

BANNER LIGHT.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
MAR 31 1904
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

VOL. 95.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1904.

{\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.}

NO. 6

APRIL.

Who cometh now with faltering feet,
Pressed on the grasses' lush, and sweet,
Somnambule, enchanting fair,
With yellow woodbine in her hair?
Behold, in her the bride called Spring,
Uncertain how her lips must sing
With harp attune to every mood,
Engendered by the Soul of Good!
Her face is pale with timid love,
Her eyes are bright as stars above;
She holds the hawthorn in her hand,
And swings a censer o'er the land.

The Centre of Creation.

Charles Durbarn.

PART THIRD.

The scientist now recognizes that every form is built up of units. Everything that happens is the action of a unit. Man of today is learning that even his thoughts are molecular, and can travel through space. The mysterious protoplasm is a collection of units, working intelligently together for a common purpose. So are our bodies, and every organ in them. We next recall as another fact, that personality is merely a form, through which intelligence is telling its tale to our sense. Yet further, every form is always composed of a number of units that can be torn apart. So every personality is in its essence an uncertainty. It may stand like a pyramid, inside and outside our time life, but one day it drops apart, and the personality vanishes.

The human personality may grow hoary with age, or break up in its youth. It may march, with its units a little differently arranged, through the gateway of death, and build its home across the divide. It may be cast its own immortality, and call it an eternal truth, but it is only eternal as a city is eternal, for every form is an aggregation of units, each perfectly independent. The city will remain a city only so long as new inhabitants are attracted to it, but it is built up of forms, some mere bricks, others in human shape.

Those who have cared to watch recent recorded scientific revelations must have noted the curious case of Miss Beauchamp, reported for the English and American Society for Psychical Research by a learned physician and specialist of Boston, Mass. The whole account is marvelous in every recorded detail, but the one point to note herein is the appearance of "Sally," who claimed to be a portion of Miss B. at her birth, but had been unable to come to the surface and express herself in earth life until released by the nervous shock experienced by Miss B. It happened in that case that this hidden self was a rather wicked part of the mortal lassie, who was thus the gainer by its suppression. But it might as easily have been a real good elfer off the original block.

If the reader realizes that a personality can be thus broken up, he will perceive that that means that a personality cannot be eternal, and possibly may not be very lasting. Spirit Return teaches us that the personality usually or often outlasts death, but presently, if the spirit be progressive, changes until any direct talk with a mortal becomes impossible.

The writer claims as sufficiently demonstrated that the personality, of which we are so proud, is nothing but a collection of eternal and indestructible units, each of which is the only real being worth talking about as neighbor to neighbor throughout eternity. The Bull's-eye may have been hit by Nature when shooting at her target, and man may have, as a consequence, popped out. That only makes him the best collection of units that has yet appeared,—so far as we know.

We will not dispute the Wallace contention that manhood is possibly very scarce as a celestial commodity, and that he needed very peculiar conditions before he could make his appearance, but that is as far as we care to go in that direction. Intelligence is just as much present in every other speck of Cosmos, and therefore Nature is hitting other bull's eyes in her own way, and producing other personalities with which, in all probability, we could no more exchange thought than we can with the ant.

It is perfectly useless discussing the kind of personality outwrought by Intelligence under those other conditions. If we recognize, as proved by Dr. Wallace, that it cannot possibly resemble man, that is the end of it for us. But, all the same, these facts present us with a great thought.

There are many manifestations of intelligence, and one may influence another, even if the personality be absent. A man may pride himself on his intelligence, but if he associates with a number of others, the united intelligence is not that of his own, but something better or worse, as the case may be. And the intelligence of a city or nation is not the personal intelligence of a single citizen. It does and approves acts the single citizen

would not do or approve. The influence of a great intelligence of this kind may be unseen, but it is tremendous all the same. Now when we remember that every unit in space is also an intelligence it seems startling. When we gaze at the myriad stars forming our Milky Way, and realize their vast distance, it seems as if their presence or absence would amount to little for us. But when we remember that even the most distant has energy enough to print itself on the photographic plate we can realize that the total influx of energy must be enormous. And when we further remember that intelligence is always associated with energy, and that it could only reach us as combined with substance, we recognize that the combined influence upon earth life must be beyond mathematical computation. And if we further reflect that each one of those distant globes has and exerts intelligence in proportion to its mass, we realize yet more that the inflow of such Cosmic influence upon our little earth is, and must be enormous. But all the same, as we have seen, the personalities wielding such intelligence may not be able to exchange a single thought with us, any more than with the white ant, our neighbor.

The truth as the result of such studies seems to be that man must not allow himself to become disheartened by finding himself alone in the universe, as a man; or feel badly because he himself has no assured personality on which a Celestial Life Assurance Company would take much of a risk.

Still man realizes that, in some way he cannot comprehend, the united intelligence of his units is building up a grander and grander manhood. That manhood exists for him as a personality. Whatever the ultimate fate of that personality, he knows it outlasts the grave. Even if chips fly from the block at birth, or at death, it seems certain they all become once again a united whole, somewhere and at some time in the eternal history.

The personality we may meet hereafter may be fuller and grander than that of our loved one here, but we shall not cry for it to be diminished that we may recognize it. We shall accept that, and every other change that comes to us as a law of Nature. And if manhood, here and hereafter, is to stand alone so long as its personality lasts, there are enough of us, Brother Wallace included, to make our Bull's-eye a garden of Eden, and without a snake in it. Give us time enough for that and we won't complain when the unit gathering breaks up—if it does. San Leandro, Cal.

The End.

Soul Spilling.

Mime Innes.

In the physical world there is no rest. All is motion. Even the ultimate particles of matter never rest, are always in a state of attraction or repulsion. The motive force of this universal maelstrom of atomic action is that universal power which is called God.

So in the psychic world, rest is death. The Hindoo Nirvana is perfect rest and is but the Asiatic's name for death. The European is not thus negative. The rest which he craves Goethe expresses:

"Rest is not quitting
The busy career.
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere."

The motive force of the soul is the same as that of matter. This is but another piece of evidence that there is no boundary, demarking the psychic from the physical. Both, all, everything, are but differing manifestations of one all-pervading, all-controlling force, the ultimate source of which we call God.

The steam engine, the motor, the mill wheel, each in the nomenclature of the mechanic, has a possible maximum of energy; which means that the highest degree of force of which each machine is capable, has been measured and reduced to a mathematical standard of comparison.

Each human body, although not measurable by the standards of the mechanic, has its highest possible limit of energy. So with the human soul. In the never-resting kinetics of God's psychical workshop, each soul is measured, its energy for effectiveness is gauged and its adaptability to its purpose known and recorded. To create the greatest product, that is to expend this energy with the least loss, the engine and the dynamo must eliminate so far as possible all friction; must be employed always, never allowed to run to waste, producing nothing.

And the soul. Waste, friction, are as destructive of its energy, its effectiveness, as of the utility of the engine and the dynamo. The water-wheel, which receives the water of the whole pond, is useless if it spills its all, producing no result. The engine, loose in its packing, spills its steam and its energy is lost. The dynamo of which the insulation is so imperfect that it spills the elec-

tricity it should use, becomes a source of danger, or power wrongly applied.

And the human soul, ill fitted to its task, receiving from the fountain head of all power its generous share, is a wasteful instrument, a sin producing engine, when it spills itself. "Do not spill thy soul." The prophet of Concord compressed into these five Saxon words, the philosophy of life, combining as was his wont, the Yankee utilitarianism with the transcendentalism of the ancient seer.

"My life is wretched, made so by the great injustice of another. Injustice is a wrong. How can I correct that wrong unless I protest against it with my whole soul? Without this protest, how can be brought about that revolt against injustice by which alone it is corrected?" Thus writes one whose life, capable of great energy, is only a long series of bitter days.

To this one what can we say better than Emerson said, "Do not spill thy soul." This is God's world, not ours. Let Him right the injustice. "Ah," the reply comes, "how can he right wrong without tools? We are his tools." To which it must be said, "Let God use His tools. The tools do no good unless used by a master. You are his implement, his engine for good works. He feeds you with the only force which can produce your highest efficiency. He knows your powers, your highest energetic effectiveness. Use his power and lose no whit of that energy in waste. Do not spill your soul in hate, in fighting wrong. Use only the love God gave you, and then the efficiency of your machinery is highest.

Your soul! Be its captain! Make it effective for your good, for its highest development. Waste none of its force upon hate, injustice, repining, regrets. Throw away all these. Use only the divine motive force of Love; love for self, for man, for good, for God. Then injustice, forgotten, neglected, will sink away and die, self-corrected. If all the world disregard it, can injustice live? Will it not recoil upon its author for lack of other food to feed upon and thus unenriched die in punishing the breeder of its vile and unhealthy being?

Ah, do not spill thy soul. Use none of its force for indignation or hate. Even "righteous indignation" is an assumption of God's prerogative. Let only love come in; then only will love go out. And love is God's great motive power.

—For Love
Has infinite vistas and, through aisles of stars,
Moves humbly toward the eternal Altar Light.

And, remember that "In all the world there is no other need so great; for in all the world there is nothing worth while that does not come of loving."

An Easter Lily.

E. H. Brown.

It was one of those cloudless spring mornings which make life seem entrancing, and seem to betoken the resurrection of nature from the sleep of winter. But within the house no merry sounds rejoiced with nature at her awakening. A man stood at a window, clasping a little boy's hand tightly in his own; neither spoke until the child said in a low voice, "O, papa, there is a robin!" but the man did not answer, nor did the little fellow speak again, but his eyes followed the bird as long as it was in sight.

After what seemed a long time to the child, a woman touched the man's arm, saying to him, "Come, she is asking for you. I will stay with Robert." Hastening upstairs, he opened a door softly, and in a moment was bending over a woman, across whose bed streamed the sunshine.

"See, dear," she said, "I wanted it to fall on me. It is Easter gladness. We must call her Lily—our Easter Lily." For answer, he nodded and pressed his lips to the hand she held out to him. The nurse placed a chair at the head of the bed, into which he sank, still holding his wife's hand. With a smile of contentment she closed her eyes, but quickly opening them again, she said to him, "Don't let them pull down the curtain; I want to feel the Easter sunshine." Again he nodded and forced himself to smile at her.

An hour later the physician entered, glanced at his patient, felt her pulse, and then putting his arm around the man's shoulder, said: "Come downstairs, Henry, where Robert is." Mechanically the man followed him, and when they reached the room below, the good doctor said in a broken voice: "Henry, your wife has passed on in her sleep. Tell Robert that God has sent an Easter angel for his mother."

Ten years afterwards, one afternoon in the early spring, a man and a boy were approaching this same house. Their eyes brightened as they drew near and perceived the little girl seated on the flat top of a gate post. And surely she was a picture that few passed by without pausing to look at. A white

corduroy bonnet surmounted soft golden ringlets that framed in a face of unusual beauty, even in a child. It was not the mere prettiness of feature and coloring that was rarely perfect in her, but a subtle, indefinable expression of another world looked out from her eyes, as though she had, as Wordsworth expresses it, "Come in trailing clouds of glory," and that glory still clung around her.

She waved her little hand as soon as she saw them, and then remained quietly watching until they had reached her. After kissing her father, she changed her seat on the post to one on her father's shoulder; with one arm around his neck and one hand reached down to Robert—so the three passed within the doorway.

The memory of Alice Spencer had been the talisman of that household ever since she had left it at Lily's birth. Neither father nor grandmother had needed to use punishment in training the children; it was sufficient to say, if they were naughty, how sad mama would be, or how pleased, when they were good. Nothing was more real to them than the knowledge that they had an angel-mother, who expected their best efforts. Her real presence could hardly have been more of a safeguard to them, so tenderly had her name been cherished. Her pictures smiled on them from the walls, and her beautiful face became a benediction, which breathed its tenderness into all their daily acts.

Mr. Spencer had returned early, for tomorrow would be Easter, and on each anniversary of his wife's death he had covered her grave with lilies, and in memory of her faith had sent quantities of them to the temple she had attended. So he and the children were to go down town to order the lilies.

Half an hour later they were on their way and as they neared the heart of the city, Lily said: "Oh, papa, see how all the windows are decorated!" As they walked down the broad avenue they came to a large brick building; in a balcony in front of this there were some children playing. "What's that, papa?" asked Robert. "That is the Children's Hospital." "Tell me about it," said Lily. So Mr. Spencer explained to the child the use of the hospital. "And are most of the children poor?" asked Robert. "Many of them are." "Don't they have any playthings, or anything pretty to look at?" asked Lily. "Not unless some kind person sends them in, and, besides, many of them are too sick to play with toys." "Oh, papa, can't I send them some Easter lilies?" "I hadn't thought of it before, but I am sure it would please dear mama. We will send some from the florists," said Mr. Spencer. "Oh, but then I can't see what the children think of them." Mr. Spencer hesitated a moment. "There is a florist near here, but let us first see if you will be allowed to carry the lilies to the children yourself." They were ushered into the parlor and the head-nurse was sent for.

"Yes," she said, "I think there will be no objection, and the beautiful flowers will be a great pleasure to the children."

In half an hour they were back and Lily had with her a large bunch of tall, white lilies. She walked up and down the aisles, stopping at each cot to give its occupant a fair, white blossom. The beautiful face of the little girl as she gravely and tenderly placed in each hand a flower, and the wondering eyes of the sick children, their smiles now bright, though so often sad and wistful, made a picture that Mr. Spencer carried in his mind for many years. One little fellow whispered to the nurse after they had gone: "Wasn't she just like an Easter angel?" "Yes, dear," said the nurse with a sob in her voice, for she knew that it was only a few more days that he would linger.

The next fall the Spencer house was again darkened, and again Mr. Spencer walked the floor in agony, for Lily was stricken with scarlet fever; but she rallied and they had hopes that she would recover. Still she didn't gain strength, and the good doctor shook his head gravely. Lily herself was happy and suffered only from lack of strength. She dearly loved to have her father come home early and read to her. He and Robert spent all their spare time in Lily's room. Mr. Spencer had the piano moved there, for the child would listen for hours to music. The winter wore away, and in the early spring the physician told Mr. Spencer that he must soon part with the little girl.

The week before Easter, Lily said to him one morning: "Papa, I am afraid I can't go and order the lilies with you, and how I would like to see the temple and hear the music on Easter day!" "I am afraid you can't, dear, but how would you like to have a sort of service here? We will have ferns and lilies, and perhaps the leader will come here in the afternoon and say a little sermon for you."

"Oh, how lovely! That will be most as good as going," and the child hugged her father in delight.

Easter morn was bright and fair. Lily's room had been made beautiful with ferns and flowers. She herself was dressed in white. At noon the leader came and with

him the quartet, which had gladly offered its services on hearing of Lily's desire for a real service. Mr. W— was to read a selection, say a few words about Easter, and the choir was to repeat the music it had sung in the morning. Lily listened in rapt attention to the Bible reading, closed her eyes and folded her hands during the prayer, and, as the quartet began their part, a look of peaceful joy stole over her face. "Isn't it beautiful I'm so happy," she whispered to the nurse, as the first song ended. The next piece was "O Paradise, Who Does not Long for Rest?" As the middle of the second verse was being sung, Lily suddenly sat up straight and reached out both hands toward the door. Then, with a smile of perfect joy, she gave a happy sigh and fell back on the bed.

The nurse bent over her, saying, "What did you see, dear?" but there was no answer—on the wings of melody the child had been carried away to join the choir invisible. Hastily the nurse crossed the room to tell Mr. Spencer what had happened. To her surprise, he replied in a sort of dazed way: "Yes, I know. I saw her mother come through the doorway and hold out her arms to Lily. I thought it would be on Easter my child would go." A moment later he walked calmly into the hall and said with a smile: "Lily has joined her mother."

Through the years that followed Mr. Spencer went about all his duties with a quiet calmness that surprised his friends; to Robert he said gently, one evening: "The two we love best are happy together in waiting for us to come. Should not we, also, be happy in looking forward to joining them?"

Spiritualism the Exalter.

CONCLUDING WORDS AT LAKE HELEN,
SUNDAY, MARCH 20

W. J. Colville.

We admit that a spiritual camp could be disintegrated, and the entire Campmeeting Movement could be brought to naught provided that jealousy, envy and scandal sufficiently prevailed; but they will not, and they cannot. We could break a window, provided we threw a stone at the glass, but we shall not throw the stone, therefore the window will not be broken. If envy and jealousy creep in and are allowed to predominate, any movement can go to pieces. But envy and jealousy will be kept out, and whatever little there is in any spiritually directed work will be overcome by so much the more of good; by the kindly feeling of fellowship. There never was so much good feeling between workers as now; never has there been a season when people have harmonized as they have now, at Lake Helen, and the same is true all over the country.

Let the Spiritualists of America on the 31st of this month celebrate the greater harmony in their ranks, the greater success of all their endeavors everywhere. There never has been a time since 1848 when such large companies of people in so many parts of the world have been so vitally interested in the essentials of Spiritualism as at the present time. The old curiosity seeking may have largely subsided; the endeavor to satisfy the craving for the mysterious may, to an extent, have died down. But the real interest in all that makes for human well-being, under the very banner of Spiritualism, was never so great as now. The outlook was never so promising.

The coming religion, the coming science, the coming philosophy, will all be honeycombed or pervaded with Spiritualism. Spiritualism is not a religion as Mohammedanism, Brahminism, and other distinctive systems, but Spiritualism enters into all religions, exalts and pervades all. If people go to church they can well be Spiritualists, and if they never enter a temple they can well be Spiritualists, also.

THE BELLS OF MEMORY.

Oh! I hear the bells of memory.
When under their mystic spell
Chords vibrate that long have slumbered,
As they some sweet story tell.

Soft and low their chimes awaken
Thoughts of happy days long past,
When life was like the merry springtime—
Full of joys too sweet to last.

Through vistas of the past I wander,
One by one old friends appear;
I feel the clasp of loving hands and
The pressure of lips so dear.

I see once more my lost ones whose
Love made life for me so bright;
Alas! To find I'm only dreaming
In the silence of the night.

Chime on, chime on bells of memory,
Bring me back the days of yore—
'Tis mine again when I'm dreaming,
Love I'll miss forever more.

Ellis L. Lanyon.
West Berkeley, Colo.

JUSTICE AT LAST.

While we live on this earth in the conflict of life,
We must meet with the storms and the battles of strife;
Our honest intent and good purpose of mind,
To live right and do good to the whole of mankind,
Do not shield us from harm or from wilful attack.
By those who would fain strike a blow at our back;
They would drag us down low, and would slich from our till,
Our small means, if thereby they could get their own fill.
A vile wretch for a time may enjoy stolen gain,
But as sure as God rules it will yet cause him pain.
Often times those we love, feed and clothe all their life,
Are ungrateful and mean, filled with envy and strife.
We should pity and bear in their weakness and sin,
Knowing well that in time right and justice will win.
A few friends for a time they may find to give cheer,
But ere long they are sure to turn back, disappear.
Then in sorrow and grief they must plod the lone way,
And review the dread past with its deeds of foul play.
Nature's hand never fails to record all our acts,
She interprets them right and brings out all the facts;
We must meet them in time—no escape from just doom,
Our robes must be cleansed from all damaging hues.
The great Teacher of man bids us bear scorn and shame,
And be kind to the weak, to the blind and the lame.
This will bind up the wounds rudely torn in our hearts,
And bring some relief when injustice departs.
When our conscience is clear no frowns from outside
Can disturb the sweet joys that within us abide;
Without guilt we can look brother man in the face,
And know we are free from assault and disgrace.
We can look with calm faith to the realms up above,
And be sure that all wrongs will be righted in love.

Freeman W. Smith.

Rockland, Me.

Salvation Without Faith.

Arthur F. Miller.

As man's mental and spiritual forces increase in energy the physical and material decrease—intelligence above the sensual; humanity and sympathy above selfishness and hate—though hate, per se, is both selfish and sensual, in that it is reason and love exercised negatively.
Anger by itself is animal emotion, an impulse of the heart, which reason may control. But when sanctioned by reason—the latter co-operating with the ill-feeling of the heart—it becomes prejudice or hatred according to circumstances.
Of course, selfishness, too, partakes of the mind's co-operation, but its origin is in the heart—the soul's medium for the expression of its desires or impulses, as the brain is its medium for the expression of its intelligence or consciousness.
Thought and action exemplify the human being—sensation and emotion the animal—one through the brain and nerves, the other through the heart and blood.
The mediums for the expression of sensation or consciousness and emotion or action (impulses) are the same in both animal and man—only that in man these expressions take the form of reason and love in place of mere instinct; and furthermore may govern each other for effects contrary to their primary intentions—that is, co-operate for results not natural to animal life.
Now, this co-operation or harmony of the animal sense and self in man constitutes the human will—conscious motion and a perfect expression of universal law (intuitively termed divine or omniscient and unimpeded).
Whether this be known as God or Nature, life or law, does not change its real condition, which must be like man's will, an intelligently conscious motive power, infinite and absolute; and we may presume to say omnipresent, thus a unit in its force of control—that is, one law, one will, one mind—thought and action in perfect harmony, and the state to which man is tending as an individualization of the original.
But as nothing perfect is ever accomplished without effort, this individualized godship also needs effort—personal and unaided by any foreign power, except in administering advice, which can be better given by those who have been purged by suffering and trials than by those who simply offer theories as salutary measures.
Man's will is his only law—that conscious motive-power which is compounded of reason and love—and thus his only guide. Whatever that does or directs the body to do, or imposes on others to do for him, that forms the man to be.
Sensualism and selfishness are animal passions. Man is only so far above the animal as he subdues these passions in himself. Reason and love set the limit to his indulgences. If he exceeds that limit he has not heeded these divine monitors, though his faith may be strong to the contrary. But faith is a deceiver in many things, and most especially in deceiving ourselves. To have faith in that ever-present unity of force and intelligence, called God, need not create embarrassment; for its existence is proved by its effect, man. But to imagine that such faith is sin-abolishing, is as readily disproved by the effects: physical and conscience pains for overstepping the limit which reason and love permit man to indulge sense and self.
But as the mental and spiritual forces of this animal man increase in activity by indulging them (and to which there is no limit) the tastes or desires for their opposites decrease. Truth-seeking and the exercise of humanity are the only articles of faith in God's church of the universe; and those who obey these need no assurance of salvation from human sources.
Those who believe in prayer, let them pray. They will be answered in exact harmony with the nature of their supplication. A selfish prayer is very apt to draw on one's self what he craves for another, and vice versa. If God is omnipresent, it is therefore dangerous to address him. A selfish prayer is nothing more nor less than a curse, which, as people say, returns to its own donor. Nobody cares for an unspiritual vibration, whether in the form of a curse, a criticism or a curse, and therefore repels it—unconsciously returning it to its owner. Now, God, if he is cognizant of our little efforts in that direction, may be more sensitive to such vibrations than we are, and they may recoil on us more effectively than we surmise. But whether we pray or not, our feelings, thoughts, wishes, desires, etc., must be known to an intelligence

in which we virtually dwell, or which surrounds us as air; and it thus becomes a matter of experiment to have experience. That light and comfort have been extended is without doubt; or even guidance given in cases where reason and love warranted the attraction. But that it will wash away the wrongs committed, of which we have had the benefit and pleasure, is beyond reason or justice to believe. And as universal or divine law must stand for absolute truth and justice, it may be inferred that it needs its synonym, if but relatively so, to affirm it with it.
There is neither truth nor justice in deception—reason or love misapplied. Hate being the very antithesis of love, can have no affinity with divine law whatsoever; and a prayer for victory over an opponent becomes at once an impotent or vain effort and an expression of hatred, which must recoil on the progenitor.
Hate is to love what lust is to reason—the very opposites to the spirituality required for soul-perfection—both partaking of the combined forces, and thus constitute conscious motion, or the will exercised negatively—diametrically opposed to natural law, and beyond the limitations of reason and love in their most liberal moods. The opposite poles of lust and hatred are therefore reason and love as human qualifications, or purity and justice as exemplifying principles. And those who practice the latter in all that this involves have risen above their animal nature—are on the safe road to salvation or soul-individualization.

The Power of Evil.

In the olden times it was not strange that the powers of evil predominated. Ignorance prevailed to so large an extent that the vast majority of people were under its dominion; hence persecution, robbery and crime of all sorts were carried on to an alarming degree. But in these days of general intelligence, when science and evolution have uncovered many former mysteries and revealed their true source, it does seem strange that these evil forces still exert such powerful influence, and are able to drag down even those who are honest, intelligent, reputable and progressive people.
In my experience of over forty years in spiritual investigation, and a larger acquaintance among believers and mediums, I have noticed that many of the finest and very best mediums have been the most sorely troubled, been dragged, as it were, through the fiery furnaces of terrible affliction and made to suffer almost beyond human endurance. Such experiences seem unaccountable; and yet if we could see all the conditions and environments we might be convinced that it was all right and designed for the best.
We must believe that the universe is governed by a Supreme Intelligence that "doeth all things well"; still, so many things occur that are to our understanding so very unjust and wrong, that we are utterly unable to reconcile them.
Those who are noble and high minded and well versed in the spiritual philosophy are supposed to be surrounded by a wise and powerful band of loving invisibles, who are able to protect them from the attacks of dark and malicious ones in earth, form, and yet these very people are often set upon and wickedly charged with some offence or crime of which they are not guilty and are even condemned by the courts in our boasted land of justice and liberty. Your humble correspondent has recently passed through such a terrible experience and is utterly unable to understand how it could all be brought about, with no good reason or logic or justice to sustain the action. Why the truth should fail to convince the jury and why injustice, wicked persecution and falsehood should prevail is a hard question to solve.
If a life of industry, honesty and well-doing cannot uphold itself against a vile attack by low, malicious and dishonest persons, what hope or assurance is there of not being robbed of your last dollar and sent to the poor house to worry out a miserable existence.
I have always had unbounded faith in the triumph of right and justice finally, especially in the life beyond, but it would seem that we ought to approach that condition here on this plane, in view of the general intelligence that prevails in this great land of ours.
Rockland, Me. Freeman W. Smith.

Easter Visions.

"We shall have no flowers this Easter to remind us of Easter," said Ethel Langdon, as she tenderly watered and trimmed the few plants in the little parlor window. She spoke more to herself than to the tiny sister who, needle in hand, was fitting a piece of silk around the body of a doll, making what she called "dolly's Easter dress."
"Never mind, Ethel," replied the child. "You make a paper lily, and play it grewed."
"Dear little comforter," Ethel said, kissing the rosy lips, but turning to hide the tear that dimmed her eye. "If we could only know that mama is beside us, as some believe, it would truly be Easter, the resurrection morn., without a flower to speak of the new life expressed in its existence."
Little Birdie did not answer; she was too much interested in the fit of the blue silk Easter dress to heed the words, but she looked up suddenly, after a moment of puckering and pulling of the cloth, and exclaimed, "I saw mama last night."
Ethel turned quickly and looked at the child. Birdie sat leaning forward, her large blue eyes open wide, one hand holding the golden curls back, while the doll lay forgotten on the floor.
"I just remembered," she said. "But I did see her in our room. She looked bright and sunshiny and seemed to be praying. I started to call you and she disappeared. I thought it a dream, so went to sleep, but now I know it was not a dream, for I heard the clock strike two just before, so I must have been awake. I wonder why she did not wait till I called you?"
"But you dreamed it, dear," said Ethel. "Mama has gone to heaven."
"Yes, but she did come just to see if we were all doing as she taught us to. I forgot to say my prayer before I went to bed, and she was saying it for me, just as she used to do when I was so sleepy I could only listen to the words she said, and think that was what I wanted to say. I know she was there, for I saw her."
She had settled the question to her own satisfaction, and picking up the doll proceeded to pucker and unpucker the piece of cloth.
Ethel watched her closely, as she arranged the room, dusting each article mechanically, for the child had given her food for thought. Was it possible that the dead returned? Easter was the day Jesus rose from the dead. She never doubted that he came as a spirit in bodily form to comfort his disciples. If he could come and had taught that all would go to the same home where he was going, why could not others come to comfort those left behind?
Birdie had often told of strange things, but the child seemed more allied to the spirit world than to mortal life, and a fear came into Ethel's mind. Could it be that the mother, who the Easter before taught them of Jesus' resurrection, had come to her baby, and if it was true was it to take Birdie to herself? Was it a warning?

Many and sad were the thoughts that chased each other through the young girl's mind.
As the quiet of the night settled around her she tossed restlessly in her bed, and at last dropped into a troubled sleep from which she was awakened by Birdie's hand pulling at her arm. "Listen," the child whispered, and Ethel heard as if in the distance, came bells pealing forth an Easter anthem. As the sound died away the air seemed filled with the perfume of violets, a soft light floated over them and sweet music filled the room. In wonder she listened, for voices seemed singing a familiar hymn, a choir of angels filling the room with celestial music. It was wonderful beyond anything she had ever heard.
"I see mama," whispered Birdie, "she stands beside the bed."
A yellow light seemed hovering before the child then floated across the room and paused before the mirror. It was there reflected, and from the mist appeared her mother's face, then the whole outlines of a figure clothed in white surrounded by a golden light. The mirrored eyes looked at her, the lips parted as if to speak, but only smiled and was gone—Mrs. May A. Price, dictated by my Spirit guides.

One Little Life.

Charles E. Dana.

One of the prettiest homes in Dover was that of Alan Gilmore. He was the junior member of the firm of Foster & Co., Bankers and Brokers. At the age of fifteen he found employment in the office as their office boy and messenger, but by strict attention, and honesty in regard to the interests of his employers, he rose step by step until he was made a member of the firm.
Alan Gilmore had been married about three years; he had married a farmer's daughter. It was a case of love at first sight. Three short, happy years and now again came Christmas time. As Alan Gilmore walked up the little gravel walk that led to his cosy home, he missed his wife's cheerful smile, and word of greeting, for she always met him at the door. Instead Dr. Gordon opened the door and extending his hand, said:
"Mr. Gilmore, allow me to congratulate you upon the birth of a beautiful little girl." A look of contempt and scorn overcame the face of Alan Gilmore. "A girl? I beg your pardon, Doctor. Please do not congratulate me. I fail to see anything to be elated over."
The Doctor passed on and Alan Gilmore entered his wife's room. Stepping to the bedside he pressed a kiss upon Marjiam's cheek then turning was about to leave the room.
"Wait and see baby," said his wife.
"I do not wish to see it," answered the husband. "A girl is the drag upon a father's life. If it had been a boy, I would have been a happy father. This is the one dark shadow that has come into our happy life."
"Oh Alan, don't talk so, for baby may prove to be our guardian angel; what shall we name her?"
"I do not care whether she has a name or not. I am sure that I shall not lose any of my time in naming a girl," said Alan as he left the room.
Three years passed. Alan Gilmore was the same kind, loving husband as of old, but with his child he was as cold and unkind as though she had no part in his life. When he came home from the office little Ruth would run to meet him, but for her he had no smile or word of greeting.
Three years more passed. A great sorrow came to Alan Gilmore. Death entered his home taking from him his wife, the idol of his heart, and leaving him alone with his unloved child. Neighbors wondered what kind of a life the child would lead. He always ate his meals alone and gave strict orders that his child should not enter the dining room when he was eating. Christmas came and went. He gave his child no presents and the day passed as all the other long, weary days.
The Masonic Lodge of which Alan Gilmore was a member was to celebrate New Year's Day in Boston. Upon New Year's morning as he was eating his breakfast, the dining-room door was quietly opened and little Ruth walked into the room.
"Papa, are you going away today?"
"I am," answered her father.
"Papa, dear, won't you please stay at home with me today? I feel sick."
"No, I cannot. If you are not well, go to bed and you will feel better."
"Last New Year's day mama was sick and you stayed at home with her."
"You and your mother are entirely different. Now don't bother me any longer, for I have no time to lose," and her father pointed to the door signifying that he wished her to leave him alone. What a grief to the little girl, this father and child. Who will be the first to find that gift so that perfect love shall take the place of the indifference that now exists?
Alan Gilmore spent the day and evening in Boston. Dinner and supper and the different exercises of the day filled every moment. Never a thought of lonely little Ruth going from window to window watching the people as they hurried by with happy faces entered his mind. When he arrived home late in the evening he immediately retired, but he could not sleep. His mind was filled with thoughts of his dead wife, of the happy New Year's days he had enjoyed with her in his home.
As these thoughts passed through his mind the knob of his door turned, then the door opened and little Ruth entered the room.
"Papa, I feel very sick and I guess I am going to meet mama. Do you want me to carry a message to her for you?"
Before her father could reach her, Ruth had fallen in a little white heap upon the floor. For the first time in six years Alan Gilmore took his child in his arms and carried her to her own little room and laid her in her own bed.
A telephone message was sent for Dr. Gordon, the family physician, to call at once. When he arrived he found that Ruth was delirious with brain fever and it was very uncertain whether her life could be saved.
During the next few weeks Alan Gilmore hardly left his child's side. Finally a day came when the doctor called him aside:
"Tonight, at twelve o'clock the fever will turn. It is a very critical case, but love, and the care love bestows, will save her life if anything will."
That day and the evening passed very slowly to the now anxious father. Just as the twelve o'clock bells were ringing there was a slight and a stir from the little form upon the bed. The father bent to listen. The dark eyes opened wide, and looking into her father's face the child said, "You did stay at home with Ruth today, papa."
"Yes, my darling child, and I will not leave you again."
The days passed very quickly, and Ruth grew stronger both in body and mind through the long wished for love of her father which she had at last found, and now the world looked more beautiful. The trees were just putting on their delicate spring garments and the fields and lawns were just beginning to show their new carpet of living green.
Two short, happy years passed in this new found love, for father and child. But Ruth never regained perfect health. She was slowly fading away like a beautiful flower. The best physicians were consulted and

everything that money could do was done to restore her health, but it was in vain.
One beautiful Sunday afternoon as Ruth was sitting in the little parlor of their pleasant home with her father by her side she said:
"Papa, dear, I want to make some one happy before I die. You know that I have one hundred dollars in the bank all my own. Are you willing, papa, that I should do anything with it that I want to?"
"Yes," answered her father, "you may do anything you wish."
"Well," said Ruth, "I want to start a nursery home for babies and little children who have no one to love them. I want to give my one hundred dollars to start it."
Her father winced as Ruth said these words, for his mind went back to the years when his child had been unloved and alone.
"We will have a meeting here tomorrow," said her father, "and your wish shall be granted."
"Oh thank you, papa, it will make me the happiest little girl in the world," said the child.
The next day half a dozen of Mr. Gilmore's friends met in her room. Ruth explained what she wished her nursery home to be. A committee was appointed to secure a building and fit it up suitably to accommodate six children. For the next four weeks the new project was the talk of Dover. Contributions began to pour in and at the end of the month it was found that the funds amounted to one thousand dollars.
The home was to be opened upon New Year's day. A room had been fitted up especially for Ruth, for she had expressed a wish to be in the home as long as she lived. She was so weak now that she could only sit up in bed a little while at a time.
New Year's day came at last. Ruth, lying on her little cot, looking up, saw her father enter the room with a great bunch of white roses in his hand.
"Oh, papa, how beautiful they are. How many children are there in the home?"
"There are five little ones," answered her father.
"Bring them all in, papa," said Ruth.
They were brought in and placed upon the bed and Ruth tried to amuse them to the best of her ability. Visitors would come and look in the door and turn away with tears in their eyes. This day of joy to Ruth passed and night came. Her father came to kiss her and bid her his customary goodnight.
"Papa, take me in your arms and carry me to the window. I want to see the stars."
Her father wrapped her up warmly and folding her in his arms carried her to the window.
"Oh, papa, dear, see that great shining star. It is dear mama and she is coming to meet me. Kiss me, papa, for I must go with her. Some day she will come to live with us and we will all be happy."
In the morning Alan Gilmore was found sitting by the window with the lifeless form of his child in his arms.
Every New Year's night a lonely, white-haired man sits in Ruth's room at the window and watches the stars. If anyone speaks to him he tells them that he is watching and waiting for the time when his angel stars shall come and guide him home.

Crowns and Kingdoms.

Excerpts from a recent lecture by Mr. George A. Porter, of Boston, Mass.

Truth is to the soul what wisdom is to the mind, and love is to the heart. Nothing but truth can feed the soul. Truth is always the same, eternal—immutable. It is our aspect toward the truth which alone can change.
Men have searched far and wide for the kingdom wherein is found the fountain of eternal youth. It is only found in the kingdom of love. When we enter the domain of love, we wear a sunless crown. We care not for mid-day fads, or the midnight stars; we have transformed all death into life.
The man who scoffs at love is a spiritual cripple and a dwarf; he has curvature in his moral life. For him who loves truly and well, life and love go hand in hand, such a one rules his own kingdom. Love turns night into day. In the darkest moment of life, in the loneliest desert, the star of love sheds its perpetual light and feeds the soul's deepest longings. It is all that makes life worth living. Then press toward it, O mortals, expect it, reach out your souls to this angel messenger. It will be found in every dell or valley, await you on every mountain-top, it broods in palace or hut, as one sweet uplifting impulse from a pure heart, the expression of the soul. For there are three kinds of love, the animal love, the spiritual love and the soul love.
Love is the power that inspires us, the force which sustains us, the song that harmonizes all discords. It gives us the strength of a legion of men. Love has no boundaries, no limitations. It is as vast as the Over Soul, the Under Soul, the great surrounding, and encircling soul of all the universe. When man has dwelt in the perpetual hell of his own selfishness, only the star of love can usher him into the light of day and call down, in every life eventually, this glorious day must dawn, the sun will arise. It is God's promise, ay, God's fulfillment to man. On this plateau of Divine love, we find eternal life. The Fountain of Youth is right within our own bosoms. Love is the true patent of nobility.
Death is not the worst messenger to man. Life is the more grievous burden. O Death, where is thy sting? For harder often than the sting of death is the perpetuation of life. But love is all winning. He who purely, generously loves belongs to the royal family, and is heir apparent to a substantial throne.—Contributed.

Letters from Our Readers.

The editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with or to bury so as of presenting views that may elicit discussion.

"The Origin of Sex."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The human being is a unit in potentiality, with two poles, in one or the other of which he finds expression during his pilgrimage of experience. These poles are positive and negative, wisdom and love, father and mother; in the physical kingdom masculine and feminine.
If at birth the incarnating soul is functioning in its positive pole, the sex of the body that is forming for its habitation will as a result be the symbol and expression of this positive or centrifugal force, masculine.
If in the negative pole, feminine. The mental attitude or polarity of the parents at the moment of invitation to the soul to incarnate is sympathetic with the polarity of the soul incarnating. Through many experiences and expressions in both poles of its being separately, alternately, the soul at last comes to the point in its experience, evolution, development, where rounded out, balanced by discipline, made whole, (holy), its dual nature or polarities married, it knows at last the re-birth, the at-one-ment, the celestial marriage. No longer expressing but part of itself, but the whole, it stands at last perfected, an image and likeness of its Creator, God, a whole (holy) Son of God, no longer a divided or partial man.
This is the prototype of that cruder union, its counterfeit presentation, physical union between the sexes. The soul is constantly reaching out for that union which is its birth-right, and which in its groping it hopes and thinks to find with those individuals who for the time being are functioning in the opposite pole or sex, physical marriage resulting, often happily, sometimes not. But never will completion and the soul union, the divine marriage, the true at-one-ment, ever be found outside of the individual soul itself. The happiest marriage of individuals can only dimly foreshadow the serenity and peace, the wholeness, the sanctity and bliss that come to the soul crowned by the marriage of its dual potencies.
Jesus was the first on earth to attain this at-one-ment, and his mission was to illustrate in himself this divine marriage that made him a whole (holy) being, the complete image or expression of God, and as the Elder Brother (attaining the re-birth) was a prophecy for all other souls.
For the Christ, or Christus principle is the divine nature in every soul, the spirit of God, and when it has reached its perfect expression is neither man nor woman, but both in one, for they are as the angels are.—M.

"Infants' Skulls."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

That expression "Hell is paved with the skulls of infants not a span long" is, according to my grandmother's statement to me when I was a child, the words of Elder Knapp, a Baptist preacher. My grandmother was the wife of William Barnicot, who was chief of the Boston Fire Department for nearly 20 years. They were both Unitarians of earliest date, and she used to contrast the liberal belief with the one of Elder Knapp, and told me many stories of his awful sayings—the devil holding a sinner on a pitchfork over blazing hell, etc. He preached in Tremont Temple the last of his days as a revivalist, and I went one evening to hear him. It was a frightful listen to him. Yours respectfully, Lucy Barnicot.

175 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In answer to the question, Who said "Hell was paved with infant skulls—not a span long," Rev. Jonathan Edwards, an old time Presbyterian, has had that distinction.—J. Robinson.

Albin, Miss.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the last "Banner" I see a request made like this: "Who was the author of that old expression: 'Hell is paved with the skulls of infants not a span long'?" It was old Jonathan Edwards. There were two Edwards, father and son; the father was the author. Dogma and authority have ever been the curse of humanity, the great extinguisher of light and truth. Respectfully yours, Mrs. Cyrus Aldrich.

85 South 9th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Cease "Knocking."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It takes all kinds of people to make a world and the "knocker" (is perhaps) as necessary as the individual who tries each day to do something that will benefit, physically or intellectually, his neighbor or others.
No sooner does one person dash out into the current and attempt to do something, out of the ordinary, than they are attacked by the "knockers" who try in every way imaginable to drag them under.
Take the Morris Pratt Institute and the offer of some person (to me unknown) who had offered to donate \$1,000 to the Mediums' Relief Fund for example. I mention these two because they are both referred to in your issue of Feb. 27, 1904.
So much of the valuable time of Moses Hull and Mrs. Stewart is taken up endeavoring to counteract the malicious attacks of people who are so illiterate and narrow that they are not willing to see any person better educated than themselves and who never contribute one cent toward a worthy cause. Truly as Moses Hull says, when the Morris Pratt has been placed on a sound financial basis these same people will be the loudest in their claim "We did it!"
When comes H. V. S. of Somerville, Mass. (man, woman or "knocker," I don't know which). Of course homes are needed, but has not every effort to establish a home met with just the sort of knocking this person is indulging in?
No matter what effort is made there must always be some one to knock, knock, knock. Come now, Spiritualists (if you are such), get out of your narrow, selfish ruts, put your shoulder to the wheel and raise the \$1,000.
If you succeed in this and show that you are intelligent enough to recognize a good offer, who knows how soon your efforts will be appreciated and one or more homes provided. It only needs \$1,000 from 1,000 people to give the Mediums' Relief Fund \$2,000.
But whatever you do—stop knocking.—R. Alston.

From Faithful Friends.

Dear Banner of Light:

Yes, we can truly say the "Banner" is a great light to the world, although there are many around me who would not look at a "Banner" for fear there is something wrong about it. The time is not far distant when they will be glad to know what the dear "Banners" would tell them. I often hear them tell many things that happen that they cannot account for, and they wonder what it is?
My husband and I often get messages from our many friends that have passed along to a higher home. My husband is a true and noble medium, and has been controlled by a high and beautiful class of spirits, when conditions were right, for more than thirty years.
There used to be a good many Spiritualists here in this place, but now there are only about four of us left. If we could have some good medium come here and go among us I think there would be a new awakening with the people.
My subscription has expired, so please find a postoffice order for two dollars to pay up for another year.
I wish to keep the paper coming so as to show our colors and let all know, if we are over 80 years, we are true to our knowledge of spirit life.—Mrs. Geo. K. Hinds.
Eden Mills, Vt., March 8th, 1904.
Robbins—We had quite a time at the dinner table today. There were no less than ten men there, but not one of them could be induced to try to carve the turkey.
Hurley—And every one of them believes himself capable of carving his way to affluence.
Barnes—They say that Dr. Piller has no sense of humor.
Shed—Well, he hasn't, has he?
Barnes—I should say he had; very keen sense of humor. He's my family physician, you know, and when I met him this forenoon, he said he hoped my people were all well.
She—How happened it that you didn't get along any earlier this evening, John? I suspect you called upon some other woman.
He—Well, what of that? When you go to the dictionary for a word, don't you almost invariably waste more or less time over other words that come in the way?

The Reviewer.

About Gods.

The Twilight of the Gods, an Essay, By Mowry Saben, Unity Publishing House, New Bedford, Mass.

This is an interesting little booklet, and displays the wide reading of its author, who quotes from a large number of writers, both ancient and modern. His style is sententious, and there are many quotable sentences to be met with during a perusal of its pages. The key note is the gospel of Freedom, but we have only space for the following quotation: "The twilight of the gods is a stern reality. We may take that home as a lesson. But let us not fall to take home with us also the lesson that there are some things which can never die. The deeds of courage may perish, but Courage survives. The works of strength may disappear, but Strength remains. The world and the gods may perish in the twilight, but the forces of nature are seated in an imperishable fortress. Thoughts may die; but Thought shall radiate all the skies. The work of our hands, and the realities of our brains, and the slight material which we call our home, might dissolve like the unsubstantial pageant of Prospero's, but the soul which is the light of our life, and the inspirer of all our actions is the imperishable force of nature which had no beginning, and can know no ending."—U. T. P.

More Speculations.

The Guide to Immortality: or, the Child's First Lessons in Spiritual Science. By Dr. George Miller, Diamond, Ark. Price \$1.00. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company.

The promises of this work are in part expressed by the following quotation from the preface, in which the author says: "I propose to show in this book that we can only claim that which we create, and that society rests upon a lie. I will prove this by scientific analysis. I will demonstrate beyond all cavil that law is altogether of man's begetting, and was purposely instituted to defeat and take the place of Justice. Law is the begotten of religion, and religion is the first born of priestcraft."

The value of the scientific analysis that our author presents may be not unfairly estimated from the following excerpt from Lesson No. 20: "We will now take up the plural, the fish. They followed the animals, and there were a great many kinds. Most of all the more beautiful have disappeared. The fish were all of the dual construction. Why this was the case I have never inquired of the Messengers, hence, I cannot give the reason. I have seen and talked with fish who were trine (otherwise they would not have come here). They came here as visitors from an adjoining system. My guide and teacher had them pay us a visit, and it has, and always will be, a pleasant memory. The mermaid is not with us, but the mermaid is not altogether a fiction. She has an existence as real and you and I,"—after which fish story, the rest had better be silence.—U. T. P.

The Power of Love.

Love: the Divine Force which Rules the Universe. By Hannah Barron Hibbard. The Reed Publishing Company, Denver, Colo.

This is a pretty written book of some 90 pages, which will be read with pleasure by those whose emotions are easily stirred by appeal such as the authoress presents, and who can be reached by the sentimental aspects of Christian beliefs. According to the writer, "Love is the divine force which rules the universe." That love, our authoress says, is most expressive in the character of Jesus, for "if we but knew the great and glorious love of God, our Savior, Jesus Christ, we would not hesitate to take up our labors and live as new men in every way we could," to prove that sweet and perfect good alone could enter into our lives, we presume is intended?—U. T. P.

Some April Magazines.

The Century.—The most novel feature of the April Century is the opening part of Dr. Weir Mitchell's new record of "The Youth of Washington," told in the form of an autobiography. With it is given a portrait of Dr. Mitchell, recently made by John S. Sargent. Dr. Mitchell's unique experiment is the fruit of years of research, and challenges attention by its combination of the interest of fact with the interest of fiction. Readers interested in the war in the East will turn first of all to "The Great Siberian Railway," a paper written from recent personal investigation by James W. Davidson, lately appointed United States Consul at Antung. Mr. Davidson had unique facilities for his four months' study of the great thoroughfare. He writes chiefly of its operations in time of peace, but its important relationship to the war gives special timeliness to the article. A paper of current interest in scientific investigation, entitled "Protocoon and Disease," is contributed by Gary N. Calkins, of Columbia University, whose important work in tracing the life history of the small-pox germ is about to be announced. The article is illustrated by the author. "Landmarks of Poe in Richmond," by Charles Marshall Graves, is a paper of identifications in a field of perennial interest, and is illustrated by pictures by Harry Penn and by a number of new portraits. "The fights of the Fur Companies," by Agnes C. Laut, is a chapter of adventure in the Louisiana Purchase, illustrated by Remington, Kenn and others, and presenting a quaint and hitherto unpublished portrait of John Jacob Astor. Maurice Maeterlinck, whose article, "Our Friend, the Dog," in a recent number of The Century attracted very large attention, contributes an essay on "Sincerity and Love."

Questions and Answers.

Question.—Some years ago my father and I, between whom there existed a great affinity and fondness, entered into an agreement. Our compact was that the one dying first should use all possible means to communicate with the one still on earth. Some five years have passed, and as yet I have heard nothing from him. Could you tell me of any method of aiding him or bringing about the result I so much desire? I have had no mediumistic experiences.—Grace D. Watson, Philadelphia, Pa.

Answer.—In reply to this question we would remark that our correspondent's experience is by no means singular and seems interpretable on only one hypothesis, viz., that though there is close spiritual union between two souls, it often occurs that means are lacking for outwardly demonstrating this affinity. When you are asleep, your father and you are truly together, and did you remember on awaking your night's experiences, you would certainly realize actually much of the soul communion you enjoy. As it is, your father and you, though closely related spiritually, cannot hold external converse, therefore it seems to you that you do not meet with him. We should strongly advise that you suggest to yourself the habit of awaking very slowly and recollecting what has related to your "sub" or "super" conscious life while you were asleep. Then it will be

well for you to select some convenient place and time for quiet contemplation, taking it tacitly for granted that your father and you are sure to hold communion.

Whenever you feel desirous of sitting quietly with a clairvoyant or any sensitive person with whom you feel in natural accord, such a practice may facilitate your realization of what you so much desire to prove. The question is asked very frequently: "Why do our friends visit mediums who are strangers to us instead of approaching us directly?" The answer is found self-evidently—the very nature of sensitiveness for which mediumship is only another name. The clairvoyant sees and the clairaudient hears what is intended for you, but you are not attuned to detect precisely those psychic or astral vibrations which the clair-sentient medium detects in a measure often, and occasionally, perfectly. That your father and you are in close spiritual communion was a thoroughly sure, and we advise the methods indicated to bring home to you the consciousness of this reality.

Question.—Do you think all great poems are written inspirationally? If so, how do you account for the production of such a masterpiece as Bryant's "Thanatopsis," the sentiments of which would seem impossible to a spirit knowing that there is a life beyond the grave.—Grace D. Watson.

Answer.—We do teach emphatically and unequivocally that all great poems are produced inspirationally, but we do not thereby imply that William Cullen Bryant, or any other noble bard, had nothing to do with his poetry beyond serving as an amanuensis for an unseen dictator. Bryant's "Thanatopsis" has never impressed us as materialistic, in even the slightest degree, though it sets forth the struggles, and recounts the experiences of a soul wrestling with a problem of life, and seeking to find duty. There is no denial of life beyond the grave in any of Bryant's utterances, though agnostic passages are here and there discoverable.

Will our correspondent kindly inscribe the passages which seem to her irreconcilable with knowledge and of life immortal, and we will gladly endeavor to throw light upon them. We are convinced that poets work in conjunction with unseen helpers, and that there is a blended result in the final output. This accounts often, as in the case of Bryant's verse, for much diversity of view.

Boston Spiritual Temple.

Last Sunday, the Boston Spiritual Temple Society celebrated the Fifty-sixth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, holding meetings at 10.45, 2.30 and 7.30. Mr. Wiggins, the pastor, spoke in the morning with reference to the importance of the advent, development and the future of Spiritualism and in the evening the contrast between earth and spirit life was most vividly set forth in Mr. Wiggins' address, which was delivered to a very large and appreciative audience.

The Ladies' Schubert Quartet was at its best, while the rich contralto voice of Winnie C. Butler and the leading tenor of Boston, Mr. Herbert Johnson, delighted the audiences with solos.

Space forbids anything more than a most imperfect and brief synopsis of Mr. Wiggins' sermon.

"It is but natural that your minds should go back today with feelings of gratitude to that event of 1848 which we have gathered here to celebrate. We would go with all of you back to that time and event, and look upon the little house at Hydeville, as we may behold it bathed in the light of spirit presence, and remain there just long enough for us to gain a renewed inspiration, which shall serve as help to continue the great work which is before us."

"The fact of the advent of modern Spiritualism is of itself of vast importance, because it presents to all an opportunity for taking the first step upon the stairway of eternal progression. The fact which we would celebrate today includes that first step and much more, for we celebrate a truth which is at once a religion, a science and a philosophy, which is bringing light and life to the world. It is a truth of spiritual significance, and therefore carries with it the quality of an eternal survival."

"It is only the coward, who, after the battle, boasts of his victory, and therefore we will pass lightly over all considerations of the conflicts which have been experienced by the advocates of Spiritualism during the past fifty-six years. In consequence of revelation from spirits and struggles of mortals, we have gained some spiritual possessions, but may we not forget that actual possession is not so valuable a wealth as a complete understanding of the laws whereby we may further attain."

"Many an index-finger points today, with unerring accuracy, to the necessity of a greater and fuller practice of such heavenly qualities of life as the advent of modern Spiritualism came to reveal."

"This important advent brought to this world all that any honest person can possibly demand. It brought the revelation of unlimited opportunities. Any person who asks for more than an opportunity to be able to perform the just and equitable requirements of life, so as to be able to gain the most valuable results, is either a pitiable beggar or a contemptible thief looking to another to do for him that which he is too lazy and indifferent to do for himself."

"No opportunity ever confronted a people like that which presents itself to Spiritualists for spreading the grandest aspects of truth of the ages, and for illuminating the mentally and spiritually dark places in human life. As the opportunity is great, in like proportion is the responsibility which accompanies it."

"We are capable of responding to all the demands in this direction if a realization of the at-one-ment with the spiritual is our possession. As Spiritualists, we have no excuse if we are not so equipped. Our revelation of facts, ways and means have indeed been rich. We are then equipped to serve the spiritual interests of humanity, unless we have been lingering in the midst of the 'flesh-pots' of spiritualistic phenomena instead of attending to 'our father's business.'"

"It is not the province of Spiritualists to longer cater to an ignorant demand for mere entertainment, made by a mob of interlopers, who are, as yet, incapable of an equal, if no greater, reverence for the loving message of an angel than they have for personal gratification."

"In view of the importance of the work, as related to the medium and other public advocates of Spiritualism, it is highly important that they be surrounded with only such environments as suggest purity and generate lofty aspirations. Important as is the necessity for a higher development of mediumship, and with all reverence for the spirits who co-operate with their mediums, we insist that no less important is the necessity of a better education of our mediums. Ignorant mediums and imperfect mediumship finds but little excuse for obtaining and the greatest good of the Cause demands that none but the best should be chosen to publicly advocate it. Ignorant mediums and bad mediumship are in no little measure the cause of the demand coming from other than spiritual centers. The thinking world no longer stands in awe before the fact that spirits exorcise can do certain things, but rather stands in the attitude of admiration or condemnation before the thing done, regardless of whether it is done by a spirit or by a mortal."

"All personalities are rapidly yielding to principles, and therefore the writing upon a slate by a spirit is considered no more valuable, independent of certain phenomenon, than the same writing performed by a mortal. It is rather what is written upon the slate which in the last analysis is respected or despised. In the mediumistic phenomenon, what may be said while in a trance state is considered no more valuable than if the same thing was said by a mortal while in the normal state. It is that which is said which arrests the attention of the thoughtful and is determined valuable or valueless."

"We are certainly under no necessity of arguing the fact of spirit communication, but there may be discovered a legitimate reason for emphasizing the importance of spiritual communion."

N. A. S. Missionaries' Report.

During the month of February we visited four local societies, served the Michigan State Association at its mid-winter meeting held at Jackson, Mich., did the preliminary work of the Indiana State Convention, and helped to complete its organization.

The Michigan mid-winter meeting was a very successful one in point of numbers in attendance and in the presentation of the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism. The work of the mediums and speakers present was of the highest order and of the most convincing character. Much good for our Cause and the cause of organization was accomplished.

We visited Sturgis, where we held four meetings. We succeeded in chartering this society with the Michigan State Association. This society owns the oldest Spiritualist church in the world. Hitherto it has held aloof from the State and National organizations, but now that they come to see the great good that is being done by these organizations they have gladly swung into line and taken a charter with the Michigan State Association. One by one societies as well as individuals who have not favored organization are coming to see the mighty importance of organized co-operative work for Spiritualism.

At Flint, Ind., we found the little society that we organized three years ago still active; it has only a dozen members, yet it has held regular meetings once in two weeks ever since it was organized, besides holding an occasional meeting in a public hall whenever they have been able to secure a public worker.

This little society has paid its dues, and taken up a collection once each year for the benefit of the N. S. A. It has never deemed it a hardship but a privilege to thus help the good cause along. It has lost one or two of its most active members by their passing to the higher life. Its workers have never become discouraged in the good work. The members will see to it that no one of their society is buried by an orthodox minister, but when one shall pass to the higher life a Spiritualist funeral with a competent Spiritualist minister will be in attendance to comfort the friends and carry out the wishes of the arisen one. Some other societies might profit by emulating its methods.

The Lafayette, Ind., society, that we organized recently, is doing nicely. It has leased the Universalist Church of that place for one year and when we were there were having it repainted and refitted. The members are working hard to place Spiritualism on its proper plane and to lift it out of the disrepute into which the "Fortune Teller" fakirs have dragged it. The Cause is safe in the hands of this society and will be vindicated and defended while its teachings will be properly presented to the public through the efforts of its members.

We stopped at Elwood, Ind., and held a seance on our way to Anderson, meeting with some of the good friends there, and then went on to the State Convention.

The Indiana State Convention, which was held at Anderson, Ind., Feb. 26 to 28 inclusive, was a grand gathering of the representative Spiritualists of the state. It was a very harmonious convention and most excellent work was done. Among other things the following by-law was adopted:

Art. II of the By-Laws of The Indiana State Spiritualists' Association, Sec. 1. The president shall appoint one Superintendent for each Congressional District in the state. Said appointment to be approved by the Board of Trustees.

Duties of Superintendents. Each Superintendent shall have the supervision of his own district under the authority and direction of the said Board of Trustees and shall co-operate with the president in missionary work, and together shall devise ways and means by which missionaries may be employed in his territory.

Sec. 3. The Superintendents are authorized to visit and encourage societies, assist in organizing new ones and arrange dates for missionaries.

Sec. 4. Superintendents shall make quarterly reports to the Secretary of the State Board of Trustees of the financial and spiritual condition of the societies under their respective districts.

Sec. 5. The Superintendents shall report to the president the presence of any person or persons in their respective districts known to them to be unworthy of confidence or impostors doing or attempting to do business as physical or mental mediums or both, or teaching or attempting to teach the religion of Spiritualism.

Sec. 6. It shall be the duty of the president upon the receipt of such information to forward to all of the Superintendents a copy of the same, together with instructions to the Superintendents to make copies of the same and to forward them to the secretaries of the societies under their charge; to the end that the public as well as the Spiritualists and our genuine mediums may be protected.

With this provision of the By-Laws properly carried out, societies may be kept alive and made stronger, new ones will spring into existence.

Quarterly meetings in which the societies of a district may participate will be inaugurated; mass meetings and conventions held; circuits arranged with good speakers and mediums placed upon them, and many other good things may be done to carry the work into every part of the state.

The appointing of Superintendents, as this By-Law provides, will be a great help in driving out unscrupulous persons who disgrace our beloved Cause, as provisions are made by which they may be published to every society in the state. This may be carried to every part of the United States and our Cause freed from them, and the innocent people protected.

We are receiving letters from different parts of the country telling of the awful havoc these "fakirs" are creating in our ranks. Some of them have the "gall" to announce themselves as N. S. A. Missionaries, which, according to law, makes them candidates for the penitentiary.

Here is an extract from one of these letters: "This city has been overrun with frauds and self-styled mediums. Last fall Dr. (giving his name) came, sent, so he said, to organize. He had a fine hall three nights. He was 'full' each night and then had 'Jim Jams,' called it 'obsession,' then left the city. There is a Dr. (now on trial, brought on requisition from (another state) for swindling, who was here posing as a clairvoyant and trance medium. He got sums ranging from \$100.00 to \$500.00."

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Have You Uric Acid, Rheumatism or Bladder Trouble?

Pain or dull ache in the back is unmistakable evidence of kidney trouble. It is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

If these danger signals are unheeded, more serious results are sure to follow; Bright's disease which is the worst form of kidney trouble may steal upon you.

The mild and the extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands out highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. A trial will convince anyone—and you may have a sample bottle free, by mail.

Swamp-Root Entirely Cured Me.

Among the many famous cures of Swamp Root investigated by the Banner of Light, the one we publish this week for the benefit of our readers, speaks in the highest terms of the wonderful curative properties of this great kidney remedy.

Gentlemen—I attribute my present good health to Swamp-Root. I suffered many years with kidney trouble and had an almost constant pain in my back. Your great remedy, Swamp-Root, cured my trouble, and I have since been perfectly well.

Yours truly,
B. H. Chalker, Ex. Chief of Police,
Ozark, Ala.

Lame back is only one symptom of kidney trouble—many others showing that you need Swamp Root are, obliged to pass water often during the day and to get up many times at night, inability to hold your urine, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, catarrh of the bladder, uric acid, constant headache, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness, irregular heart-beating, rheumatism, bloating, irritability, wretched feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion.

If your water when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle 'or twenty four hours, forms a sediment or settling, or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science. Swamp-Root is the great discovery of Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist. Hospitals use it with wonderful success in both slight and severe cases. Doctors recommend it to their patients and use it in their own families, because they recognize in Swamp Root the greatest and most successful remedy.

To Prove What SWAMP-ROOT, the Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy Will do for YOU, Every Reader of Banner of Light May Have a Sample Bottle Absolutely Free by Mail.

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

from several parties here whom he made believe he could tell them where large sums of money were buried. And so of some of the phenomenal mediums who have been here, they have been detected as fraud, or drunk. This has given Spiritualism a bad odor, and made the more intelligent people very skeptical."

The above is a fair sample of these letters, though some of them tell the story in detail, causing tears to fill one's eyes while reading them. Societies are ruined, people robbed, cheated and deceived by these land pirates and all in the name of our beautiful Spiritualism.

Let the Spiritualists of every State Association appoint Superintendents to look after their interests in their allotted districts, and thus help to free ourselves from this condition which threatens the ruin of the good work of Spiritualism in many localities.—E. W. Sprague and wife, N. S. A. Missionaries.

Lake Helen, Fla.

On Sunday, March 20, the closing sessions of the Southern Cassandra Camp at Lake Helen, Florida, were very successfully held. Three large gatherings convened at 10.30 a.m., 2 and 7.30 p.m. Mr. E. W. Bond and Dr. Hilligoss presided with grace and dignity. The speakers were Mrs. Carrie Twing, Mrs. Coffmann, and W. J. Colville. Beautiful solos and duets were rendered by Misses Whitney and Sallans, and W. J. Colville. The floral display, consisting of many colored roses and scarlet and white lilies, was more than ordinarily attractive. The best of good feeling has prevailed during the six weeks and seven Sundays which have been devoted to the regular exercises of the Winter Assembly.

Financially, as well as otherwise, the season has been a brilliant one. Not only have debts been cancelled and all workers liberally remunerated, but a handsome sum has been placed in the treasury. Meetings held under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary netted a balance of profit amounting to over \$500. The weather has been very favorable, and many invalids have been greatly aided on the path to health by the many invigorating inducements which combine and cluster at Lake Helen.

Though the regular encampment is at an end, the pleasant grounds are by no means deserted and so delighted have many visitors become with the enchanting spot, that they have built cottages and intend to spend 5 or 6 months annually in Florida, escaping thereby the rigors of a northern winter.

Where everyone deserves praise and all workers in their diverse departments have faithfully and lovingly co-operated, no special mention need be made of any, though some have, in the nature of things, been more prominently in the public eye than others. All the lecturers and mediums have worked well together, and there has been no friction, though their respective fields of action have widely differed.

Prospects for next season are pronounced on every hand brighter than at any other period in Lake Helen's eventful history.—W. J. Colville.

Many actors and singers use Pisco's Cure to strengthen the voice and prevent hoarseness.

When your friend permits you the use of his last office towel, don't use it for your boots; you may want to use it again yourself before he has another.

The all-embracing knowledge of God associated with the act of giving existence is a solemn pledge on his part that the existence given shall prove a final blessing to its possessor.—Thomas B. Thayer.

Christ is a mediator, not in the sense of interposing between us and God, but as showing us the Father, and leading us, too, into the sanctuary, where we may worship and listen for ourselves.—James Drummond.



A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The pendulum of Truth always finds its poise between the extremes. So between the blessed teachings of the East and the blessed teachings of the West the Light of Truth is perceived.—Frank Harrison.

Love, like law, must be sensed to be understood. It is the sunshine of existence to those who realize it; the vision through which all error is forgiven—all human deeds exalted. It is music to those who sense its sweet vibrations.—A. F. Melchers.

The membership of the league against profane swearing now numbers 12,000, located in forty States, two Territories, Canada, England, Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland and South Africa. The Archbishop of Canterbury is at the head of the branch in England.

LONGLEY'S

CHOICE COLLECTION OF

BEAUTIFUL SONGS

For Public Meetings and the Home.

CONTENTS.

I'm thinking dear Mother of you
We miss our Boys at Home
The Land of the bye and bye
When there's love at home
The Land beyond the Stars
They are Waiting at the Portal
When the Dear ones Gather at Home
Resting under the Daisies
The Grand Jubilee
Dear Heart come Home
Mother dear, oh! meet me there
Where the Roses never Fade
In Heaven we'll know our Own
My Mother's tender eyes
I sing my sweetest Song
All hail the dawning Light
The Home that's waiting you
If you love me, tell me so
Beautiful Home of the Angels
Only a sweet and faded Flower
Twilight I sang for you
Those Angel voices
Just as the Sun went down
When I was a child
Something sweet to sing
Faithful unto death
President's grand triumph
Across the Stream
Dear wandering Boy come home
Sweetest I fold my hands
The ring my Mother wore
Sweet beautiful Flowers
Sing to me Darling, to-night
Oh, let me rest
The Stars and Stripes un- furled
Bright land of the West
Open those Forty gates of Light
We shall know our own
Mother, take me in your arms
Mother's beautiful hands
There's a day of triumph
When I come home
Open wide the golden Portal
One by one the old Friends
Fall
I know that they miss me at Home
The soul goes marching on
A thousand years in Spirit
Live
Mother dear, oh! meet me there
Our darling Mamma
The poor Man's glad release
I'm never growing old
Only a glimpse of the face I am seeking
We are journeying home to-day
Sweet voices at twilight
Kiss me good-night
She's waiting there for me
An aspiration
Rest is coming by and bye
Oh when shall we ever get there
There
Hopes of the long ago
Just a Little Father on my baby waits for me
Was I only dreaming, dear-est
Willing near the golden stair
Beams of love light
The Golden Gates are left ajar
Love that never dies
Looking beyond
Will come back to me
The Angel Kissed Me
In vision
Those happy golden days
I threw a Rosebud at thy feet
Gathering Flowers in Heaven
Bright Star of Hope

PRICES.

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

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE
No. 206 Dartmouth Street, next door to Pierce
Building, Copley Sq., Boston, Mass.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS,
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
14 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
41 Chambers Street, New York.

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

Issued by
THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

Full particulars furnished upon application.

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

The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to vouch for
the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which ap-
pear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and
whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons
are using our advertising columns, they are at once interdicted.
We request persons to notify us promptly in case they discover
any dishonest advertisement of persons whom they have proved
to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1904.

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

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

The N. S. A. Declaration of Principles.

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

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

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
6th.

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 4th, otherwise they
will necessarily be held over for the subse-
quent issues.

Among the American contributors whose
favors have reached us, and who have been
invited to tell of their own personal knowl-
edge what they know of the past and pres-
ent of our Cause, and what in their opinion
is before us as a body are: Andrew Jackson
Davis, Hudson Tuttle, Mrs. Cora L. V. Rich-
mond, Mrs. Mary T. Longley, Sec. N. S. A.,
George A. Bacon, Moses Hull, Emma Rood
Tuttle, William Brewster, Rev. F. A. Wig-
gin, Lyman C. Howe, W. J. Colville, Geo.
W. Kates, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Mrs. Anna L.
Gillespie, William Emmette Coleman and
Mrs. Maude Lord Drake.

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

Brevities.

Year 57 of the New Spiritual Era.

A Happy New Year to the readers of the
"Banner of Light."

Many things point to better days for our
Cause in the near future.

The various forms of speculative thought
which some considered were superior to Spir-
itualism are rapidly finding their place in
relation to our philosophy.

Spiritualism rests upon the bed rock of
scientifically proven facts. These facts have
been obtained in the privacy of the seance
room, free from the excitement of the public
platform. Patient experimentation has been
the method of cautious enquirers. Emotional
happenings may at times hit the truth, but
intelligent painstaking enquiry is the safest
method.

Let us have facts. There are plenty of
people who still need to be convinced that our
Cause rests upon facts. Theories may prove
useful when we have facts to stand upon,
but let us first have the facts! The old
which Spiritualism has taken upon the pub-

lic mind is because of its facts enabling it
to speak positively as to the reality of a life
hereafter.

Let us formulate our facts and discover
their relations to science, morals and reli-
gion. In the light of the conclusions then
rendered possible we shall be able to more
correctly appraise the value of the various
schools of reformatory thought in the realms
of society, industry, medicine, politics, and
humanitarianism in general. This new year
time is an excellent period to begin our work
in the above directions.

The editor is pleased to express his regrets!
Paradoxical? Well, no, it is simply his re-
gret that he cannot use up fast enough the
numerous literary favors showered upon him.
If, therefore, any of his esteemed contributors
do not see their contributions in these col-
umns as soon as they anticipated will they
please understand that the acceptance of
their favors is not always synonymous with
their immediate publication. No time is lost
in utilizing their favors, while such as are
unavailable are speedily returned, when
stamps are sent for that purpose.

Do not forget the Anniversary issue of the
"Banner" is due next week. It is not only
devoted to our late Anniversary celebrations,
but it will also commemorate the founding
of the paper as well, the first number of
which appeared on April 11th, 1857. The next
number closes the forty-seventh year of the
life of this journal, which has withstood the
vicissitudes of fortune as bravely in the past
as it has in later years. Its central idea was,
and is, Spiritualism free from adjectives or
fixes, and clear of all entangling alliances.
It aims to maintain an "open door" between the
two worlds, as evidenced in its successfully
conducted Message Department.

Quite a chorus of praise reaches us con-
cerning Mrs. Maude Lord Drake's new work,
"Psychic Light," alike for its interesting
character and its remarkably reasonable
price. It is selling rapidly. Another good
book which commands unstinted favor is
"The Gentleman from Everywhere," which
no one can read without deriving healthy
pleasure and instruction. That the valuable
volumes of the truly illuminated seer, An-
drew Jackson Davis, are in constant request
will surprise no one at all acquainted with
their merits. Each one is a veritable mine
of truth and spiritual philosophy whose veins
will be found rich in the precious ores of
knowledge. If you are interested in Astro-
logy we can confidently recommend to your
notice a capital book called "Astrology in a
Nutshell," to which "The Wonder Wheel" is
a natural and necessary accompaniment.
Finally let us redirect your attention to "The
Wisdom of the Ages," given through Dr.
Geo. A. Fuller, as a splendid library com-
panion.

We clip the following item from The
Havana Post, Cuba, March 16th: "Havana
has two interesting visitors at the present
time in Mr. B. B. Hill, the inventor of the
rubber stamp, and now of the B. B. Hill
Manufacturing Company, of Philadelphia.
Mr. Hill is accompanied by his daughter,
Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, who is a very in-
teresting and cultured lady who has traveled
all over the civilized world. She is very
much interested in Havana, and says that
it reminds her very much of Italy. The nar-
row streets, the churches, the architecture,
the different shades of color, all appear like
some of the ancient cities of Italy. Mrs.
Cadwallader and Mr. Hill were received by
President Palma yesterday." In the course
of a private letter Mrs. Cadwallader writes:
"President Palma received us yesterday and
gave us an insight of his policy in the ad-
ministration of the affairs of Cuba," of which
beautiful island our good friend writes quite
enthusiastically, as our story there has been
most beneficial in its results.

Our Festival.

A few hours after this issue of the "Ban-
ner of Light" leaves the printing machines
the dawn of the Fifty-sixth Anniversary of
modern Spiritualism will shed its benig-
nant rays across the world. Once more the pro-
cession of the passing days will bring before us
the one day which Spiritualists everywhere
have reason to remember above all other days
in each recurring year. It recalls a never-to-
be-forgotten event. It reminds many of us of
those early days when the little children of
Hydesville were the means by which the keys
were turned in the locks and the doors of
death were thrown wide by angel hands so
that the glory of the Summerland streamed
into the Winterland of earth, and dispersed
the gloom of ages from the beauty and bless-
ing of death.

For many generations man mourned his
dead as a parent bereft of its child. He sat
in darkness, hardened his heart, and like Job
of old was ready to curse God and die, for
his being was filled with grief which turned
to bitterness in his mind when he saw the
form of his loved lying cold and still and no
assurance so far as he could judge that there
was aught but the clay before his streaming
eyes. At last the thrilling "rap" sounded,
and man was startled at the strange sound
which fell upon his ears. He heard a sound
louder than that made by the mighty Thor,
it was indeed the sounds of

"A strong one in his might,
Smiling the goddess shrines of men."

the echoes of the blows struck by those who
were breaking down the fences which creed-
alists had bulid to shut out the dead from the
homes of earth and the hearts of human-
ity.

Should we forget this day, cease to hold it
as a festival, and allow it to disappear as an
annual day of rejoicing and reunion? To
forget it would be base ingratitude to the
angel world, a sad dereliction of duty, a
failure to appreciate the blessings our Spir-
itualism has conferred upon us. It is the
one day in the three hundred and sixty-five
on which history and our people agree upon
as the Anniversary of our Cause, the Birth-

day of the Revolution in the Ideas of Life,
Death, Future Life and God which modern
Spiritualism inaugurated. Throughout the
world we unite in observing it, and so show
the entire world that we are no small force
in the community, no paltry handful of people
without any rights which the world must
needs respect. On the contrary, that we are
a body alike large in numbers, capable in
affairs, intelligent and truthful as investi-
gators, and of equal importance with any
other party in the country. That we stand
for a truer understanding of life here and
hereafter, a higher civilization on earth, and
all things that mentally, morally, and spir-
itually can better us here as the surest
way of reforming society, and helping us
each to a wider happiness in the hereafter.

This year the editorial policy of the
"Banner" is to bring prominently before its
patrons the annual Festival of Spiritualism.
For the entire month of March our pages
have contained special Anniversary An-
nouncements in each issue, and in this issue
nine such notices appear. Editorial atten-
tion has been called to the event, and in all
ways possible Spiritualists have been ap-
pealed to in the direction of seeing that the
day is duly honored. So far as traceable this
was not done during 1903, save on two oc-
casions when, after the day was passed, a para-
graph in the issue of April 11th asserted that
no date had been fixed but that "March 31st
had been agreed upon by multitudes of Spir-
itualists the world over," as the day of the
advent of our Cause, which ignores Mrs.
Underhill's book wherein the particulars fix-
ing the date is contained. While the same
writer in the editorial of the following week
devotes fourteen lines to the advent of mod-
ern Spiritualism, and over a column to an
eulogy upon Easter, as being of more appar-
ent value than our celebration! This year the
event has been featured as far as possible,
for the editor has no desire to assist in the
neglect of the day of days in our history.

There is no real parallel between the ortho-
dox festival of Easter and the Spiritualist
Festival of the Anniversary of our Cause.
The orthodox Advent season is weeks prior
to our celebration, so if any desired to have
an orthodox parallel let them choose the right
period for such, which is the Episcopalian
Advent time. This tendency to aping theo-
logical times and seasons, methods and titles,
savors of weakness, not strength. From or-
dinations to vestments, and thence to a new
priestly class, is not an imaginary danger in
front of us. Let us make new resolves, no
truly spirit-called worker needs other con-
secration to the work than a pure life, a noble
disinterestedness, honest purpose to serve the
truth at all hazards. Education, culture, vir-
tuous living, are the best ordination for ser-
vice to the angels and humanity. Certifi-
cates of competency, respectability and honor
may be possible, for such convey no inference
of supernatural privileges such as ordination
suggests to thousands of people who still
entertain reverence for the man or woman
who has "Reverend" attached to their names.
The churches are broadening all the time, the
best ministers do not care for the title of
Reverend, and the broader the man the less
stress he lays on ecclesiastical formalities
and titles. Are we drifting backwards?

Arise! Spiritualists, realize the sacredness
of your trust. Come out into the day and
show yourselves at all times wherever our
Festival is celebrated this year. Stand for
communion with the higher life, the sacred-
ness of mediumship, the reality of demon-
strated future life, and the stupendous facts
of compensation and retribution as inevitable
and inescapable laws applying to us all here
as well as hereafter. Let our song be a Jubilate,
let our hopes be for greater things,
thankful for our triumphs up to now, but
determined to achieve even greater things in
the future. If thus we crown our Festival
of 1904 then we shall carry away from our
meetings an inspiration for the new year we
have entered upon.

Heaven.

What tender emotions have been touched by
the word heaven! What noble aspirations
the sound of this short word has stirred.
What pictures of rest and bliss it has con-
jured up. As a sentiment it has indeed fur-
nished hope, consolation and resignation to
millions of the weary sons and daughters of
earth, for it has meant rest for the weary,
reward for the faithful, and the triumphant
vindication of sublime trust in the truth of a
creed.

But this is a busy, practical, and not to say
a sordid age. The ideal is heavily discounted
on every hand. The material is so seemingly
triumphant that the spiritual is apparently
roughly shouldered on one side. The old ideals
no longer appeal with their old time force to
the popular mind, and for many years past
the ideal heaven has stood for a dream of a
hope rather than for a demonstrable verity in
being. This change has come about as the
consequence of the glaring antithesis to
Heaven, the Hell of the old day orthodoxy,
quite as much as from the spread of criticism
against Bibles, books and histories. The red
fires of hell were too horrible a contrast to
the radiant splendors of heaven. Had hell
been pictured a trifle less diabolical in char-
acter a belief in it might have been contin-
ued longer. Priests made a picture out of
drawing, and laid its crude colors too thickly
upon the canvas. The doctrine of hell under-
mined man's faith in heaven.

There are signs that the churches are
rearranging their conceptions of heaven. It
is no longer a place of rest and self satisfied
bliss, indeed in many notable instances it
has ceased to be a place at all, and is now
described as a state. With the discarding of
the local idea has also gone the crude materi-
alism of its circumstances. Today heaven is
what we may make it after death, for the
very now is that "each man goes to his own
place," and is there what his life here fitted
him to be. A sensible conclusion in truth,
but how has that end been reached? Simply
by the appropriation of the teachings of Spir-
itualism, which are used without due ac-
knowledge of the source from which they

have been derived. Let us, however, be
generous, and say we rejoice that the churches
are now preaching a better heaven than ever
before, even if they have borrowed their light
from us!

Beautiful as are the sentiments associated
with a post mortem heaven, may it not be
worth while to consider the question of an
ante mortem heaven?

Why should the world wait for happiness
after death? Why is there no rest for the
toller on this side of the grave? Why should
believer and unbeliever alike share the same
experience, that external life should have its
trials for both even though each hope for
some kind of heaven hereafter? Is there no
possibility of transmuting the sentiments of
heaven into the realities of earth life?
Dreaming will not do it unless practical
efforts to convert the dreams into actual facts
supplement the visions of the night.

Heaven means personal happiness, does it
not? How much does hard toll, weary hours
of prolonged labor in unhealthy surroundings,
poor food, insufficient clothing, comfortless
homes, and the strain and stress of working
life contribute to heaven here upon earth?
How much do bad laws harshly and unjustly
administered, the grasping hands of the Na-
poleons of finance, the gambling in the food
stuffs and staples of life, contribute to the
heavenliness of earth?

Are the foregoing material things, and not
spiritual? Do you say the heavenly can only
come from the spiritual? Then where the use
of Higher thinking, New thinking, "meta-
physics," "mental" and "Christian" science?
Thought is the power, it is claimed, to change
the world; thought is spiritual, and the con-
ditions of the world are the consequences of
man's thinkings in the past and the present.
But it is thought actualized and practicalized,
be it understood. Not the thoughts "of the
Silence," whatever that may mean. It is
thought turned into statutes, into city ordi-
nances, into business agreements, into wills,
bequests, and all sorts of legal and political
instruments. When the new (?) thought is
consolidated into working forms then its
dreams may be fulfilled, but not until then.

Health, food, culture, home, honest laws,
unassailed liberties and honest public life are
elements of the earthly heaven, let sentiment-
alists say what they may to the contrary.
At one time Spiritualism meant reform and
progress in material affairs. Has it lost that
character today? At one time it proclaimed
that our heaven hereafter must be built by
the heaven we made on earth. We aggres-
sively and actively opposed wrongs religious,
social, commercial and political, but today not
a word is found in our papers when a white
mob burn a negro at the stake, and daunt
(?) women make a holiday of the abominable
and ghastly spectacle. Heaven on earth as a
prelude to its like beyond, by all means, but
not until we have reformed the world in
which we live now. Even granting that the
next life is a higher and better one, as we
claim, then most of us will be better off there,
but, surely, that is no reason in favor of do-
ing nothing to make this world happier than
it is?

Truly the "kingdom of heaven is within," if
it be not we cannot comprehend its nature,
nor radiate its influence, nor assist in estab-
lishing it. But as an ideal or a reality to find
afterwards a serious point comes here. If the
hope is as unsubstantial as

"The baseless fabric of a summer's dream"
how men have been cheated! What elo-
quence has been wasted, what reams of paper
and barrels of ink have been uselessly squan-
dered! Where is the proof? Not in the
creeds and dogmas of the churches, for such
at their best are but honest affirmations un-
supported by corroborative testimony.

If heaven is to be of any service to us we
must know where it is, and be able to know
we are in it when there. We must personally
and intelligently and self-consciously survive
death. Today the only evidences of man's
survival after death are those which spirit
return present to the world. Such demon-
strate man's continued existence, and the
spirits say that we make our heavens by our
lives, which is the only way consciousness is
translated into actuality and expressed in
conditions in this world, or in the Summer-
land.

Less platitudes, more practicality, is our
need, then will heaven be established upon
earth and no weary soul wait in tense sor-
row for heaven and its peace and love here-
after, for earth will afford right, justice, love
and sustenance to all.

Some Points Well Taken.

In the issue of the "Banner of Light" for
January 23d there was printed an article
dealing with the theories of the eminent Rus-
sian scientist, M. Elie Metchnikoff, regard-
ing his suggested method by means of which
the prolongation of human life could, it was
asserted, be assured.

Recently a further consideration of the
work of M. Metchnikoff, in which the
above method is stated, "The Nature of
Man: Studies in Optimistic Philosophy," has
been given by that talented writer and
thoughtful reasoner, Henry Wood, who con-
tributes a lengthy letter on the topic to the
Transcript of this city. Mr. Wood com-
mences by justly saying that

For one to call himself distinctively an
optimist, who, in writing upon the nature of
man, avows that death ends all, would appear
to most men to be an illogical assumption.
No scientist, be he never so eminent in his
own special department, can disregard the
aggregate of human aspiration, religion, in-
tuition and spirituality which is the present
heritage of the world, without inviting com-
mon dissent. Even if he believe that material
human life has the normal potency of 140
years, which with scientific treatment may
be realized, the difference from present at-
tainment would not be radical, but only one
of degree. It seems strange that one can
confidently shatter the consensus of human
opinion and feeling, touching continued exis-
tence, and designate his philosophy as other-
wise than pessimistic.

The learned professor, as our readers will
recall from the article referred to, asserts

that by a certain serum injected into the
human blood, it is possible to extend the
length of life, on which point Mr. Wood thus
sensibly comments:

We may well believe that old age and
senile decay, as they are known at present,
are "abnormal" and that death as an un-
timely and violent ending is "unnatural."
But whether some direct interference with,
or artificial application to the white corpus-
cles of the blood will remedy the difficulty
may well be doubted. Does not Nature when
her laws are complied with make ample pro-
vision? Who is competent to correct her if
she be unobstructed? It is coming to be gen-
erally recognized that simply through intelli-
gent hygiene, which anyone can exercise if he
will, health can be conserved and bodily vigor
materially increased and life lengthened. In
other words, death, except from extreme age
is always the penalty of violated laws and the
substance of these laws is ascertainable. But
in these hyper-scientific studies little is said
about hygiene or natural law. Nature is
something to be corrected artificially. She is
too simple and common, and quite outside the
charmed realm of "science." Can any biolo-
gist or bacteriologist correct the white cor-
puscles from the outside? Can he heal any-
thing except through the channels of nature?
A surgeon can stitch up a cut, but can he
heal it? Clear away the obstacles and the
inner forces do the work. Is actual and help-
ful practicality unscientific? Through the
elaborate methods of the psychological labo-
ratory the scientist may measure and weigh
the physical results of thought, compute its
speed along the nerve channels—and estimate
its power in sending the blood to the ex-
tremities—all very interesting—but how much
research is given to its possible beneficent
utility? Can it be harnessed—like electricity
in its own domain—for the assuagement of
human woe?

Our friend rightly says that, "Even ma-
terialism is useful in its place, as a terrace
from which to reach higher. . . . The radical
utterances of the Russian scientist will arouse
thought; and a living materialism, which is
certain to gradually clarify itself, is far bet-
ter than stagnation. With all the apparent
aggressiveness of realism there are positive
signs of advancing idealism."

Mr. Wood closes his admirable letter with
the following excellent statement of the case
regarding the relations between science and
the future life.

Upon the most conservative basis the sci-
entific warrant for the future life is assured.
If man be an organized individuated soul,
rather than a temporary concourse of material
atoms, their dispersion will not impair his
real being. Death is only the laying aside of
a form of expression. Aside from all the im-
mense aggregation of biblical, historic and
modern appearances, communications, ob-
sessions and visions which are conclusive
evidence of human continued existence, there
is abundant positive proof through scientific
method. The demand for a future is uni-
versal, and there is no example in the whole
cosmos where supply is not its existent
counterpart. Again, the conservation of
psychical and spiritual energy is as clearly a
law as in the case of physical forces. In
nature nothing ends abruptly. If you stand
upon the bank of a broad-flowing river you
are certain that it does not come to "nothing-
ness" a mile farther down. Science has no
surer postulate than that universal instincts,
intuitions, hopes and expectations have a
meaning. The moral order is not fragmen-
tary, but rounded and coherent. Universal
analogy is not a gigantic falsehood. There is
a prophetic element implanted in the human
mind which is as normal and persistent as
reason in its present activity. Sensuous
evidence upon all problems is not only limited
but faulty, and needs constant revision. The
warrant for future continuance should no
longer be limited to the realm of faith, hope,
religious expectation or supernatural inter-
position, when nothing is more logical and
scientific in its deepest sense."

It only remains to point out that the real
foundation upon which Mr. Wood's last state-
ment rests that, "Death is only the lay-
ing aside of a form of expression" (we should
prefer the term a mode of personality), is the
vast accumulation of undeniable facts ob-
tained through communication with the de-
parted people of this world who have, by their
manifestations through mediumship in all its
forms, proven the continuity of their lives
after what we call death. Modern Spirital-
ism, disguise it as we may, or even strive
to evade the word, if you will, but modern
Spiritualism is the present day evidence of
the fact that death does not end man, but is
the mode by which he is transferred to a
higher plane of consciousness and personality.

Our facts are the basis of psychic or spir-
itual science in any form. Without their light
the world would still be in darkness and
doubt scientifically and religiously so far as
knowing the true nature and purpose of death.

A Word from the V. S. U. President.

Dear Friends:—

The Committee having in charge the Anni-
versary Exercises under the direction of the
Veteran Spiritualist Union has given much
care in an effort to furnish a program for this
occasion. I believe you cannot afford, in
point of opportunity, to neglect a single ses-
sion.

There are some things of interest which will
be presented in the President's Greeting at
the morning session. They cannot well be
presented in any other part of the program.
I know how easy it is to drift into the later
sessions of the day, but the morning session
has been prepared with the same care as the
exercises later in the day. We found last
year that the exchange of greetings at the
close of the morning session was among the
pleasanteast features of the day.

The speakers in the afternoon should be
enough to call for an extra effort to attend,
aside from the Messages and the music, and
the informal tea at the close of this session
will be an occasion to meet the workers not
often presented.

The evening program closes the Anni-
versary week in the point of public meetings.
Do you not think that an endeavor to be pre-
sent at this last session of the 1904 Anni-
versary will bring you satisfaction? There was
never a time, I believe, in the history of the
Union, when despite all obstacles, there was
more for encouragement or a greater claim to
honorable service. Let us close the lines and
move forward. Ever faithfully yours,
Irving F. Symonds, President.

ANNIVERSARY NOTICES.

Special Notice.

Though this issue of the "Banner of Light" bears the date of April 2, it is published, and will be in the hands of the Boston subscribers on Wednesday, March 30th, therefore we again publish the following Anniversary Announcements for the information of our city and New England patrons.—Editor, B. L.

Massachusetts State Association.

The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists will celebrate the 50th anniversary of modern spiritualism on Thursday, March 31st, 1904, in Berkeley Hall, Berkeley Street, Boston. Among those who have been invited to take part are Mr. F. A. Wiggin, Mr. A. P. Blinn, Dr. Dean Clarke, Pres. G. A. Fuller, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, Mrs. C. F. Loring, Miss Susan C. Clark, Mrs. Caird, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates, Mr. Orgood F. Stiles, Mr. J. S. Scarlett. Good music. The morning session, part of it at least, will be devoted to business, as the Committee on Ordination has to report at this meeting, as the annual meeting adjourned to meet at this time. Sessions will be 10.30, 2 p. m., 7.30 p. m. It gives me pleasure to announce that I have received a 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: Miss 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. Albee, First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society; Mr. Irving F. Symonds, Veterans' Spiritualists' Union; Miss M. 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. C. 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 Allyn, 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 Cleaveland. 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.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union will celebrate the 50th anniversary of modern spiritualism in Red Men's Hall, 614 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, Mrs. J. J. Morse, and Miss Florence Morse, Mrs. Alice Waterhouse, Mrs. Ham, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Rev. C. F. Andrews, Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock, Dr. Huot, Mr. A. P. Blinn, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Pettengill, Mrs. Mabel Witham, Mr. J. S. Scarlett, Mrs. Abbie Burnham, Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. Mattie Albee, Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Edna Webster, Mrs. A. E. Barnes, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Clough, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Hattie Mason, 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. Corry and Mr. Deane. Delegates 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. Hicker.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum.

The 50th anniversary of modern spiritualism will be celebrated by the Boston Spiritual Lyceum in Friendship Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, on Sunday, April 3d, at 1.30 p. m. Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn will be the speaker for the service. A special program has been arranged for the children pertaining to spiritualism and its growth in 50 years. The admission and seats will be free. Remember the date, Sunday, April 3d. The place is Friendship Hall. The speaker is C. Fannie Allyn, assisted by the children. The admission is free.—J. B. Hatch, conductor.

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.

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. Hastings.

Announcements.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, meet in Red Men's Hall, 614 Tremont Street, Sundays at 11.30 a. m. April 3d we will celebrate the 50th anniversary of modern spiritualism, the responsive readings being written for the occasion by Mr. A. Danforth. A cordial invitation to all. Mrs. M. J. Butler, president, Mrs. M. E. Stillings, secretary.

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, April 3d, will be the last opportunity to hear Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kates. Circles are held from 4 to 5, supper served at 5, song service at 6, concert by Chas. S. orchestra at 6.30. Regular services at 2.30 and 7.30. Lyceum meets at 12.30 noon.

The Ladies' Spiritualist 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 J. 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 7.30 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.

Malden, Mass.—We hold meetings every Sunday. At 3 p. m., Circle for development and healing. Evening session, 7.30, for speaking and delineations. The best of talent always present. April 3d we shall have Prof. Gowing, who will give an exhibition of his healing power, by the laying on of hands. Alice M. Whall, a young medium, who is a wonderful psychic, will be with us, also Indian control, "Big Dog," who will give evidence of life continuous. Song service precedes each session. "Banner of Light" on sale at all of our meetings.—C. L. Redding, cor. sec.

Waltham, Mass.—The Progressive Lyceum. Our speakers for April are: April 3d, Mrs. Katie Ham; April 10th, Mrs. A. J. Pettengill; April 17th, Mrs. Annie Jones; April 24th, Mr. Edgar W. Emerson.—Mrs. Millie Gullford.

Fall River, Mass.—First Spiritual and Lyceum holds service in Columbian Hall, South Main Street, Lyceum 12.30, church 2.30 and 7.30. Our speaker for April 3d is Dr. George A. Fuller, of Onset, one we all love to hear from. Two of our sisters' little ones are to be named next Sunday.—Mrs. Hattie W. Wood, pres.

Soul Magnetism.

This is a typewritten manual which gives the three great underlying laws of Soul Magnetism, viz.: The law that governs the amount of Soul Magnetism; the law underlying the influencing and attracting power of Soul Magnetism; the underlying law that governs all the relations the soul makes through Soul Magnetism.

Price 25 cts.; postage 4c. Leroy Berrier, 2301 Farnam Street, Davenport, Iowa.

Movements of Platform Workers.

Dr. Geo. A. Fuller will lecture at Fall River, Mass., April 3d, for the Industrial Society, Cambridge, Mass., the 8th, Haverhill, Mass., 10th and 17th, and Sunday evening, April 24th, for Mrs. Ham's Society, Haverhill, Mass. Address Onset, Mass.

Albert P. Blinn, inspirational speaker, has just returned from a six weeks' engagement with the Philadelphia Spiritualists' Association. Would like engagements for April 10 and 24. Will accept camping engagements in July or September, but have no open dates in August. Am now booking engagements for next fall and winter. Address 61 Dartmouth Street, Boston.

Miss Florence Morse, of London, England, will lecture and give messages at Plymouth, Mass., on Sunday next, April 3d. She has vacant Sundays April 10th and 17th. These are her only open dates prior to her return to England. Address her at 61 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass.

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 campmeetings at Lake Pleasant and Onset.

How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood? He would chuck as much as a woodchuck could if a woodchuck could chuck wood.

"I understand he was an author even before graduation from college." "Yes, indeed. Why, he was the author of a new college yell."—Chicago Post.

"For a long while he was working hard to get a good job."

"Yes, but he's taking a well-deserved rest, now."

"Gave up in despair, eh?"

"No; he's got the job."—Philadelphia Press.

She Was There. "Mama," said little Frances, "I dreamed of you last night. We were all sitting in the parlor, and you began to scold me."

"What did I say, Frances?" asked mama.

"Why, you ought to know, mama," replied Frances, with some astonishment, "you were there."—Judge.

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

PSYCHIC LIGHT:

The Continuity of Law and Life.

Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE.
THE CHATEAU BERLEAU.
AN UNCLE REPORTS HIS OWN DEATH.
DECIDES TO COMMIT SUICIDE.
EXPERIENCES OF A. H. WILLIAMS OF CHICAGO.
RETURNS FROM PERU.
EXPERIENCES OF LAURA H. HOOKER, M. D.
LIVE IN CHICAGO.
FIRST VISIT TO NEW YORK CITY.
EXPERIENCES OF E. T. KING, LIMA, OHIO.
PHENOMENA APPROPRIATE TO PHYSICAL SENSE.
MADAME BLAVATSKY.
MRS. LORD'S MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.
RETURN TO BOSTON.
PSYCHOMETRY.
QUEEN CITY PARK.
WHAT IS DEATH?
"KAOLAN," THE INDIAN CONTROL, TAKES MEDICINE.
ARRESTED.
MATERIALIZATION.
A MATERIALIZED ROSE.
TELEPATHIC EXPERIMENT.
CONCLUSIONS.

Including three Portraits of the Medium.

PRESS OPINIONS.

THE DAVENPORT (IOWA) DEMOCRAT says: "Psychic Light" is a well printed book of 630 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 in 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, thinkers, 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 psychic ministry has been above reproach.

PERSONAL COMMENDATIONS.

Edward Dieren, the Ethical German Scientist, writes:—It is an intensely interesting work, grand in its moral tone and logical in its deductions. How such 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 please send by express as soon as possible. It is a noble and grand work for humanity. It will make 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 slip of paper and call 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. C. Damp, a prominent business man, of Milwaukee, Wis., writes as follows: "We are reading with great interest Mrs. 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 take the highest place in spiritualist literature. I have known Mrs. Drake for 15 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 (the guides) had the power to blast her and to punish any one to the death who would stand in their way in their efforts to use her spirit power for the good of mankind; and that they likewise had the power to reward and 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 will shed a flood of new light upon the 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.

This book will stand out prominently by itself, as a landmark—a beacon light—in ethical science and philosophy. It is unique and covers ground that no other work occupies today. I am sure that it will meet with great success, not only by reason of the high esteem in which Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake is universally held, but also on account of the intrinsic merits of the work itself.

Dr. Mary A. Janney, 10104 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 facilitates, convinces and establishes the proof of immortality as no other production has ever done. Throughout 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 benediction upon all bereaved hearts.

It is elegantly illustrated with eight half-tone portraits, including three portraits of Mrs. Drake at various ages and one of Madame H. P. Blavatsky.

Price, \$1.50. Postage, 20 cents.

For sale by the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Rupture Cured.

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

WOMEN AND CHILDREN with comfort, affecting a radical cure.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN with comfort, affecting a radical cure.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN with comfort, affecting a radical cure.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN with comfort, affecting a radical cure.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN with comfort, affecting a radical cure.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN with comfort, affecting a radical cure.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN with comfort, affecting a radical cure.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN with comfort, affecting a radical cure.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN with comfort, affecting a radical cure.

The Banner of Light Publishing Company

204 DARTMOUTH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.,

PUBLISHERS OF, AND DEALERS IN, ALL WORKS RELATING TO

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

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

TERMS.—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or part of the amount; the balance, if any, must be paid C. O. D. Orders for Books to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. FRACTIONAL parts of a dollar can be remitted in postage stamps. Remittances can be safely sent by an Express Money Order, which will be issued by any of the large Express Companies. Sums under \$5.00 can be sent in that manner for 5 cents. Address all communications to IRVING F. SYMONDS, Treasurer and Business Manager.

"THE GENTLEMAN FROM THE GREAT Poughkeepsie Seer EVERYWHERE"

By JAMES HENRY FOSS

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

Launching of My Lifeboat; My First Voyage; Near to Nature's Heart; Joys and Sorrows of School-days; Career of a Domicile Pedagogue; Dreams of My Youth; A Disenchanted Collegian Preacher; In Shadow Land; Sunlight and Darkness in Palace and Cottage; Adventures in Mexico; In Arcadia; From Philistine to Benedictine; A Honey-moon; The Angels of Life and Death; Tribulations of a Widower; Faith sees a Star; On the Political Stump; That Edifying Christian Science; In the Land of Flowery; Sunbeam, the Reminiscence; A Foundry of Towns and Cities; A Million Dollar Business With a One Dollar Capital; A Pedagogue's Twixt Smiles and Tears; Monarch of all He Surveyed; Then Deposed; Forebodings of Immortality; A Practical Recluse and Colonizer; Hand in Hand with Angels; An Ounce the Law Shark; Campaigning in Wonder; Among the Clouds; Disenchanted—Home Again; The Florida Cracker; Looking Forward.

Handsomely Illustrated.

Price, \$1.50. Postage 11 cents extra.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOK STORE.

Radium, Radiate, Illuminate! CLAIRVOYANCE.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE discovered the way to reach the unseen world by a simple but unique process. It is taught in his book which is endorsed by scholars every where.

Recent Book Notices.

Mr. Grumbine has clearly and logically presented his subject in a manner at once simple and profound.—"Suggestive," "Your work is marvelous, epoch-making."—Lillian Whiting, Boston Correspondent to Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"A remarkably lucid and original work of thought, combined with simplicity, characterizes every page. It is evident in every sentence that this volume is the offspring of inspiration."—Progressive Thinker.

"I consider the book on Clairvoyance a most remarkable and practical work on development. It harmonizes well with the color dictionary absolutely correct. Not a student of the mysteries of adepthip."—Prof. George W. Watson, Astrologer.

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

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

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

Divination. A rare series of lessons on how to penetrate the fourth dimension of space, become a seer, or omniscient, and correspond. For further particulars send stamped envelope to GEO. A. PORTER, 734 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

Price \$1.50 only.

Auras and Colors. A book of books for those who are interested in knowing their auras and the auras of others with color dictionary absolutely correct. Not a student should be without it. Reduced to only 40 cents.

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

Send money to

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

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

MB-23 74 93B-12

GEORGE A. PORTER,

BUSINESS AND TEST MEDIUM AND MAGNETIC HEALER.

Sittings daily for test, business, and medical diagnosis, 11 a. m. to 4 p. m., Saturday, 12 Edgewood St., Roxbury. Phone 1074 Box. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m., BANNER OF LIGHT BLDG., 734 DARTMOUTH ST., BOSTON. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, 7.45 P. M. to meet the increasing demand of out of town people who cannot reach reliable mediums personally. Write by mail for messages and advice by spirit friends will be given. All sittings, \$1.00. Five personal questions answered, \$1.50.

Connected with the healing work, after Sept. 1st, to a limited number Mr. Porter will give mental treatments for \$2.00 a month. Each patient will be treated personally by my guide, connection, being established by one treatment and correspondence. For further particulars send stamped envelope to GEO. A. PORTER, 734 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass. Mr. Porter refers by permission to the publishers of the Banner of Light.

A14

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. Becoming a Medium. His Future Foretold by Wells Anderson. Portrait of, and Interview with, T. H. Sten Tie, the Chief Control. Interview with the Strollin' Pliver (etc., etc.). Appendix. Trance Lecture "Rune" Experience in Earth and Spirit Life." of M. M. a's Speaking Control.

Hard-ome cloth, sixty-one pages, with portrait of Mr. Morse.

Price 25 cents. Postage 4 cents.

For sale by the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Buy Your Stockings Wholesale

5 PAIRS Best Egyptian Cotton 1.00 PEQUOT STOCKINGS

From Mill to Wearer

Plain colors and embroidered designs in heavy, medium and light weights.

Noted for durability and absolutely fast color.

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

Send ten two-cent stamps with size for sample pair. Write for Booklet B 75.

PEQUOT MILLS, HARTFORD, CONN.

In ordering please mention Banner of Light.

94 B-1-05 B-1

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

Andrew Jackson Davis,

Comprising Twenty-Nine Volumes, all neatly bound in cloth.

Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions from the People.

(A Sequel to "Penetrations.") Cloth, \$1.00, postage 10 cts.

Approaching Crisis;

or, Truth vs. Theology. Cloth, 75 cts., postage 10 cts.

Arabula;

or, The Divine Guest. Cloth, \$1.00, postage 10 cts.

Beyond the Valley;

A Sequel to the Magic Staff, an Autobiography of Andrew Jackson Davis. Cloth, 498 pages, containing six attractive and original illustrations, \$1.00, Full gilt, \$1.50.

Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY MINNIE M. SOULE.

Just Live Thy Life.

Just live thy life in full content,
Do all thy best with what is sent,
Then but recollect what was meant,
Just live thy life.

Just live thy life. Be not in fear,
The strength of wrong shall disappear,
And right is ever drawing near,
Just live thy life.

Just live thy life. Seem what thou art:
Nor from simplicity depart,
And peace shall come upon thy heart,
Just live thy life.

—James Leroy Stockton.

A Link in Our Golden Chain.

BANISH THE TEARS OF CHILDREN.
—Jean Paul.

Ah, dear hearts, what a link we have in our Golden Chain this week! How it will strengthen and make strong that chain which binds us all together in one great purpose to make the world a better place in which to live.

Banish the tears of children; but how can we do it?

Most of us love them, some less, some more than others, and it grieves us to see their little bright eyes dimmed with tears, especially if we have the least power to overcome the cause.

We search our pockets and our bags for pennies and peppermints to please and console the weary little traveler sobbing at our elbow and we stop and inquire the cause of grief when we pass the crying child upon the street. This is good and proves that our sympathies are awakened when the griefs and tears of childhood are thrust upon our notice in our journeyings abroad.

But what are we doing as mothers and fathers, guardians and protectors of the little folks who stand in that close relationship to us? If we are buying their smiles with gifts and promises, we are certainly not banishing the tears but are storing them up to be wept out in bitterness and woe later in the life. The warm sunshine dries the dew-drops, tears on the faces of the flowers and our little blossoms must have their tears absorbed in the sunshine of love, dancing into their hearts; and as the soft breezes sway the leaflets into action so the breezes of our wisdom must awaken to activity the emotions of joy in our tender human plants.

That emotional life in a child is so important and vital a part of its existence. They are all emotion and expression, imagination and affection, and when for any reason or from any cause these attributes of child life are crushed or thwarted the beauty and glory of the mature life is delayed and too often is lost.

It is a duty we owe child life to direct and guide the unfolding soul into the realm of sunshine and joy where tears of sorrow can never be shed. In a word, we must feed them on truth, for truth is the sunshine of the soul.

A dear little boy was found one night after being put to bed crying bitterly. When questioned by his mother as to the cause of his tears he could only sob out, "I don't want you to die." You can imagine how that mother kissed and soothed the little fellow to sleep with assurances piled up in his mind that she would not die, but would stay and take care of her darling. So sure was he that she could not leave him that when in a little while she was called by the Death Angel, his grief was terrible for a child and one could see by his questions that his faith in people had been shattered by the constant assertion of his that "she said she wouldn't and she did."

Poor little baby! He lived in a "fool's paradise" for a few months and then awoke not to the omnipotence of God, but the impotence of those he loved.

What will you do, dear Home Circle mothers when your babies ask you questions about life and death? In the name of all that is good and true tell them all you know and if you do not know begin at once to make certain the reality of spirit-life. Let the children have the comfort of the truth. None are too young or too small. They may need it tomorrow when a playmate slips from sight. They will need it when they stand beside your unresponsive body. They will need it if their little bodies prove too fragile for the fuss and fret of life.

Let us open the doors of the Circle room for them. Let us have a time of communion for them. No more circles behind closed doors where guides must whisper till the children are locked in sleep, but a merry, happy family circle where the guide is a welcome visitor. Boys will grow to men and the girls will become women. Let them have the staff of truth and the bread of life.

Remember, 'twas to the children that the spirit of the pedlar in Rochester made signs. The little girls made response. Perhaps we would have called it the wind at the shutter or a mouse in the wall.

Do you think we can ever pay our debt to the two little martyrs who were dragged from city to city, who faced pain and discomfort, who made converts among the mighty and the great by their simplicity and power? Yes, in one way, and only one. Let the children grow big with the happiness of loving without stint or measure, of living without fear and without doubt because of the knowledge of the truth that today is but the dawning of eternity, that life is subject to change but not decay, and that love will express forever and for aye.

Late.

My father brought somebody up
To show us all asleep.
They came as softly up the stairs
As you could creep.

They whispered in the doorway there
And looked at us a while.
I had my eyes shut up, but I
Could feel him smile.

I shut my eyes up close, and lay
As still as I could keep;
Because I knew he wanted us
To be asleep.

—From "The Singing Leaves, Book of Songs and Spells."

The Parable of The Prince.

In the country where Prince Charming lived, sixteen was considered a very important age, the time when the youth was fairly started in life, and must needs prove the nerve and mettle of which he was made, by doing something great, therefore it was determined that a feast must be prepared, and an honorable celebration carried out for the help to the throne.

Near and far Charming was held to be a comely youth, and everyone had great expectations of a most glorious career before him. He had received the wisest and kindest of care, and had every reason to feel the responsibility of his station.

The palace was busy throughout with the preparations for the good time coming, all the luxuries of the land were called for, all

that would amuse and give cheer. Then also an ancient scroll was to be read, that had golden words for his memory, guiding him to true success in life.

In March the time was fully come, great numbers responded in person to the invitations of the king, and everything seemed as though it were summer. Roses were in bloom, enchanting birds made music, and Nature smiled on the Prince, as loving him very tenderly. It was a glorious anniversary.

In the morning as the sun began his golden course, there were games of skill and strength, such as archery, boating, running, and all that pleases youth with adventurous delights. The Prince acquitted himself right nobly in these.

At high-noon there was the grand dinner with its varied courses of substantial and delectable food, and everyone did justice to the free bounty.

After this merriment was over, came the reading of the parchment to the Prince. The scroll was very old and costly, written in the finest characters, and the initial letters beautifully ornamented. Its language had long since been unspoken, but it was readily translated into living tongues by those into whose keeping it had been given. Its promises, hopes, and visions were wonderful. It told of the far, far past, the beginning of the days and the glory that was to be when sun and stars should have fallen into the abyss of night. More especially was it rich in what would benefit and bless the passing days—this was to be his for his careful study from time to time—but here and now, he was asked to place as a jewel in the casket of memory these words, which the scribe of the household read:

"Get wisdom, get understanding.
Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee;
Love her, and she shall keep thee;
Exalt her, and she shall promote thee;
She shall give to thee hence a chaplet of grace.
A crown of beauty shall she deliver to thee."

There was a sweet silence after this, when the Chancellor arose and spoke as follows:

"Prince, you have now arrived at that period in your life when you must assume something of the responsibilities of your rank. It is ordained that by service you should prove to all the world that you deserve the great things in store for you. Out of nothing, nothing comes. Out of a loving and honest heart, everything good proceeds. Now unless you live up to your privileges, you will fail of the good name that belongs to you. The Mighty Ruler, in whose vast domain your father's kingdom is but a speck, desires you to set out on a journey, and by gentle stages advance until six years are passed, then, if you are worthy and well qualified and have made sufficient progress in your studies, you shall receive a kingdom of your own—with all the additions you could ask for. You shall then build a home of your own, have one to love and respect you, and men shall everywhere speak well of you.

There are many dangers in your path that I cannot particularize; as you meet them, you will be called upon to exercise your judgment. If you are watchful you will be master. And here I present you a shield of faith, that will ward off all slings and arrows, and here is the dagger of resolution that will free you from every enemy. But remember that battles are lost because your foes do not fight; they will entangle you in snares and overcome you by deceit, beware of them and their guile. If you listen to them and follow them, you will miss the grand gifts of manhood. You are required, without haste and without rest, to make progress, and you must seek to cover twenty paces a day, as a sign of diligence and true intention."

Then the King arose and asked him if he was willing to make trial of his strength for the laudable purpose of standing well in the eyes of the Emperor?

Prince Charming was equal to the occasion; as he arose to reply, everyone appreciated his beauty, and smiled on his grace. He had a fine figure, a rich head of hair, blue eyes, and a frank, fearless countenance, and he was always well-dressed—as became a prince, and careful in his speech—which is even more beautiful yet.

He arose and said: "It gives me great pleasure this day to hear of the good things awaiting me, and I count myself most fortunate, O worthy parents, to have these honors and to entertain these hopes. I am willing to undertake all that youth can do, and prove to your satisfaction that your care of me and your training and your desires are not in vain, therefore tomorrow I shall start on my mission, and keep before me as a guiding star, the words of wisdom that are to lead me to all excellence."

Everybody was amazed to hear the gracious eloquence of his lips, and the king and queen were so full of joy that they promised to journey with him for the space of two years, although he would be a student in the regions through which they would more quickly pass, yet at each halting place he would be their companion.

What could be more enchanting than this to the Prince? He felt that the lines of life had fallen to him in pleasant places. He loved and honored his parents greatly. He knew how solicitous they were of his improvement, how they had surrounded him with holy influences and sweet. And while they could travel on dromedaries, he must toil on foot, he knew his father before him had served the same conditions, and in consequence received power and esteem.

On the morrow, as the sun arose with new splendor and promise, in the sight of all the court, the cavalcade set forth. There were many pleasant greetings given and attentions shown as they took the highway with its prospect of wide fields in the distance. It was so that the real business of his days began.

He had guides, who were to tutor him in the languages, laws and manners which would obtain in his kingdom. And he submitted to discipline gladly because of this. They were very explicit in their explanation of this point in order to keep him to his work and make it a great delight. It might be thought that as he had no immediate use for such things, it would not be worth while to attain them; they therefore showed how deceitful and pernicious such reasoning would be.

As they pursued their journey, it seemed to be perpetual springtime. The Prince made excursions to the right and left, studying the world about him, its botany, geology, its possible improvements, and making a record of the same for future time.

And when he joined his parents at eve, they had a fire of comfort, and told tales, and sang melodies, and had the happiest of times. It seemed wonderful to travel through the days like this, and have such confidence and content in one another.

But on a day, as the Prince went to inspect a palm-grove, he saw several gay fellows, that were having a merry time, as it would seem. They were youths of his own age, and he was astounded to find them forgetting what belonged to good manners, and he upbraided them for their foolish conduct, which they laughed off as a joke. He departed in high indignation, but on the morrow, coming by a fair-faced, sweet-spoken fellow, called Pleasure, came to him from the rest, and said they were having the best of times, and nothing to pay; that it was idiotic to think of making a journey at that time of

the year, and wasting the golden hours of youth in grubbing around like a mole for knowledge. "Now be a reasonable fellow, and come with us!"

By such slight words was he taken captive and introduced to those whom but yesterday he had repudiated.

Pleasure took his seat at the head of the board, and made Charming his right-hand man. Master Laziness was at the foot, and would hardly lift the goblet of gold to his thirsty lips. He stretched and yawned a great deal, and at last lay down in the sunshine.

One fellow was exceedingly noisy, and told in a loud voice what he had done and the yet bigger things that he intended to do, until he seemed to hold the sun in one hand and the moon in the other. His name was Master Boastful, but the crew with him styled him Brag, and thought he was wonderful.

This coterie benumbed him with the wine they were drinking. It was poisoned so that he did not know what he was about and forgot the instruction of his guides, the words of the ancient manuscript, and the warnings he had received.

They said it was absurd to go forward on such a wild-goose chase as winning a Kingdom. The conditions were ridiculous, and he was a dolt to try to fulfill them.

For two months they kept him prisoner with their wiles.

He would go into the tent of the King late at night, and be at breakfast. Then his parents would warn him of his loss and danger, and how that his previous obedience would come to naught unless he persevered in the right. He laughed at them, as he had been taught by his so-called friends.

How long this might have continued there is no telling, but one day a messenger of the Emperor came and seeing his negligent disloyalty, struck him a severe blow and laid him on a bed of sickness for many days. He had now time to think, and he was free from the poison of folly, he saw the evil he had done, and he repented with bitter tears.

Then he arose, and in spite of his weakness, traveled thirty parasangs a day, and did much observation, and became a true servant, so for several happy months, and there was this for his encouragement, that an unseen city seemed to be before him sending the music of silver chimes from its cathedral towers.

One day he was met by a robber, who sprang upon him, and made for his throat like a wild beast. The attack was so sudden that he lost his head at once, and it seemed as if he would be undone. He wrestled and struggled severely for a few bitter moments, and was almost exhausted when he drew his bright blade, and with a fierce thrust ended the combat. Wrath, he found, was the name of his foe.

In a lovely dell, hidden away in the woods, beside a placid lake, he came to a house where there was music and dancing, and gay company, who invited his presence. There he met a sweet creature, who won him at once, and appeared marvelously kind. In confidence she told him her name was Rose and Cupid was closely related to her. She made him her slave. He thought her superior to all he had ever met, and the longer he stayed, the more absorbed he became, and all entreaties on the part of his parents that he would leave her, he scorned, and in every way put them to open shame. He knew the world as well as they. No longer must they consider him a child, and he wasn't going to worry his life out on duty, the present was good enough for him!

Then because the King saw this was his greatest trial, and being unwilling to have him lost to honor, invited the maiden to his tent, and set forth the history of his boy, and how he came to be there, and how disgraced he would be, if he lost this opportunity of showing the nobility of his nature.

She was touched with the plea, and said, "I am a creature of much fancy and feeling. I am twin to Charity, but she is wise and true and aspiring, and she alone is worthy of him—and to her I will surrender him!"

At which the King was glad, and so it befell that Charity came and touched his heart, and he felt again heroically inspired, and called his chief counselor, Right-Reason, to his aid, and demanded of Duty to hold him to his task.

Day by day was he now faithfully busy, until two years had gone by, and he came to an eminence that looked before and behind; and there was given him a sense of the grandeur of the possibilities of the future. Here his parents left him, as it was necessary that he should pursue the rest of the way with only his guides.

I am happy to say that he obeyed them, and after many adventures, and right royal deeds, in the shining of four more summers he came to the city Mansful, and received the welcome that only true princes enjoy. After having his realm apportioned to him, and the duties of his court and officers settled, Charity in new beauty crossed his path and became dearer than life to him. He loved her with all the passion of his heart, and sent messengers to his parents to ask if he might take her for his honored queen. The reply was very gracious, and the marriage was the great wonder of the day—so suitable, so wise, so noble was it, as the word went round.

Children came in the course of the years, and they were taught by Charming to seek wisdom in the spirit of Love, and to prize Truth beyond all gems, and to keep their honor whiter than the snow. Their happiness, with the goodwill of his people, and the loyal devotion of his bride, repaid him for his long journey, his patient waiting, and his earnest service. No struggle or victory but what now was a help to him, and invaluable as enabling him to protect the territory given to his keeping by the mighty Emperor.

—William Brunton.

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody mended the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "It's sweet to live."
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give."
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Was that somebody you?

Promises.

Once when I was very sick,
And doctor thought I'd die,
And mother couldn't smile at me
But it just turned to cry—
That was the time for promises,
You should have heard them tell
The lots of good things I could have
If I'd get well.

But, when the fever went away,
And I began to mend,
And begged to eat the goodies
That Grandma Brown would send,
They said beef-tea was better,
And gave my grapes to Nell,
And laughed and said, "You're mighty cross
Since you got well."

—Century.

They were uttering the tender nonsense that succeeds the great question. "And," said the girl bravely, "if poverty comes, we will face it together." "Ah, dearest," he replied, "the mere sight of your face would scare the woe away." And ever since he has wondered why she returned his ring—Tid-Bits.

Message Department.

Report of Seances held March 22, 1904, S. E. M.

MEDIUM, MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

IN EXPLANATION.

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

TO OUR READERS.

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

Invocation.

O Spirit of Infinite Love and Tenderness, breathe lightly o'er our waiting hearts. May the benediction of the life that is the beauty and the joy of it settle down upon us. We reach for the hand of the loved ones gone on. We know that they understand our longings and our aspirations for them who have walked the same paths, have climbed the same hills, have suffered loss and defeat, and have gained at last that vantage-ground of light. And so we ask that they, our guides, our ministers, our friends, may draw very near to us and help us along our earthly way. And may they in that life so filled with beauty and joy, find opportunity to bless us in our effort, and finding the wanderers there, those who have not yet come into the full realization of the life in which they live, may they lead them out and on, and if, perchance, some heart is aching, some voice should be eager to send a message to a loved one, may they give aid and sustenance to that one. For this purpose we gather here today that the longed ones and the eager ones may find opportunity to speak to their own. If every other avenue is closed and every other door be shut, may they today in this place find entrance to that heart that is sitting in sorrow and sadness and waiting for the comfort of their voice. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Dr. Noah Clark.

The first spirit that comes to me today is a gentleman about seventy-five years old. He has a full gray beard and heavy gray hair; his eyes are blue; he carries a cane and wears a hat that looks a little old fashioned. It seems as though he always wore the same kind and was known by his garments as much as by his face. I think he was a doctor because he seems to be traveling about from one place to another and always with an eye to the infirmities of people. He says, "My name is Dr. Noah Clark and I am from Allegheny City. I did not know much about this business of Spiritualism, but always had a desire to know something of the future life, so when I came over here my first interest was to find out how closely connected the two conditions of life were. I found out and now am making an effort to connect myself consciously with those I left behind. I feel a desire to reach Blanche and Bertha. They are interested along these lines and I think would both be responsive to spiritual things; so I make this statement to them asking them to assist me in coming closer into their lives to give them the aid which they need. I have today with me our old friend Dr. Randall and he is much quicker and more active than I am. He seems a little out of patience with the slow methods of the spirit striving to reach its own, but I tell him it is no slower than any science that has been so long in the shadow and is gradually being revealed. I wish I could make the girls understand that I am often in the old library looking over the books and studying the charts just as I used to do."

John Morton.

There is a spirit of a young man with a strong face. It is thin, but a real strong, clean looking face. His eyes are dark blue. His hair is black and so are his eyelashes and brows. He has no mustache and when he smiles he has such clean, nice looking teeth. Everything about him speaks of a particular way of living, as though he was one of those wholesome, clean boys who always had everything in his life as he did not have it. He is about the medium height, perhaps a little grain taller, and he has very expressive hands. He seems to be able to play the piano, to sing, and to do almost anything he wanted to do, though I think he is quite an out-door boy as well as being able to do some of the finer things. He says his name was John Morton but they always called him Jack, and he lived in Harrisburg. He says, "I do not feel like talking so much about myself, and yet as this is a personal message what else can I do? To tell you that I was amazed when I came over here would be putting it mildly. I knew I had got to die, that order had been passed and I said then if I had I would make the most of what was left of my life; so I tried to and I came pretty near forgetting the penalty that hung over me. I do not speak of it as a penalty that anybody had passed upon me except the doctor. He was the one who gave the word and the one who discovered what had got to come. Of course I did not give up so easy just because he said I must, and I made a fight for it as you know, but it was of little use and my management when I got here was to find young Ripley. I did not know that he had died and to find him ready to take me by the hand and tell me a few things he had discovered was rather disconcerting, but we began to pull along together. He had some folks of his and I had some of mine. We were both independent and we thought we would start in for ourselves; so we have been sort of living together and seeing if there was anything possible for us to do for those we had left. We are not altogether unhappy, so I have come back to tell you so. I wanted Morgan to do certain things for me after I was gone. He knew about it; I told him, and he did what I wanted him to, so I feel like expressing my gratitude. I wish I had some more tangible method of showing him how deeply I feel all that he has done. To promise him a place in my mansion when he gets here may not mean much to him, but I can tell him this: that I may be able to save him from some danger if I see he is in it; to keep him from some accident, or to lead him into some pleasant path, and if that is my privilege I shall do it without hesitating. I wish, mother, you could understand that a young man starting into a new life in a new country, as I have had to do here, has ambitions and prospects just as I would have

had had I stayed with you. So often I hear you say, 'Poor Jack! he planned so long to do so many things, and now this is all over.' It is not all over; those plans are being carried out and you are always in them, mother; you know that, for I have told you so. I thank these people very much for letting me come."

Ralph Davis.

I see a man about sixty or sixty-five years old, with a full gray beard, gray hair, and a very quiet, unassuming manner. He says his name is Ralph Davis and that he was quite a traveler. "To say that I came from any one place would seem almost absurd, for I traveled a great deal and there is hardly any place you can name that I have not some interest in in some way. I have about as much perhaps in Boston as anywhere. I was interested in Spiritualism; not to any great extent, but enough so I had learned a good many of its tenets and had made myself acquainted with many of its truths. So I cannot say, like the young man who preceded me, that it was a matter of surprise to me when I came over. I found my wife, who had preceded me just as I expected I would. My transition was so easy I slipped from one condition into the next without effort or struggle. It was like going to sleep and waking to find her close to me as though the separation was all forgotten in that moment of meeting. I asked her if she knew of my coming and she said she was told some time before about how long I would stay and was so happy to think she would not have to wait a great while, so she came—written that she might be ready to take my hand first. With her was my sister Ella and my mother and father, and I could not tell you how many. They had all been prepared for my coming as though it were a reception. It was so good to find a welcome. I often thought of the spirits who seemed to go into the other life with no one to welcome them. They have shut the doors so fast between themselves and those gone on that the knowledge of their coming is sometimes unknown and I believe it would be much better if we kept the door swinging all the time; the greetings would be much sweeter and better because we would be expected guests. I left nothing particularly absorbing in this life. As I grew older I grew away from the concerns of the day and with the passing of my wife I grew to look forward to the reunion with her. I have thought if Willie could only be as sure of spirit communion as I was it would help him over many a rough place, for life has its rough places for every one. What is a burden to one might be a joy to another. But every heart has its sorrow and every back its burden. I wish Willie would make an effort to communicate with me. I can see him, but that is not enough. I would like to have stated times that I could meet and talk over our affairs, for I really have many things to do here and it would be quite an effort for me to keep in touch with his life and know all he was thinking and doing. I would much rather meet him at the end of each day and become aware of his plans and needs through a mutual contact. That is why I asked permission to come to your circle and I thank you for granting it."

Fred Brainard.

A spirit of a gentleman who looks to be about forty-two or three years old comes close to me and almost leans on my shoulder. He is tall and thin, with very yellow complexion, blue eyes and almost black hair. He passed away with consumption. I know just coughed himself into the other life. He says, "I coughed myself out of my body into my coffin. Will you please say that my name is Fred Brainard and I want to reach my friends in Lisbon Falls, Me. For a long time I have been so close to them that I have known all they said and what they did, and have felt I must break the silence they held toward me. There have been two deaths, as they speak of it, within the last year that have brought close to them the reality of another condition, but they have made no effort to connect or to understand anything except the separation. Now, for my part, I cannot see any sense in settling down and calling it patience when one is really unhappy and anxious to understand and can if they make the effort. I wanted Arthur to see if he could not bring some light, but he said, 'No, you go first,' so I have come and it is our wish to unfold George in the spirit. He needs it, for his own physical strength as well as for the equilibrium it would give him and his family. I once was able to communicate, not through this channel, but through another and was not particularly well received, but you see I am neither abashed nor offended, but make another effort and shall keep on doing so until I have made the impression which I desire."

Mary Atkinson.

A spirit comes of a woman I should think about sixty-five. She is very active and strong in her manner. She is rather fair, has gray hair and brownish eyes, neither brown nor blue, sort of hazel I think, and she has a very clear and pretty way of speaking. She says her name is Mary Atkinson and that she lived in Fitchburg, Mass. "I desire to go to Charlie. When I say I desire to go I mean I desire to have this message go to him, for I myself am often with him. I know he gets blue and discouraged sometimes, but there is not the slightest need of it. If he could look ahead as far as I can he would see that the future is bright with promise and that hope is at his right hand. Charlie, you have been trusting too much and expecting too much, and now the time has come for you to break certain conditions that have been put up by your own acts and stand for the best for yourself and those about you, and this word is a word of encouragement for you to do it. I would not come if I was not interested in you. No power could make me come. So you may take this message as a sign of my devoted interest in your welfare."

"VOICES HEARD AT LAKE PLEASANT."

There's a ripple on the shore,
It's a song!
Softly sounded by the waves
All day long.
Sweetly murmur Nature's music,
Then are still,
And the leaves above you answer
What they will.
There are voices softly singing everywhere
Night and day.
Listening souls vibrate in union
What they say:
They are sounding your life's story,
Never old.
You may tell by this communion
They unfold.
Tune the strings of understanding
To the sound,
And, join in Nature's chorus
Grand,—profound.
—John N. Read.

Attleboro, Mass.

"Progress is steady and unrelenting."

Do not despise your situation; in it you must act, suffer and conquer. From every point on earth we are equally near to heaven and to the Infinite.—Amle's Journal.

From Our Exchanges.

An Eloquent Plea for Lyciums.

It is my candid belief that if the progressive lycium method of teaching could be introduced into our common schools and the truths inculcated in the lycium Manual could be impressed upon the minds of our young, the world would have a much higher type of manhood than many we now boast of.

An editorial in a London Journal about two years since, after referring to the formation of a lycium by a spiritual society in that city, said:

"We have had an opportunity of perusing their Manual, and certainly the rules of so impress the juvenile mind, as will tend to make the scholars in after life better men and women. No well wisher of his fellows can take exception to the moral lessons taught in the Manual." I quote this paragraph to show that when men and women band themselves together for earnest work the unprejudiced press will be found ready and willing to herald it to the world.

It is of great interest to the future of Spiritualism as to the attitude of Spiritualists to the progressive lycium as a movement.

What action we shall take in the education of the future, no one familiar with the lycium can dispute its claim as a method of training.

Which in early life appeals to the sense of reasoning and teaching that a healthy body is essential to the development of an active and comprehensive mind, thereby fitting the child's mind to receive the correct training which in after life will enable it to repel the influences which lead so many astray from a life of usefulness.

We are told "that a child is a repository of divine possibilities." This fact should awaken Spiritualists to act and be consistent in their belief and profession, for we do boast of having the most natural, rational and reasonable philosophy of life and religion.—W. T. Jones, Philosophical Journal.

Should There be Legislation?

The presidential address of Professor Barrett at the annual meeting of the Society for Psychical Research raises once more the old question of the desirability of legislation to restrict the use of hypnotism in this country. If we are not mistaken, this is a subject about which more and more will be heard as time goes on, and it may be at some future date the attention of Parliament will be called to the matter. But the prospect of actual legislation is, no doubt, at present very remote, despite the arguments of medical gentlemen that the use of hypnotism should be placed entirely in their hands; and, although we are induced to refer to the subject here, it is not because there is any likelihood of early action being taken, but because the motives of the majority of those who desire parliamentary procedure are such as to require exposure. It cannot, of course, be denied that, looked at from a disinterested point of view, the question is a very complex one, and one that requires a very careful consideration. If it were only a matter of prohibiting the irregular use of hypnotism—i. e., its use for ulterior purposes, for public and private entertainment, for amusements, for social gain, for the gratification of curiosity, for the subject—we should be entirely in accord with the advocates of legislation, and would do our utmost to support what would undoubtedly be a very good and desirable cause. For all will agree that hypnotism employed in any of these ways does little, if any good, and is capable of producing great harm. But this movement—if such it can be called—is government interference, emanating principally from medical circles, whose object is not so much the prevention of the abuse of hypnotism as the desire to stop even the legitimate use of it by all but members of the medical faculty. The motive of the prime movers in this matter is anything but a disinterested one; they simply desire to reserve for themselves what they think will eventually make a lucrative branch of their business, and, by obtaining the sanction of Parliament, they hope to shut out everyone else from the legitimate participation in hypnotic practice.—The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal, London, England.

Abolish that "Obey."

The use of the word "obey" in the marriage service is simply one of the many links yet remaining of that once galling chain that bound woman in every conceivable way of which the human mind was capable, when assuming to assign to her a relative position to man in regard to rights and individuality. It is one of the many brands so long used to stamp the mark of inferiority and subjection on woman. This is arbitrary and unjust. The true man will be the true husband in spite of it, but it gives the unprincipled man free license to continue in his unjust course. The true man needs no fetters or stated license to direct his action.

In discussing the right or wrong of a question then we should have in mind what will be the effect on a would-be victim of some unprincipled man. None can say that the degrading condition of master and servant can equal in true enjoyment that of companion and co-worker. None can say that the fruit of arrogant authority and cringing submission can rank beside that of simple equality. Then abolish that "obey" from the position it never should have commanded.—L. W. Phelps, in Our Home Rights.

Political Protection.

If the editor of the Daily Record of Helena, Mont., believes that the facts in the Turner case are as he states them, he should be discharged for not knowing what he is talking about. After giving his idea of what an Anarchist is like, he says:

"It is this manner of man who came to these shores a few weeks ago, and began the work of sowing the seeds of discontent, chaos, and crime in the minds of ignorant men and women. For this he was arrested by public officials in New York City."

The Record ignorantly or dishonestly states that Turner was arrested on account of his "sowing the seeds of discontent," etc., in this country. Every newspaper man in America should know that Turner is not charged with committing any offense against the laws of this country since he touched these shores. His arrest was ordered before he came here, although there was no charge against him in his own country. He was arrested because the immigration law prescribes that all aliens shall be excluded unless they believe in organized government, and Mr. Turner professes that he does not so believe. His deportation involves no accusation of crime, and no punishment is imposed or contemplated further than excluding him from the country for his disbelief. The alien is better off under the law than the citizen, for whoever got Mr. Turner to come here is liable to be fined \$5,000 and imprisoned for five years. The press agent in Washington who telegraphed to the New York Sun the news of Turner's appeal to the United States Supreme Court showed the same ignorance. He spoke of Turner as "the English Anarchist whose deportation was ordered by Secretary Cortelyou in consequence of Turner's inflammatory speech at the Murray Hill Lyceum in New York last October." Turner made no inflammatory speech, and his deportation was ordered before he spoke at all.—The Truth Seeker, N. Y. City.

NEW DISCOVERY IN THE BIBLE

\$75,000.00

IN CASH GIVEN AWAY.

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

World's Fair Contest Co.,
108 W. 5th Street
St. Louis, Mo.

For Kidneys, Bladder and Rheumatism

New Discovery by Which All Can Now Easily Cure Themselves at Home—Does Away With Surgical Operations—Positively Cures Bright's Disease and Worst Cases of Rheumatism—Thousands Already Cured—Note Endorsers.

TRIAL TREATMENT AND 64-PAGE BOOK FREE

At last there is a scientific way to cure yourself of any kidney, bladder or rheumatic disease in a very short time in your own home and without the expense of the doctors, druggists or surgeons. The credit belongs to Dr. Edwin Turnock, a noted French-American physician and scientist who has made a lifelong study of these diseases and is now in

possession of certain ingredients which have all along been needed and without which cures were impossible. The doctor seems justified in his strong statements as the treatment has been thoroughly investigated, besides being tried in hospitals, sanitariums, etc., and has been found to be all that is claimed for it. It contains nothing harmful but nevertheless the highest authorities say it will positively cure Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, gravel, weak back, stone in the bladder, bloated bladder, frequent desire to urinate, albumenuria, sugar in the urine, pains in the back, legs, sides and over the kidneys, swelling of the feet and ankles, retention of urine, scalding, getting up nights, pain in the bladder, wetting the bed and such rheumatic affections as chronic, muscular or inflammatory rheumatism, sciatica, rheumatic neuralgia, lumbago, gout, etc., which are now known to be due entirely to uric acid poison in the kidneys—in short, every form of kidney, bladder or urinary trouble, in man, woman or child.

That the ingredients will do all this is the opinion of such authorities as Dr. Wilks of Guy's Hospital, London; the editors of the United States Dispensary and the American Pharmacopoeia, both official works; Dr. H. C. Wood, member of the National Academy of Science and a long list of others who speak of it in the highest terms. But all this and more is explained in a 64-page illustrated book which sets forth the doctor's original views and goes deeply into the subject of kidney, bladder and rheumatic diseases. He wants you to have this book as well as a trial treatment of his discovery, and you can get them entirely free, without stamps or money, by addressing the Turnock Medical Co., 1151 Turnock Building, Chicago, Ill., and as thousands have already been cured there is every reason to believe it will cure you if only you will be thoughtful enough to send for the free trial and book. Write the first spare moment you have and soon you will be cured.

"None can say they are incurable until they have tried my discovery. The test is free."

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

They will help you to self-mastery.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

NEW DISCOVERY IN THE BIBLE

\$75,000.00

IN CASH GIVEN AWAY.

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

World's Fair Contest Co.,
108 W. 5th Street
St. Louis, Mo.

These trade-mark crescent lines on every package.

GLUTEN FLOUR For DYSPEPSIA

SPECIAL DIETETIC FLOUR.

K. C. WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR.

Unlike all other brands. Ask Grocers. For book on sample, write Farwell & Rhines, Watkinton, N. Y., U.S.A.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Restores hair to its natural color and growth. Stops itching scalp. Prevents dandruff. Cures scalp diseases and hair falling out. Sold at 25c and 50c at Druggists.

Spiritualism in the Bible

By E. W. and (Mrs.) M. H. WALLIS.

Authors of "A Guide to Mediumship."

This work has been prepared to show "that the connection between Biblical and Modern Spiritualism is far closer than many people imagine—that, in fact, the resemblance is so great that it suggests identity rather than similarity." It deals with—Inspiration and Mediumship; The Prophet Mediasms; The Word of God; Angels; who and what are they? The Endorsement; Spiritualism, Past and Present; The Psychic Powers of Jesus; Good Conditions Indispensable; The Spiritual Teachings of Jesus; The Spiritual Experiences of Peter, Stephen, Philip and Paul; Biblical and Modern Psychic Phenomena; God in Man, or "the Christ of God."

Price Thirty-five cents.

For sale by THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Price, 25 cents each.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Boston Advertisements.

OLIVER AMES GOULD

ASTROLOGIAN

Is still at work the same, and with prices the same as 25 years ago at No. 1 South Street. P. O. address, Box 164, Boston, Mass. (For order of plate for all ordinary work send no money in law and all affairs in life, answering all manner of questions—writing biographical and predictive letters. Higher fees for more detailed work. A 25¢

MRS. THAXTER,

—Banner of Light Building, Boston, Mass. D1

Mrs. Maggie J. Butler,

MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT.

Brain's Home, 174 Tremont St. Rooms 4, 44, 45. Tel. com. 100-100. Office hours 10 to 4 daily, except Sundays.

Marshall O. Wilcox.

MAGNETIC and Mental Healer, 24 Dartmouth Street, Room 2. (Two doors from City Hall). Boston. Hours: 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Telephone 1115 Back Bay.

Josephine Webster.

NATURAL Healer and Test Medium. Tues. Thurs. and Sat., from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. 24 Dartmouth St., Banner of Light Building, Boston. D1

WHAT SPIRITS ARE ATTRACTED TO YOU?

Learn by sending full name (not initials), date and hour of birth, with 15 cents silver. W. W. STRATTON, 68 St. Germain St., Suite 1, Boston, Mass. MB34-35

Mrs. J. Conant Henderson,

Formerly "Banner of Light" Medium. Trance, Business, Psychometry, Readings by letter, \$1.00. Address Box 215, Kingston, Mass. MB34-35

LEMUEL B. MARSH

Will answer 5 questions for 25 cents. Address 24 Sharon Street, Boston, Mass. MB34-35

G. Lester Lane, M.D.

OBSESSION A SPECIALTY. All physical and mental ailments successfully treated. 871 Huntington Avenue, Boston. MB34-35

Scientific Massage.

MRS. ALLEN, from Onset. Is prepared to give scientific treatments at 24 Tremont Street, Boston, or at the residences of patients. Terms reasonable. MB34-35

Osgood F. Stiles,

DEVELOPMENT of Mediumship and Treatment of Obsession a Specialty. Hoffman House, 211 Columbus Avenue. MB34-35

