end to
their mortal life. But in the case of Mr.
Whitaker Wright not even the most oblivious
charity could ignore the calm deliberation and
cold, resolute purpose with which he thrust
himself before his time into the other world."

In summing up the matter Mr. Stead
touches an important question, quite outside
the case of Whitaker Wright, and that is,
"after death, judgment." Does that time old
phrase mean the condemnation of sinners by
God, or the condemnation we inflict upon our-
selves? Spiritualists teach the latter is the case,
and that, "whosoever a man soweth, that also
shall he reap," is absolutely true. If so, one
may, out of pity, say of Wright, "God help
him!" But God will not until Wright har-
monizes himself with the divine laws. Yet,
Mr. Stead raises issues that are not without
interest to Spiritualists, when he says:

"Let us try to look facts in the face. The
old formulae in which our forefathers ex-
pressed their deepest conviction as to the
reality of a retribution after death have be-
come unbelievable by this generation. A
Scotch divine who was cast out of a Presby-
terian church because he was heretic on
hell explained plaintively that his offence was
due, not to his disbelief in future punishment,
but because he believed in it in deadly earnest.
What mankind needs and must have is a
practical, working hell. The conventional
acceptance of an incredible place of fiery and
eternal torment masks a real disbelief in any
kind of retribution. His plea did not save
him from expulsion, but was he not right?
The fact, however we may disguise it by our
silence or our indifference, is that the old
theory has been so hopelessly discredited that
it has involved in its discredit what, in the
opinion of the great religious and philosophi-
cal teachers of our race, is the most import-
ant, the most vital and the most tremendous
truth of the universe, which was familiarly
expressed in the phrase, 'After death, the
judgment.'"

What is the working hypothesis of Spiritu-
alism regarding the moral aspect of the
questions Mr. Stead asks regarding Whitaker
Wright and all such exploiters of the plain
people?

TODAY.

Life is a battle, and

Society News.

Correspondence for this department must reach the Editor by the first mail delivery on Monday morning, to ensure 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, March 4.—Meetings held as usual. Many members were present at the business meeting. The "sandwich supper" was voted a great success. Professor Gowing gave a demonstration of his healing power. Meeting opened with the singing of America. We were pleased to have with us Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. She spoke of Spiritualism per se, and told of her early experiences when she became a medium. Dr. Huot was the next speaker and he said he was ever ready to give himself to the spirit world to voice messages of love to the sorrowing heart. He then gave messages that were well received. Miss Parker was then controlled and gave messages. Mr. J. J. Morse was the next speaker; his talk was upon conditions that are necessary for mediums, and he asked if we realized that when we enter a meeting to us it should be as the "Holy of Holies," and that we should bring heaven with us into our meeting places. When we do this we shall reap the beauty and good that the spirit friends can bring into our lives. Let us cast out malice, envy and hatred from our hearts, and we will then indeed be sowing seeds of kindness. Mrs. Bonney then spoke briefly, and gave messages which were all recognized. Mrs. Crafts presided at the piano. Next Friday we will serve supper at 6:15; good entertainment in the evening. A list of speakers with details of the anniversary exercises to be held in this hall will be given in a later edition of the Banner.—Mary F. Lovering, sec. pro tem.

Cambridge, Friday, February 26th.—Cambridge Lower Hall. Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists held its regular fortnightly meeting on Friday, February 26th, with Mr. J. J. Morse as the speaker of the evening. He was greeted by a large and appreciative audience. His lecture was not only most interesting, but by his well defined arguments it became highly instructive, and those not present certainly lost an intellectual treat. As the editor of the "Banner of Light" he has our best thoughts. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates have been engaged to be with this Society on Friday evening, March 11th. Boston friends are cordially invited. Supper 6:30. Evening meeting, 7:45.—Mrs. Mabel Merritt, president.

Dwight Hall, Wednesday, March 2d. The regular meeting of the Ladies' Lyceum Union was called to order by the president, M. J. Butler. Business meeting at 5; supper at 6. The evening meeting was called to order at 8 by the president, M. J. Butler. Prof. Gowing was first introduced and spoke a few moments on the phases of mediumship. Remarks were made by Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Sarah Byrnes, and Mr. J. J. Morse. Mr. Gilbert read a poem written by Iona Stillings, dedicated to Auntie Butler. A very finely rendered duet by Mrs. Stillings and Mr. Cleveland. An original poem, "Recollections" by Iona Stillings. Spirit messages were voiced through the mediumship of Dr. Huot and Mrs. Annie Banks Scott.

Meeting closed at 10 with a benediction by Mr. Morse. Do not forget our anniversary to be held after noon and evening, March 30th.—S. E. Jones, sec. pro tem. Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street, Wednesday, March 3d.—The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society held one of the best meetings of the season. The audience, though not large, was very enthusiastic. Among those who were the entertainers were Mrs. Belcher with readings; Dr. Huot, Dr. Clough, and Mrs. Cheney. Mrs. Dix gave one of her fine extemporaneous poems, which are always well received. Miss Farnham favored us with a recitation. Next week we are to have with us Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse and their daughter, Miss Florence Morse, and it is hoped that there will be a large attendance that night to welcome them. Do not forget that March 17th we have with us Mr. C. E. Watkins, giving illustrated lectures on "The True and False of Spiritualism." All are cordially invited. There is always something new at the meetings of the L. S. I. S. every week.—F. H. Rice, rec. sec.

General.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday, February 23.—At Crosby Hall, 423 Clason Avenue, manifestations were given of the Spirit power by the well-known medium Miss Margaret Gaule, of New York City. Miss Gaule gave many messages to the friends all of which were recognized and understood. After Miss Gaule's seance, she spoke of the rising mediums who were entering upon the field of labor, craving protection for them, and telling how they should be cared for by kind thoughts and loving words as their path was not one to be envied. After Miss Gaule's talk she introduced to the public for the first time on a public platform, a young medium, Mr. Carleton S. King, who after thanking Miss Gaule for her kindness, gave many messages to absolute strangers to himself, proving that their loved ones were present. If Mr. King's work as a medium last Sunday is a good sample of what he can do for us we look forward to good and grand results as he becomes more accustomed to his work. His accuracy in giving names was truly wonderful.—W. H. A. Elmira, N. Y.—The meetings of the Spiritualist Church Society are creating a widespread interest, and many are the remarks and compliments we hear upon the discourses given through the mediumship of Brother Oscar A. Edgerly, who remains with us this month, and will be followed by Mrs. Kate H. Stiles of Boston, Mass., for the month of April, as Bro. Edgerly goes to Boston, Mass., for that time. At a recent Thursday evening meeting (which are devoted to tests and messages), when Bro. Edgerly was giving the tests, a lady present remarked to the friend who accompanied her, "He knows all these people he is talking to," when he immediately turned to her and told her of an elderly aunt who had passed away in the West (no one here but herself knowing anything about it), and much more which astonished her; it goes without saying, she changed her opinion and is somewhat frightened, which is useless, as our loved ones will never injure us.

The members of the society are working harmoniously and hope to do much for the enlightenment of humanity and the upbuilding of our Cause as time advances.—Louise E. Zimmerman, sec. Foxboro, Mass., Sunday, February 23.—We had with us for the first time, Mrs. Amanda A. Cate, of Haverhill, who with the aid of her unseen helpers gave us two of the best scientific and spiritual discourses that we have listened to for many a day. She started an interest anew, such as we have not felt for years, and we feel grateful to her. She will be with us again March 13.—W. G. Laphier, Foxboro, Mass. Maiden, Sunday, February 21.—Progressive Spiritual Society, Louise Hall, Brown Building. Meetings for the day were well attended, afternoon and evening. The class

for healing and development was interesting, as usual. Mr. Bowden, of Winchester, read an inspirational article on "The duty of Spiritualists to their children." Mr. Hollins and Mrs. Fish of Melrose, did good work. Evening session opened with service of song and Scripture reading by our President, Harvey Redding. Cyrus rendered a poem, entitled "The Exile"; Mrs. Edmunds, of Roxbury, gave some remarkable messages. Mrs. Morton gave her experience of how she became a Spiritualist, which was very much appreciated. The Indian control, "Big Dog," is progressing rapidly in his unique test work.

Sunday, February 23.—Our meetings were attended better than expected, owing to the inclement weather. 3 p. m., song service followed by developing and healing circle. 7:30 p. m., Scripture reading, followed by invocation by Mrs. R. P. Morton. Mr. Jas. Milton rendered a vocal solo, "Looking this way," "Cyrus" then gave a recitation, "The Wandering Pilgrim." Mr. Graham gave an address which was well appreciated. Mrs. Whall, a new medium, was with us, and she sought to make her mark. Mrs. G. B. Mosler gave many excellent communications also. Mrs. E. M. Gary, medium, assisted.—C. L. Redding, cor. sec.

February 24.—We held our second Vegetarian supper which proved a grand success, both financially and socially. We have instituted these suppers for the benefit of the society, and hope to continue them during the coming year, the last Friday in every month. Our regular mid-week meeting following at 8 o'clock, to which, all of the supper ticket holders were invited. These circles are very interesting and instructive, many of our best mediums being present.—C. L. Redding cor. sec.

Montpelier, Vt.—At the annual meeting of the Montpelier Spiritualists' Association, held at the residence of A. J. Fallon, Feb. 22, the following officers were elected: President, E. J. Fallon; Vice-president, Dr. Percy Templeton; Treasurer, Mrs. Henry Childs; Managers, E. E. Jacobs, Ira A. Ellis, P. O. Dodge, Secretary, Mr. R. Cook.

Malden, Mass., Spiritualistic Association, Deliberative Hall, Pleasant street.—Among the many mediums who have graced the platform of this flourishing society, these past two months are Mrs. Mabel R. Witham of Boston; Mrs. Edmunds of Boston; Mrs. Ruth Blake of Little Rock, Kansas; Miss Frances Wheeler of Boston; Mrs. Olive Harrington, Quebec; also Mr. T. A. Jackson of Boston, who is now one of our staff; Prof. Walcott Brook of Boston; Mr. Thomas Livingston of Springfield, and many others. Mrs. Munroe has every Sunday evening given many remarkable messages, and predictions, which have been verified. Mrs. Munroe's friends will be pained to learn, that on last Saturday she fell on the ice and sustained a broken arm and serious internal injuries. Many of Boston's best mediums and speakers have been engaged for the coming month, and arrangements have been made for the conduct of these meetings until Mrs. Munroe recovers.—Mrs. Pollack, sec.

Newburyport, Mass.—Report for February. The Sunday weather of February was so much more pleasant than was that of January our afternoon audiences were much larger. They are usually made up of "the tried and true," while in the evenings come also the investigators and the skeptics, in larger numbers. We have had good workers with us, Mrs. L. D. Butler, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mrs. Ruth Swift of Haverhill, and Mrs. A. J. Pettengill. Mrs. Swift occupied our platform for the first time, but the general impression left was a pleased one with the work she did. All Massachusetts societies know (or ought to), of the kind of work which the other three are capable of doing for the spirit world. The words of Mrs. Cunningham, in regard to our having a home of our own so to have better influences there, seemed to go to the hearts of the members in an unusual degree. May it be the means of setting us at work in harmony for that end. We were very glad to once more greet Mrs. Pettengill, and, as she always does, she gave us practical lectures on "The Responsibilities of Life," and a verse from the Bible which she rendered as "The World is Ours and all there is within." Her readings from articles on the desk, were acknowledged to be correct. Our speakers for March are Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Litch of Lynn; Dr. William Hale and Mrs. Bonney of Boston. On Monday, March 7, we are to celebrate our 9th anniversary, with supper at hall from 5 to 7, services at 8. Speakers expected are Dr. Hale, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Dr. Cate, and Mrs. M. S. Pitts of Chicago.—S. A. Lowell, sec.

Lynn, Sunday, February 28th.—Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Alex. Caird, M. D., pres. Sunday, February 28th, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham was the medium, and gave good satisfaction with tests and communications. Sunday, March 6th, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kates began a month's engagement with this society. The services opened at 2:30. President Caird welcomed the speakers in behalf of their many friends. An able address was delivered by Mrs. Kates, followed by communications. Circles were held by a large number of mediums from 4 to 5; supper was served at 5, song service at 6; and concert at 6:30 by Chase's orchestra. At the evening service the address was by Mrs. Kates, communications and vocal solo by Mrs. Kates, dramatic readings by Mrs. J. A. Carr of Boston. These talented speakers will be present every Sunday during March, also every Wednesday at the Ladies' Social Union.

Lowell, Mass., First Spiritual Society.—Owing to the severity of the weather and the fact of having to change our place of meeting twice, through fire partially destroying the buildings, our audiences have not been so large the past two months as formerly, though the few who have been courageous enough to face the elements have been richly rewarded. The speakers during that time have been Dr. Fuller, Mr. A. P. Blinn, Mr. J. S. Scarlett and others. On the 21st we had Mrs. Bemis of Medford, for the first time as a speaker, both afternoon and evening she addressed us in a manner which did credit to her mediumship, after which she gave some clairvoyance, nearly all of which was recognized. On February 25th, we had Mr. J. S. Scarlett of Cambridgeport with us, and judging from his work at that time, I think the N. S. A. has made no mistake in appointing Brother Scarlett as our missionary for the promulgation of our beautiful philosophy. At the evening service his guides answered questions from the audience in a manner seldom heard here, and which evoked the rapt attention of a most appreciative audience. Next Sunday our speaker will be Mrs. Annie L. Jones of this city.—T. W. Peckup, clerk.

Norwich, Conn.—Sundays 21st and 28th. Large gatherings assembled in the Spiritual Academy mornings and evenings to listen to Mr. J. J. Morse of England. Mr. Morse is one of the very best trance lecturers upon the Spiritualist platform, and holds the closest attention of his audiences right through every discourse. Our choir rendered sweet assistance, and on the last Sunday sang "Life, Beautiful Life." Everyone enjoyed the discourses, and it is hoped Mr. Morse may be able to visit Norwich once again this season.—M. E. T. pro sec.

Fitchburg, Mass., Sunday, March 6th.—Mrs. Ruth A. Swift of Haverhill, was speaker of the first Spiritualist Society. There was the usual large attendance at the morning service. Nearly all the time was

given to spirit messages. The Local Mediums' Circle, following the morning service, was largely attended and many recognized spirit messages were given. Every seat was taken at the evening service. The subject, "The uses and abuses of Spiritualism" was ably presented, holding the closest attention of all present. Following the address, Mrs. Swift correctly read a large number of folded ballots.—Dr. C. L. Fox.

Waltham, Mass.—Waltham Spiritual Church and Lyceum. In January Mr. M. Brown, our financial secretary, arranged a musical entertainment for the benefit of the Lyceum, and it was pronounced by visitors from Boston as a fine concert and talent. We realized a good sum above expenses. On Sunday, March 6th, Miss Florence Morse, of England, was with us. She took her subjects from the audience, and dealt with them to the entire satisfaction of all. She had a full house to greet her, which was remarkable, as this was her first engagement with us, and we are sorry we cannot have her again. Our Lyceum stages one hymn every Sunday evening, and most of the speakers are delighted. Mrs. Sarah Byrnes spoke eloquently and encouragingly to the children, Feb. 28th. Our speakers for the month of February were: Feb. 7, Mrs. Ruth A. Swift; 14, Edna I. Webster; 21, Katie M. Ham; 28, S. A. Byrnes and Ida M. Pye. Our speakers for March are: March 13th, Mrs. S. A. Byrnes and Ida M. Pye; 20th and 27th, Ida P. Whitlock. Our society is growing. We have lately taken in two members and two more to be taken in at next monthly business meeting. Next Wednesday, at 3 p. m., our circle and our monthly salad supper from 5:30 to 7:30. Dance in the evening.—Mrs. Millie Guilford.

Worcester, Mass.—Worcester Association of Spiritualists, G. A. R. Hall, Pearl Street. Mrs. Katie M. Ham of Haverhill served our society the first two Sundays of February, in her usual impressive manner. Her ballad readings were excellent, and well received by the large audiences present. The last two Sundays of February, Mr. George A. Porter of Boston, occupied our platform, for the first time, in a very acceptable manner. All who were privileged to listen to his lectures were well repaid. Our own Philosophy combined with the principles of so-called "New Thought" was ably presented and defined, proving to his listeners they were, one and inseparable, and should go hand in hand together. His communications were accurate and readily recognized by all. In his closing lecture he announced as his subject, "The Wanderers," an abstract of which is enclosed for use, when opportunity occurs (as soon as room can be made. Editor.) For the month of March, James S. Scarlett, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller and Mrs. Carrie F. Loring will be our speakers.—M. Lizzie Beals, cor. sec.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

AUGUSTUS PHINEAS FOSTER, CHELSEA, MASS.

From his home, 40 Bloomingdale Street, Chelsea, on Thursday, February 25th, Mr. Augustus Phineas Foster.

Mr. Foster had been ill for some time, but was very much better and had been able to go out of doors when a new complication set in, which he had not strength to resist, and he slipped quietly into that other life which was so real and dear to him.

Modest and unassuming, with a strong, sympathetic nature, he made many friends, who will always hold the memory of his earth-life as one of the sweet blessings vouchsafed to them. The little childer loved him and always sought him on his walks, and made merry those last days. He leaves a wife and a mother-in-law, to whom he was as dear as a son could be. His was a rare, sweet spirit and will, we know, find ample and loving welcome by the dear wife who shared his knowledge of Spiritualism, and who bravely faces the future with the light of his love to illumine her path.

Funeral services were held at his home on Sunday, February 28th, Rev. Perry Bush of Chelsea and the writer officiating.

The home was a bower of flowers, tributes and offerings from those who held him dear, and through the entire service his spirit seemed breathing peace to those who would mourn.—Minne M. Soule.

CHARLES L. SAWIN ONSET MASS.

In the notice of Mr. Sawin's transition published in last week's "Banner," the name was misprinted "Sainin" instead of Sawin as above.—Editor.

Another Worker Gone to the Higher Life.

One by one those who have done valiant service in the field of Spiritualism and reform, are leaving our ranks to join "the great majority."

On Friday, a. m., the 26th ult., Mrs. Mary Severance, better known to the Spiritualist public as Mrs. A. B. Severance, passed to spirit life from her late home, 1300 Main Street, Whitewater, Wis. Mrs. Severance had been confined to her room during the winter months, but was hopeful of a return of physical strength, until a short time before her transition. When the change came, she passed out of the worn out body as quietly and peacefully as she ever passed into restful, natural sleep.

Mrs. Severance was a medium of more than national reputation; her correspondence as a Psychometrist extended to foreign countries; especially was her work familiar to the Spiritualists in Australia and New Zealand, for more than twenty years.

The funeral services occurred at her late home on Sunday afternoon, the 28th ult. A large attendance of relatives and friends were present, among whom were residents of Whitewater, who probably listened for the first time to the voice of Spiritualism. The services were simple and impressive.

Mrs. Sanford, of the Morris Pratt Institute, rendered two beautiful and appropriate selections. Rev. A. J. Weaver, superintendent of instruction and teacher connected with the Morris Pratt Institute, read the old poem:

"He who died at Azim sends
Back this message to his friends."

He supplemented the reading with a soulful invocation most fitting to the occasion. The writer followed with a brief discourse, setting forth some of the leading ideas entertained by Spiritualists, on Death and the after life. The subject of this notice was a resident of Whitewater for forty years, during which she was a faithful exponent of her spiritualistic principles everywhere. The town, with few exceptions, is largely orthodox, but souls larger than creeds. Love and sympathy are larger of sorrow reach beyond sectarian lines. Let us rejoice that even at such times hearts beat tenderly for one another. These sentiments have been verified in the going away of our Sister Severance. Tender, loving tributes are paid to her memory. The relatives, including a son and daughter and two brothers, and Mr. T. B. Watson, who for more than a third of a century was Mrs. Severance's faithful amanuensis and companion, have the kindly sympathy of many friends.

—Mattie E. Hull.

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

Raphael's Almanac and Ephemeris for 1904	Postage Prepaid \$0.85
Raphael's Almanac—1904	20
Astrology of the Old Testament	6.00
Arcana of Astrology	4.00
Stimonite	4.00
Almanack	85
Zadkiel	85
Astrology	1.75
Lilly	1.75
Almanack	85
Raphael (any year)	85
Almanac	25
Rev. Hicks	25
Auras and Colors	50
Grumbine	50
Celestial Dynamics	1.00
Burgoyne	1.00
Clairvoyance	1.00
Grumbine	1.00
Ephemeris	35
Raphael (any year)	35
Easy Lessons in Psychometry, etc.	50
Grumbine	50
Esoteric Lessons	1.50
Grimke	1.50
Faces and Degrees of the Zodiac	35
Raphael	35
Influence of the Zodiac upon Human Life	1.00
Eleanor Kirk	1.00
Influence of the Stars	2.00
Rosa Baughan	2.00
Key	35
Raphael	35
Language of the Stars	50
Burgoyne	50
Light of Egypt	2.00
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
Neptune	35
(100 years). Raphael	35
Perpetual Youth	1.00
Eleanor Kirk	1.00
Solar Biology	5.00
Butler	5.00
Tetrabiblos	1.50
Ptolemy	1.50
Tables of Houses	1.10
Anderson	1.10
Within the Temple of Isis	75
Wagner	75
Ancient Pagan and Modern Christian Symbolism	1.50
Ancient Egyptian Doctrine of Immortality	75

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. Cloth	40
Paper	25
The Deluge in the Light of Modern Science. It shows the Flood Story to be as false as it is foolish. Paper	10
Sermon from Shakespeare's Text. An excellent discourse. Paper	10
Orthodoxy False, since Spiritualism is True. Paper	10
The God Proposed for Our National Constitution. Paper	10
Christianity no Finality; or Spiritualism Superior to Christianity. Paper	10
Common Sense Thoughts on the Bible. Paper	10
Be Thyself	10
Is Spiritualism True?	10
Paper	10
Man's True Saviors. A Lecture	10
Paper	10
The Pecoset Tragedy	10
Paper	10
What is Right?	10
Paper	10
Who are Christians?	10
Paper	10
Garrison in Heaven	10
Paper	10

Catarrh Cured

If you suffer from Catarrh in any form, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any Lung Weakness read this liberal offer. IT WILL BE WORTH MONEY TO YOU



THIS TREATMENT FREE.
Dr. J. M. Peebles, the noted specialist in Catarrh and Bronchial troubles has found a SURE, Speedy, and Permanent Cure for Catarrh. It not only quickly relieves and permanently cures Catarrh but gives almost instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung Troubles. It completely removes the disease from the system and makes the diseased tissues like new. Mrs. Waverling of Seattle, Wash., writes: "I suffered from that dreadful disease catarrh, for twenty years, and found nothing that would help it until I began your treatment. I improved from the first and in a short time was entirely cured. You have rendered me a great blessing, and I recommend your treatment most highly to those having catarrh." "We could give you testimonials by the thousands of those who have cured of Catarrh and Bronchial troubles in all forms and stages but they would not tell you what the treatment will do for you. The only absolute proof is in the treatment itself and believing that it will surely cure any case of Catarrh no matter how long standing or how many treatments have failed in the past, that we will send you a two week's treatment with the Peebles Medical Kit. It is a real sufferer wishing to try it. Many are cured by this treatment alone. Why not make a trial of it yourself and learn what it will do for you? IT IS FREE. Add Dr. Peebles Institute of Health, 31 Madison St., Battle Creek, Mich. BSB 1-604-11

SPECIAL BARGAINS

IN FIRST-CLASS

OCCULT PUBLICATIONS.

REALIZATION at 25 cents.

By special arrangements with The Rosicrucian Publishing Co. we can sell this excellent 25 cent book on the development of mediumship and divinity by Miss Loraine Follett for 25 cents. Send orders at once and while they last.

THE PSYCHIC OR SPIRIT WORLD for 35 cents.

This is the book which sold for \$1.00, and we have secured a limited number of copies to sell at only 35 cents. The book is beautifully bound in silk cloth and shows the relation of spirit to all of its forms and expressions.

DIVINATION.

We have secured manuscript copies of this excellent treatise on how to divine and read the future, to become a test medium and read the inmost soul of the universe. It is by the author, J. F. Grumbine, whose books sell faster than any similar books in the market. His work on "Clairvoyance" will soon become a text-book in colleges. Price \$1.00.

HOW TO REMEMBER PAST LIVES.

A manuscript work by J. C. F. Grumbine which will repay a careful reading, because it will not only prove to you that you have lived before but it will startle and amaze you by telling you how. Mr. Grumbine has discovered the simple way, and this series of teachings are but \$1.00. (Worth \$100 to the occultist.)

Send all orders and remittances to THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 204 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass.

In the World Celestial

BY DR. T. A. BLAND.

Is a wonderful book, being the personal experiences of a man whose dead sweetheart, after appearing to him many times, materialized and through trance mediumship, came to him in a hypnotic trance by spirit assistance and held in his hand a book which he gave to her. This book is a revelation of what he saw and heard in that realm of the soul, and it is a wonderful story to his friends and to the world in general. This friend is Dr. T. A. Bland, the well-known author, scientist and reformer. This book has a brilliant introduction by that distinguished preacher, Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., president of the American Congress of Liberal Religion, who gives the weight of his high qualified endorsement. He says: "This beautiful book will give us courage to pass through the shadow of death to the sunlit clime of the world celestial." Rev. M. J. Savage says: "It is intensely interesting, and gives a picture of the future life that one cannot help wishing may be true." The medical Cleave says: "It lifts the reader into enchanting realms, and leaves a sweet taste in his consciousness." Rev. A. Windle says: "It is incomparably delightful." President Bowie, of the National Literary Association, says: "It is one of the choicest pieces of literature of this marvelous age of books." Every body will be charmed with it, for it is not only a great spiritual book, but a most beautiful love romance of the world. It is printed in elegant style, bound in cloth and gold. Price, \$1.00. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

The Wisdom of Passion.

BY SALVARONA.

In modern philosophy there are three great treatises on the Passions, that of Spinoza, that of Hume, and that of Salvarona.—Philosophical Journal.

Illustrated with three handsome portraits of Emerson, H. W. Byron, 12mo. 250 pages. Red cloth; gold titles. Will be mailed to any address on receipt of price by postal note.

\$2.00 NET. POSTAGE 10 CENTS.

The extraordinary merits of "The Wisdom of Passion" are the responsiveness of human intellect and content in the way of fact a difference with which the book is crowned. It is a masterpiece of agreement with—Prof. William James, Harvard University.

I have found "The Wisdom of Passion" to be a book of powerful erudition and fine inspiration. I would be happy if it is a certain sense I had inspired it.—Prof. Cesare Lombroso.

Salvarona gives more satisfactory reasons for his emotions than most of us new thinkers are able to give.—Elizabeth Towne, the Nautica.

The fundamental thought of the author is sound... all men are ruled by feeling. The world is what man is what his worth of feeling is.—The Outlook, N. Y.

I am somewhat familiar with the tendency in modern times to give primary place to feeling, with James' "Will to Believe," with Ward's social philosophy, with Shelley and Browning's philosophy. "The Wisdom of Passion" fits in with their contributions. The main thesis of the book—that the Soul forms its own forms by its choice—I can ascribe to—Prof. Oscar Reischle, University of Chicago.

BANNER OF LIGHT PUB. CO.,

204 Dartmouth Street, BOSTON, MASS.

SEARCHING FOR TRUTH.

"The Truth shall make you Free."

This inspired volume—inspired with genius, eloquence and truth, is clear, compact, concise and convincing, and is the ripe product of a master mind. No other truth has been known, no convincing argument omitted, no irretrievable reasoning forgotten; and the entire work is conceived in a noble spirit of wisdom and benevolence. It is a work of rare and unusual value, proven that it is a learned and intelligent author, whose identity we have not at present disclosed, belongs to that grand class of men who love mankind, who love to enlighten, inspire and bestow the unshakable masses, truly proclaim the absolute truth, regardless alike of the power, wealth, or position, or the common family's common hate. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.