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A MADONNA.

Within the dusty car she sat apart,
Wrapping her torn shawl round a little child,
Who looked up in her swarthy face—then
smiled,
And dropped his drowsy head above her
heart.
I saw the mystery of creation dart
Into her sombre eyes; that look the "Un-
filed"
Cast on the Babe, whose couch with straw
was piled—
Knowing, like her, neglect and hunger's
smart.
What worth were creeds, before that
woman's face?
Isis—Demeter—Mary—'tis the same!
And ere was writ the history of the race—
(Though some were born to praise—and some
to shame)—
Each mother heart was made the resting
place
Of that transcendent Love, whence all life
came!

Francis Bartlett.

The Transcript.

What is Conscience?

Mime Jones.

This is a question of ethics. It compre-
hends the whole subject of the foundation or
basis of the ideas of right and wrong, a con-
sideration which has occupied the minds of
all philosophers of the past, puzzled those of
the present and will remain a problem of the
future. The exact and correct solution of the
difficulties involved in it will probably never
be reached until the shores of time have re-
ceded forever and in the most exalted sphere
of our existence hereafter we see "not as
through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."

Colloquially, conscience is that faculty,
power or attribute of the human mind which
enables it to determine for itself what is
right and what is wrong. Plato touched upon
it in his "The True, the Beautiful and the
Good." The Latin philosophers upon it in
what might be called their second-hand
treatment of the Greek philosophy. The
mediaeval church, like the church of today,
assumed sovereign authority to determine ex
cathedra what is right and what is wrong,
leaving to conscience a sinecure, an office
without duty. The French Cousin, the
Scottish Stewart and Hamilton, the English
Locke and Mills, the German Schlegel and
Kant and later Herbert Spencer and our own
Fiske have each tried to solve the problem
with results satisfactory—to those who agree
with them.

One school says that right and wrong rest
in the last analysis in the nature of God; an-
other, that to revelation alone can we look
for true guidance; another, that the idea is
innate, born with us; another, that the notion
is a matter of judgment, based upon experi-
ence; while the church, as I have said, claims
that to her alone and her interpretations of
divine will and command can we look for that
infallible and never failing fiat from which
there is no appeal because none is needed.

It is perfectly clear to most of us that
what we call conscience is a sentiment, a
feeling, resembling, in a way, what is known
as instinct; it does not arrive at its conclu-
sion by any course of reasoning, at least any
of which we are conscious. It must be con-
ceded that unlike instinct it is very fallible
and in many cases an unsafe and unreliable
guide of action. It is not constant and has
and furnishes no standard by which our con-
duct can be measured or gauged.

The conscience of a Chinaman is shocked at
things which the Anglo-Saxon conscience ap-
proves and vice versa. The savage standard
differs as much from ours as ours differ
among themselves. The doctrine of innate
ideas is now thoroughly exploded. At the be-
ginning our minds are a blank; certain ten-
dencies exist, but no concepts, no ideas.
Some of the senses are active, not all alike.
The child, inheriting certain tendencies, be-
gins his education. His circumstances, his
surroundings, his education in a broad sense,
determine what he shall be. The child of the
slums, knowing no rule but that "he shall
take who has the power and he shall keep
who can," feels no painful lesson to his con-
science when he fights for a half-rotten
banana and wins it; the child, reared under
other and so called Christian influences,
would feel far otherwise. What child does
not, under stress, lie, until he is taught by his
reason, or by force, that it does not pay to lie.
The savage fighting for existence, the bar-
barian of the jungle, would grin in derision
at the golden rule if asked to practice it.
His conscience would smite him if he fol-
lowed that precept, in numberless conceivable
instances.

We came into the world conscienceless.
We acquire a conscience by our growth in
goodness as a result, or a part, of our educa-
tion, using that term in a broad sense. Our
conscience once acquired, firmly rooted, acted
upon and lived up to, becomes a habit of our
mind, and like other habits, under a change
of circumstances, of times, of surroundings,
it becomes outgrown, outworn, out of place, a
hindrance to our proper and free action.

Then it is that the test comes and the fatality
of simple conscience as a guide appears. Then
it is that our reason and not our con-
science must take the lead until this habit is
fully outgrown and our only guide is shown
to be our reason, enlightened by the very best
light we can get, and even that is at best
weak and faulty.

To illustrate my meaning—a child is reared
by parents whose Calvinistic ideas on the ob-
servance of the Sabbath are very strict.
Anything not religious, anything for amuse-
ment or pleasure, are strictly excluded on
that dreadful day, the Puritan Sunday.

As the years roll on, the child, broadened
by his education, has examined the Sabbath
question for himself and his reason and ex-
perience have taught him that a reasonable
indulgence in harmless amusement on that
day is not wrong. Yet having what is called
a tender conscience, he refuses for a long
time to allow his reason to control, and when
he does this conscience of his pricks, at what
he knows to be right. He reasons it all out
for himself again and again, and it is quite
probable that this foolish conscience will con-
tinue, such a habit of his mind has it become,
until he has reasoned it all out times enough
to substitute the reasoning habit for the other
habit, mere feeling, which is called con-
science.

This illustrates my meaning, when I say
conscience is a mere habit of the mind and
that it is unreliable as a guide. That it is
fallible and does not furnish a standard for
right action is equally true. If it were the
voice of God speaking in the human soul
and, infallibly and without process of reason-
ing, applying a standard of abstract right to
our action in any given state of facts, it
would teach the ignorant, the degraded, the
same rule that it gives the cultured and re-
fined.

The Hindu women would no more seek the
suttee than would a Yankee widow; the
Japanese would hesitate to commit Hari
Kari as much as would John Bull or a Pres-
byterian Scotchman; the wheels of the car of
Juggernaut would be as free from the stain
of blood as those of a Boston bicycle buggy.
No scalp would attract the Indian warriors'
prowess; no Arab-driven slave gang would
make painful progress through the jungles of
African swamps.

Religion, which is but the adjustment of
our lives to their true relationship with God,
would be useless; for each man would have
God in his own soul. The millennium would
no longer be in the future tense and "the
light that never was on sea or land" would
shine resplendent from every eye and in our
flesh would we see God.

If then we cannot invariably follow con-
science, what is our guide? In the last
analysis, no guide, no light for our steps,
exists for finite minds except reason. Not
that reason which is half formed, not in "the
blind leading the blind"; but a reason,
strengthened and educated, built up and but-
tressed about by every possible means.

If the means for this education, this
strengthening, are not at hand, we must go
out and seek them, until they are found.
Every ray of light shed by human knowledge
must be absorbed; every aid which literature,
science or religion offers must be taken. Ex-
perience must be availed of; revelation (God
not only has been, but is, constantly being
revealed) must be appropriated; all within
our knowledge or our reach must be used un-
til our reason becomes, as nearly as our finite
possibilities permit, a pole star to which the
needle of our life's compass may always point
"without variance or shadow of turning." Even
then we will not always steer the right
course. But if we "hold our rudder true,"
believing that "God knows all and that he
will provide," we may feel the blessed assur-
ance of the Quaker poet, who gave us such
a beautiful example of perfect faith, when he wrote:

"I know not where those Islands lift
Their fringed palms in air.
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

The Life of Transfiguration.

William Branton.

The story of Jesus ascending the mountain
and being transfigured in the presence of his
three closest friends among his disciples—so
that "his face did shine as the sun and his
garments became white as the light" (Mat-
thew; 17, 2)—is exceedingly interesting and
instructive. We are finding that such an
event is a possibility in every particular.
There is no reason why we should scout it as
poetry of a superstitious age, it bears the
marks of reality, and is confirmed by in-
cidents and happenings of this beautiful nature
at the present time. Men do have glorified
moments of friendship and intercourse with
what we call the other world. Indeed they
do, and then there is a splendor falls upon
them that surpasses the brightness of the sun.

This scene called out the most wonderful
painting of Raphael. We have all seen re-
productions of it in photograph or engrav-
ing, but the best way to reach its worth is
to know its verity in our own life. We
ought to have luminous hours which would
be interpretive of ancient records and make
them modern. It would spoil the miracle,
but help the man, and of all things under the
sun, man is the most important.

I have delight in trying to restore the
scene as it appeals to my imagination.
Jesus is weary with his work, he has
preached and toiled apparently to so little
purpose. He is scouted by his own, and he
can see the cross looming up as his reward.
Then he retires to the mountain, and in the
solitude has the vision of what is to be. Com-
ing events cast their shadow before, but the
bright light out of the clouds falls upon him,
and he is comforted by great souls who have
borne witness to the truth before him.

I try to picture the renewal of his strength
and how it made him grand in the eyes of his
disciples. Great thoughts are illuminating
and change the countenance as sunlight does
a desert. The secret of beauty is in the pure
and earnest heart. It radiates light and finds
itself reflected in others. This is the thought
that gives glory to the common days.

Men to be great must stand for great and
noble principles—like the worth of the spirit
as above material things; like the value of
truth when it is despised and made an out-
cast. Men and women who put their lives
into a great cause become great and have
their hours of transfiguration. They are the
medium of the working of divine forces, they
must receive of the splendor of that for which
they stand.

Take an illustration. Some soul learns
that the doors of heaven are more than left
ajar, they are wide open, and the dear ones
pass to and fro as freely as we pass in and
out of our homes. In the face of the sorrow
of the bereavements of men, in the face of
their darkness and doubt, his soul gives him-
self to the spreading of the glad tidings, and
may in consequence be as the voice of one
crying in the wilderness, when he ought to be
the comfort of every heart and home. But
every such preacher of truth, holding to it in
truth and love, is transfigured by the radi-
ance of the immortal thought. This is how I
read the heroism of the toilers of truth.

There are men who are believing in the
sunny face who would fain encourage men to
brighten with smiles their lives. They are
not unfeeling, they are not unsympathetic;
they are the children of light who ask their
fellows to come out of darkness and make
others feel how splendid it is to live in the
light of day. Such souls are great—they
transform the face from its mere shape of
manhood into the face of the true man, which
is as fair as that of an angel.

Such resolution to conquer care is inspir-
ing. I have seen it put glow into dull eyes
and make a lagging step brave and buoyant.
And for the individual it can do so much to
change the dark into the cheerful. I see now
a lady that went through much trouble. Oh,
very much trouble, as in the death of her
son and in the ill-will and persecution of her
husband, but she kept hope in her heart and
was beautified in character thereby. She
was a superior woman by the process, as she
rose to the occasion and eliminated selfish-
ness from her life. I could not see but what
it was worth while to suffer if it could so
enrich the nature.

I do not plead for care, but when it comes
and the person is master of the situation and
shows a shining face to it, I confess I can-
not help deeply admiring that spirit.
You know it all depends how you measure
things as for time, or as for time and beyond
it. It takes ages to make a world, to let it
grow from the seed to the flower. It takes
ages to make a man from the small begin-
nings of time as we trace it, to the resplend-
ence of spirit as we see it by vision in the
heaven of the heavens. We must not that.

Suppose a young oak was to say: "My life
is a failure because I am only three feet
high, while my neighbor, towering over
me, is thirty?"
You would say to it: "Have patience, be
cheerful in your place, for you shall have as
the other, and now is your growing time, en-
joy it and bear your green leaves in glad-
ness."

The secret of the radiant life is in the
nature that is sunny from its divine convic-
tions and the certainties of its bright faith.
I try to live what I preach, and so I know it
can be done. Here are some of the sugges-
tive things I give as the open secret of
brightness and spiritual success.
Submit to the inevitable with grace. If
you are resigned because beaten into insensi-
bility, then life is a prison time to you; do it
cheerfully and it is a school for advanced stu-
dents in a world righteousness.

Believe God is at the back of all, that he is
the thought of your thought, and the love of
your love, and you have a present help and
inspiration in all your trouble.
Believe love gives you your duty in the

common tasks of the common day. It is a
divine necessity that works in you to minis-
ter to others, to provide for their comfort and
need. This work is the making of you; re-
frain from anxiety and worry, and it will do
you good, and only good, all your days.

Believe that a blessing lurks in every weed
by the wayside, as well as in every flower in
the garden. Believe that more is to come
from what we are doing now, and it is the
fruit which will grow from the seed that is
to be our great reward.

Now such thoughts are the dawn of the day
to the darkness, and they glorify the life
that puts them to the proof of a brave en-
deavor that nothing can daunt or make
afraid. Blessed is the man who will stand in
the light of God, and live and die—and live
on eternally for truths that brighten the heart
and transfigure the countenance.

What Spiritualism Stands For.

Dedicatory Address by Dr. J. M. Perles, delivered at
the opening exercises of the new Spiritual Tem-
ple, San Diego, Cal., on Sunday, March 6 1904.

Mr. President and friends of truth, the in-
spired psalmist of the past exclaimed:
"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord
of Hosts!" And how beautiful is this new
temple, conceived in the higher life, material-
ized by human hands and now being dedicated
to the worship of God—dedicated to the
mental, moral and religious unfoldment of
the soul—dedicated to the dissemination of
that spiritual truth which demonstrates a
future existence, describes the encircling
spheres of the after life, comforts and brushes
away the mourner's tears, seeks to hasten the
coming of the kingdom of heaven and breathes
the spirit of peace on earth and good will
towards men.

WHAT SPIRITUALISM STANDS FOR.

Spiritualism is the direct antithesis of ma-
terialism. The materialist strives to account
for this magnificent universe through the in-
teraction of matter and force—nothing more.
The Spiritualist accounts for this living,
throbbing universe of life, love and order,
with its thronging intelligences through
spirit, essential, immutable, infinite—in a
word, God, who is the embodiment of con-
sciousness, life, love, purpose and will.

"Pneuma H. Theos"—Spirit is God, said
Jesus, and they that worship him must
worship him in spirit and in truth, God being
spirit, and man being made evolved in the
image of God (which image is consciousness,
life and intelligence) he is necessarily a
spiritual being.

OUR BASIC FOUNDATION

And it is just as natural for spiritual beings
in all worlds, visible and invisible, to sym-
pathize and consciously respond soul to soul
as it is for music to respond to music, or love
to the divine principle of love. This is the
basic foundation of Spiritualism, centering
you see in God, and by reflex in the moral
constitution of man. Its phenomena are the
scaffoldings useful in the building of the
temple, useful to convince such materialists
as Prof. Hare, Judge Edmonds, Robert Dale
Owen and others to a knowledge of future
existence, useful to bring messages from the
loved ones whose white feet press the ever-
green shores of immortality.

God has never left the world without bibles,
angel ministries and spiritual marvels as
witnesses to a future existence, our Old and
New Testaments abound in prophecies,
visions, trances, and using Paul's words, "the
discerning of spirits." If neither God nor
his laws have changed, why should not these
manifestations occur now? Did not Jesus say:
"These signs shall follow them that believe,"
and "greater works than these shall ye do."

THE CHAIN OF SPIRIT MYSTERIES.

The chain of spirit ministries is complete
from Isaiah to Socrates, from Socrates to
Jesus, from Jesus to Joan of Arc, from Joan
of Arc to the Wesleys, from the Wesleys to
the Fox family (a family of Methodists in
Hydesville, N. Y.). These ministries called
"Modern Spiritualism" are not new. Dr.
Adam Clarke, the great Methodist commen-
tator in commenting upon Saul and Samuel,
said: "I believe there is a supernatural and
a spiritual world in which human spirits, both
good and bad live in a state of consciousness.
I believe that any of these spirits may, ac-
cording to the order of God, in the laws of
their place of residence have intercourse with
this world and become visible to mortals."

The most distinguished souls of the past
and the brainiest men of the present believe
in an intercommunication between the world's
visible and invisible. Personally I have sat
in the seance room with Judge Edmonds of
New York, Sir William Crookes of London,
Leon Barry, the consul general of France,
Victor Hugo and others illustrious in science
and literature.

COUNTERFEIT SPIRITUALISM.

There is a counterfeit—a vulgar atheistic
spiritism akin to Old Testament necromancy

that divines for guineas, hunts for coal mines
and schemes for pelf and occult power to
compass selfish ends. With this I have no
sympathy. It is the open gate to obsessions
and demonic influences.

TRUE SPIRITUALISM.

True Spiritualism rightly and religiously in-
terpreted—I speak for myself only—is in
perfect consonance with the Christianity of
the Christ. It is in spirit Catholic rather
than iconoclastic—constructive rather than
destructive. It seeks to build up no new and
narrow sect. It would padlock no conscien-
tious lips. It would establish no iron-clad
creed, Roman or Calvinistic. It would ruth-
lessly demolish no cathedral, nor would it do
violence to any man's deep religious connec-
tions. There are now, as in apostolic times,
"diversities of gifts." Each should be fully
persuaded in his own mind, feeling that we
are brothers all, and that love, love to God
and love to man, are greater according to
Paul, than faith or hope.

NO TRUTH EVER PERISHES.

This twentieth century is one of mighty
opportunities. Research, evolution, growth is
everywhere manifest. Franklin's kitestring
was seemingly a small matter, and Newton's
falling apple was a smaller one. Joseph's
dream of the coming Jesus did not create a
ripple upon the Jewish mind, but in less than
300 years it shook imperial Rome to its founda-
tions. Modern Spiritualism, a child of the
skies, and pronounced over fifty years ago a
"nine days' wonder," is steadily, rapidly
merging into energetic and substantial man-
hood. It is in this and in foreign lands put-
ting on a rational, religious and regal ma-
jesty. It is acknowledged to have become a
power. It is a long way on the road from
the platform militant to the truth triumphant.
No truth ever perished. No true
Spiritualist ever recanted. Men outgrow
their childhood creeds. Old theologies die;
Calvinism is encoffined awaiting burial; and
yet around those shattered vases mosses hang
and the odors of some lilies cling.

PUNISHMENT DISCIPLINARY.

Spiritualism enwraps and encourages all
reforms. It teaches that man is a morally
responsible being, and having power of
choice, he is punishable, in the line of cause
and effect, for his vices, and rewardable for
his virtues. Divine punishment is discipli-
nary. Men as moral agents are the architects
of their own fortunes. We make our own
heavens and our own hells. The good man
ever carries the kingdom of heaven within
him. Christ—the illuminating principle of
Jesus—the spirit descending dove is still
preaching to imprisoned spirits. God is in-
finitely and unchangeably good. The door of
mercy is never shut. "To your tents then, O
Israel!" To your seance rooms, O Spiritual-
ists! make them altars of religious devotion.

WHAT THE TIMES DEMAND.

The times demand consecrated temples like
this we are now dedicating—demand consec-
rated men and women—consecrated hearts,
consecrated wealth, consecrated energies, and
more better educated speakers, larger society
libraries, more missionary enthusiasm, and
more beautiful temples like this over whose
doors I would see inscribed in letters of love
"Come in." Come all ye that labor and are
heavy laden—come ye who are sad and broken
hearted—come mourners and hear messages
from the loved that have left the fireside
home—come all ye disheartened and discon-
solate and here lay your burdens down—come
O ye young while the red is upon the lip,
and come O ye aged whose white hairs are
already silvery with the celestial light of
immortality—come all ye that seek sweet rest
and the baptism of the new life. Come—for
these temple doors swing outward and swing
inward free to all.

ON THE MOUNT OF VISION.

Standing half entranced this moment upon
the mount of vision I see adown the ages
doubt giving place to faith and faith giving
place to knowledge. I see tyranny dying
upon the plains of freedom. I see error giv-
ing place to truth—vice to virtues, bigotry to
tolerance and grating discords to divinest
harmonies. I see rising before me a new
heaven and a new earth. I see waving har-
vests and the gathering in of golden sheaves.
I see consecrated temples like this, in all
lands, crowned with the luminous words—
Universal Brotherhood and eternal progres-
sion—and, what is a thousand times more
glorious, I see walking in this renewed Eden
of peace and purity the living Christ—the
Christ of the ages—and I hear the words:
"Seeing the travail of my soul, I am satis-
fied."

The golden age lies onward, not behind.
The pathway through the past has led us
up.
The pathway through the future will lead
on
And higher. We are rising from the beast
Unto the Christ, and human brotherhood.

The Rebirth.

The Ancient Science.

Astrology in a Nutshell. By C. H. Webster (Prof. Henry), Newtonia, Boston. Price \$1.50; postage ten cents. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company.

The introductory chapter of this book opens with a clear explanation of the harmony of divine law in all things and a brief sketch of the purpose to which the wonder wheel in the frontispiece can be studied to the attainment of a knowledge of these divine laws.

The second part contains practical lessons in the study of the wonder wheel, showing the signs, lords of the signs, cusps of houses, degrees, oceans, terms, fixed stars, etc., ruling at the hour of birth. An ingenious compilation, giving at a glance on the wonder wheel what would take many pages in many different books to explain. To this is added a chapter and table of superior planetary ruling at the time of birth by revolution, making a distinction between the celestial and the mundane figuring.

The chapter on special significations gives a clear and terse description of houses and planets. A cut of the Roosevelt wheel shows how similar conditions in life come to us through periodic revolutions, a valuable and instructive lesson; then follow fourteen pages of questions answered on the science of astrology in its higher aspect as a book of nature, "God's Book," eternally written in the heavens and should not be degraded to the level of mere "fortune telling," but should be studied by all who desire to know the link in the chain of life which holds them to the creator and find their own astrological cross, thereby surmounting impediments in life to the attainment of a realization of their oneness with all in life and their envying influences.

A chapter not to be overlooked is that which contains the origin of the word God, showing the letters are truly written annually in the heavens by the relative motions of sun and earth.

The heliocentric and geometric systems are discussed, and their virtues clearly shown.

We cannot have too many books on this higher line of astrology, for it tends to show astrology is the divine science of heaven and earth, therefore can never be discarded or receive a deathblow as the Copernican system of astronomy appeared to give it, but must arise from its besmirched garments and show all time, ages and cycles can be proven by a knowledge of it. The Bible, a book of numbers, is founded upon it. The universe is a book of numbers, and astrology is a book of numbers. All should have this book who are desirous of the basic principles of true knowledge. Blessed be the mind who yields the pen to lift astrology, as this work does, from what has been denounced as a "black art" to the enlightenment of the race and "prove all things thereby." When this higher light is more generally understood on the subject, dictionaries and encyclopedias must give the word astrology its true meaning and withdraw the desecration they have attached to it.—F. Y. M.

Thou Shalt Lay Hands on the Sick.

Book of Knowledge: Psychic Facts. By Dr. Nellie Beigle. Illustrated. 534 pages. The Alliance Publishing Company, New York City. Published for the Author. For sale by the Banner of Life Publishing Company.

This work will prove of absorbing interest to students of the therapeutic aspects of spirit mediumship, as it is brim full of remarkable statements of cures effected through the instrumentality of the compiler of the volume. The book is partly autobiographical, partly narrative and partly a compilation in form, and is quite instructive and entertaining when the authoress is dealing with herself.

Mrs. Dr. Beigle, it appears, is a native of lower Canada, and was born of Scotch parents, in the year 1851. Eight years afterwards she and her sister removed to San Francisco, and for a time resided near Oakland. Her first acquaintance with Spiritualism was the cause of bitter antagonism thereto, but finally her attitude was changed as she came under the influence of the spirit world and received messages from her mother and Thomas Starr King, which latter spirit gave her "numerous directions about development," concerning which she says, "Thank goodness, I have followed to the letter." She became clairvoyant, a trance medium, clairaudient, spoke in foreign languages and ultimately developed her remarkable phase of healing mediumship.

Her narrative is interspersed with numerous records of cases which have come under her treatment, some of which are quite remarkable and are apparently well attested, also a number of letters from patients speaking in the highest terms of the doctor's work and personal generosity.

That portion of the book beyond the pages devoted to the life and works of the authoress contains a great deal of interesting matter culled from a wide variety of sources. The materials thus presented relate to such matters as "Controls and Mediums," "Who Are These Spiritualists?" a "Galaxy of Modern Spiritualists," "Incidents in the Life of D. D. Home," "Was Lincoln a Spiritualist?" some of the experiences of "Florence Marryatt," a "Record of Authentic Apparitions," "Swedenborg's Spiritual Development," "Who are the Christians?" "The Man Who Looks Out of Your Eyes," "What is Religion?" and other matters, the whole making a bulky volume of over 500 large pages. The key-note of the volume is the curing of the sick by spirit power. The book is illustrated by half-tone portraits of the doctor and of her mother, and two illustrations, each depicting an ulcer and a blister, which do not strike one as being either necessary to the book or ornamental to its pages.

A variety of scattered materials from various sources is gathered together within these pages which will make them useful and entertaining to many who could not otherwise obtain access to the information imparted. The work is very handsomely printed, and the binder has done his share with admirable taste.

Dr. Beigle is well and widely known in San Francisco and in the State of California, and her friends will welcome this volume from her hands, for the kindly spirit and genial disposition of its writer breathes through every page. The general reader who is unacquainted with the doctor will also be more than interested to read what she presents so pleasingly for consideration.—U. T. P.

In the World Celestial.

Mrs. M. A. Morrell, of Kent, Ohio, writes: "I have just read Dr. Bland's beautiful book 'In the World Celestial,' and I wish to express my high appreciation of the grand truths contained therein. May the author long be spared to spiritually illumine the pathway of blind and starving humanity. This book is destined to do a great work in enlightening the world. Heaven speed the day when its grand truths shall be spread broadcast. I shall pass my book around among the preachers. One has already said he would be delighted to read it." For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company. Price \$1.00.

Small-Pox and Vaccination.

Alexander Wilder, M. D.

IN CONNECTICUT.

The Board of Education at Waterbury, Conn., has repealed the standing rule compelling children to be vaccinated as a condition of admission to the public schools. There has been a purpose on the part of the parents and citizens for a long time to get rid of the atrocious provision, and this opposition had become a part of the city politics. Commissioner Wooster had proposed a resolution some weeks ago for the repeal, and had only waited for all the members to be in attendance before pressing the vote. This made every member bear his share of responsibility, and exonerated the majority from every imputation of "snap judgment." Mr. Wooster, when he called up his motion, declined to discuss the subject. It was already too well understood to require this. "The commissioners have had sufficient time to consider it," he remarked, "and any further discussion on my part would be useless. I would like to say, however, that it has always seemed strange to me that the American people will trust the life and liberty of a citizen only to the intelligence of a jury, and yet will try to force a man to treat his children in a way that he considers not only wrong, but dangerous."

ONE-SIDED PAPERS.

The local newspapers had to take sides with the vaccinators. They were eager to publish every rumor designed to cast discredit on the opponents, and reluctant and unwilling to permit any correction or a fair and full presentation of the views of the anti-vaccinators. So strenuous were they in this, that Dr. S. B. Munn, at one time, a year ago, printed three numbers of a little paper to set forth the obnoxious character of vaccine poisoning, and examples of the permanent ruin of health which was caused by vaccination in Waterbury. Several were made cripples permanently by the barbarous operation.

Well done, Waterbury! It is noble to weep with those who weep, but on this occasion, it is far better to rejoice with those who rejoice. It is a glorious victory and bravely won. Now let it be followed up—made permanent in Waterbury, and extended till all Connecticut shall participate in the redemption. It is not necessary in Waterbury, as it is in Boston, that a man desirous to avoid the compulsory infliction of a filthy and venomous disease can do so only by removing from the city. Waterbury is free! No more blood-poisoning by law.

IN OHIO.

It will be observed that Cleveland, in Ohio, is now in the throes of an epidemic of typhoid fever, and that the cause of the pestilence is imputed to the filthy condition of the city. There are several things to be thought of in connection with this fact.

FORMALDEHYDE.

When Hon. Tom L. Johnson became Mayor of Cleveland, the city was in the midst of a small-pox scare. The doctors were incessantly vaccinating, but the people had so little faith in the matter and so much dread and disgust for the disease, that when they were forced to submit to the operation they learned to wash the wound thoroughly, and so eradicate all danger. Mayor Johnson is not a believer in the beneficial efficacy of vaccination. He appointed a new Health Officer who set about to arrest small-pox by cleansing the slums and reservoirs of filth. The houses were treated by him with formaldehyde which he supposed to be a sure disinfectant. It is a drug with a fearful stench, and nobody whose house has been pervaded by it could bear to go back to live in it till it had been so thoroughly aired as to clear out all traces of the fumigation. In fact, it is pure atmospheric air, and not the foul substances that destroy the "germ" of disease.

THE AFRICAN IN THE FENCE.

The Health Officer published a glowing account of how he had put an end to small-pox in six weeks, by sanitation. It did read well, and offered hope. But neither the sanitation held out. The African was still in the fence. There was still small-pox in Cleveland. The Health Officer had not stamina to stand out against his professional brethren. He returned, dog fashion, and went vaccinating again. He explained that he had not had good virus before, but now had obtained the genuine article.

TYPHOID.

Finally, as all epidemics will eventually wane and give place to other visitations, so small-pox ceased in Cleveland. Now, however, a kindred exanthem has taken its place, typhoid fever. To get clear of this it is proposed to clear up the city. When small-pox rages, doctors make little account of cleanliness, because they profit by vaccination; but when other epidemics of the same general type appear for which they have no such specific, they become partisans of preventive medicine.

A FEW QUESTIONS.

New things engage attention in this matter. If Dr. Frederick actually cleaned up Cleveland, how comes it now that under his charge the city is so dirty as to occasion the outbreak of another epidemic? Is there not good reason to surmise that his cleaning up in the small-pox epidemic was superficial and incomplete, and that for that reason small-pox appeared again after he had boasted of its extirpation? May it not be that the present epidemic of typhoid fever is the sequela of the excessive vaccination to which he had resorted; that by the impaired condition of body thus occasioned there was produced a sensitiveness, a liability to the next morbid influence that chanced to be prevalent?

These are pregnant questions and should be answered intelligently. What is vaccination virus anyhow? The question has been asked, and a reward has been offered for an answer, but nobody has ventured a reply. Does anyone know?

Caught in an Eddy.

B. A. Hitchcock.

Have you ever noticed, O nature lover, while standing on the bank of a stream the little eddies swirling round and round in endless repetition and holding in their liquid curves some helpless leaf or twig that seems to be trying desperately to get out of the dizzying circle and be off and away? These eddies usually lie close to some deep corner of the bank, and woe to the poor leaf that gets caught in the endless monotony of their swirling embraces. Other leaves will go floating safely by on the buoyant waves and sparkling ripples. Little twigs will jostle and tumble against one another and then sail merrily on. But the poor caught leaf! Madly will it seek to swing out from that seemingly endless turning round and round, getting nowhere, and with each fruitless effort to free itself, sinking back weary and water-soaked, to try it all over again.

Poor little leaf! alternately despairing and hoping. Well it remembers its budding days, when spring came down the mountainside to the wild, sweet music of bugling winds, and

with many flowers following in her train, the pale rose of her soft flesh gleaming through her fresh and beautiful garments of mist and dew. The new sap pulsed up through the branches of the noble tree upon one of whose shining boughs brown twigs the young leaf-bud grew, downy and pink flushed at first, but finally unrolling into a full-grown, glossy leaf, dancing and shimmering in the golden sunlight.

All through the fair rose and lily laden summer the leaf fluttered and roiled with its emerald companions in the happy winds, while robins fluted by day and whippoorwills chanted at night their mysterious music in the far shadows. Softly the merry company of leaves played together in the lone twilight breezes, and the soft clapping and fluttering of their shining surfaces against one another sounded like the lapping of tiny waves, or lovers' kisses, in the dim and dewy dark.

Ah, me! Autumn came at last, with its black, chanting crickets, announcing summer's departure in a dreary, drowsy monotone; and soon came the chilling frosts; and after that the big tramping rains and wild whirling, pelting winds swept through the mighty branches of the noble tree, and all the happy host of leaves were torn from their homes, and among them the little leaf fallen from its mother stem went sailing down the wind, rejoicing in its gold and scarlet livery, to find itself suddenly dropped among fading, rusty goldenrod by the river bank; and there it lay for a few days, while its pretty colors turned to tawny tan and rich russet.

"Is this all there is of life?" asked the leaf of a black cricket and belated bee. "Surely, something more is going to happen, is there not? How I wish I might float on the yellow-brown water that murmurs so liquidly along its willow bordered bank."

Soon a puff of wind blew the leaf into the stream. How buoyantly it started upon its way. How gladly it felt the cool water lave its already curled and shriveled edges.

"Now," thought the leaf, "I shall sail on to great and beautiful possibilities, sometime, somewhere. At least, I am moving; and that is joy in itself."

Other leaves, a gay company in rose and tan or olive, scarlet and yellow, were merrily sailing along, all eager, all glad to be going somewhere. Some were caught in the treacherous eddy, only to be thrown out again after a few dizzying turns. Not so when the little leaf was caught. At first it minded it not, thinking, "I, too, shall soon leap out of this eddy as the rest have done and sail along after them."

But after many and many a futile effort to escape the poor leaf grew impatient and fretful. "Why am I kept here so long? All of the others have escaped and gone on who were once caught as I am! Why cannot I leap out of this eddy? I want to be free again! Oh, I want to get away! away!"

In vain the mad, determined leaf for freedom. The eddy turns and turns, and the poor, despairing leaf must keep up an endless round of monotonous, wearying circles, unless a large stick or branch rushing along breaks for a moment the eddy's swirl and bears the leaf out and onward again upon the strong sweep of the conquering waters. Or the big freshet may come, and a roar of grand, freshening winds, the trampling torrent of rain shall beat upon the eddy and force it to let go its hold, and the little leaf shall be set free and go rejoicing on its way.

Oh, that joy to be free at last! To sail with another squadron of brown and crimson leaves, the mighty current! mixing with the foamy bubbles that seem to burst themselves for very joy!—riding up and down the lifting, leaping waves! Going somewhere, no matter where; doing something, no matter what. Simply rejoicing to be free from the maddening monotony of that eddy's deadly, paralyzing grasp.

Or, mayhap, some one on the bank of the river, watching the struggle of the helpless leaf, may divine, through a subtle sympathy, the analogy between the leaf's futile efforts and those of a human life caught in one of the eddies of this earthly pilgrimage, and, reaching down, may lend the helping hand and set the poor leaf free.

Alas! for the human soul thus caught in one of life's eddies, to whom that helping hand never comes. Thwarted, helpless, vainly rebellious, it must go round and round in a weary circle amounting to nothing, arriving nowhere. O, for a fresher, powerful enough to beat down the waters of that eddy into foam and tumult; a fresher of gladness, of riotous change, so that that starve and imprisoned soul might break away and out upon the grand, tossing waves of freedom and live its life and fill its cramped and dwarfed existence with the delight that comes to those who have hope and opportunity.

What matter that the breakers of death are just ahead, waiting for us all! After a full and completed life, death can have no terrors. But the living death! A live body and a starving, decaying soul! God deliver us from that. Ah, the bitterness those whose caged talents and wonderful possibilities of achievement are held swirling round and round in one of those soul crushing, spirit crushing eddies of life! and it takes so little of God's power, if so he willed, or of man's kindness, to lift them out into the swift, buoyant current, where is at least a chance for action and the grasping of opportunities.

Whether death compensates those who are caught and held through life in one of those merciless eddies we may not surely know, but hope whispers and faith trusts that all shall yet be well. Meanwhile no sophistries of the successful can help them. Every human soul desires to live, for it is so long to live one's life while life is in the air, to sail with the rest down life's river, sharing with the great company of mortals in the sorrows and rejoicings that come to all, desiring anything, life's worst even, rather than to be left behind and stagnate in soul and body; and when we near the mist-hung breakers of death, ceaselessly intoning their mysterious, solemn litany, even then we can say: "It is well. I am tired; and since I must go, I can say I am satisfied; for I have lived and have had my full, unstinted measure of life."

Canaan, Conn.

The Fiery Signs of the Zodiac.

Louise Muhlenhausen.

The fire triplicity consists of Aries, Leo and Sagittarius. Persons coming under these signs of the zodiac will be found to be very active, quick to perceive, ambitious, very impulsive, affectionate, having a warm, pleasing nature, and are very easily aroused. This is natural as fire always suggests activity, warmth, brightness and is very pleasing, especially in cold weather.

We find persons coming under any one of these signs to be rather plain spoken, jumping at conclusions, also critical and quick to condemn when not spiritually developed. They will be found to love society, not caring for solitude; they make excellent companions, being usually very unselfish, delighting in extending a helping hand to those in distress.

The Sun enters Aries about the 21st of March and leaves it the 21st of April. This time manifests great affection, disorder, fear, self-sacrifice, and at times pride, all peculiarly jumbled together.

In the Leo type, from the 21st of July to the 21st of August, we find the most liberal of the three, leading almost to great extravagance and not much forethought.

In the Sagittarius type, from November 21st

to December 21st, we find strong conservative qualities, self-control and the ability to rule others. They pay great attention to material work and are able to plan and execute it well. They are also very decisive and impress one with great positiveness whether they are right or not.

The chief cause for disorder in this triplicity on the material plane would rise from their not mastering their fiery impulsiveness, and thus rushing headlong into disaster.

They would also be dominated by the Air triplicity as we are well aware how easily a fire is affected by a little air, therefore, companions under these signs would seem antagonistic, more or less. The fire nature is rash and impulsive, and the air nature inclined to excite it still more. The water temperament has the opposite effect on it as fire meets with no antagonism from water; there would be nothing to burn and no matter how furiously a fire is raging it will find its limit when it reaches the water's edge. It is equally true, however, that the water temperament when negative, can be raised to the boiling point by fire, so we see that, in turn, one affects the other.

On the higher or spiritual plane the purifying fires of the Holy Spirit must be brought to bear upon all natures before they are perfected.

True Marriage.

F. J. Miller.

The word marriage is derived from the Latin word "Maritare," which signifies giving in or to. Analyzing the word still farther we find giving to is uniting; in order to unite any two things they become a unit, meaning decimal or one; therefore, true marriage must be unity or a union or oneness.

As no two people are constituted to be exactly alike except born the same moment of time where Latitude and Longitude have the same the perfect question arises, How can they become one in all things? They cannot, and it would not be growth or progress if they had no difference of opinions, for we see throughout the universe, diversity in all things, and this diversity manifests the love of the Creator to each and every one of His children. It is love which rules this universe, and we are taught from our earliest infancy that "God is love," or the source of all love and this love watches over, cares for and gives to all needed. "Gives of Himself" in thus giving there is no impoverishing of true love, for as it flows forth and around the soul that is filled with love it flows back into "the heart" as a vacuum in nature, and "like attracts like."

There are many kinds of love. There is the love of selfishness, there is the love of ambition, the love of pride, love of wealth, love of talent, love of art, knowledge, religion, purity, admiration, passion, et cetera, but not one of these reciprocated would constitute a true marriage love. Yet these different loves where they mutually exist too often attract persons of the opposite sex to each other and without waiting to analyze the cause of their attraction, hastily conclude they are deeply in love with each other owing to two persons being sympathetic on some one or two planes, then form a hasty marriage to awaken in a short time to a knowledge of their mistake, hence arise fault findings, bickerings, separations and finally divorce. How can these things be remedied is the question of the day?

We in our ignorance have blamed the orientals for marrying (as we have asserted), their children in their infancy, but we do not find amongst them the family divisions, quarrels and divorces that we have in the Occident. As soon as a child is born in India the moment of birth is noted, marked down and a life partner sought for the little one whose caste and planetary affinities will accord. The parents on both sides consult together, agree to the planetary harmony existing in their planetary charts, etc., and decide, though not irrevocably, that they will give them in marriage to each other when they are of age. Much more could be said on this subject if time and space permitted, but all can get the books on the lives and customs of the Orient and read for themselves.

In astrology we are taught the luminaries of two persons being well aspected at birth, there will be a soul attraction between them and only a soul attraction can constitute a true soul marriage. Such a love will enable the person to regard the welfare of the other apart from their own self and lose themselves wholly in the good they can yield to the other. The throb of kindred love will always pulsate to the accompanying desire for the other's wishes and each day will be the birth throes of the soul to promote and preserve the welfare of the other. There will be no selfish feeling, no miniature caring for self, for two fires kindled by such loves will burn out all self and the intensity of delight of becoming capable of ministering to the other's welfare.

Al! you may say, but where do we find such deep devotion to the other's interest? I reply, only where you find the luminaries at birth well aspected toward each other, these birth planets hold their interest through life. Other planetary aspects may not be in such perfect accord and these aspects may cause some difference of opinion, hence the diversity on the external plane, but the diversity will cause respect and consideration for the views of the other and will not disturb the interior heart throb of love to cause dissension.

Man has five senses and these five senses respond to our planets' positions in the Zodiac, but when sun and moon harmonize the other will be minor differences and will dispose of the time worn idiom, "When poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window," for where the love is based on these subtle forces of birth planetary influences the fire cannot be quenched and more true happiness can exist in a cottage without, than in a palace without. True soul love is the only basis for true marriage and true soul love is not the imaginary love of the passions or the senses.

In this I have only touched upon the most essential part of planetary influences. Much more could be said if the subject were discussed in its fullness. On all planes of life both bearing and forbearance must be exercised and this will be no difficult task when congenial souls are united. A true soul marriage brings to each a life of happiness, contentment and peace, not to be bartered away for the appearance of display and luxury. It is a foretaste of that higher life whose goal we all desire to attain.

Mediums or Messiahs.

Arthur F. Milton.

The majority of people in the civilized world undoubtedly fear death because alarmed by the consciousness of losing the benefits and enjoyments which the material affords; while but a few, comparatively, court death because these benefits, etc., have been lost to them by outgrowth of the desire for them.

That the latter are nearer to the spiritual or soul-life of existence than the former will hardly be questioned; but is it natural to invite or long for release for that reason? What a boon to humanity! A spirit, and still in possession of its own physical body—a liberty but few enjoy, such as claimed for the saints and Messiahs!

But have we not among us now a number of similarly circumstanced souls—mediums, so-called? And do they make the best use of that blessed state?

Of course, saints were tempted, and may have fallen at times or under pressure. But those who valued their attained elevation undoubtedly soon recovered from it, as any ordinary mortal with a tender conscience would do today.

One sin does not make a sinner, though sinners are generally accorded better recognition than saints. But there are undoubtedly many among us now wearing unseen crowns, though they do not pass for angels. But then to seek perfection in a physical body is like expecting a white pigeon to emerge from a charcoal bin unsoiled.

Environments, material influences, human impulses, thought vibrations—doubt, suspicion, ill-humor, carnal-mindedness, prejudice—all have deteriorating effects on sensitives or mediums, and are their tempters. Glory, however, be to those who can surmount them, but let us have charity for those who fail, if they are otherwise true to their trust and honest in what they offer, be it little or be it much.

Self-respect is a virtue that cannot be counterfeited or taken from its possessor. It defies temptation in many ways, and once entrenched is difficult to dislodge. It is the outer guard of conscience and inherits its synonym from others, even though such are lax in principles. With such reinforcements from without, much of the disordered worldly or unspiritual vibration bearing on mediums is repelled, and temptation ceases accordingly.

Man has three divine principles, which constitute the life of the soul—being intelligence, love and will. Rightly exercised they lead to spirituality, but misused, they lead to intemperance or sensualism; selfishness or hate; arrogance or crime. But they have many minor branches, of which the best may own one. They are then termed weaknesses, and as such often haunt their owners to the end of life, though this is no apology for not combating them. Thus saint and sinner alike may be afflicted, but all—not even some of the saints—make endeavor to overcome these weaknesses.

Abnegation or self-denial may be a method of suffering, but is not near so hard to bear as that following indulgence—especially if the aspirant for spiritual honors be a sensitive or medium. Abnegation is always rewarded; indulgence—be it of the sensual or selfish order—never.

Overcoming a sensual taste or desire adds a vibration to its opposite pole, reason. An aspiration is the result—a new truth—by virtue of the effort in the direction of the spiritual. Overcoming a selfish desire or whim invites a like influence in the shape of joy or a feeling of contentment—the reward of love. Either one adds to the potency of the will; for in both efforts the will takes part; and as this constitutes man's law, abnegation must add potency to this principle from either source.

Through the power or potency of his will, therefore, man becomes free—disconnected from the influences of matter. And who are nearer to the accomplishment of this end than our mediums? But mediums can progress as well as non-mediums. Reading spiritual literature adds vibration to the mind and reaps inspiration. Supporting their publications (directly or indirectly) adds vibration to the love-forces and reaps contentment; while exercising the will for a higher spirituality rewards itself by a feeling of tranquillity and peace in the soul!

Mediums are needed for the world's progress, for which they deserve to be rewarded; but while they are interested, may they not just as well endeavor to elevate themselves to that eminence as to deserve the term Messiah?

What Must We Do To Be Saved from Unhappiness?

Dr. Geo. W. Carey.

"Let man learn that he is here not to work, but to be worked upon."—Emerson.

"The brain of man does not think; it is a transmitter of thought."—Edison.

Thoughts are not things. Thought is singular—one—and causes differentiation on the appearances we call things, which are mosaics in a perfect whole.—Zone.

If evil is true, a fact of the universe, it can never be removed; but a belief in evil can be overcome.

If it is not possible to find a new name for the now, mortal mind, illusion, or bad Karma, it is ruled by Pharaohs or tyrants. All rulers are tyrants.

But leaving the Pharaohs means much more than that which is symbolized by the allegory of the exodus of the Hebrew children from the Egyptian ruler. We need not go back into the dim past and search through mythology or Oriental allegories to find Pharaohs that hold the soul in the belief of separateness and bondage.

The reign of universal evil, the better. Let be as miserable and unhappy as possible. Pharaoh means a monarch ruler or tyrant. While the soul is under the belief in evil, fear, error, imperfection, mistakes, evolution or a becoming in the future, instead of being in himself a demon, seven times damned, and these appearances there is no hope for man, and the sooner he finds it out and submits to the belief in time and gravitation and sickness and poverty are tyrants, quite as haughty, domineering and proud as the fabled royal king.

Time is truly a tyrant, if time is a truth, and an eternal tyrant, for truth is eternal. Truth is the eternal, omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient, absolute or wisdom. Wisdom is not tyranny, therefore time does not exist. The appearance the soul calls time is just wisdom in operation.

The fact that the earth turns round has no more effect on the soul than it does on oxygen or hydrogen. Does water or air grow old? The soul is an attribute of God, or eternal wisdom, and cannot grow old. The soul, during its sojourn in Egypt (flesh) believes in environments (remember, beliefs can be overcome) and thinks it is flesh and blood, and so believes it can grow old, sicken and die.

Atmosphere is something, a substance found everywhere in the universe, in some degree of fineness where there is use for it to clothe the spirit, thoughts or vibration, and thus manifest them on the material plane of being. Can this universal substance from which flesh is formed, grow old or die? Does ice die when pounded fine or melted? Is water old because it chances to remain as ice seventy years?

The body is composed of water, certain mineral salts, and aerial elements, gases or atmosphere. The aerial elements pass through the air-cells of the lungs, enter the blood-vessels and continue on through the avenues and delicate capillaries of the Temple of the Living God, until they are precipitated or condensed as flesh. Food is not transformed into flesh, but forms the negative pole in the internal laboratory of the human machine, sets free the salts of iron, magnesia, sodium, potassium, lime, silica, which act as carriers of aerial elements. These carriers, together with the forces set free by the disintegration of food, acids, ferments, gases, magnetism, etc., are the agents or workmen

whereby the air inhaled (or "breathed" into man) is manufactured into flesh and bone. All food and water taken into the system leave the system, and the air from which flesh is made is renewed every twelve months, while the sun is passing through the twelve signs of the Zodiac. So no human organism is ever more than one year old, even in time consciousness. Of course there is no time and no age; there is simply being. Bent and shrunken forms, gray hair, decayed teeth, etc., are not signs of age, but signs that the soul is getting nearer and nearer the point where it is to leave its body or temple and let it dissolve into the aerial elements of which it was formed.

Do you believe there is more than one power or source of power? A good power and one or a thousand evil powers? If you do, please point out which power is good and which evil. How did they originate—what is their source? You will not say they were created and turned loose upon the world by the good power—that power which you have time and again declared to be all—because you have said it was omnipotent; that means all power. If this other power was not created by the good power, then it must have always existed—it must be co-eternal with God or good. If so, it is as worthy of worship as the other we call good. But if there are several sources of power, good and evil sources—how are we to know which is the good fountain or which the bad? If good is not everywhere present, then we are lost indeed. If good is not everywhere how are we to find out where it is and what it is? We may be deceived and think this or that is good, and it may prove to be evil—prove to be a materialization of one or more of these evil forces which we believe in.

Souls—men, women and children—are God's thoughts clothed with flesh—"And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." There is always a thought behind the deed, there could be no word without first a thought. Hence the quotation from the New Testament might read, "And the thought of God was made flesh and dwelt among us." Jesus of Nazareth was one of these thoughts, words, spirits or souls. And so are you and I. 908 So. 18th St., St. Louis, Mo.

The Little Things of Life.

Harriet W. H. Hildreth.

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land."

"Little acts of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden
Like the Heaven above."

Is it not the little things in life that are really of the greatest import? The kindly greeting as we meet a brother or sister on the way, the tender word, the love that looks out of the eyes (those windows of the soul), knowing not the heartaches, the soul yearnings for the same, yet not even thinking of the heavy burdens they may be carrying as we pass each other by.

How often we might take the time and trouble to speak words of cheer, to diffuse the sunlight of the soul, the food for the hungry hearted. Have we ever learned the true meaning of sympathy, of love? Yes, love, for "God is love." The angels come to earth with love and healing to help, to cheer. The birds sing to us sweet songs of love. The flowers send out to all their love in the fragrance so sweet and rare. We all need love, pure love, and love alone will redeem mankind from sorrow, from ignorance, even from sickness; from selfishness and cold conventionality.

If we know love, we shall show it, we shall give sympathy to those in need of it, hope and cheer to the sick and despondent ones.

Let us try to bless instead of finding fault or criticizing. Let us be of service to some soul in a trying place each day, comfort all we meet on life's highway, then can we feel each night, as we go to rest, some weary soul this day I have tried to bless. Is that not what we live for here? Shall we not continue on the same when we step "just out there?" So

"Scatter thus your seeds of love
All enriching as you go—
Leave them, trust the Harvest Giver,
Then each seed we know will grow;
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend."
Worcester, Mass.

How a Woman Paid Her Debts.

I am out of debt, thanks to the Dish-washer business. In the past three months I have made \$600.00 selling Dish-washers. I never saw anything sell so easily. Every family needs a Dish-washer and will buy one when shown how beautifully it will wash and dry the family dishes in two minutes. I sell from my own home. Each Dish-washer sold brings me many orders. The dishes are washed without wetting the hands. That is why ladies want the Dish-washer. I give my experience for the benefit of anyone who may wish to make money easily. I buy my Dish-washers from the Mound City Dish-washer Co., St. Louis, Mo. Write them for particulars. They will start you in business in your own home. L. A. C.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

During the past few weeks I have been actively at work in Florida, both in Jacksonville and Lake Helen. Jacksonville is a fair-sized city rapidly recovering from the devastating fire which consumed the greater part of its public buildings about three years ago. The Windsor Hotel and a few other structures are handsome and imposing, and there are a great many pleasant homes all over the city. The climate is not unpleasant at any season, but the winter months prove most attractive to visitors, with whom, at present, the city is well supplied. Spiritualism is fairly prominent, but the cause of Spiritualism is not apparently attracting very widespread interest, though Mrs. Buchanan, at 112 East 8th Street, keeps the Yuleka Spiritual Society constantly alive by her continuous activities, seconded by faithful friends.

I met some very agreeable people in Jacksonville, and had the privilege of addressing many excellent audiences. Woodmen's Hall, on Forsyth Street, is a very desirable place for meetings. "Man's Place in the Universe" was the topic which drew the largest audience during my ten days' visit. Prof. A. R. Wallace's new volume bearing that attractive title is exciting much comment and some decided controversy. It is unquestionably a marvelous book, but some of the conclusions seem inconclusive to Flammarion and other renowned astronomers, who, though freely admitting that this planet may be indeed, as Wallace states, a spiritual seminary, it is by no means necessary to infer that it is the only seminary throughout the vast extent of the discoverable universe.

The Southern Cassadaga Camp at Lake Helen is enjoying its record-breaking season. On all sides praise is heard of the excellent management and the manifold improvements. Much, however, still remains to be done before the grounds will be in an ideal condition, but as improvements are going rapidly ahead and confidence is felt in the truly

efficient directors, next season is looked forward to with high anticipations.

Among the many delightful functions none have been pleasanter than cottage dedications. The genial President, E. W. Bond, and the equally genial Vice-President, Dr. Hilligoss, have built beautiful villas among the pines. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Bond, dedicated March 5th, is named Rainbow Villa; and that of Dr. and Mrs. Hilligoss, dedicated March 8, is Sprucepine Villa. Entertainments as well as lectures and conferences in the Auditorium are uniformly well attended, and visitors as well as campers appreciate them highly. Seances are well looked after also. Mrs. Twine, Mrs. Coffmann and Mrs. Flower-Brown have held many delightful circles, and they all give much satisfaction to inquirers.

The closing week is expected to be the greatest of the season, and though many visitors have been obliged to return to their homes and business, new faces are constantly appearing and vacant places in the hotels and cottages are being rapidly refilled. Sunday, March 20th, is the closing day, and March 21st is sure to witness a considerable exodus, but though the six weeks' encampment will be over, many families intend remaining some time longer, and there will be ample talent left to sustain excellent meetings of various nature.

I am to speak in Jacksonville again on Tuesday, March 22nd, and in Philadelphia on Sunday and Monday, March 27th and 28th, on my way back to New York, where my address is 125 West 56th Street. My first lecture there is announced for Tuesday, March 29th, at 8 p. m.

"THE GREAT PSYCHOLOGICAL" MOUSE.

"The Mountain Brought Forth a Mouse."—Phaedrus.

That man is wise who tries to stop
The ocean tides with broom or mop,
Compared with him who pen doth dip
To stop the use of Mediumship.

And he who dares to call that "crime,"
Which lifts the soul to realms sublime.
Will find his place in Psychic School
To be upon the dunce's stool.

So when he says that: "All control
Destructive is to mind and soul,"
He better wait till he is "dead,"
And gets more knowledge in his head.

He deems himself more just and wise
Than Angels are, who ways devise
And do not think it an abuse
To hold a medium for their use.

The facts (?) he got from "School of Science,"
To those of Truth are in defiance;
Ere more he takes, he better halt
And "take them with a grain of salt!"

That, after making such a blunder,
He hides himself, is not a wonder!
No doubt he grit he'll claim to share
And say: "I (and Huntley) killed the Bear!"

But, fie! brave man, don't act like Baalam,
Nor Cotton Mather, once of Salem—
Don't be more stupid than the Ass—
And "death of soul," on Mediums pass!

When Angels come, please stand aside,
Or, do as now, your person hide;
Do not think to have your say
How they shall come—nor block the way!

Let mediums all be of good cheer,
This Bogy Man they need not fear,
For when he talks of "crime," to scare,
'Tis he himself who should beware!

In Bible days, we are apprized,
The Holy Ghosts oft hypnotized;
Who called it "crime," committed sin
For which no pardon could be win!

Unless "false witness" be forgiven
Poor chance has he to enter Heaven;
The "crime" he proved within our house
Is not a mountain, but a Mouse!

—Dean Clarke.

Boston Spiritual Temple.

Last Sunday Rev. F. A. Wiggins, pastor of the Boston Spiritual Temple Society, spoke before that society upon the subject, "The Importance of Self-hood," and said:

"However strenuously one may strive to imitate another, nature invariably defeats the production of an exact counterpart. Nowhere in the entire realm of nature have exact duplicates been found. Each expression of life is evidently intended to perform the functions of its own specific sphere, and while each manifestation of life is dependent upon all others, a certain degree of independence is demanded in order that its strength may render it a worthy support of all that may look to it for help.

"We are all here as props and supports, and if self is not cultivated our power to function in this domain is at best weak and in most cases is entirely useless. Competency is a fountain from which the less competent may draw refreshing helpfulness. If we are not competent, we are unable to help, and at once become a leaner instead of a lifter. If we are not well we are shut off from a power to greatly assist the sick. If we have no food in our ownarder, we are incapacitated from feeding the poor and hungry. If we possess no spiritual attainments, the spiritually hungry may starve at our very door, for we are then powerless to help them.

"The cultivation of self-hood is but the developing of competency. It requires only the earnest superficial analysis to be able to see that self-hood and selfishness are as foreign to each other as the antipodes.

"The truest and the best which anyone is capable of manifesting is never borrowed from another, but is all involved within the ego, and what we mean by the cultivation of self-hood is to simply evolve all that is involved in self and then project it into this world of needs.

"When selfishness obtains, the whole of self-hood is not expressed, for the true and real self is of God, and what that quality is, upmost it becomes a radiation of light, cheer, encouragement and helpfulness everywhere and at all times.

"Self-hood disdains to be an imitator, for it realizes the importance of cultivating the field of its own special domain, and will ever be so industrious in weeding its own garden that it will find no time to watch for the weeds in its neighbor's.

"True self-hood is always a firm believer in the constructive principle of nature, is optimistic and is never pessimistic or given to iconoclasm. It sees its neighbor's highest welfare in its own righteous achievements. It always has business of its own and never interferes with that of another. It is always ready to render aid to the weak and looks only for its own help to the 'Giver of every good and perfect gift'.

"Self-hood bows to no priest, either of church or State, but is one of the most reliable, constant and sustaining pillars of all just and righteous laws.

"Self-hood expresses the real man, and therefore the best that is within him. The best is the spiritual, and this is impossible of the fullest and most complete exemplification until the spring of self has been dug so deep that every possible contributing vein freely pours into it and sends its sparkling water forth to bless all life."

Letters from Our Readers.

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

What is True Spiritual Philosophy

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

More than a thousand millions of dollars are annually spent by the various Christian organizations and what is their spiritual teaching? Is it not composed of a thousand different opinions, with not a solitary fact to substantiate them in our scientific age? The sectarian teachers go back to a mythical age to support their assertions, but they scorn to cite a single fact of modern Spiritualism. Their profound ignorance of the true nature of spiritual life hereafter is enough to make one despair of making ever grasping the simple truth, and what greater, grander subject is there to investigate than the spiritual universe?

True, spirits carry with them their earthly narrow and bigoted ideas that are so hard to get rid of (in time they get out of their old environment) so until they have progressed beware of accepting everything just because spirits say so.

A true scientific investigation is our only hope of arriving at the truth of what the true spiritual life really is. Slowly and surely we are accepting the philosophy of the doctrine of the spirit world being, simply, in its general principles, a counterpart of this. The component part of the material has its spiritual, just as a tree, plant or flower has a spiritual life, as ourselves. The narrow idea that human kind is the only life that survives death is erroneous. The survival of the fittest is a great factor in this in our conception of spiritual things. I wish those better able to carry out this philosophy would do so.

Henry Voorhies.

Traverse City, Mich.

Let Us Take Counsel.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Let me in a few words as possible write in commendation of Dr. M. E. Conger's article of March 12th under the above title, for it states the exact principle and teaching of our arisen and beloved brother, Dr. H. B. Storer. Who of his many friends will forget that inspiration, the last words of that which he gave the public was written for Berkeley Hall Society for the anniversary in 1896 and was published in "The Banner," as near as I can remember, about April 26th, 1896, as he passed on to the higher life on the 2nd of April; but time and time again his guide, "Dr. Vandenhoff," said to me, "No, it cannot be done; the nature of all organizations is to form creeds. Creeds are circles that form around a certain few; the tendencies of circles are to contract and grow smaller, and you have another sect, another denomination. This movement of the spirit was inaugurated in the spirit world, and we are able to take care of it, as there must be no limitation placed upon it. It belongs to all mankind and for no one set or class of people, but it is to permeate all kinds and classes of people, and must be left free. You cannot put restrictions on the spirit, it must act for itself, according to its own law of being. And all organizations form restrictions."

I realize perfectly that I have not and cannot give the spirit guide's exact words, but I have tried to, and have given the sentiment. He also said, as Dr. Conger does, that to organize for the business part and financial part alone would do very well. But it was difficult for human nature to have a little power and authority without assuming to have a great deal; and that Spiritualists' organizations would always fail as long as they persisted in trying to manage the spirit as well as the material. Now let these others write—Mary E. Kleinham.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

"Infant's Skulls."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Inquiry was recently made in the "Banner" as to who was the author of the expression, "Hell is paved with the skulls of infants not a span long." In my opinion it would be pretty hard to trace it back to the one who first used it. When I was a school girl down in Maine, I went one Sunday to the Baptist church, and the regular minister, who was young, and, for those days, somewhat progressive, had exchanged with an old man, who in the course of his sermon used the expression as though it was original with him. The next Sunday the regular pastor referred to it, and said "he did not believe it; he believed that all children were born full of sin and doomed to everlasting perdition, but when they were about to die Christ in his infinite mercy changed their sinful hearts and took them to himself," but he was rather hazy in his ideas as to what age their own responsibility began.

Upon relating the matter to my father he said he had heard the expression used in the pulpit when he was a boy, and now my husband comes to the fore and says he heard it from an Orthodox preacher; in each instance it was supposed to be original. I wonder why they did not vary it sometimes and tell us about houses built of infants' bones as well as pavements of skulls?

Let us hope that the originator, whoever he may have been, has not been compelled to spend his time in hunting for that particular piece of roadway ever since he quit preaching to us mortals.—A. A. Averill.

Lynn, Mass.

Satisfactory Phenomena.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We have the honor of submitting to you the following report, to wit:

The Psychical Research Society of Richmond, Va., secured the services of Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler, physical medium, of Washington, D. C., for two seances and private sittings, on Feb. 20th and 21st, last. The seances were held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Daniels, members of the society, and were of a semi-private character, thirty tickets being issued to members and friends for each evening.

Not knowing the exact character of the seances made the securing of strictly mechanical test conditions a matter of difficulty for the society, but we thoroughly satisfied ourselves as to the absence of confederates, of trick paraphernalia and of any sleight-of-hand methods on the part of the medium. The seances were given in a soft light, strong enough to read by at ten feet distance. The cabinet was formed by stretching a curtain across one corner of the room, with its top at a height of four and a half feet from the floor; three chairs were placed side by side in front of this curtain. Mr. Keeler occupied the one to the left (facing audience) and a lady, a gentleman, our own people, were seated on the others, to the right of Mr. Keeler, in order named, thus forming the battery. Mr. Keeler's right hand was placed on the upper part of the lady's left arm, his left hand clasping the wrist, the lady's right hand grasped the left hand of the gentleman on her right. A smaller curtain was then thrown over this battery and fastened by rings and hooks to the back curtain at such height and

in such manner as to bring the front curtain well up around the necks of the three, thus forming a dark cabinet for the generation of the necessary force, yet leaving the heads of those in the battery in plain view, as was also the case with the right hand and arm of the gentleman on the right, which was thrust through an orifice made for this purpose in the front curtain. This battery was formed anew from those present for each of the three different phases of psychic manifestation presented during the evening.

The first part of the seance consisted of bell ringing, tambourine thumping, imitation of snare drum played on the back of a guitar with the two halves of a split clothespin, spinning tambourine on cane, playing of guitar in positions which would preclude all possibility of it being done by the medium, even had his hands been free, and many other things of a like nature. All this in the main was presented in the cabinet back of the curtain.

The second part of the seance (for which the battery was changed) consisted principally in the materialization of hands in front of the curtain, which wrote on pads for those who held them. Five hands were out at one time, and frequently three both above and below the curtain. One hand was positively identified by means of a distorted thumb, the distortion having been caused by an accident. When held, the hands melted through one's fingers, despite all effort to hold them. Many messages were written on small slips of paper and thrown over from behind the curtain. The light was turned slightly lower for this part of the program, but the number of hands out before the curtain at the same time, their various shapes and sizes and the fact that they grasped and retained and wrote messages in plain view of all with the pencils handed them, would render any theory of trickery or artificial hands absurd.

The third and last part of the seance consisted of trumpet phenomena. The light was turned very low for this phase of manifestation, but by careful watching, testing and weighing, those who were close enough to verify their senses are satisfied that it was all genuine psychic phenomena.

During the entire seance we repeatedly received full assurances from the ladies in the battery that Mr. Keeler hands were in position, especially during the time the more startling manifestations were in progress. We also examined the cabinet before and after the seances, helped to put them in position and arrange the cabinet, so we know whereof we speak. George Christy, of most strel fame, is Mr. Keeler's cabinet control, and proves himself not only efficient in this capacity; but also in that of entertainer, and the whole seance is enlivened by his mirth-provoking actions.

In the private sittings writing sittings those who secured same are confident of the genuineness of the messages received and the phenomena, as the very simplicity of Mr. Keeler's method would prove all absence of trickery. One sitter, as a test, wrote the name of a person still in earth life, inquiring as to the happiness of the supposed decedent one, etc., and received an answer from the person's nephew, who is in spirit life, that the party addressed was still in the flesh. A letter from one who passed out some ten years ago was placed between two slates, the letter not having been taken from its envelope in the medium's presence, and these slates were placed at the sitter's right hand on the table, with neither medium nor sitter touching them. When opened, both slates were found to be written full, the message was signed with the same signature that was signed to the letter in the envelope, and the message itself was full of quotations as to work at close range, those who, owing to their position and distance from the cabinet at the seances, or who, by failure to secure private sittings, were unable to verify the phenomena presented, will be given an opportunity to do so shortly, as it is the desire of the society to secure Mr. Keeler for further work at an early date.

Considering the fact that our society is made up largely of investigators, rather than converts to the claims of Spiritualism, the showing made by Mr. Keeler and his controls was excellent; and our decision, as embodied in this report, is forced from us in direct antagonism to former opinions regarding such matters by the cold, mechanical proof furnished us from this source.

We do not wish to be considered as advertising Mr. Keeler, the gentleman knows nothing of this report or its contents, and, while we sincerely hope to meet him often upon the warm plane of friendship, yet he came to us in this instance upon arrangements of a purely business character, unknown to us except by reputation, and, possessing the phase of mediumship he does, he needs no advertising from our organization. We, the undersigned, having been present at the seances given by Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler on Feb. 20th and 21st, 1904, under contract with the R. P. R. Society of Richmond, Va., and having had the report of same drawn up by our cor. sec. Mr. F. L. Jobson, by order of the society, hereby endorse said report as being a correct account of said seances.—E. F. Yeaton, R. B. Daniel, J. B. Klipstein, H. G. Montgomery, J. Henry Brown, A. J. Brown, Geo. M. Norris, W. S. Daniel and F. L. Jobson, cor. sec.

Richmond, Va., March 4th, 1904.

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.

Minnesota State Association.

The three day mass meeting of the Minnesota State Spiritual Association, held in St. Paul, Minn., last month, is now a thing of the past, but the grand, beautiful and uplifting thoughts that were expressed by the different speakers will live through all eternity, and I feel from the remarks that I heard expressed that they have been the means of starting a large number to realize the grand truth that the cause of Spiritualism is trying to bring to the people.

The mass meeting opened with conference, conducted by Mrs. C. D. Pruden, and in her remarks said: "I believe in theosophy to a certain extent. Christian Science is trying to steal our thunder, the churches are disturbed over our work and influence, but I also believe there are as many inspired men in the pulpits today as in Spiritualism."

Mr. Joseph E. Wallwell expressed the thought that Spiritualism teaches fearlessness, teaches its adherent to grasp the value of true manhood. It taught its children the natural consequences of wrong doing, the value of right doing and that a good life really brings happiness.

Mrs. Lowell gave the lecture in the after-

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

Thousands of Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.



An interesting letter to our readers from Mrs. Gertrude Warner Scott, of Yinton, Iowa.

Yinton, Iowa, July 15th, 1902.
In the summer of 1899, I was taken violently ill. My trouble began with pain in my stomach, so severe that it seemed as if knives were cutting me. I was treated by two of the best physicians in the country, and consulted a third. None of them suspected that the cause of my trouble was kidney disease. They all told me that I had cancer of the stomach, and would die. I grew so weak that I could not walk any more than a child a month old, and I only weighed sixty pounds. One day my brother saw in a paper an advertisement of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. I was so weak and run down that it took considerable time to build me up again. I am now well, thanks to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and weigh 140 pounds, and am keeping house for my husband and brother, on a farm. Swamp-Root cured me after the doctors had said I was a pile of good.

Gracie Lilly York,
Gertrude Warner Scott

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

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

noon, and her remarks were strong and to the point.

Mr. Will J. Erwood of Lacrosse, Wis., was with us, and delivered the lectures at the three evening services. And this good, true coworker should certainly be loved and appreciated by all Spiritualists, for he is doing a grand work. His subject for Friday evening was "Spiritualism World Wide and World Old." He dwelt at length on the moral and ethical side of Spiritualism. Saturday evening he lectured on "The Influence of Environment on the Evolution of Character," and his Sunday evening lecture was on "Gleams of Immortality."

The other speakers were Mrs. Joseph P. Whitwell, Mrs. Asa Talcott, Mrs. C. D. Pruden and Mrs. Carrie Tryon. Mrs. Eva McCoy of Marshalltown, Ia., was with us, and gave messages and readings every evening, and her work is so well known that it needs no comment: The other mediums that gave greetings were Mrs. E. Sauer, Prof. Zeno, Mrs. Jacobs and Brother Erwood.

To me the most impressive service was the children's lyceum, but as Brother Erwood said he would write an article upon this point, will say that it certainly was an educator.—C. P. Follett, sec. M. S. S. A.

St. Paul, Minn.

A SPIRIT INTERVIEWED.

Being a full account of the life and work of the well-known medium, lecturer and author, and present editor of "The Banner of Light."

J. J. MORSE.

CONTENTS.—Birth and Early Life. Introduction to Spiritualism. Becomes a Medium. His Future Foretold by Wells Anderson. Portrait of, and Interview with, Tien Sien Tze, the Ghost Control. Interview with the Strouling Player, etc., etc. Appendix. Trance Lecture. "Some Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life," of Mr. Morse's Speaking Control. Hardbound cloth, sixty-one pages, with portrait of Mr. Morse.

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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—Val. 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 publicly endorsed by the N. E. A. Convention of 1892, and delegates from different sections stated that these compositions were entirely used in the meetings of their respective societies. The Convention in Cleveland of 1896 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. 50 cents in cloth covers. In cloth covers per doz. \$5.00, and in board covers \$3.50. Special prices made to societies or agents for large orders.

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The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to touch for
the honesty of its readers. Advertisements which appear
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are using our advertising columns, they are at once
discontinued. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover
in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved
to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

Our columns are open for the expression of im-
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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1904.

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

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

The N. S. A. Declaration of Principles.

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

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

You Owe the Banner.

If you do not this article may not interest you. Those who do owe us will receive another statement showing the amount. In response to other calls some have remitted promptly and by paying their own debts have given us a lift with our load. Too many of you have not said a word in acknowledgment of our statements. Now let us reason together for a moment. We cannot pay our bills with these book accounts. Our landlord has no interest in them until they take the form of cash. However little or much you may think of the periodical, you are receiving it, and some of you have been for a long time, without remittance or promise. There are collectors who make a special business of such collections. Many of our contemporaries use them for this work. Somehow we have felt it ought not to be necessary to call in outside aid in this matter—it seemed too much like a family affair. But we must have the money now, my friends, and unless we hear from you directly upon receipt of our statements you may expect to do with the Collection Agency to which we shall turn our accounts. Pray do not interpret this action as in any way taken in a spirit of bitterness. We need money and are obliged to look for it where it is due us. Remember the terms of this subscription are \$2.00 per year, in advance. Now let us clean this matter up, my friends. You will feel better when you once stand out free from any such foolish load as this. We will feel better, I am sure, and the way we can clean away our old accounts, if you all respond promptly, will so clear the atmosphere that our worthy Editor-in-Chief will outdo himself, even, in breezy editorial and dissecting philosophy. Whether you decide to do business with us or with the Collecting Agency, believe me,

Ever sincerely yours,
Irving F. Symonds, treas.

Brevities.

- A child.
- A youth and a maiden.
- A man and a woman.
- The child of today lives in a happier age than those of past days.
- Our young men and maidens have the world at their command.
- The man and the woman present the effects of their childhood and youth in their characters.
- The truly inspired Andrew Jackson Davis has wisely said, "A child is the Repository of Infinite Possibilities."

What are we as Spiritualists doing for the child, the youth and the maiden, that we may help them to become even more worthy of the honor of living in this world? Our societies have their Ladies' Auxiliaries; we have a Ladies' Aid and other philanthropic societies managed by ladies, and in a few places we hear of Young People's societies.

The young look askance at "societies." They do not want to be lectured to constantly. The weekly supper calls at last and even an occasional concert fails to elicit enough sustained attraction to hold our young folks between the period elapsing before the next entertainment. Young people need catering for on lines different from those suitable for their seniors.

Yes, we have our Lyceums which mostly meet only on Sundays. As educational agencies they are in every way admirable. What is needed is something to come between two Sundays, something that will form a centre of social contact and build up a comradeship between the young people of Spiritualism similar to that existing between the young people of the orthodox churches.

The Lyceum is indispensable as a stepping stone to that end. The neglect of such an institution is a waste of a most useful adjunct to the perpetuation of our Cause. Hence it is with great satisfaction we note the efforts of the National Lyceum Superintendent, John W. Ring, in his paper, The Progressive Lyceum, to further the interest of Lyceum work. In the current issue of his paper he reports eighteen Lyceums supporting that effort and we notice the only Lyceum mentioned in this state is that at Brockton. The issue before us contains a poem by Emma Rood Tuttle, "The Angel Buglers," set to music, with a number of lessons by Mr. Danforth. So far so good, but let us remember that young folks are not to be held by things which will hold their elders, and that to neglect the juniors is suicidal, and to ignore the social aspect of our movement is most unwise.

A recent letter from Dr. Peebles tells us that the Pilgrim is much improved in health, but he finds an attack of pneumonia somewhat of a strain upon even his magnificent physical constitution. He is still in San Diego, where happily Boston blizzards do not trouble, nor New England winters treat us to a dose of nature's cold storage system for weeks at the time.

The host of Canadian and American friends of that able and cultured advocate of our Cause, Rev. B. F. Austin, will regret to learn that he has lately been somewhat seriously sick. We understand our good friend is now improving, and we hope to soon report his complete restoration to health. The "Banner" joins us in wishing Mr. Austin a speedy convalescence, and an early resumption of his valuable services to our Cause.

The "Banner of Light" prints a useful and timely protest against the affected depreciation of seance phenomena in favor of a "Higher Spiritualism." By all means let us have a "Higher Spiritualism," but not to the neglect of phenomena. We agree with every word... and thank the "Banner" for its sensible criticism and counsel. Thus speaks Light, of London, England, respecting our editorial in the "Banner" of January 16th, in the present year. The commendation and courtesy of our contemporary are duly appreciated.

In the days when the names of Dr. Storer, Dr. H. B. Richardson, Dr. Gardiner, Lizzie Doten, A. B. French and others were familiar to us that of Prof. A. E. Carpenter was as well known as the rest of the earnest workers of those past times. As a practical psychologist and hypnotist Prof. Carpenter stood in the foremost ranks, his entertainments and demonstrations drawing crowded audiences in all parts of the country. The memories of the past were revived by a call the Professor made upon the editor lately, and a pleasant half hour was spent in "fighting our battles over again." Our visitor looked in capital form and was, as of old, full of enthusiasm for our truth. He is among the contributors to our special Anniversary Number.

In another place will be found an interesting account of some of the old fashioned phenomena with which the movement was familiar in former days. The report reached us from Richmond, Va., but as we had no previous acquaintance with our correspondent we wrote for further details concerning the standing of the society he represented before making public his communication. The result of our inquiries is that we find that the Richmond Psychical Research Society was organized in 1899, and that it was chartered by the N. S. A. in 1901. The present officers are: E. F. Yeaton, president; Mrs. W. H. Daine, vice president; J. B. Kilpstein, recording secretary; and F. L. Dobson, corresponding secretary, who is the gentleman favoring us with the account of the seance. It will be noticed that the report is duly attested with the signatures of those present. We desire to as far as practicable present accounts of phenomena that are duly vouched for by responsible parties, and our readers will be glad to know that all reasonable care is exercised in this, as in other matters. The secretary, in reply to our inquiries, was most pleased to note the care exercised, and concluded by saying he was "glad for the opportunity you have given us to elicit the report."

Our Special International Number.

The Special International Issue of the "Banner of Light" will bear the date of April 9th, and will be on sale on Wednesday, April 14th.

All reports of Anniversary Exercises which our friends wish to be included in that issue must reach this office not later than early on Monday morning, April 12th, otherwise they will necessarily be held over for the subsequent issue.

Among the American contributors whose favors have reached us, and who have been invited to tell of their own personal knowledge what they know of the past and present of our Cause, and what in their opinion is before us as a body are: Andrew Jackson Davis, Hudson Tuttle, Mrs. Mary T. Longley, Sec., N. S. A., George A. Bacon, Moses Hull, William Brunton, Rev. F. A. Wiggin, Lyman C. Howe, W. J. Colville, Geo. W. Kates, Dr. Geo. A. Pullor, William Emmette Coleman and Mrs. Maude Lord Drake. Next week we hope to report the receipt of communications from Australia, New Zealand, England, Scotland and Wales.

Without doubt the Anniversary issue of this year will excel in interest and historical value to Spiritualists any copy of the "Banner of Light" which has appeared in recent years.

The Beal's Island Pandemonium.

The sentiment of the community recently experienced a serious shock by the publication of an account of the extraordinary events which lately transpired upon Beal's Island, some half hour's row from the village of Jonesport on the coast of Maine. The published statements fill one with a bewildering astonishment which is only curbed by sober reflection upon the elements which enter into the peculiar circumstances. Baldly stated, it is a case of religious fanaticism, but it is only when that statement is analyzed that the true import of the words used appear. Briefly stated, the following would seem to be the essential facts involved.

The community of the island is composed of fisherfolk, with their wives and families. Communication with the world is naturally more or less restricted and probably the level of education and personal development is not a high one, while the lack of the diversions and amusements of the life of towns and cities would no doubt cause a ready welcome to be given to anything which would vary the monotony of the daily round. While, as is at times the case with communities similarly situated, a vein of so-called religious sentiment would most likely be manifested, especially by the women of the island, as what is to follow will abundantly make plain was the fact. Under such circumstances as suggested the people of the island would furnish ideal conditions for the operations of astute exploiters in those walks of life affected by the unscrupulous.

To the disgust of every right thinking and fair thinking person it has to be recorded that the unscrupulousness suggested above has been illustrated to a painful extent in this instance in the name of religion. The eastern part of the state of Maine has lately been invaded by bands of religious revivalists of various denominations, whose wanderings in eastern Maine culminated some three weeks ago when Elder Buck, as he is called, a gray-bearded man of 50 years or more, began to hold a series of meetings in the Reformed Baptist, or Holiness, Church on the island. Elder Buck has been in Jonesport before, but little is known of him, whether he is a member of the Shiloh sect or not.

These first meetings were of a fervid character, and were largely attended by the women. Later Buck was joined by a man named Buber, who assisted at the meetings, and whose fiery oratory and doctrines added to the flames already kindled by Buck. Buber is described as a tall man, with a straight, slender figure. His hair and eyes were black as night, and there was a mysterious power of fascination in his gaze. Buber's doctrines are unlike those of any known creed, although savoring somewhat of the tenets of the Shiloh faith.

With each meeting the excitement increased, until the arrival of the third man, a total stranger, more mysterious than either of the others. This man called himself E. A. Allaby. He came to the island less than two weeks ago, and immediately began to work with the first comers. Allaby is a man of great height, nearly seven feet tall, some said. He wore a black mustache, his eyes, which were deep set, being surmounted by heavy black eyebrows. His face was saturnine in expression, and his appearance was awe-inspiring to the simple fisherfolk of the island.

Scenes during the meetings were weird, spectacular, horrible. Elder Buber preached a hell-fire doctrine with a vivid and impassioned eloquence. He pictured to the minds of the awe-stricken villagers awful torments which are to be theirs if they did not speedily believe and repent. He told them that they must purify themselves, body and soul; that they must sever all earthly ties, must give up their money, houses, lands, cattle and even clothing to the preachers. His listeners, terrified by the awful fate in store for them, and quaking before the awe-inspiring gaze of Allaby, assented.

The exhorter worked himself into a frenzy. He shouted aloud that the mouth of hell was eagerly yawning for sinners. He leaped high into the air, placed his hand on the top of the tall pulpit and vaulted back and forth over it. He groveled on the floor, pounded his head on the timbers and worked up to a point of delirious frenzy, performed feats of contortion which would rival those of a professional circus athlete.

As he proceeded he became more violent, and his efforts were seconded by Elder Buber, the audience also being carried away by their emotions. Men and women groaned aloud, groveled in their seats, their minds answering sympathetically every emotion depicted by the exhorter.

"How much will you give to the Lord?" he shouted, in thunderous tones.

"All, all!" answered the people rising in their seats, and they meant it.

Allaby sat through these meetings without moving, his face never changing its expression. It was only by his eyes that one could determine that he was gloating over the situation.

What follows is almost incredible, and our readers might be excused from believing it, had not the matter become a record in the public press. It appears that at almost the last meeting the villagers turned their pock-

ets inside out for the preachers. They gave the few valuables they had with them. It was arranged then that a final meeting of re-nunciation was to be held on the following Sunday, at which a monster contribution was to be made to the preachers.

A Mrs. Beal was the centre of the group. She said that they had sacrificed, or were about to sacrifice, all their worldly possessions, but that that was not enough. A living sacrifice is demanded, she said. She proposed a crucifixion and appointed her son Eli, a young man of 23, as the chosen instrument or executioner. Wild approval met the suggestions of Mrs. Beal.

Raising her hands high in the air, as if seeking inspiration, she said that a certain dog in the village must be killed. He was brought into the room. Mrs. Beal said that the dog was to typify the Lord. Eli Beal grasped the dog with hands made stronger than normal by insane fervor and tore open his throat. The sight of the blood still further maddened the fanatics. They groaned and shouted while the dog breathed his last. A cat was the next victim, similar ceremonies being gone through with.

Then it was that Mrs. Beal groaned because the holy spirit did not wholly yield to her and said that her little boy Thirman must be sacrificed. Some joyfully assented, and other women proposed to sacrifice their children. An orgy, so horrible that it would have shocked the entire country would undoubtedly have followed if it had not been for Frank Wallace and John A. Beal, two strong-minded men who were present, but not participating in the ceremonies. Wallace says that in five minutes more the Beal child would have been killed and others would have followed. Wallace seized the boy, dashed for the door, and held the crowd at bay while the frightened youngster fled for his life, finding a hiding place among the rocks.

Mr. Beal hurried to the mainland and notified the authorities there. Deputy Sheriff Danforth French, First Selectman Freeman Vass and Constable Leighton hastened to the island. They found the fanatics in the same house, with the doors barricaded. They battered down the door and entered, where they were immediately set upon. A frightful struggle ensued but ultimately the assembly was dispersed.

Ghastly as the story reads, it has many sober lessons to teach the careful student of the processes of human development in relation to the religious concepts men have entertained. The tremendous power of ideas is not the least of the lessons involved. For ages past the sacrificial idea has been a central thought in the religions of a large portion of the human race. The god Moloch, the Jewish "scapegoat," African and other savage peoples with their animal and human sacrifices, and the Jesus of the Christian world are illustrations which will naturally suggest themselves at this point. A belief in sacrificial rites is clear evidence of a low grade of religious sentiment wherever and whenever accepted, no matter by whom. Yet the idea appeals with irresistible force to the undeveloped mind. For two thousand years the Christian advocates have instilled this doctrine into the minds of men, and once in a while, when the conditions approximate to that isolation, either intellectual or personal, which is conducive to exaggerated self-inspection, the legacy of sacrificial teaching rises to the surface and religious fanaticism breaks out with the horrible results, as recently, on that little island of the eastern coast.

Suppose such things had happened in our movement. What would have resulted? Why every pulpit in the United States would have rung with denunciations of the blasphemy and horror of the affair. Every newspaper editor and reporter would have produced reams of copy to show that Spiritualism was a danger to society, and that Spiritualist lecturers should be put in jail as rogues and vagabonds, and we should heartily agree that there was reason in the contentions. So far as our present information goes no preacher has taken up the parable nor has any editor in the secular press discussed the affair as a gross superstition passing under the name of religion! Of course no sensible person would for a moment charge religion in the true sense of the word with being responsible for the horrors of the island. Theological superstitions are one thing, and religion is another thing. Fanaticism will be found associated with ignorance at all times, and superstitious emotionalism always leads to the most distressing results. The remedy in part lays in the education of people along truly spiritual lines, to the end that they may realize that God is not to be approached in any such way as these wandering stormy petrels of credal propaganda assert. Also by the complete exposure of the unblushing effrontery with which such creatures seek to fleece their unsuspecting dupes.

But most of all, and best of all, by spreading abroad the blessed gospel of Spiritualism, with its vitalizing truths of a demonstrated rational life after death, a sweet, helpful, uplifting communion between the departed and their friends still upon earth; with a sane and spiritual concept of the All Wise as a beneficent power who taketh no delight in the savor of burnt offerings or the shedding of blood. Let us spread such ideas abroad, then may we do something to offset the evil inheritance of the ideas of a cruder age, wherein prevailed a lower sense of religion and spiritual truth than we know today, and so help to eradicate the last vestiges of the sacrificial ideas of the past from the minds of men today, and so forever after prevent their reappearance in the realms of thought.

There is a higher ideal of sacrifice, that glorious service to others, an altruism spiritual in nature. Perhaps the sacrifice of blood prepared the way to an understanding of the self-sacrifice of each to the other, but the ignorant, rather than the learned, are our care, and as long as we have such in our midst the pandemonium of Beal's island will remain an ever-present possibility.

Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.—Walt Whitman.

"The Gentleman from Everywhere."

This book is one of a kind not usually sent us for review, as it is really a sketch of the author's life and work; what he has seen and what he has done. It is interesting because of the bright, happy manner in which it is written and the amusing incidents which occur all the way through the book. For the author while going through life sees much that is bright and interesting in it. Alfred, New York, for April. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company, price \$1.50, postage 11 cents.

From N. S. A. Headquarters.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS—ALSO CONCERNING LAW AGAINST MEDIUMS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I am now ready to make my first report of progress, in the matter of collecting from the Spiritualists at large, the sum of one thousand dollars, by the first of June, that we may secure the other thousand that has been generously promised to the N. S. A. for the Mediums' Relief Fund. As we have before stated, this National Association is paying seven mediums the sum of twelve dollars a month, each, towards their support; we would be glad to extend the list, to take in many more who are in need of aid, but not till the fund increases can this be done. During the present week, we added another aged medium, a resident of this city, to the list; this beneficiary is eighty-two years old, and has no one to look to for aid but the N. S. A. This would have made the eighth on our list, in addition to the full support of Dr. Slade, but we have just learned of the transition of one of our pensioners in Massachusetts, Mrs. Kendall, and have forwarded the sum needed for the burial of her remains. Thus the good work is going on, our beneficiaries are grateful and appreciative, and we feel that we are not only blessing them in this good way, but that every contributor to the fund is also blessed by it.

SOME TOUCHING LETTERS.

Some of the letters we receive with the contributions, are beautiful. One elderly lady, who is herself an inmate of an "Old Ladies' Home," wrote that in sending ten dollars to the fund, she would have done more, but all she has left is a sum for the payment of cost of cremation of her body after the spirit has taken flight. Another aged friend who is ninety-four years of age, insisted on sending the only three dollars she had, gifts from friends, she is herself cared for by relatives; she said she could put her few dollars to no better use than to have some poor medium benefited by it. A gentleman in a "Home" in Pennsylvania sent his dollar with a good word for the work. Several veteran soldiers from the soldiers' homes have sent their donations. Sweet little Alice, sent fifty cents for herself and "Precious." She wrote, "I sold my chicken for twenty-three cents, and put that in with the money." Surely, these souls must be blessed with good thoughts and happy dreams, who have unselfishly done what they could. We send our hearty thanks to all.

SUMS RECEIVED TO DATE.

Our contributing list stands as follows:
Thomas C. Smith, \$15.00; Friend in Old Ladies' Home, \$10.00; Chas. Bolton, \$10.00; Helen A. Haddox, \$10.00; T. B. Wait, \$5.00; Harmony Circle Society, Buffalo, \$5.00; Wm. Schroeder, \$5.00; A friend, Hamburg, Ia., \$5.00; E. W. Brooks, \$5.00; Geo. Seifert, \$5.00; Mrs. P. E. Munn, \$5.00; Mrs. S. A. George, \$5.00; Samuel Day or Way, \$5.00; Mrs. A. J. Mintun, \$5.00; Mrs. M. B. Sprague, \$5.00; Mrs. W. J. Woodward, \$2.00; S. A. Tallmadge, \$2.00; John H. Kramer, \$2.00; Lucy W. Houghton, \$1.50; Mrs. Nettie Johnson, \$1.50; A friend, \$1.00; Julia A. Bunker, \$1.00; August Klein, \$1.00; Chas. Holkirk, \$1.00; Mrs. A. C. Headley, \$1.00; Arthur Pfeiffer, \$1.00; T. C. Millard, \$1.00; Mrs. S. S. Rockhill, \$1.00; E. Hughes, \$1.00; A. J. Brooks, \$1.00; Mrs. T. L. Schweitzer, \$1.00; Mrs. C. H. J. Bowen, \$1.00; Geo. L. Halston, \$1.00; David Frolick, \$1.00; C. H. Phelps, \$1.00; A friend, Providence, R. I., \$1.00; Abner Sisson, \$1.00; John Lynch, \$1.00; Alice and Precious, 50c.; A friend, 50c.; Mrs. Speck, 25c.; E. Boocious, 25c.; Two friends, 15c.
Mrs. Zoller, Mrs. Williams, two of our good mediums in Washington, with other talent gave a public benefit at Wonn's Hall, March 10th, for the benefit of the mediums' fund, from this we realized \$12.13, this sum added to the amount of foregoing contributions makes a total of \$138.78.

HELP STILL NEEDED

We are greatly encouraged, and we feel, that if all who can, will send according to their means, and if other mediums in different cities and towns, will also hold benefit seances or meetings, for this fund, the required sum of one thousand dollars will be in our treasury by the last of May. Please, friends, do not delay, but send your contributions on as soon as possible. Mr. Halston, whose donation appears in our list, sends a dollar each month for the mediums' fund, the one noted is the first from him since the thousand dollar collection started.

AGAINST SHARPERS ONLY.

Now, concerning the recent statement of a law to drive mediums from Washington, D. C., our legitimate mediums are not molested, nor do they fear, they are pursuing their work as formerly, nor do we think they will be troubled. The new law is to reach sharpers whose doings are nefarious, and who are no part of Spiritualism and its work; one or two have been run out of town, and all decent people are glad they have gone.—Mary T. Longley, N. S. A. Secretary, 609 Penna. Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C., March 15, 1904.

New York State Association.

The Seventh Annual Convention of the New York State Association of Spiritualists will be held on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 3rd, 4th and 5th, 1904, at Empire Hall, Syracuse, N. Y. Good speakers and Phenomenal Mediums. Choice Music under the direction of the Syracuse Society. A list of the speakers and mediums will be published later. All are cordially and earnestly invited to be present. Individual membership \$1.00 per year. Herbert L. Whitney, secretary, 727 Monroe Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In the course of evolution there is no more philosophical difficulty in man's acquiring immortal life than in his acquiring the erect posture and articulate speech.—John Fiske.

When we are fit to receive psychic and occult powers, by our becoming universal lovers, than all the "secrets" are revealed to us.—A Mystic.

A regular, blameless life is the very first foundation for success.—Stephen M. Griswold, Banker.

ANNIVERSARY NOTICES.

Massachusetts State Association.

The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists will celebrate the 54th anniversary of modern spiritualism on Thursday, March 25, 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 Allen, Mrs. M. M. Soule, Mrs. Kate Ham, Mrs. Effie Webster, Mrs. O. 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, 1 p. m., 7.30 p. m. It gives me pleasure to announce that I have received a communication from the secretary of the Ladies' Industrial 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.

The following musical talent will be present: Florence Morse, Miss Sadie Parker, Mr. Harris Howard and Mrs. Grace Cobb Crawford, accompanist.

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

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

Mrs. L. M. Rowe, Boston Spiritual Temple; Mrs. M. E. A. Allie, 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 Spiritual Temple; Miss Susan C. Clark, Mrs. M. O. Barrett and the Board of Directors of the State Association.

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

The Boston Ladies' Aid Society.

This society will celebrate the anniversary exercises on Friday, April 1st, in the regular meeting place, Appleton Hall, and three sessions will be held.

The following talent have been invited, and are expected to be with us upon this occasion: Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Miss Marietta Willis, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mrs. Waterhouse, Miss Florence Morse, Mr. J. J. Morse, Mr. A. P. Blinn, Mrs. C. H. Loring, Mrs. E. I. Webster, Mrs. Kate Stiles, Mrs. Caird, Mrs. Helyett, Mrs. M. J. Butler, Mrs. Kate Ham, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, Mrs. L. Shackley, Mr. F. A. Wiggin, Dr. Huot, Dr. Dean Clarke, Mr. Sawyer and Mr. George Cleveland. Dinner will be served at 12 m.; supper at 6 p. m. Admission 10 cents. We hope everyone will be present, as a grand time is anticipated.—Mary F. Lovering, sec. pro tem.

Boston Spiritual Temple Society.

The Boston Spiritual Temple Society, New Century Building, 177 Huntington Avenue, Boston, will celebrate the 56th anniversary of the advent of modern spiritualism on Sunday, March 27. Services at 10.45 a. m. and 2.30 and 7.30 p. m. All meetings free. Rev. F. A. Wiggin, speaker. The Ladies' Schubert Quartet will be in attendance at each meeting. Mrs. E. A. Knox will preside at the organ and Winnie C. Butler and Herbert Johnson will present vocal solos. Admission free to each meeting.

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 evening.

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

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

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union will hold anniversary exercises at the New Century Building, 177 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass., on Saturday, April 2, at 10.30 a. m. and 2.30 and 7.30 p. m.

A program of much interest has been prepared and we hope that all societies will send delegates and help us to make the day one long to be remembered. Delegates to the morning session will kindly report to Mrs. Whitlock and Mr. Scarlett; those to the afternoon session, to Mrs. Belcher and Mrs. Caird; and those to the evening session to Mrs. Cory and Mrs. Soule. Delegates so reporting will be assigned seats with friends from their own cities. A reception to delegates and visitors will be held between the morning and afternoon sessions, and at the close of the afternoon session an informal reception will be tendered the workers of the day when tea will be served.

Committee: Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock, Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. Dr. Caird, Mr. J. S. Scarlett and Mr. W. P. Ricker.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum.

The 56th anniversary of modern spiritualism will be celebrated by the Boston Spiritual Lyceum in Friendship Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, on Sunday, April 24, at 1.30 p. m. Mrs. C. Fannie Allen will be the speaker for the service. A special program has been arranged for the children pertaining to spiritualism and its growth in 56 years. The admission and seats will be free.

Remember the date, Sunday, April 24. The place is Friendship Hall. The speaker is C. Fannie Allen, assisted by the children. The admission is free.—J. B. Hatch, conductor.

Lynn, Mass.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Alex Caird, M. D. pres. This society will hold anniversary exercises on Sunday, March 27th. Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kates, the speakers for the month, will deliver appropriate addresses and Mrs. Kates will give communications.

At 2.30 Mrs. Dr. Caird, Mrs. Helyett and Mrs. Litch will assist. Children from the

lyceum will give an entertainment at 4; supper will be served at 5. The usual song service by the congregation at 6, and the regular service, Mr. and Mrs. Kates, at 7.30. Mrs. Kates will sing and probably other special features will be added later.

Ladies' Social Union, Lynn, Mass.

The Ladies' Social Union connected with the Lynn Spiritualists Association will celebrate the fifty-sixth anniversary on Wednesday, March 30, in lower Cadet Hall. A tea party will be held in the afternoon at which different mediums will serve tea and will give a reading to each purchaser. Mrs. Kates, Mrs. Dr. Caird, Mrs. Mamie Helyett, Mrs. Jessie Proctor, Mrs. Maude Litch and other mediums have signified their willingness to assist. Supper will be served at 6.15 and a very fine entertainment given in the evening consisting of singing, recitations and tests by many different mediums. Mr. G. W. Kates and wife will assist in the exercises.—Sec.

New York City.

On Sunday the 27th inst. the association will celebrate the 56th anniversary of modern spiritualism at the Tuxedo, Madison Avenue and 59th Street. Services commence at 2.30 and 8 o'clock. An interesting program has been arranged. Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham will deliver an address. Rev. G. O. Beck with Everett and Miss Margaret Gault will bring messages from our invisible friends, and a special musical program has been arranged by our valued member, Mrs. Edmund Severns. A cordial welcome awaits all who may attend.—Marie J. Fitzmaurice, sec.

Springfield, Mass.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society of Springfield will celebrate the fifty-sixth anniversary of modern spiritualism in Memorial Hall, Court Street, on Thursday, March 24th. Rev. May S. Pepper will be the speaker for the day and evening.—Sara G. Haskins.

Brockton, Mass.

The People's Progressive Spiritual Association will observe the 56th anniversary of modern spiritualism by holding services in G. A. R. Hall, East Elm Street, Tuesday, March 29th. Afternoon session, 2 o'clock; evening at 7.30.

A large number of the best speakers and mediums have been engaged and we have every reason to expect a spiritual feast. Supper will be served from 5 to 7.

Movements of Platform Workers.

Miss Florence Morse, of London, England has vacant Sunday, April 3d, 10th and 17th. These are her only open dates prior to her return to England. Address her at 61 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass.

Lyman C. Howe is open to receive calls for lectures, funerals and camp work. He is now better in health and more fit for duty than he has been for six years past. Address him at 179 Liberty Street, Fredonia, N. Y.

Mr. Douglas H. C. Thompson, inspirational speaking and spirit messages, would like engagements with any society in the United States or Canada after the third Sunday in March; or he would go to the homes of any who desired to have select parties for seances. All work done on strict spiritual basis.—Mrs. E. M. Brown, sec. Address all communications to 34 Summer Street, Watertown, Mass.

Dr. Geo. A. Fuller has the following anniversary engagements: Worcester, Mass., March 27th; Brockton, Mass., March 29th; First Spiritualist Church, Onset, Mass., March 30th; State Association of Spiritualists, Berkeley Hall, Boston, March 31st, and the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, Potter Hall, Boston, April 2d. He begs to announce that he cannot take any more for this season.

Edgar W. Emerson has engagements as follows: West Mansfield, Mass., April 1st; Providence, R. I., April 3d; Waltham, Mass., April 24th. Would like engagements for March 20th, April 10th. Address 136 Bridge Street, Manchester, N. H.

The Editor of the Banner of Light will respond to calls for lectures on the Sundays of April, and on the second Sunday in May. The first Sunday in May he lectures in New York City, and the last three Sundays of that month at Worcester, Mass. He is engaged to speak at the camp meetings at Lake Pleasant and Onset.

Announcements.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, meets in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., Sundays at 11.30 a. m. A cordial welcome to all.

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

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Alex Caird, M. D., president. Sunday, March 27th, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kates. Circles are held from 4 to 5, supper served at 5, song service at 6, concert by Chase's orchestra at 6.30. Regular services at 2.30 and 7.30.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society meets in Dwight Hall, Red Men's Hall, Tremont Street, every Thursday. Business meeting at 4 p. m., supper 6.15, and usual meeting at 7.45 p. m.

The Progressive Spiritualists' Association, Lynn, Mass., Anna Y. Quade, president, meets at Templars' Hall, Market Street, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Supper at 6.15 p. m.

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

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Incorporated, meets every Sunday at 724 Washington Street, America Hall, Clara E. Strong, conductor. Morning circle, 11 a. m.; afternoon and evening service at 3 and 7.30 p. m.—A. M. S., sec.

The Progressive Spiritual Society, Malden, Mass., Louise Hall, Brown Building, Pleasant Street, Harvey Redding, president. Meetings every Sunday at 3 p. m. Circle for healing and development. Evening service, 7.30 p. m. The best of talent always present. Song service precedes each session. On Sunday, March 27th, Miss Alice M. Whall and her control, "Prairie Flower," also Indian control, "Big Dog." The Banner of Light on sale at all of our meetings.—C. L. Redding, cor. sec.

Waltham, Mass.—The Spiritual Tabernacle. Sunday services, Shepherd Hall, Moody Street, at 7.30 p. m. Mr. Douglas H. C. Thompson, inspirational speaker and messages, is our medium.—Mrs. E. M. Brown, sec.

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PSYCHIC LIGHT:

The Continuity of Law and Life.

Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake.

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Including three Portraits of the Medium.

PRESS OPINIONS.

THE DAVENPORT (IOWA) DEMOCRAT says: "Psychic Light" is a well printed book of 620 pages. It certainly contains some startling facts and the author vouches for them as real rather than imaginary. The facts can be verified by persons whose names and addresses are given.

There are eight half-tone photographs; three of the medium at different ages; one of Madame Blavatsky, the founder of the New York Theosophical Society, and of others who figure in the facts related. The book cannot fail to interest Spiritualists, investigators, scientists, the kera, in fact all who want to know. It contains references from orthodox biblical authority. It deals with the scientific classifications of psychic philosophy in a practical and common-sense way.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER says: "It is a worthy addition to our literature. The book is full of meat, the meat of psychic experience. It is written in simplicity of diction, and in earnestness of purpose such as invite confidence and respect from the first sentence to the last. It means much in coming from one who in her long course of physical ministry has been above reproach."

PERSONAL COMMENDATIONS.

Edward Dittren, the Ethical German Scientist, writes: "It is an intensely interesting work, grand in its moral tone and logical in its deductions. How much work can be sold for \$1.50 surprises us on this side of the water. I would not be without it for \$100. It should be in every household."

Mrs. Nettie Crooks, of San Francisco, writes: "It is one of my treasures."

G. W. Waller, one of the advanced thinkers of Philadelphia, writes as follows: "I have read the book, 'Psychic Light,' and I herewith enclose my check to pay for six more books which I have ordered by express as soon as possible. It is a noble and grand work for humanity. It will mark a turning point in the lives of all who read it. When I commenced reading it, I thought I would mark a few of the most interesting pages by inserting a strip of paper and call it the attention of my friends to these pages. Before I had gotten half way through the book, I found I had marked nearly every page, so I took out the papers and made three xxx on the front page, advising my friends to buy and read the whole book. I thank you for placing this work in my hands as it has changed the whole current of my life for the better."

J. G. Bump, a prominent business man, of Milwaukee, Wis., writes as follows: "We are reading with great interest Mr. Drake's book, 'Psychic Light.' It should be in the library of every Spiritualist in the land."

Judge Geo. W. Knox, of Los Angeles, Cal., writes as follows: "I have already read the first 200 pages. It is really as crisp and absorbing as a novel from the hands of a master. It is a splendid literary work. It is edited with great ability. The facts are arranged in such a powerful manner that it ought to be at once the highest place in spiritual literature. I have known Mrs. Drake for 31 years and can verify many of the instances in the book, especially the chapter headed, 'A Blasted Life.' I know the circumstances connected with this chapter to be true. At that time Mrs. Drake was living on Park Ave., Chicago. Her control Clarence told me at that time that they (he guides) had the power to shoo him and to punish any one who would stand in their way in their efforts to use their spirit power for the good of mankind; and that they like with the power to reward or assist, in a material way, those who helped her in her mission."

Professor George W. Lewis, of California, writes: "I bespeak for 'Psychic Light' a grand and marvelous success. It was a flood of light upon this old, old problem, 'If a man die, shall he live again?' It will interest New Thought People, Church People, Scientists, and all advanced thinkers. It contains references from Orthodox Biblical Authority, from the Bible, and from Ancient Classical History. It deals with the scientific classifications of Psychic Philosophy by a plain, practical, common-sense way. It presents actual facts covering the whole range of psychic phenomena. I thank you for placing this book in my hands as it has changed the whole current of my life for the better."

Dr. Mary A. Janney, 1010 1/2 Washington Street, Oakland, Cal., writes: "We have received that wonderfully interesting book, 'Psychic Light,'—the Continuity of Law and Life, by Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake. It is an elegantly written and truly marvelous production. Its scientific explanations are so accurate, comprehensive, and so ingeniously interwoven with the phenomena that it is a masterpiece of conviction and establishes the proof of immortality as no other production has ever done. Through this strange book the world will now know the value of her work and place it where it belongs above that of all women of all times. We wept when we read of the trials of her childhood and rejoiced when she achieved her fame."

The book will satisfy the skeptic, convince the materialist, interest the scientist and advanced thinker and fall like a radiant revelation upon all bereaved hearts."

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Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY MINNIE MESERVE SOULE.

March.

In the dark silence of her chambers low,
March works out sweeter things than mortals know.

Her noiseless looms ply on with busy care,
Weaving the fine cloth that the flowers wear.

She sews the seams in violet's gossamer hood,
And paints the sweet arbutus of the wood.

Out of a bit of sky's delicious blue
She fashions hyacinths, and harebells too;
And from a sunbeam makes a cowslip fair,
Or spins a gown for daffodil to wear.

She pulls the cover from the crocus beds
And bids the sleepers lift their drowsy heads.

She marshals the close armies of the grass,
And polishes their green blades as they pass.

And all the blossoms of the fruit trees sweet
Are piled in rosy shells about her feet.

Within her great alembic she distills
The dainty odor which each flower fills.

Nor does she err, and give to mignonette
The perfume which belongs to violet.

Nature does well whatever task she tries,
Because obedient. Here the secret lies.

What matter, then, that wild the March
winds blow?
Bear patiently her lingering frost and snow!

For all the sweet beginnings of the spring
Beneath her cold brown breast lie fluttering.
—May Riley Smith.

A Link in Our Golden Chain.

"IT IS BETTER TO BE A FRIEND
THAN TO HAVE ONE."—Aron.

A golden link indeed is the one we forge
this week. Simple and strong as friendship
should be.

Ah, the sweetness and loveliness of friendship!
To have a mind and heart responsive
to our own, a spirit attuned to the vibration
of what we desire to be, and lifting us
to that high estate by confidence and trust
in our ability and possibilities. All strong
and beautiful relationships include friendship
and must cease, to exist without it.

All family ties, all marital bonds are
worthless without the strong bond of friendship.

Many a wife and mother strives to build a
wall about her husband and children and
seal the gates with what she calls family
devotion, when the first law of friendship
would give freedom and activity to their
highest and best expression in whatever
direction their individuality prompted them to go.

Many a man restrains and binds the spirit
of brother or son until crushed and broken it
at last falls weeping on the breast of a friend
and there for the first time in life feels the
joy of being near an understanding and sympathetic personality.

Yet that woman or that man invariably
feels that the one who has been driven to
more responsive conditions is a deserter and
an ingrate.

My friend must be free and my friendship
for him must not be dependent on the number
of hours he spends with me or whether I
alone, share his confidence. My friendship
must make me more keen to his needs, more
acute to his condition and quicken my impulse
to be of service to him.

Though I have no brother or sister, no
father, no mother, no child or home or fortune,
I may still be a friend to everyone who
crosses my path. I may quicken their lagging
steps with cheeriness. I may encourage
their drooping spirits with courageous words.
I may at once throw myself into harmonious
relations with them until I understand them,
and when I understand I am their friend.

To have a friend is to have a staff, an inspiration, a comfort, a shield and a companion.
To be a friend is to be all these and more,
for the joy that comes from being to others
all that we would have some one be to us,
converts us into helpful, strong, radiant
souls attracting all that is pure and beautiful
to us for our use in our time of need.
Surely no one can understand friendship
until friendship has been felt and expressed
in its fullness.

Let us no longer belittle ourselves and our
friends by falling below our ideals. The more
sensitive we are the more responsive we may
be to the call for service. If we draw near
to the spiritual life we will more readily
perceive the real spirit of the people
whom we meet, and it will be a joy to be
able to read the hypocrite's desire, not because
we are able to protect ourselves by so doing,
but because we have found a place to serve,
and it will be a joy to read the honest man's
spirit, because we can thus find a spirit to help
us serve and redeem the hypocrite.

A wise little spirit has said that it is
easier for the bad man to begin a good life
after transition than before because everybody
sees him as he is, and the power to deceive
his fellows being lost he finds no object
in trying to play that he is something
which he is not; then he starts right and
progression is rapid. That being true we can
best serve humanity by unfolding our psychic
natures until we are able to see people as
they really are and then use all our unfolded
faculties to help them to see themselves in
the true light and so start them on the path
of progression.

Then we shall know that it is better to
be a friend than to have one.

A Little Mite.

"Mother took me out today
To Cousin Jane's across the way,
And only think
What came to their house late last night—
A little baby! Such a mite,
And oh, so pink!

"'Twas all done up in woolen things
The kind a baby always brings.
You only see
Its eyes, but they are big and round,
And when it cries it makes a sound
Like you or me.

"Nurse said it was so very small
It better not be touched at all.
I watched a bit,
And when nurse didn't see,
It looked so cunningly at me,
I patted it."

—Rhymes of Real Children.

Our Home Circle is interested in every
gathering of people where a good purpose is
made manifest, and so we cannot pass by the
women's clubs without some notice.

Women's clubs have furnished a topic for
the "space filler" to such a degree that these
undertakings have come to be considered,
popularly, we fear, as merely another outlet
for vanity, display and cheap imitation of
more serious centers. The Banner's "Home
Circle Department" has been studying the

subject and is convinced that, whatever
weakness of this sort may be revealed by
this touchstone, there is a serious purpose of
usefulness connected with the movement.

We found one club with a membership of
barely three hundred, while it was primarily
formed for social enjoyment, now making a
part of its yearly work the support of a
"Free Bed" in its local hospital; regular contributions to a "Scholarship Fund," by
which some worthy but indigent student is
aided to equip for a larger usefulness. We
learn that the Federation of Women's Clubs
is making a serious study of the appalling
ignorance that obtains in the poverty
stricken districts of Tennessee, known as the
Isolated Valleys, and are already contributing
generously to the support of those brave
educators who have turned their backs upon
the luxuries of the populous centers to carry
the torch of education thither. Helpful
teaching on these lines was recently given by
Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead in speaking on the
topic, "Woman's Work of Today," before
an earnest band of Jewish women. Among
other things, she said: "The mastery of
nature by men has gone far ahead of man's
mastery of himself. Women do not need to
learn to master the physical forces of nature;
few of them will be called upon to serve in
the great field of railroad construction, bridge
building and the heavier enterprises of material
development. But women do need to take up
the belated side of mastery over themselves
and to learn to live beautiful lives. A great part of this material development
has not helped to develop us spiritually."

She held before this company a vivid object
lesson in her description of a rich young girl
who cared for a poor child with her own
hands one day each week, thus helping her
and her whole family.

"We must train our children," she said, "to
put themselves in the 'other fellow's' place.
I find mothers more anxious to have their
children dance well and make a good appearance
than to have a proper conception of life. The
first thing is to try to live more simply,
and not to try and 'beat one's neighbor.'"
There would seem to be little to fear in the
direction of "neglected homes" from a club
choosing such instruction for its members.

"Now, children," said the teacher, "let us
see what you remember about the animal
kingdom and the domestic animals that be-
long to it. You have named all the domestic
animals but one. Who can tell me what that
one is? It has bristly hair, likes dirt and is
fond of getting into the mud." Miss Fanny
looked expectantly around the room. "Can't
you think, Tommy?" she asked encouragingly.
"Yes'm," was the shame-faced reply.
"It's me."—Tit-Bits.

Pussy's Pins.

The second morning Harry played
With little Kitty-cat, he made
A great discovery.
For pussy left upon his hand
A great big scratch, you understand,
Which Harry showed to me.
"Boo hoo!" he cried with fearful din,
"The pussy scratched me with a pin!"

Some people think that if fifteen minutes
with the spirits with every thought of care
or responsibility cast aside is good, that fifteen
hours would be better. This is a mistake.
Fifteen minutes, wholly and completely
with the spirits, ought, as a usual thing,
to adjust and refresh and make strong, leaving
a permanent influence that shall spiritualize
the commoner duties. Fifteen hours or indeed
any length of time spent in refreshment,
which makes it necessary to neglect or rush
through, only half meeting the demands of
life, is a wicked and absolute waste of life.

A document was recently mailed to President
Schurman written in a character of which
he could make nothing. He turned it over to
Prof. Schmidt for decipherment. After careful
study the learned professor pronounced the
document Arabic, but he could not decide
certainly whether it belonged to the 13th century B. C. or to the 3d
century A. D. The office stenographer asked
to see the document, and at once recognized
it as written in shorthand. She translated it
readily, the last line being: "Excuse my
writing in this abbreviated manner, but I've
got to catch a train." "Science," decided
that it was Arabic of either the 13th B. C.
or the 3d A. D. century. Common sense
decided that it was shorthand, written only a
few days before.—Ex.

Dear Aunt Hellen has written us another
story about a bobolink. It is good to think
of her tender care to the little feathered
babies. She spares no pains to make them
comfortable and happy and they know and
love her. Don't you think she will find her
birds when she slips into spirit life? We do.

Bob

Bob was a tame bobolink. He was
brought to me one day in haying time by a
neighbor's boy; he had his cap in his hand,
covered over with his handkerchief. He put
the cap in my lap, saying: "There are some
little birds I raked up in the hay. I'm sorry;
hope I haven't killed them. I did not see
them till it was too late to save them. I
brought them to you 'cause you love birds
so well I knew you would take good care of
them. Mother would not bother with them,"
and away he went.

Well, I got an old birdcage, put in some
old flannel, made a nest and put the little birds
into it, fed them on soaked crackers and
hard boiled eggs, mashed very fine, but the
next morning two of them were dead, only
one left, so I took care of him. Soon he
could eat all right, then call for food when
he was hungry, then feed himself, then he
was all right.

He soon got so he did not like to stay in his
cage all of the time, so I would let him out,
and he would stay in among my plants and
never seemed to have the least bit of fear of
us, but would let us take him in our hands
and pet him, and he liked to sit on my
shoulder when I was sewing, and no matter
where he was (if out of his cage) at the first
sound of music he would make his way to
the organ and perch on the book rack (his
favorite perch) and watch me very closely,
sitting very quiet all the time I was playing
and singing. He was too large to wash in
the canary's dish, so I got him a new tin
basin. At first he walked around it a few
times, scolding, ruffling up his feathers and
looking into the water; after awhile he got
into the water, then he just made it fly.

I am sorry to say Bob had one bad habit
that he could not be broken of. He was very
fond of most all kinds of sweet food, but
custard pie was his special favorite, and if I
neglected to see that he was in his cage and
the doors shut before putting one on the
table, I was sure to find him standing in the
middle of it, helping himself if I left the
room.

He did not like to hear a newspaper rattle,
it seemed to start his temper in an instant,
and he would strike a terrible attitude,
standing very straight, raising his wings,
scolding and opening and closing his bill very
fast, until the paper was laid down.

He was afraid of strangers, and would
hide (if out of his cage) when anyone came
in. That was the cause of his death. He
was trying to get away from a stranger,

lost his foothold, and fell to the floor, striking
his head on the corner of the organ and injuring
himself internally.

He never seemed to care about the wild
birds, but instead seemed to be very happy
and contented. We were always kind to
him, I never allowed anyone to tease him or
frighten him in any way and he knew we
would not hurt him, so he had no fear of any
of us. We felt very sorry to lose our pet.
He was only a year old and had not got a
full bobolink song. His song was about half
bobolink and half canary.—Aunt Hellen.

Little Waterknow.

There was once a little urchin with a very
curious mind;
The how and why of everything he always
wished to find.

He was always asking questions, wherever
he might go,
And all the folks that knew him called him
"Little Waterknow."

He'd want to know, "How far is it from here
up to the sky?"

And, "What made George so awfully sure, he
couldn't tell a lie?"

"What made the noise inside his drum, and
why a cow don't fly?"

And, "How much would a million million
million dollars buy?"

And also, if you pleased, he'd like to know
about these things:

"When will tomorrow come?" and "Are the
stars all worked with strings?"

"How big'll I be when I'm big?" and, "Ain't
it tea-time yet?"

And, "Why it's cold in winter?" and "What
makes water wet?"

And, "Do all naughty boys get drowned?"

And, "Do all good ones die?"

And, "Do you think doughnuts are better'n
berry-pie?"

And, "Where does money come from?" and
"Where is by and by?"

And when his questions all gave out, he'd
simply say, "Well—why?" —Sel.

Pearls.

You will find that the mere resolve not to
be useless, and the honest desire to help
other people, will, in the quickest and most
delicate ways, improve yourself.—John Ruskin.

Spend yourself,—spending will enrich you.
Pour out your life.—the emptying will fill it
higher.—C. O. Hall.

Our very care over the result of our work
often defeats us in the perfect performance
of it and makes us crawl where we should fly.

All the excuses in the world are not service.

True dignity is never gained by place, and
never lost when honors are withdrawn.—Selected.

Hold thy lighted lamp on high,
Be a star in some one's sky,
He may live who else would die.

—Henry Burton.

God lays a little on us every day,
And never, I believe, on all the way
Will burden bear so deep,
Or pathways lie so threatening and so steep,
But we can go if by God's power
We only bear the burden of the hour.

—George Klingbe.

The world delights in sunny people. The
old are hungering for love more than for
bread. The air of joy is very cheap; and if
you can help the poor on with a garment of
praise, it will be better for them than blankets.—Selected.

My Mail Box.

L. J. R. Paxton, III.—Spirits do sometimes
come and talk in an audible voice. It is a
phase of mediumship known as Independent
Voices. Maud Lord Drake is a very notable
medium through whom this phase has been
demonstrated.

Mediums frequently hear their guides and
other spirits speak to them when no one else
present is able to detect any sound. This is
clairaudience, or the power to talk with
spirits.

The battery is formed for the "Banner"
circle by the "Banner of Light" guides in
spirit-land and the connection is not visible.

No questions are asked. The little guide
of Mrs. Soule, named Sunbeam, simply tells
how the spirit looks and repeats what it says
to her, which is taken by a stenographer and
then printed.

No particular spirit is ever asked for as the
circle is a free one for any spirit who feels
an inclination to send a message. If the tele-
phone company should open an office once a
week and give anyone and everyone an opportunity
to telephone to any friend, anywhere,
and should furnish an operator and messenger,
it would be doing for mortals just what
the "Banner of Light" Company is doing
and has been doing for many years for spirits.
When the "Banner of Light" was first
published, spirits had not so many avenues
of communication as now, and Fanny Conant,
a wonderful medium, who loved the
"Banner," planned the "Banner" Free Circle.
The work has always seemed important
and helpful and so is continued. The plan
of which you write is already in progress.

We thank you so much for your interest
and are so glad to know that you have been
able to lift the burden from the mind of her
who shares your home.

Truly it is a great old age which you have
entered and your progress in the new life
must be sweetened and strengthened by your
life here. Long may you stay to bear us company.
M. M. S.

To S. J., Torgus, Maine:

I am so glad you have the Banner every
week, for I know it must be a comfort
to you. You are not alone in your retreat.
The dear wife who was your constant care
during her last years here must find pleasure
in being able to serve you, now that she has
the freedom of spirit life. Whether we are
conscious of the care of our dear ones or not
makes no difference in the expression of that
care over us. The mother who watches her
baby, sleeping or waking, guarding it from
all trouble, does not do so because the baby
is conscious of her love and devotion, but because
she loves the baby, and love makes her
tender and watchful. The day dawns when
the babe becomes a man, and the mother is
content; so I think our dear ones draw near
and watch over us, and are content if we
grow to our full stature. How your dear
wife will appreciate your thoughtfulness in
having the memories to her. My kindest
thought goes to you.—M. M. S.

We must remember the little people in
Bronson, Maine. A letter from there gives
us news that they still need our loving
thought.

Everyone interested in Spiritualism must
feel concern when a medium is in danger, or
is too ill to carry on the good work. Our
dear friend Hattie Webster is loved for her-
self as well as for the evidence which she has
been able to give of the love and devotion of
friends in spirit land and the sad ones on earth.
Let the readers of the Home Circle make a
circle of strength and give freely of your-
selves for her use in her need.

Message Department.

Report of Seances held March 14, 1904 S. E. 66.

MEDIUM, MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

IN EXPLANATION.

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

TO OUR READERS.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify
such communications as they know to be
based upon fact in these columns. This is
not so much for the benefit of the "Banner
of Light" as it is for the good of the reading
public. Truth is truth and will bear its own
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.

Again we come into this little circle with a
desire to bring light and health to those who
are in darkness and who suffer. Again we
would give all that we have; all that we can
reach of spiritual unfoldment; that these
who are reaching and searching for the light
may have their prayer answered and light be
given to them. So often the cry of the soul in
anguish is borne to us; so often the heart-
breaking sob is heard by us; that we are
strengthened to go forward to see if there be
not some way that the truth that is made
plain to us by the darkest hours of the
wilderness; as long as there is one heart
breaking with pain of separation; so long
may we have the courage and the strength to
carry the light and the truth and the message.
May we stand steady, O Spirit of
Truth, and let the light shine through us.
May we be so sanctified, so glorified, by the
impouring of spiritual power that whoever de-
sires may look and know and understand;
not by the words we say; not by the acts
which we do; but by the simple living day
by day, bravely meeting the difficulties, stand-
ing fast to the face with the darkest hours of
life, and yet strong and true in such adversity
may our lives speak the message that our
hearts yearn to give. We would take by the
hand every spirit who is seeking expression.
We would gently and tenderly lead them to
their own, and if they are unable to speak the
word here today, we hope that we may be
able to lead them into the home, however far
it may be and let them express there more
fully and more freely the love which they
feel and which they are yearning to express.
Bless us in our undertaking, and help us to
do all that brave, willing spirits are able to
do. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Henry Brown.

There is a spirit who comes to me this after-
noon who gives his name before I have a
chance to describe him. He says: "I am
Henry Brown, and I lived in Natick, Mass.
I was sixty-three years old. I am anxious to
get back to my people and to have them
know the truth of the life I am living over
here. It is all so different from what I ex-
pected, so much more real than I had ever
believed it possible. I cannot tell exactly
what I did think this life would be like. It
was indefinite to me, but I felt that in some
way I would be taken care of and that all
would be well. But to be alive and have
duties and occupations; to be going about
among my friends; to be talking and seeing
and being just as I was before I came here
seems strange to me even now. I am not
always with my family. There are very
many times that I feel a desire to know more
about the life in which I live now; and so at
those times I make effort to discover what is
beyond me now and what is the next step
that I shall take. I have found that every-
thing I tried to understand in my earth life
helps me in this; that the very unfoldment
of my spiritual desires, even though it was in
a different way from that which I am ex-
pressing today, was and is helpful to me now.
My mother is with me and her name is Lucy.
She says that ever since she first came to the
spirits she has been interested in the earth
conditions and the people left here, because
her heart was with those she had left. She
sends word to Charlie that he is near to her
in thought and expression and that she helps
him very much."

Ellen Burns.

A spirit comes of a woman who is just as in-
dependent as she can be. She has gray hair,
sharp eyes and a very energetic manner. She
seems to have been a woman who worked
very hard, as though she worked, worked,
worked, all the time. She says: "The Lord
knows that I am glad I am over here. I
do not have to work from morning till night
as I did when I was in the body, and I have
got time now to think of my friends, I don't
think I had much time before, and anyone
who knew me will say this is true. My name
is Ellen Burns and I lived in Fall River.
I did not get much chance to go to church. I
did not get much chance to do anything except
work. I thought when I first came over
here there was not much for me to do, and I
was kind of lonesome without my broom. I
finally found some friends who told me there
was plenty of work to do and if I wanted to
help the people I had left I could as easily as
anything. So I set about it. I looked back
to find Mary and Julia and I found them
showing more grief over my death than I
ever thought they felt in their hearts. I won-
dered if I had not been too busy to see how
my friends felt about me as well as being
too busy to think of them, and so I thought
I would send a message to them and tell
them I am glad they felt sorry. It helped
me to know they cared that much about me.
I want to tell Mary I know how she felt
about what she got of mine. I was there
when she got it, and I saw how she cried
when she thought about me, and if she could
only know today that I can come to her
whenever I want to; that I can see her as
plainly as I ever could in the body; I am sure
she would not be so unhappy and she would
feel that life was better than it had been.
I wish she would take care of her cough
and look forward to some better days that I
see are coming. I found Pa just about as
happy with his pipe as he ever was and just
about as unwilling to move out of his corner.
He does not seem to be much changed and
I have wondered if he would not sit
there until the Angel Gabriel blew right in
his ear."

George Chase.

A spirit comes now who says his name is
George Chase and that he, too, lived in Fall
River, though he didn't know the spirit who
came before him. He is a very gentlemanly,

quiet looking man, and seems to be interested
in people both in the body and out. He says,
"I realize that this is an opportunity to send
a personal message and yet I feel the least
bit selfish in monopolizing it for myself when
it is also such an opportunity to tell the
whole world something about the life we live
over here. I was not very unhappy when I
came away. I had lived an ordinary life in
an ordinary way; always tried to make the
best of things as they came, and so when
death came I entered this life with a deter-
mination to make the best of it whatever it
should be. I did not go at once to my own
people. I had friends who were far more to
me, speaking spiritually, than some of my
relatives, and to some of these friends I
went at once. I speak of going as though
I knew the street and number of the homes
where my friends lived; but I did not. I
thought of them strongly as the ones I loved
most who had gone before me and found my-
self there as if my will and desire were the
motive power that transported me from one
place to another; and when I found them it
was like communing spirit with spirit and
we sat in peace until I began to recollect
that I had left one dear to me, and then
together we came back and manifested to
her and she was as brave and strong as I
could wish to see her. It is to her that I
would send this message of my appreciation
of her effort to carry everything on just as
I wanted it and just as I would have had it.
I am pleased and proud of her and I hope
that she will feel some joy in what I have
done for her when she comes over here. It
seemed hard that I should be the one to be
taken and she left to do all these things, but
if I could not get better I am sure I much
prefer to have it as it is, and that was the
verdict, you know, dear, that I could never
be well again. My brother very often speaks
of you, and mother says you are as dear as
her own child. I know you will be as pleased
to get the messages from them as if they
had come from me. Do not be discouraged,
Dolly, for the light is still shining over us
all and I will always come to you when I
have an opportunity."

Edward Fisher.

There is a man who says his name is Ed-
ward Fisher. He is very light, has very light
and false whiskers, and is rather a strong
looking man. He has a bald spot on top of
his head. He is dressed very stylishly and
seems to be entirely a man of the world. He
says, "It is with a good deal of pleasure
that I come here today to give my testimony.
I was killed in a railroad accident and I
always thought when I got a chance I would
come back and say something about it be-
cause there was so much doubt about the
whole concern. I traveled a good deal and
they did not get the name quite right in the
list, so there has always been a certain
doubt as to whether I would return. I lived
in St. Louis. I am not anxious to get back
or to do anything except to make plain that
I am in the spirit, I am strong in the spirit,
and am ready to do most anything that will
bring me growth or happiness or pleasure
and would like my people to know it. Most
of my friends are over here; that is those
very near; we are all happy and getting
along as well as could be expected."

Amanda Carleton.

A spirit comes of a lady I should think
between forty and fifty. She is rather stout,
has blue eyes, hair that is just a little gray,
and a full, pleasant face. She seems one
of those good natured, kind hearted women
who would always be seeking to do some-
thing for somebody else. She smiles when I
say that. She puts her hand up to her side
as though she had suffered a great deal
before she came into this life and she says:
"I have often thought if I could only help
those who are in pain that would be enough
for me, for I was always with the sick a
great deal and since I have come over here
I have often found my way to sick beds and
have been able to soothe sufferers more than
any one would think possible. This proves
to me that spirits have a power of their
own, a sort of magnetic power, by which
they are able to reach the object of their
interest and are able to accomplish some-
thing for that object. My name is Amanda
Carleton, and I lived in Plainfield, N. J.
I frequently go to my people there, but more
often am with Arthur, who lives in New
York and who is interested in this subject.
He has only lately become interested. He
is very psychic and easily moved by spirits
out of the body; much more so by spirits
out of the body than in, because when he
becomes aware of some one trying to influ-
ence him he often asserts his own will and
refuses to be influenced. I have with me
Annie, who is very anxious to get close to
him and to tell him that if he will give her
an opportunity to bring guides that very
much can be accomplished for him. It is not
necessary for him to give up his business or
to go into any special school for development,
but to give a little time to her and she will
see that he is taken care of in his unfold-
ment. I came to give this special message
because we are anxious to bring him to a
better understanding of his own power. He
will be clairvoyant and able to see other
conditions for other people as well as for
himself."

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