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## A Noble Tribute to a Noble Cause.

Minnie Meserve Soule.

It is always a surprise to me when I hear or read anything against Spiritualism, for every step of my way among its adherents and its advocates has been marked by some especially sweet and beautiful example of what Spiritualism has done.

### A POWER FOR GOOD.

There are so many strong and useful departments in the work that it is difficult for me to decide which I consider the most helpful and important, but in my rather short experience I have been impressed with its power for good in the home life and its complete victory and triumph in the house of mourning.

I am aware that some people, ignorant of the first principles of Spiritualism, have always contended that its chief characteristic is to separate; that it is an enemy to family life, a destroyer of homes and a monster that will turn upside down all previous ideas of order and morality. If this be true I must ask those who are proclaiming the tidings to produce their evidence as I am able to produce proof of what I write.

### TWO LIVES ENNOBLED.

I have seen two young people with no particular interest in anything. Respectable and respected, but with no higher ambition than to dress well, live well and pay their bills. They were "good citizens." They were invited to a Circle and the wife was told that she was mediumistic and they were advised to sit together for unfoldment. From that Circle they went home with a new interest in life and each other. Time brought development and a little Indian guide, and the tenderness and patience and love that was given to that little guide was much the same that is showered on the baby in the family.

In those days of growth and development, all that was strongest and best in those two young people was brought out and they began to think more of the possibilities for service and grew into strong, noble people, eager to do everything to help make better the conditions of life for those about them. Sometimes by direct advice but oftener by the impulse to serve which had been awakened in them, great good was accomplished through their influence. The world might have been no worse for their being before Spiritualism came to them, but that is not enough. The world must be better for our being else we have failed.

### CHILDREN AND THE SPIRITS.

I have seen a family of children so devoted to the spirit guides who were familiar guests in their home, that they were easily led to understand the significance and value of life and became not only more devoted to each other but to every living creature.

### REFORMED BY THE SPIRITS.

I have seen a family where the father had been a confirmed drunkard and the mother had become despondent and unhappy, with no joy in life, no hope for the future, redeemed through the mediumship of one of the children, and no happier family group has it ever been my privilege to enter than that one, where the little guide was watched for and welcomed as the family sat around in a Circle and sang to make harmonious conditions.

### FAITH DRIES NO MOURNER'S TEARS.

The other beautiful and strong expression of Spiritualism to which I referred is the service rendered during the first agonizing hours of separation when death claims the body of a loved one.

Whatever philosophy or faith may be able to do for the bereaved ones of earth it cannot dry the mourner's tears or still the sobbing breath. Spiritualism does this, and not as a usurper of privileges, but a discoverer of rights and a great truth.

### SPIRITUALISM CONSOLING AND SUSTAINING.

A dear woman, all tenderness and dependence, devoted to her husband as only truly loving hearts can be, sent me a message that her husband had passed to spirit life and asked me to speak at the funeral service. I went to her home expecting to find a woman plunged in deepest woe. I fancied myself telling her over and over again what we both knew of his ardent love for her and of the perfect confidence I had in the power of that love to make him strong and expressive as a spirit in her home. I was unprepared for the brave, sweet way in which she bore the hardest blow that could come to her and gave proof of the reality of spirit return as a factor in her life. How I loved and admired her as she met me in the hall and putting her arms about me whispered, "I am sure he is here and I know he doesn't want me to cry and I am trying not to." In the house was no sign of mourning and only the still, cold

## OUR INTERNATIONAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUES. NUMBER THREE

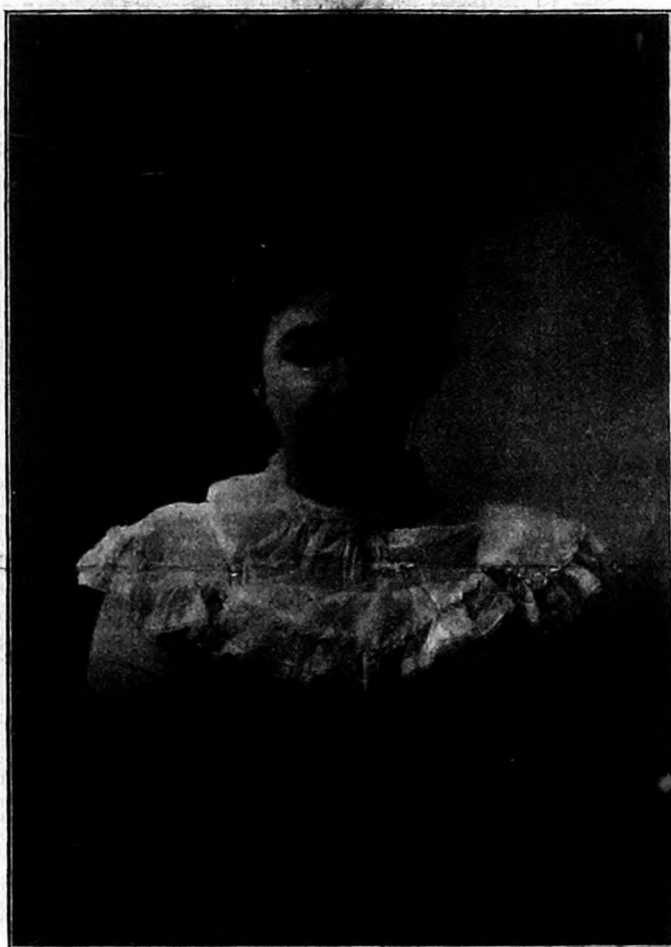
1848. HYDESVILLE. 1904.

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1857. THE BANNER OF LIGHT. 1904.

"Lest We Forget."

### THE "BANNER'S" MESSAGE MEDIUM.



MINNIE MESERVE SOULE.

body that called not nor answered could make me realize that my friend was widowed as she sat there in a dress he had loved and listened to the tribute of his friends. Once during the service she tightly grasped my hand and said, "Oh you do think he is here, don't you?" "Yes, yes, I know it," I said, "and he is proud of his dear little wife for the sweet way in which she is making the separation easier for him to bear."

Many times since then I have cried out to myself, "What a blessed, blessed gift is this knowledge when it can make brave, almost to defiance, the dependent and the tender, fragile woman."

### A HELP IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

In another family I sat helpless and saw the mother, who was the staff, the guide and the steady force in that home, slip away from us and leave us gazing distractedly at the body we had loved.

Our anguish was almost unspeakable until we were invited by a little spirit guide to have a Circle. Then we sat in the room adjoining the one where her body lay and so real was her presence, so clear and logical her message to us, that we were sure she never went away until we were all adjusted and able to think calmly. The dear friends in spirit life who greeted her gave assurance of their devotion to her and promised their aid to us in our endeavors to keep in touch with her.

This all happened in an ordinary family, with ordinary strength to bear calamity and yet the wisdom and calmness exhibited at that time by each member of the family, even to the little boy of five years, was almost beyond belief. They did not love that mother any less because they wore no sombre clothes. They did not forget her when they made the meeting place in the home, where she had lived instead of the cemetery where her body was carried.

### A HAPPY SCENE.

It was a beautiful sight to see them sitting in a group, with the little boy in his little rocking chair, all talking to mama through a guide who visited them. "Did you help me

in school today, mama?" Often the little fellow asked the question and he always told her he was sorry when he had done some naughty thing or had as he believed done something to disturb her. What that particular family would have done without the knowledge of Spiritualism is hard to tell, but certain it is that they clung together and were brave together and left an example of sunshine in adversity that was good to have.

### THANKSGIVING.

You may marvel at wonderful tests and point with pride to the man who has been made rich in money through spirit help, but the power that makes the humble home a heaven, the weak man strong, the discouraged woman brave, the little children true and fearless and the mourner "arise and be of good cheer" is the power to which I bow and breathe my prayer of thanksgiving for its existence. Testimony may be offered as to the efficacy of some other religion to do these things and the question arise as to whether Spiritualism is needed. But suppose every form of truth can do these things, I only ask, "Can any good thing be spared?"

### Spiritualism As I Behold It.

W. J. Colville.

Though my official connection with the Spiritualistic movement in England did not commence till March, 1877, when I was formally introduced to the London public by James Burns, editor of the Medium and Day-break, even before that early date in my life's history I had enjoyed many evidences of spirit communion, and witnessed much phenomena of a thoroughly convincing character. I was a highly mediumistic child, though brought up among people who knew nothing of Spiritualism. When between five and six years of age my clairvoyance unmistakably revealed itself, therefore, when at the age of fourteen my attention was drawn to inspirational speaking through the agency of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, though quite unfamiliar with mediumship, technically so termed, I was prepared to embark without hesitancy upon the eventful

career which unseen guides had evidently marked out for me.

Owing to my long prominent position on the platform and in fields of literary activity, I have had many distinguished opportunities for original investigation. I have sat in private circles, and sometimes quite alone with many of the most celebrated public sensitives, and with many marvelously endowed persons in private life, whose mediumistic endowments were, in some cases, apparently even greater than those of the most widely heralded public workers. During my world-encircling travels in the two-fold capacity of lecturer and press correspondent, I have witnessed again and again manifestations of spiritual intelligence beyond dispute, and in my individual career I have received evidences of unseen guidance enough to convince the most obtuse agnostic. Times without number I have been granted information and direction of the highest value and most perfect accuracy, which I could have obtained in no other way than through a directly mediumistic channel.

During the extended course of my protracted travels, I have been brought into close contact with influential people engaged in manifold varieties of reformatory work as well as with professed Theosophists, mental scientists, and other groups of progressive people who, not satisfied with extant conditions, are seeking in somewhat novel ways to solve the problem of existence or, at least, to improve its present mode in some direction. Though many earnest advocates of the New Thought do not call themselves Spiritualists, they are generally such at heart, philosophically if not phenomenally, and between a strictly philosophical and a distinctively phenomenal phase of Spiritualism there is naturally considerable difference. Spiritualism can be treated scientifically, by investigating its phenomena; philosophically, by reasoning upon its obvious intellectual and moral implications; and religiously, by letting it appeal to the sympathies and aspirations of universal humanity.

As Spiritualism is so wide-reaching in its claims and its embrace as to be capable of effectively ministering to such diverse needs

of humanity, it is no cause for surprise that a number of different minor cults spring up within, as well as around so truly comprehensive a circle. Spiritualism is often extremely attractive in some of its aspects, to certain people, who scarcely tolerate others of its phases. This has long been, and still is a fruitful occasion for unnecessary dissension among Spiritualists who have not yet grown to estimate various aspects of a great question, each at its true worth.

America as the birthplace and earliest home of the Modern Spiritualistic Movement, has naturally witnessed the fiercest controversies. But in Great Britain and Australia also, where Spiritualism is making rapid progress, differences of opinion and divergences in method of propaganda frequently arise. This is not to be deplored, for sooner or later, all must come to realize that though Unity is highly desirable, Uniformity is not to be desired. United in heart we can stand and pull together, but uniform in method we should soon stagnate. The very ferment in the spiritualistic ranks may be a source of strength as well as an evidence of life, for people do not contend earnestly over matters about which they care but little. Spiritualism is a vital movement, full of energy and push, and for that very reason its barque does not sail in excessively smooth waters. The religious and educational aspects of Spiritualism are strongly insisted upon in England, Wales, and Scotland, and to a considerable extent, in Australia and New Zealand also. But though it is customary in Great Britain and the British Colonies to conduct regular religious services and Sunday schools, the majority of Spiritualists are extremely far removed in Christian orthodoxy. Many indeed, who have seceded from influential Christian denominations are apt to go to opposite extremes and weaken their own cause by a too destructive mental policy. The Lyceum Movement, though born in America, is now more widely flourishing in England where it has taken deep root, and captivated the affections of large numbers of promising young people.

But it is not within the ranks of professed Spiritualists alone, in any part of the world, that the wide influence of Spiritualism has made itself felt. Among scientific and philosophic thinkers beyond the pale of any denomination, the effect of psychic research is very great, even though the special society sailing under that name is not always satisfying in its attitude. The monumental work of Frederic Myers, "Human Personality, and Its Survival of Bodily Death," a veritable encyclopedia of valuable information covering 1,300 pages, has been read and discussed during the past year in literary circles and in many other places where the ordinary work of Spiritualism is practically unknown, and as it has been very recently demonstrated in Australia, even so conservative a city as Melbourne opens its mind to spiritual philosophy when some exponent succeeds in striking just the right chord in a particular community.

The absurd attacks made upon mediumship in questionable manners only serve to draw public attention more and more to that which is attacked. Sensitiveness in any direction has its perils until we grow unusually strong in positive individuality, but no diatribe can ever convince the reasoning world of anything; on the contrary, exaggerated condemnation of doubtful practices has only a tendency to increase their prevalence. The inquirer into Spiritualism has often to encounter snares and pitfalls. He must brace himself to meet and vanquish obstacles, both subtle and overt, and most of all must be prepared to exercise patience and discrimination, and not allow himself to become disheartened on account of the difficulties which beset the path of every inquirer into the mysteries of existence.

After fifty-six years of trial, Spiritualism has proved itself capable of weathering every gale and mastering all opposition. Internecine feud as well as hostility from without has constantly harassed the Spiritualistic Movement, and it is a standing monument to its invincible vitality that it has withstood all antagonism and dissension, and is withstanding still. Never before have Camps been so numerous, or societies so plentiful all over the American continent, as now. In Canada, as well as all over the United States, the interest in Spiritualism is steadily increasing, and though there is much work yet to be done, the old workers have much cause for satisfaction with the outcome of their constant and arduous endeavors. Spiritualism can harmonize with every truly progressive and genuinely philanthropic enterprise. Therefore, while taking active part in the promotion of all good causes, convinced Spiritualists should ever prove themselves ready to vindicate the honor of simple Spiritualism, and at the same time, liberally co-operate with all workers for human elevation.

In success it is not enough for men to have a secular education; they must receive also a religious training.—Cardinal Gibbons.



The Innermost of Manhood.

Charles Daubarn.

No. 1.

That Intelligence is a manufactured article, compounded from matter and force, seems to be the settled belief of certain scientists. Prof. Loeb in his "Philosophy of the Brain" has, we presume, by using his own brain, evolved an idea with a German brand on it, which he assumes will settle any such dispute once for all.

After pointing out that in lower forms of life every important movement is the result of "reflex action," he goes on to assert that such actions may be "purposeful" but are not "intelligent." He goes yet further and asserts there may be a chain of such reflexes, each acting as cause to the one that follows, but even that chain is only purposeful, and not intelligent. Such an assertion requires, as we have said, a German brand, for in the English language it is absurd. A purpose, except as the result of intelligence, is an impossibility, at least to an Anglo-Saxon mind. Intelligence can only manifest itself, so far as mortals know, through substance by the use of energy. The three, blended and inseparable, are the only heirs of the eternal past. But they are absolutely separate entities. Matter is not force, and intelligence is distinct from either. Yet they are never found apart. One without the other seems a natural impossibility. And it is certain that everything of which we can conceive is a blending of all three into molecules, from the mightiest sun down to the microbe, just now the darling pet of the physiologist.

By a mere play of words the scientist tries to draw a line between chemical attraction and intelligence. He cannot define one more than the other, but he assumes a certain level which he calls "consciousness." Below that line he calls movement "chemical." Above that line it may be "reflex action," with a purpose to it. Ultimately his rising barometer marks a point at which he discovers what he calls "Associative consciousness." By working on and up through what he calls "instincts," he ultimately reaches the conception that very likely Prof. Loeb, and his brethren of like ilk, are intelligent men. The writer does not intend to further criticize the teachings of the learned professor, nor to re-read his work, for it is little but a record of cruelties practised upon dogs and lower creatures in the search for the undecipherable. The reader will be far more interested in a little careful investigation of the Cosmical relation of intelligence to substance and energy, which latter are the modern substitutes for the old conception of matter and force.

We hear much nowadays of the ether of space. In other words, the scientist has taught us to count space with nothing in it as an impossible conception. We will not muddle our brains by discussing the nature and properties of this wonderful ether, as labeled and catalogued by our learned professors of physics. They have attempted to bring this marvelous ether within our limited powers of conception. They make a guess, and call it a theory, in which they describe ether as such a possible impossibility that the present reader and writer will leave them to enjoy their theory, till another just as good is ready to take its place. But when they use the word "substance" we begin to realize something our senses can grasp.

Of course, if universal ether be a verity, then all that we know or think of as substance is just a phase of that ether. While ether is at best but the ghost of a theory, we come down to solid fact when we discuss the nature of this wonderful "substance." It is not much we know about it, but that little is very important. We know it as a collection of minute particles, which, because they cannot get any smaller, we call "units." I know the scientific name just now is "corpuscle" or "electron," but there is always a chance that a little more science may be fatal to even a corpuscle, so we will stick to "unit," but with a clear understanding that we mean a particle so small it cannot have even a tiny fragment clipped from it. Although the unit is thus infinitely small, it is absolutely immortal, at least so far as mortal or archangel can conceive or guess. It, of course, has form, though we have not yet found out how to photograph it. And that form is "substance."

So much is clear. The next point in its favor, as claimed by science, is that it has so much energy it is never idle. The wise man only makes its acquaintance after it has become a socialist, and started a little colony, which he calls a molecule, after which nothing is too big for it to attempt to manufacture by further combinations.

This dear little unit, yours and mine, reader, is overflowing with energy, so that, if it has nothing more important on hand, it just dances a perpetual hornpipe. But, all the same, it is keeping a good lookout for chances to mate, and go to housekeeping. It shows wisdom and sagacity, but it is very loose on morals, for it "explodes" its husband (or wife) of today if it discerns a stranger unit which it likes better. All our explosions, from volcanoes to boiler smash-ups, are just matrimonial squabbles among units, with a divorce paper thrown in a hurry. But these little units, which we call molecules, are pervading the little unit. The reader now sees that this wonderful and eternal little speck of a unit is part substance, part energy, and the rest of him intelligence. Back of that we cannot go, at least in earth life, for if the three in one are indestructible, that is the beginning and end of the unit for us.

But we have not done with this wonderful little unit yet. Any and every form exhibiting intelligence and energy has thereby a personal existence. So our unit has a personality. That is a very important point.

Now we go a step further. Our unit has at last found some like minded friends, one or more. The attachment becomes conspicuous to society at large, and then the man with a microscope shows you what he calls a molecule, which is merely a blending of units. But although composed of units this molecule has a mind of its own. It runs its own energy and intelligence in its own way. The unit, being a republican at heart, if he has one, submits to majority rule. The united result is he becomes a unit-fraction of a molecule of gas or solid, as the case may be.

But we have, so far, traced only the beginning of a unit's experience. He now only counts one when it comes to a vote, so he remains just a citizen worker with his brother units in that molecule. But the intelligence and also the energy now manifesting are no longer that of a single unit, for they are now welded by and with the power of a molecule.

We now leave the unit to his own resources, and proceed to watch the molecule. But we are not on very safe ground, for a molecule is neither indestructible nor eternal. All but about eighty of his friends and relatives have been cut up and dissected by cool blooded scientists of the chemical variety. That eighty that have so far won the victory are called elements. Watching molecules, as we formerly watched units, we perceive them wielding their united intelligence and energy by which they blend with other molecules to produce greater effect. In other words, they have achieved a personality. Just as the unit is himself a personality, so the molecule by possessing form, intelligence and energy also becomes a person. But we re-

member that this new personality is merely a blending of indestructible units, and will drop apart sometime. We are now watching a very different personality to that of the unit, but with similar manifestation of likes and dislikes, fond embraces and explosive separations. The point here to be remembered is that the molecule, even if not eternal, yet manifests more substance, intelligence and energy than the unit could or did.

At the next step even the molecule must be left behind as a study, for he, or she, has combined with a number of other molecules. Passing over innumerable such experiences the student faces great combinations of these molecules, which he labels as mineral, vegetable and animal. In fact, every form in Cosmos, discerned by telescope or microscope, is a gathering of molecules. In each there is the aggregate substance, energy and intelligence of its united and blended units. It does not follow that the big grouping is just a multiple of the small one. In fact, no two such groupings are ever alike. In each group collection of molecules into a form, its energy, substance and intelligence are, and must be, affected by other groupings, far or near. Every crystal in the rocks is substance, compelled into certain shapes by its own, and its surrounding intelligence and energy.

We now recall that every form, through which intelligence can manifest is a person. Thus this earth, and every star in Cosmos is a person, for each has its movement and a controlling intelligence that is independent, save only as subject to the influence of its neighbors and of Cosmos as a whole. To follow this out in detail would demand a book rather than an article, so we must now pass on and up into manhood, with perhaps an occasional side glance at the molecular influences that compel even man into obedience.

Every unit has maintained its independence through every Cosmic experience. It comes and goes, and its changes from one form to another are milestones by which every molecular gathering marks its birth, growth and dissolution. All this we have said again and again in former articles, but when a prominent scientist declares certain movements and changes to be "purposeful" but not intelligent, it seemed to the writer as if it must once again be repeated and emphasized.

If we count the foregoing as a preface we now stand facing a tremendous natural fact, which is the foundation of all that exists in Cosmos. It is and must be our starting point if we hope to understand anything of the meaning and result of personality. We claim that wherever intelligence is manifesting in form we have a personality. Of the ether we know nothing, but the unit is itself such a manifestation. Presently that unit finds its mates, and form molecules. The unit has lost nothing, not even its freedom to depart, so the molecule is a working partnership of all its units. That partnership is what Loeb calls "purposeful," by which we understand that its united intelligence, energy and substance is working to an end impossible to an ununited unit. Whether that end seem to be mineral, vegetable or animal in the world of physics, or whether it become invisible and intangible to mortal sense, and therefore be called "psychic," it is the work of intelligence at every step.

Neither the unit nor its blendings are omnipotent, so it may take a million years, and many a blending and unblending, before we can sense it and give it a Latin name, but its intelligence is, all the same, doing its work as best it can in its own way. The unit can necessarily gain none of this knowledge by experience, except through its matings. So the intelligence of a unit may be described as an ignorant intelligence compared with the intelligence of the molecule. But that molecule has form, intelligence and energy, therefore it is a person. Its intelligence, like its form, may seem very different from that of a unit, but we remember there is no real difference, save as the mass thinks and moves to a result impossible to the unit.

Of course the process is repeated when the molecules themselves blend. They have now yet more intelligence, with substance and energy in proportion, and it is this blending of molecules with which the scientist deals, and which keeps him busy weighing, measuring and analyzing. He has learned to recognize the substance and the energy, but has so far failed to perceive the intelligence. He has however come very near to it when he announces that he finds "purpose" back of what he calls "reflex" action.

Since everything in nature, visible and invisible, that is to say in physics and psychology, is a blending of molecules, we begin to see something of the vastness of this realm of personalities, which we are entering. Every form has its intelligence, but its manifestation of that intelligence will tend to differ more or less from that of all other forms. The planet itself has its planetary intelligence, differing from that of its units, just as the intelligence of a city is often very different in manifestation from that of any individual citizen. And the earth in its relation to the sun and cosmos is necessarily manifesting yet another output of intelligence, substance and energy, which will, in its turn, be as distinct as that of a whole nation is distinct from that of its cities and their separate citizens.

We have intelligence everywhere around us, of which mineral, vegetable and animal alike take full tale. The scientist can draw no marked line between mineral, vegetable and animal. Their effort and output of intelligence imply consciousness, even though there be neither a brain nor a tongue to tell the tale. And man, viewing the result through his very limited senses, claims that he has reached one degree yet higher, which he calls "self consciousness." It is at this point we must leave this grand universal intelligence, which when Cosmic is counted as divine, and commence our special study of man.

San Leandro, Cal.

(To be continued.)

Progress of Spiritualism in England.

E. W. Wallis,

Secretary of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and Assistant Editor of Light.

In reply to your fraternal invitation I hasten to contribute my quota to the testimony, which will doubtless reach you from all quarters, in proof of the rapid spread of Spiritualism throughout the civilized world.

AFTER TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

Thirty-two years have passed since my attention was first drawn to Spiritualism and twenty-seven years since I definitely devoted my life to its advocacy as a trance speaker. During those twenty-seven years the movement has spread and gained strength in a truly wonderful way. Then there were but ten Spiritualist societies in this country, now there are two hundred and fifty. Then there were but three or four children's Lyceums, now there are nearly a hundred and fifty. Then our papers sold in small quantities; now they sell by thousands and are increasing in circulation and influence. Then the known mediums were few in number and badly supported, now there are hundreds, many of whom are overtaxed by the large number of inquirers who consult them. Then the public press sneered with open and undisguised contempt and opposition, now they open their columns readily to news, articles, and letters on Spiritualism and cognate subjects. Then there were no Theosophists, no

Psychical Researchers, no New Thought, Christian, mental, therapeutical-Scientists—all of them offshoots of and in the main dependent upon Spiritualism—now there are any number of schools of "ists," advocating the central affirmations of the spiritual philosophy, and, when driven into a corner for evidences, appealing to Spiritualism in support of their claims. Then preachers of all denominations united with materialists in banning and excommunicating us, and physical Scientists ridiculed our ideas of matter and scoffed at invisible spiritual presences. Now preachers are more hospitable to, and make use of, our evidences, and preach our philosophy, while many of them affirm that immortality has been scientifically demonstrated and appeal to the testimony of Mr. Myers in proof, while Myers, like Dr. Hodgson and thousands of others who were materialistically inclined, have to thank mediums and the spirits, for their larger knowledge and happier faith.

Our London Spiritualist Alliance, which has six hundred members and associates, holds its meetings in the large and beautiful hall of the Royal Society of British Artists, and the attendances have grown from less than one hundred to nearly 500 within a very few years.

NATIONAL AND COUNTY ORGANIZATIONS.

We have, too, a National Spiritualist Union, a National Benevolent Fund, a National Lyceum Union, and County and District Unions and Mediums' Unions in addition.

Many of our societies are calling themselves churches; engaging resident "exponents" and are building for themselves, or acquiring by purchase, structures suitable for their meetings and Lyceum gatherings. Regular "services" are held on Sundays, choirs are being formed and successful missionary work is being carried on both in England and Scotland. So that, whether the people of other denominations like it or not, Spiritualism is establishing itself as a religious and reformatory movement because it meets the spiritual needs of the people. It has come to stay and will have to be reckoned with.

CONSTRUCTIVE WORK.

Its period of iconoclastic work is well nigh past and it is entering upon the still more difficult era of constructive enterprise. Some of us, like my old comrade and friend, J. J. Morse (now ably editing the dear old "Banner of Light"), have not only watched, but under the inspiration and guidance of our trusted spirit friends have helped to promote these developments. We have been spared to see some of the results of thirty years of seed-sowing, and our hearts are gladdened by the growth and the prospects of a rich harvest in the coming years. We have seen many a Standard Bearer in the advance guard of this Army of Progress pass through the mist, but still the good work goes on.

INDIRECT RESULTS.

One important fact must not be lost sight of and that is that the indirect results of the phenomenal proofs of the presence and power of spirit people, which have been so richly forthcoming during the past half century, is the marked influence they have had on the thought of the age. A revolution has been silently effected. Orthodox dogmatic theology and materialism alike are now discredited in almost all quarters. A more spiritual interpretation of the phenomena of nature, and of human nature, has been made necessary to include the revelations which Spiritualism has given to the world, and which were so loyally attested by Dr. A. R. Wallace, Professors Crookes, Hare, Mages and hundreds of other leading men in all ranks and professions. The fact is, as a well known journalist and preacher said to me recently: "Now that my attention has been drawn to these matters I find, if I discreetly turn the conversation upon Spiritualism, that there are many people who know and believe, but who are not disposed, or not prepared as yet, to publicly avow their belief in the truth of spirit communion." Ah, these Nicodemuses! We must have sympathy even with them—but they do try one's patience!

WATCHFULNESS NEEDED.

There seems to be a tendency growing up in certain quarters, however, to ignore the spirits and refuse to submit to their influence; to declare mediumship dangerous and encourage sensitivity to attribute all results to their own psychic powers; to regard phenomenal demonstrations as low and unnecessary and talk learnedly about the higher Spiritualism; to deny the influence of spirits and endow the "sub-conscious-self" with supernatural powers, and, in a word, establish a Spiritualism without the spirits! This, it seems to me, is a fatal mistake. I notice that when metaphysical philosophers want evidence they resort to mediums. However learnedly they talk—when they are in trouble, or are bereaved, they are as anxious as the rest of us to "see something;" to get messages and advice from their spirit friends to help them out of their difficulties. Spiritualism is based upon its phenomenal proofs of continued, conscious, human existence after bodily death—and without mediumship, and the evidences of spirit presence, power, and identity afforded through mediums, what better off should we be than those who ask us to believe—to have faith—out can produce no facts in support of their claims! Spiritualists, we must keep the door open, not shut it! Let us co-operate intelligently with spirit people to help them to give us more and better evidence—not less! Let us encourage, understand and wisely use mediums and unite loyally with the angels in service for humanity and the truth.

A Sign of the Times.

Will Phillips,

Editor of the Two Worlds, Manchester, England.

One of the most favorable signs of the times to me, is the attitude of the cheap press toward Spiritualism. The old-fashioned, stolid, conservative paper takes, perhaps, little more interest in Spiritualism than it did forty years ago, maybe not quite so much, but the morning paper, which appeals to a more democratic area by its price, one cent, takes vastly more interest in the subject than has ever been evidenced by any other section of the press.

The reason for this is not, perhaps, far to seek. The cheap paper caters for its readers, and for all classes of its clientele, and therefore, recognizing that the adherents of Spiritualism are fairly numerous, and that those interested in occult matters generally are more numerous, the editors of the cheap papers meet the demand, as they meet that of the horse or doggy man. This action, of course, re-acts; the general reader takes an interest, casual at first, but more definite later, and thus becomes an inquirer—while, of course, the demand for occult information increases. Find out what the people want, give it to them, is the direction given to editors of popular papers, and the very fact that so much space is being given to the literature of Spiritualism in Great Britain is a sign that here, at least, the spirit of inquiry is deeper than ever.

Surely this is a good sign. It is inquiry we want, investigation we invite; and with the vastly important morning cent papers stim-

ulating inquiry, the outlook for the future is distinctly bright. The fashion is not now to sneer at Spiritualism, as it was a few years ago, but rather to deal leniently with the question as being one of great import to the race.

A. P. Minnett, Harold Begbie, C. W. Leadbeater, and others, are being used by the press with the happy result that the masses are gaining information from favorable sources; and in this way being introduced to an unpopular movement in a manner which disarms suspicion and demands attention.

From this standpoint alone, the prospect of the future is a cheering one, and it gives me pleasure to be able thus to strike an optimistic note. May all prosperity rest upon the grand old "Banner" and crown the efforts of its good editor and energetic management.

Manchester, England.

Concerning the Cause in Scotland.

Cydebank.

The Scotch nature is proverbially "dour," that is, not easily affected, nor readily expressive of emotion. When, however, the Scot is once intellectually satisfied, and his conscience acquiesces, there is no firmer clasp of whatever cause appeals to the word which he may accept.

Spiritualism was a plant of slow growth in the Land of Thistle. The strong strain of Calvinism running through the Scottish people was, for a long time, a serious barrier to the progress of the spiritual movement. Anything that savored of opposition to, or dissent from, the religious teachings of the land, excited unbounded opposition, and called forth unlimited denunciations, warnings, and pulpit reprobations, but in spite of all obstacles, Spiritualism gained a footing some 40 years ago, making its earlier appearances in the great port of Glasgow.

The pioneer workers of that long ago time have passed to the spirit life, and while their names are held in memory by those who knew and labored with them, to recount them would be of little interest to readers in the United States, though at least, these may be mentioned: James Bowman, who with heart and purse, nobly sustained the work; Hay Niebet, to whom the world is indebted for the publication of that wonderful book "Hafed, Prince of Persia," through the mediumship of the renowned David Duguid; William Walker, an earnest and faithful soul who did their part in the earlier days.

A society has existed in Glasgow for many years, the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, and under its auspices Mrs. Hardinge Prieble, Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond, Dr. J. M. Peebles, Mrs. J. H. Brown, and other well-known American speakers, have lectured to large audiences in Scotland's commercial capital. All the leading English speakers of a past decade and the present day have been presented to Glasgow audiences by this association, doing excellent work in building up the Cause.

The association has had innumerable vicissitudes, but has survived them all, and is now the strongest body in this section of the United Kingdom. It occupies a fine and commodious hall in an excellent portion of the city, and the Sunday congregations are equal in respectability and numbers to any other of our religious bodies. The hall, seating nearly 500, is nearly always filled, and frequently with overflowing audiences on the Sunday evenings. There is also now a Scottish Spiritualists' Alliance in which the societies in Glasgow and the neighboring towns of Paisley, Greenock, Motherwell, and in the cities of Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen, are united for mutual assistance. There is a quite healthy society in Edinburgh, and meetings are frequently held, but the cautious Scotch spirit prevents the expression of much public support or enthusiasm. In the northern city of Dundee, a very flourishing organization exists. One of the principal city officers was for many years the president, and that position is now occupied by Mr. James M. Stevenson, the head of a large book-binding establishment. The success of this work really began after the first visit of Mr. J. J. Morse, whose lectures aroused very much amount of interest. Most effective work has since been done by Mr. E. W. Wallis and Mrs. M. H. Wallis, Mrs. Ellen Green, and other speakers whose names escape me as I write, but whose joint labors have assisted to build up a very remarkably successful movement in this city, celebrated the world over, for the manufacture of orange marmalade.

In private circles, there is much inquiry concerning our Cause, and many who for various reasons do not allow their names to be connected with it publicly, are firm believers and occasional supporters of our faith. I can only hurriedly send you this brief and very imperfect word regarding the progress of Spiritualism in this part of the United Kingdom. I trust it may be of some interest to the readers of the "Banner" and if so, I shall feel amply rewarded.

Joining hands with our brethren across the Atlantic in celebrating the 56th anniversary of modern Spiritualism, I trust the Cause will ever increase in power and usefulness, for the development and uplifting of humanity all over the world.

Spiritualism in Wales.

Tagf Vale.

Spiritualism is progressing as rapidly as can be expected in the Principality. It is probably over fifty years ago since Mr. Sadler, a photographer, well known in Cardiff, first introduced the matter to public notice in Wales. His son was at one time a very remarkable physical and materializing medium. His mediumship excited a very large amount of interest throughout the country.

One of the early Spiritualists was a Mr. Rees Lewis, who was a great admirer of Andrew Jackson Davis, whose works he never missed an opportunity to read from in our public meetings, when he occupied the chair. It was under his care that Mr. George Spriggs developed what was, perhaps, the most wonderful phase of materializing that has ever been known in the United Kingdom. Mr. Spriggs' phenomena mark the most prominent feature in the history of Spiritualism in Wales, and while it was a great gain to Australia when he departed from us, it was a decided loss to the Spiritualists in this part of the world. Spiritualism in Cardiff has had many ups and downs, changed its meeting places times without number, had ebbs and flows of prosperity, and today is doing just about as well as we can expect considering the extremely awkward position that Wales occupies in relation to the other great centres of the country.

For a long period we were ably served by Mr. Edwin Adams, as president of our society, while Captain Mark, the Milnes, the Coopers, and the Sadlers father and son, and today equally worthy workers are doing their best to promote the Cause. We have had Mr. E. S. G. Mayo as resident speaker for quite a term, and his services proved in every way acceptable.

Spiritualism has made its mark at Swansea, Hlirwain, Aberdare, Pontypridd, Llanelli, and Merthyr Tydfil, and in former years many lectures were delivered in these places, particularly at Llanelli, where at one time

considerable interest prevailed. Good work is also being done in Merthyr Tydfil. The Welsh are naturally mediumistic, and it is the land of bards and songs. Its notable bardic assemblies called *Blwyddfodda* are of world wide fame, but the bulk of the people are still under the influence of evangelical theology, Methodism largely prevailing.

We have no reason to be disheartened that the Cause has not advanced further in Wales. On the contrary, it is my opinion we have every reason to be gratified that it has done so well. I appreciate the kindness in asking me to contribute a few words about Wales, and hope this very fragmentary statement will do for the purpose in view. It is a pleasure to think that the work done in gallant little Wales is of sufficient interest to the Spiritualists on the other side of the Atlantic to call for notice in your columns.

A Yorkshireman's Response.

The following extract from a letter received from Mr. David Gavin, Editor of "The Spiritualist," a monthly publication, issued in Bradford, England, was his response to the invitation asking him to contribute an article to one of our Anniversary issues. We take the liberty of using the extract as showing the circumstances which prevented our good friend complying with our request, and his evident fraternal intention to do so, had it been possible. Possibly, at some later time, our good brother across the sea may be able to say a few words to his American coworkers, through the medium of our columns. At any rate we thank him for his kindly favor.

FROM A YORKSHIRE MAN.

"I would have liked to comply with your request for an article for the Anniversary issues of the 'Banner of Light,' all the more so as the originally intended publishing day of your special issue April 2, was my 50th birthday, but I broke down last week, which was my publishing week, before I got through my work. I had been working until 2, 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning for a long period, and as a consequence, I have every now and then, a breakdown for a while, but I get in the harness again, as soon as possible.

"I wish I could have been favored with your presence, and that of your family, on the occasion above referred to, for I am celebrating my Jubilee by a Tea (American, Supper), in our St. Paul's Church School, and am inviting the editors of our other spiritualistic journals in England, together with my colleagues of the Spiritualist National Union, and the Yorkshire Union executives, and their wives or husbands, as the case may be, and some representative Spiritualists, including the Presidents and Secretaries of the British Spiritualist Lyceum Union, the Lancashire Mediums' Union, the Sheffield District Council, and the North East Lancashire District Council, and their partners in life. As I am also asking our St. Paul's Church members, you can see I will have a large family around my table on that day. I have invited nearly 300 people. On Easter Tuesday I am giving our Lyceum a Tea. You will be glad to know that our Lyceum has improved greatly. It is one of the best, if not the best, in Yorkshire. We have between 120 and 140 on the books, with a large attendance, and a fine lot of young men and young women. I wish you could be here to see them. I hope to be able to give you the opportunity when you return."

Bradford, England.

From Queensland, Australia.

A. J. Ford.

In writing a summary of the growth of Spiritualism in Queensland, one has to record the fact that the good Cause has waxed and waned for nearly thirty years, and in this particular Brisbane spells Queensland, for there has never been any organized attempt to found a spiritualistic society outside of the capital city of this State.

As early as 1875 the first society was formed by a few pioneers who had been holding private circles, and were moreover deeply interested in the philosophy and religion of Spiritualism. The services of J. Tyerman, from Melbourne, were secured for a season, as a public lecturer. This gentleman, who was undoubtedly a trenchant speaker and proved himself a vigorous writer on matters pertaining to Spiritualism, was the means of awakening a great deal of interest amongst his audiences of those days and thereby helping the Cause very materially.

Nor must Thos. Walker be overlooked, a young man who, having no claim whatever to an erudite or cultured training, proved himself to be an excellent trance medium and named his Brisbane hearers by discoursing on the most abstruse scientific subjects in reply to written requests.

Unfortunately the society of that day was composed of too many conflicting elements to hold together for any great length of time. Spiritualists, Free Thinkers, Agnostics and Secularists jostled each other, until the introduction of Secularism and Politics broke up the little band, after some ten years or more of its existence. Of the Spiritualists Messrs. R. Wishart, the late G. D. Russell and Gavin Pettigrew were the pioneers. Thus ended the first society that did any practical work for Spiritualism in Queensland.

In 1880 Mr. W. Reinhold, who possessed two good mediums in his wife and daughter, established with the help of a few friends and his family a church called the Holy Church of Zion. Mrs. Reinhold's principal control was purported to be Swedenborg, consequently most of the teachings were of a theological character. However some good work was done at this time by lectures and public discussions by Wm. Widdow and Geo. Marchant. The church eventually broke up, owing, in some measure, to the death of the principal medium, Mrs. Reinhold, in 1884. Most of the communications received and lectures given during the period were embodied in a weekly paper called "The Telephone," which Mr. W. Reinhold sent broadcast through the colony at his own expense, and it was doubtless instrumental in doing some good.

The next society that took up the work of Spiritualism was organized by George and Samuel Smith in 1881, and was called the Psychological Society. Some good work was done by the Smith Brothers in starting a Spiritualistic and Free Thought Book Depot. The society was successful in procuring the visit of Fred Evans, the slate-writing medium from America, in 1883. This gentleman gave some very satisfactory evidences of the genuineness of his mediumship, but the Brisbane press proved very hostile, and his mediumship was confined more to the few than availed of by the many. The Psychological Society gradually waned owing to the loss of their energetic and enthusiastic secretary, Mr. Geo. Smith, who left the city.

From 1890 and onward Spiritualism may be said to have been at a very low ebb in Brisbane, and with the exception of a few private circles, and an occasional visit from Mrs. Ednott Burbank, of Melbourne, there was nothing of any importance to chronicle. The next event was the appearance on the scene of Mr. Newham Waterworth, from Hobart, Tasmania. This gentleman, who



was a mesmerist and magnetist, was successful in developing Mr. Alfred A. Buckley as a medical clairvoyant, and had the satisfaction of diagnosing and treating some thousands of patients successfully through this gentleman's mediumship. In course of time Mr. Buckley developed trance speaking, and as the controls were of a very intelligent order, Mr. Waterworth decided to organize a Psychical Research Society, which was duly inaugurated in 1902.

It was early in the year of 1903 that steps were taken to invite Mr. J. J. Morse to Brisbane, as he was then on a visit to Melbourne and Sydney under engagement to the Victorian Association of Spiritualists. This gentleman gave a highly successful series of lectures to the public of Brisbane, and by the very fine order and merit of his trance addresses, it at once raised Spiritualism out of the somewhat low plane into which it had degenerated in this city, and proved conclusively to his audiences that Spiritualism after all was something more than necromancy and fortune telling.

Shortly after Mr. Morse's departure from these shores for America, the Psychical Research Society enlarged its membership and constituted itself as the Brisbane Association of Spiritualists. Mrs. Winterburn Secombe, of Melbourne, was next engaged for a season and very ably followed up the work of Mr. J. J. Morse by giving public trance addresses. At the present time, March, 1904, Mr. Moorey, a very able clairvoyant test and psychometric medium is under engagement for next month, and the visit of this gentleman, who has been holding crowded meetings in the southern cities and New Zealand, is being looked forward to with a great deal of pleasurable expectation and will be followed shortly after by Mrs. Winterburn Secombe. That our association shall live long and do good work is the earnest wish of all its members.

Brisbane, Q., Australia.

### Spiritualism in Virginia and the Southern States.

William Emmette Coleman.

My experiences in Spiritualism date back to 1859, in which year I became a convert to the Spiritual Philosophy, in Richmond, Virginia, my home. At that time, Spiritualism was practically unknown in Richmond, and in the southern and eastern parts of the State of Virginia. In the northern and western parts, adjacent to the border slave states and to the free states of the North, there was a sprinkling of Spiritualists; but, taken as a whole, the State of Virginia, including what is now West Virginia, was almost destitute of adherents of the new spiritualistic gospel.

#### CONVERTED BY A NORTHERN VISITOR.

It was through association with a resident of a more northerly state, temporarily sojourning in Richmond, that my attention was directed to Spiritualism. At that time it is my belief that there was not in the entire city another Spiritualist, nor did I ever hear of one in the city until after the close of the Civil War in 1865, and the concomitant ingress of settlers from the North.

#### A PROPAGANDIST.

Circumstances threw me in contact with many of these Northern settlers, and I was pleased to find among them various Spiritualists. But not till some years thereafter did I hear of any native Spiritualists, except those of my relatives and friends, who had, through my propaganda, become such. Since then, however, Spiritualism has been disseminated among the native Virginians in Richmond, mediums have developed, meetings held, etc.; and our faith has now a recognized foothold there, as it has in more northern cities. In other parts of Virginia and West Virginia, the same obtains.

In the Southern States generally, before the war, there were very few Spiritualists anywhere; but there has been in the years since then a gradual and steady growth of the Spiritualist movement there; and now Spiritualists can be found, more or less, everywhere. In remote Florida, as we know, there have been, for years, annual spiritualistic campmeetings; and in still more remote Texas, our lecturers, like Mrs. Jennie Hagan Brown, have been kept employed for years past.

San Francisco, Cal.

### An Easy Way to Make Money.

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

Mrs. W. B.

### In the Interests of History.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Your issue of April 9th is a commendable number rich in important articles, valuable information and interesting facts. Among the numerous contributions I see one from E. T. Dickinson, Limona, Fla., who appears to be under the impression that my statement in regard to the ages of the celebrated Fox sisters is not correct. It is somewhat peculiar that some good spirit who seems ever on the alert has, in another journal, already answered in part the queries of the writer named above. I am a veteran Spiritualist and have been a subscriber to the "Banner of Light" since it commenced its wonderful and useful career in 1847, and have been personally familiar with our movement (and during their lives with the Fox sisters) from the commencement of our history, consequently am able to speak with some certainty, surely?

The statements I have supplied to Mrs. M. T. Longley, the secretary of the N. S. A., Mr. George A. Bacon, the well known writer to our journals, and Mr. Hudson Tuttle, the N. S. A. Editor-at-Large, were made to me by the mother of the girls, and Leah Fox Underhill, and were not in any sense hearsay or guessing. The statement Mrs. Longley furnished the spiritual press was correct, and I will repeat it that it may be clearly put on record in the interest of history regarding the early facts relating to the commencement of modern Spiritualism.

First. The years in which the Fox sisters were born are as follows: Ann Leah, 1814; Margaretta, 1813; Kate (Catherine), 1817.

Secondly. The dates of the passing away of the members of the Fox family are as follows: John D. Fox, the father, January 10th, 1865, remains interred at Arcadia, Wayne Co., N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Fox, Aug. 3d, 1865; Ann Leah Fox Underhill, aged 70, Nov. 1st, 1890; Daniel Underhill, aged 76, Aug. 15th, 1890 (remains of each interred in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., Lots 12594 and 12595, section 172, lawn path between Cypress

and Zephyr avenues); Kate Fox, aged 86, July 2d, 1892; Margaret Fox Kane, aged 82, March 9th, 1892 (these two have their mortal remains interred in the Cypress Hill Cemetery in the plot of Joseph La Fance, Lot 255, section 5).

Thirdly. The ages of the three sisters on March 31st, 1848. These were as follows: Ann Leah, 34 years; Margaretta, 14 years; Catherine, 11 years.

An educated gentleman, Mr. E. E. Lewis, residing in Canandaigua, N. Y., heard about the phenomena occurring at Hydesville and was impressed it was a matter of sufficient importance to investigate. He reached Hydesville on April 11th, 1848, and interviewed the father, mother, their son David, and many of the neighbors, and subsequently published all their statements in a pamphlet issued early in May of the same year. This pamphlet was so correct that Mr. Leah Fox Underhill had it copied into her book, "The Missing Link," all except the paragraph that gave a positive clue to the ages of Kate and Margaret.

It will be well to remember that the family of John D. Fox moved into the house at Hydesville on December 11th, 1847, to temporarily remain until he could build a dwelling upon his own land, a well conceived plot on the part of the spirit workers to get him from Canada and into that house where a pedlar had been murdered and his remains buried in the cellar, for his spirit had no attractions elsewhere.

Let me close by giving the substance of the omitted paragraph mentioned above. It reads as follows: "My oldest daughter, Margaret, is in her 15th year, my younger daughter, Cathie, had just entered her 12th year. Margaret's birthday is October 7th and Cathie's March 27th." From this it is easy to calculate the ages of the girls in 1848. I hope these particulars will be acceptable to the writer of the letter to which I referred at the beginning of my short reply thereto.

New York City, April 8th, 1904.

### Moving Onward.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

My Dear Brother,—I regret very much not being able to comply with your request to write an article for your Anniversary number of the "Banner of Light." My excuse is that I did not get the time. I have been about "snowed under" with correspondence ever since the Indiana State Convention met a month ago. I got behind with my work while doing the extra work necessary in arranging and carrying on such a convention, and I have hardly caught up with my regular work yet.

I thank you very much for the invitation to participate, by writing an article, with others, upon the subject given. I deem it an honor to be thus recognized by one in your position; but I do not think your readers have lost much by my failing to send in my brief word. However, I can see only the happy side of the question, i. e., The Cause of Spiritualism is moving onward with mighty power. Nothing can turn it backward. With the angel hosts of heaven behind it, as they truly are, none need fear or doubt. The principles taught by Spiritualism are being imbibed by the outside world more and more every day and all people are gradually awakening to its grandeur as well as its mighty importance.

Thanking you once more, and hoping to be able to comply with such a request should it ever be made again, and with fraternal regards and best wishes to yourself, and your good wife and daughter, in which Mrs. Sprague heartily joins, I remain your true friend and coworker,

E. W. Sprague.

### A Fine Kidney Remedy.

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

### Science Our Foundation.

Annie B. Clement.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Will you permit me, as a mere subscriber and reader of your valuable paper, to offer my mite in its columns? Trusting that it will not materially detract from the beneficial influence of the golden harvest which is weekly garnered in and given broadcast to its devoted readers.

Science is the researcher, promulgator and coadjutor of the basic, or fundamental principles that underlie all universal law and truth. It teaches by actual and accurate knowledge the derivation, description and unflinching application of truth; by processes that are incontestable, the complete reasonable deductions and analyses of the questions that man is ever asking, viz: the why, the what, and the how; showing why a given truth is, what it means, how much it is dependent on other truths, and how to apply it. In short, facts that have always existed without the masterful hand of Science could not have been satisfactorily or rationally explained, and would have remained indefinitely fields of theoretical indecision.

Let us take for illustration the two sciences of the stars: Astronomy and Astrology; the one teaching the knowledge of the celestial bodies, their magnitude, order, motions, distances, eclipses and the causes of their various phenomena, and has definitely and accurately evolved and explained the actual period of duration in the solar, planetary and terrestrial systems; the other foretelling the effects and influences of the astral bodies upon the destiny and eventful periods in the physical life of man.

These laws, or truths, have existed always, since the evolution of the universe from a chaotic state to a definite, grand, and beautiful reality, but it remained for Science with its train of experts and faithful, untiring investigators, to find out the why, the what, and the how, and apply them to an irrefutable conclusion, and give to the world the two great sciences, Astronomy and Astrology.

No one can compute the years of profound study, the sacrifice of health, and possibly of life itself, in the sleepless nights of stargazing, the calculations and measurements, nor how much energy, vitality and thought were expended by the investigators that they might present to the world—a world that should be ever grateful to the combined and progressive efforts of the students of the astral bodies—the grand and convincing proofs of their work: Astronomy and Astrology. But when one stops to think and ponder the wonders that have been proven by the culminating powers of science, and know that great and marvelous as are the truths set forth in the books relative to these, we can but acknowledge with awe, that they are but mere fragments in the basket of scientific research.

Science is not and never can be idle, it has and always will have, new fields to conquer, new realms to explore, and new truths to adequately elucidate to a waiting and anxious world. The old conceptions must and shall give way to the modern convictions when based upon the indubitable logic of the illumination of scientific investigation.

Psychology, the science of mind; ethics, the relation of man to society, his morals, manners and duties to his fellow man; electricity, that highly subtle force; mathematics, even though but the science of numbers and the art of using them, hypnotic suggestion and influence, therapeutics, surgery, psycho-physiology, chemistry with its recent discoveries polonium and radium, etc., and all branches of every study of whatever nature, owe to Science their existence as an appellation in the thoughts of man, but the structural fabric has always been, and remained inanimate and unknown until Science delved down to the very heart of the secrets and gave them to man.

There is not and never can be anything entirely new (the basic principles are certainly somewhere) only Science, the magnifying glass, makes it seem so; but it cannot wholly create the cause or condition, it applies the truth and establishes the law.

Thus in our Spiritualism, the truth and beauty of the law of immortality has ever been co-existent with the spirit of man, but through ages and ages only a very few demonstrations occurred, not proving without a reasonable doubt the continuation of life forever, not until the messages at Hydesville, N. Y., did the real power assert itself and tap its way into the hearts of the world, forming as it were the fundamental structural fabric for the truth which today we call Spiritualism.

I need not enumerate the facts, they are well known today, and through the instrumentality of the "Banner" all my readers are conversant with them, and may we hope as the world progresses that every one may know the truth which is: Immortality. In this one thing science did not only apply the truth and make it known in the innate consciousness of a chosen few, but it also helped to create the proper conditions, from the other side of life, and make the truth felt by those ready to receive it, thus showing that science is not only explanatory and applicable, but also creative and structural where it needs to manifest its potency. But as I said before, the fundamental or basic principles were from the beginning.

And today those that truly establish their belief and knowledge of the Eternal City of the Arisen on the basic principles of the Science of the Soul are to be among the evied of earth, for they have an unassailable position that no storm can harm or the fires of doubt, uncertainty or fear, destroy. Beautiful indeed are our convictions of Life Immortal, when proven by Science, manifested by phenomena, and reaching the inner spiritual nature by their grand inspirations of the true Religion of the Soul.

Winterport, Maine.

### Will Keep the Doors Open.

The First Church of Spiritual Unity, of St. Louis, of which W. F. Peck is the settled speaker, will continue regular services during the entire summer to accommodate visitors to the World's Fair who, as the Fair will be closed on Sundays—may desire some other place to go than the saloons and beer gardens.

This society occupies one of the finest and most centrally located halls in the city, situated in the popular Odeon building, at the intersection of Grand and Finney Avenues. It seats 600 and is reached by all street cars.

Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon and evening at 2.30 and 7.45. Also on Thursday afternoons at 3 o'clock. Good mediums are present at most of the meetings, and visitors are cordially welcomed.

During July and August Mr. Peck will be in attendance at the various camps, but his place will be filled by the best procurable talent. Correspondence is solicited with speakers and mediums who desire to visit St. Louis at that time with a view to utilizing their services for one or more Sundays. Address: W. F. Peck, 3005 Magazine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

### Henry B. Lord—Value of Character and Courage—A Notable Family.

Lyman C. Howe.

On Tuesday, March 22, I met with the family of the late Henry B. Lord of Geneseo, N. Y., to celebrate his birth from matter to spirit—from outer sense to inner glory—and to honor his memory and share the light of heaven with his family and friends. Geneseo is a notable town, of two to three thousand souls, having a State Normal School, and vigorously disciplined in the "saving grace" of eternal misery.

Mr. Lord will be 84 years on the journey that never ends, on the 30th day of this present April. He has been a consistent representative Spiritualist for many years, and fearlessly expressed his convictions in the face of frowning orthodoxy and sneering skepticism. His thorough sincerity and truthfulness no one doubted, therefore his steady advocacy, "without variableness or shadow of turning," has been a secret leaven that has slowly modified the prejudices, and quietly enlisted an interest and desire to know more; but the courage to express it, and rationally seek the knowledge which all may find who will, is sadly wanting.

But the good work of Brother Lord is manifest, and must increase in results if not disturbed by unwise pretenders, who often so misrepresent the Cause they assume to expound, that weaklings are repelled and pronounce hasty judgments without analysis or reason.

Mr. Lord leaves one daughter—Mrs. Coverdale—and one sister, who is a devoted Baptist, but a good deal modified by her brother's faith, and evidently looks to it for solace in this bereavement. He was respected and esteemed for his sterling character, by all who knew him, irrespective of creeds or religion. Such representative characters count for the Cause more than an army of bombastic egoists who disgust intelligent people with extravagant claims which are never realized, or concealed charlatans who masquerade as marvelous mediums, but depend on cunning tricks for half of their performances.

Mr. Lord had a wholesome confidence in phenomena and sought reliable mediums to verify his faith; and used "the best gifts," when convenient, to convince his friends and neighbors. He was almost alone in that thriving town, in advocating Spiritualism; but so consistent, sincere, and exemplary was his known character, that his testimony no one attempted to impeach, however impossible might appear the statements he made, or however bitter the prejudice against his religion.

He was, on the day of his departure, well and cheerful, walked vigorously, bought a new suit of clothes, and returned to his home full of light and animation, went into the cellar to coal the furnace, suddenly ceased shoveling, and died without a word. He had often expressed a desire to go quickly when his time should come, and his wish was granted. His memory is a tonic and talisman to those he leaves in the valley to continue for a time the labors and experiences which ripen the soul for the beautiful harvest. Under circling wreaths of choicest flowers, emblems of the language of Heaven, we left his mortal shadow, while the soft air, bathed in the rosy sunshine, whispered in the silence prophecies of eternal summer.

His life and influence are suggestive of what all may accomplish if they will.

"O the good we all may do,  
While the days are going by."

During my stay in Geneseo, I was entertained in the charming home of J. A. Newton, brother of the famous lawyer. It was Paradise found. Order, exquisite taste, intelligence, refinement, books, magazines, papers, art and every wholesome luxury for body and spirit made the viewless air opulent with voiceless expression. Not least among the inspirations, rich in significance, which impressed my consciousness, was the family of clean, wholesome, intelligent and aspiring children, the promise of the generation.

A young lady and two brothers at home, and two sisters and a brother in New York and Yonkers, all rising examples of American character. The brother in a medical college, and the sisters in professional pursuits, and so placed for idleness, with its fruits of folly and vice, to allure any of these representatives of a typical American family.

My visit to Geneseo will be a radiant spot in memory as long as my earthly sojourn continues. If Brother Dawbarn's theory were correct (which I am quite sure it is not), I could not hope to carry this vitalizing memory with me across the "Great Divide." But I am confident that I shall, in spite of all the vibrations that a vivid imagination can conjure out of the "Vasty Deep."

Returning to Buffalo Tuesday eve I was hospitably entertained at Mrs. Dr. Matteson's elastic home, which always makes room for one more when such spiritual tramps apply for a room and bed; and I expect to have a large board bill to pay her when she appears at the judgment. But she will not exact "specie payment," and my note, payable on demand, in "current funds" (love, truth, charity, helpfulness), will satisfy all her requirements for the blessings she advanced to me on earth. She is about to take a new departure, and is arranging to put her valuable remedies on the market, so that all who need and desire can get them, and thus extend the great usefulness of her wonderful career as a medium for curing the sick. May heaven's blessings attend her always.

Fredonia, N. Y.

### Prof. C. Payson Longley's "Beautiful Song." A Valuable New Book.

One of the choicest musical gems issued from the Banner of Light Publishing House, is the latest treasury of song by Prof. C. Payson Longley, so well and favorably known to the Spiritualists of America.

Many of the poems are credited to Mrs. Mary T. Longley, the world famous medium and speaker; but there is a liberal variety of authors represented, and each brings to this musical feast a special treasure of individual qualities which give variety, as well as intellectual flavor to the sentiments and quality of expression.

Prof. C. Payson Longley is responsible for all the music, and some of the poems. His genial face adorns the title page, and a splendid picture it is. Those who have not seen him will be interested in seeing him so perfectly represented, and those who have, will find fresh inspiration in it, that carries the light of his genius to every page. One of the most impressive of all this group of songs—or hymns—which leaves a sweet, tender sadness in the soul, and conveys more instruction to the moral sense than a hundred sermons, is No. 56, words by Kate Thyson Marr, entitled "Kiss Me Good Night."

It is no like to hear Prof. Longley sing it. His music is so adapted to the sentiment in all his compositions, that to read the songs, without the words, but faintly conveys the inspiring thought which the soul of the author imparts to the melody of the words.

This latest production of the singing poet contains seventy-six of his "Beautiful songs" with music and words happily adapted to each other and supplies a need that spiritual societies, as well as families that love music, will doubtless seek as soon as they realize what a treasury of love, joy, hope, sentiment, and music it offers to them.

In consideration of the superior ideals and harmonious aspirations which Spiritualism holds in its morning breath, the number of books adapted to the use of societies and families, is surprisingly small. Really good poetry set to good music is, for the wealth of resources we possess, somewhat rare. The Spiritual Harp, published some thirty-eight or forty years ago, is the most complete, on a high grade, both of music and words; but the music is not all adapted to ordinary singers. Much of it, which is excellent for professional singers, is not easily mastered by non-professionals. Some others have succeeded in collections of words, with borrowed music, which serve well. But Prof. Longley's work is original, spiritual, and adapted to the use of congregations, families and professional musicians, and deserves liberal patronage.

Lyman C. Howe.

Fredonia, N. Y.

### WELCOME RIVER.

Air Swanee River.

There is a land of light and glory  
Beyond the sky;  
Of which we cannot learn the story,  
Before on earth we die.  
This land is near, nor is it transient.  
Spirits dwell there;  
All "over there" is real, substantial.  
The homes and dress they wear.

#### Chorus.

On this earth 'tis dark and dreary,  
Everywhere we roam;  
While off the soul grows sad and weary,  
L longing for its spirit home.

There, near the banks of welcome-river,  
Our loved ones roam;  
Where Truth's pure light is shining ever,  
They've found their spirit home.  
All round these homes are fruits and flowers.  
There music dwells;  
Love ever reigns in beauty's bowers,  
Dwells in her sylvan dells.

There are fine lawns and crystal fountains  
Where waters glow;  
Hills, valleys, nooks, and sun-capped moun-  
tains,  
From whence pure streamlets flow.  
On hillside or adown the valley  
Are many homes;  
While in the Mansion friends can tarry  
When from the earth they come.

All o'er the fields God's creatures wander  
In liberty;  
While never ceasing songs of wonder  
Are sung from tree to tree.  
For bird and beast, the tame and wild ones,  
All are there found;  
While rivers, lakes, and seas and oceans  
With living forms abound.

There is no care, no grief, nor sadness.  
All is serene;  
O'er all is peace and joy and gladness.  
Love rules o'er all the scene.  
Within each home in happy circle,  
They meet and sing;  
And gathered near the flowing river,  
Pure joy to each they bring.

Onset, Mass.

Jan. H. Young.

### An Anniversary Poem.

#### THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

Dr. Dean Clarke.

Again returns the joyful day  
When all free souls should honor pay  
To that surpassing great event,  
Which hath to life new meaning lent.

March thirty-first, in Forty-eight,  
The day that we now celebrate,  
All thinking minds will yet agree  
Was The Great Day of history.

That day it was that brought to earth  
A gift by far of greater worth  
Than all the treasures it doth hold  
Of precious stones, and mines of gold.

It was that day that did restore  
The "Spirit Gifts," well known of yore,  
When on the chiefs of Israel's horde  
"The Spirit" was so freely poured.

'Twas on that day again began  
"Signs" promised by "the Son of Man;"  
"The works" he said should faith attest,  
Have, from that day, been manifest.

So, too, "the gifts" described by Paul,  
Which came to those who had a "call,"  
On that glad day again returned  
Alike to simple and to learned.

That day was formed a grand alliance,  
Religion met and married Science;  
Then wedded bliss which knew no schism,  
Produced a child named Spiritualism.

With wisdom crowned when but a youth,  
He spoke with power sublimest truth;  
He "raised the dead," cast out Old Nick,  
Spoke unknown tongues, and healed the sick.

A Dispensation New and grand  
That showed "God's Kingdom near at hand,"  
Began that day with spirit rife,  
That All may have "the bread of life."

It brought New Thought the world now needs  
To take the place of worn-out creeds,  
And tell us more of life and death  
Than all the ancient Scripture saith.

That day began world-wide reform,  
And started many a social storm  
That needs must come to seal the fate  
Of giant wrongs in Church and State.

The "voice from Heaven" which then was heard  
The souls of mortals deeply stirred  
To see the error and the fraud,  
Which vitiate "The Word of God."

'Twas day of doom to myths of Old—  
To which 'e'en yet the Churches hold;  
It laughed to scorn "The Fall of Man,"  
And set at naught "Salvation's Plan."

It showed how false, what preachers tell  
Concerning God, and Heaven, and Hell;  
The Devil, too, it proved a myth—  
Of pagan gods he's kin and kith.

That Heaven and Hell are states within  
Produced by virtue, or by sin;  
And all the devils known on earth,  
From human parents had their birth.

It also taught the moral fact  
That we must answer for each act,  
That each must bear his load alone,  
And for his sins, himself atone.

No sinner's soul ere yet was saved  
While he at heart was still depraved;  
The only means his soul to cure,  
Is change of thought from gross to pure.

These startling truths, and many more  
To guide our lives, its message bore,  
Which show how sad is their mistake,  
Who for the truth, old dogmas take.

But happier facts than these it brought  
To change the old mistaken thought;  
When from this form the spirit goes,  
The change is but a shift of clothes.

"We shuffle off this mortal coil,"  
And don a garb earth cannot soil,  
And, though those words so sad be said,  
We are not "gone,"—we are not "dead!"

The Spirit World doth round us lie,  
Between the earth and azure sky,  
And, though its spheres we may not trace,  
The Fourth Dimension 'tis of space.

In spirit form developed here,  
Each findeth there his proper sphere,  
He also finds enough to do—  
And most delights and helps him too.

And, O what joy! what bliss complete  
To know our loved ones we shall meet,  
And reunite in bonds more dear  
The blessed ties that bound us here!

And, more's the joy! we need not wait  
Until we pass the Golden Gate,  
For that day proved that they can come  
And greet us in our earthly home!

Ten million proofs now demonstrate  
That spirits do communicate,  
And after six and fifty years,  
There ought to be no doubts, or fears.

Thank God we've had that day's good news,  
That changed entire the olden views,  
And what Paul said, has made so plain  
That we too know—"To die is gain."

O day of days, in all the year  
The one that we the most revere,  
Let men and Angels join to raise  
Their songs of joy to sound its praise.

Let all their banners proudly wave  
To show their triumph o'er the grave,  
And let them cheer, with all their breath,  
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**Banner of Light.**

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 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 Washington, 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."

**Special Notice.**

As Tuesday was a Legal Holiday in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and our printers are loyal men who desired to do honor to Patriots' Day, they made holiday as duly provided for in the Statutes of this state. Consequently the forms of "The Banner of Light" were sent to press a day in advance of the usual time. This precluded us from publishing any other reports than those which our friends will find included in the usual columns. Those reports which have reached us too late for this week will appear in the next issue.—Editor B. L.

**Brevities.**

The last issue!  
Of the "Banner of Light"?

Oh, dear no! Only the final issue of the Anniversary series.

Our readers unite with us in thanking the galaxy of esteemed contributors whose Anniversary articles have provided such an array of interesting reading.

Far away Australia is represented by a contribution from Brisbane in sunny Queensland. We anticipated something from W. H. Terry of the Harbinger of Light, Melbourne; also from Wm. McLean, M. P., Wellington, N. Z., and from the editor of Light, London, may be our applications went astray?

Will the friends who are so good as to furnish us the weekly reports of Society work permit us to suggest to them that they write their favors with ink, and not with lead pencil? Also, will they kindly bear in mind that we cannot insert their favors up to date unless they reach this office by noon on Mondays. Failure in this latter respect causes some of the reports to be from a week to two weeks late in appearance.

G. W. Kates reports that Mrs. Kates and himself had good and well attended meetings in Salem, Mass., on April 10th and 17th. They found the society active and holding meetings in a nice hall affording good conditions for mediums and the audience. They also held meetings in Newburyport on April 12th and 13th; in Haverhill on April 18th, 19th and 20th. They will be in Norwich, Conn., during the entire month of May.

Our Chicago contemporary, The Light of Truth, has "cut the price in two," and now offers itself at fifty cents per year. It is a benevolent proposition which, however creditable to the heart of the proprietor, will add nothing to his material prosperity, but as the

Journal is the avowed exponent of altruism and human brotherhood, no doubt the fact that "virtue is its own reward" will be sufficient recompense for the step recently taken. Our best wishes for the future.

In an early issue of the "Banner" for May we anticipate commencing the publication of the series of articles by W. J. Colville, entitled "Mediumship Defined and Defended: a Review of the 'Great Psychological Crime,'" which will probably run through five or six issues of the paper. Admirers of this versatile writer will be pleased to read the lectures, while those who favor the work he will review will find something in Mr. Colville's presentation with which they can agree.

The First Spiritualist Society of Portland, Me., is raising money towards purchasing land and erecting a building for its use. They have issued circulars setting forth the method of their procedure and stating the appeal for financial assistance from the friends of the Cause. Should any of our readers be desirous of aiding the Portland friends write to the president of the society, Mr. Story H. Ross, 46 Mechanic Street, Portland, Me., and he will send all required information.

Dr. J. M. Peebles, Pilgrim, Veteran and Philosopher of many schools, was at last reported spending pleasant hours in San Francisco, en route to his home in Battle Creek, Mich., if such a persistent "globe trotter" can be said to have a home. He was greatly improved in health and strength, and with the youthful enthusiasm of eighty-four years this jaunty juvenile is arranging another tour to Europe and thence to India and the East. Who says Spiritualism is a debilitating gospel after that?

Endless disputes have arisen regarding the origin, and about the early personalities connected with the foundations, of nations and religions, simply because of the looseness with which ancient records were compiled. Profiting by experience Spiritualists should exercise full care in regard to the early history of their Cause. Already some mist is gathering around the events of 1848 and as the chief actors of that time have now departed it is well that certain matters be authoritatively set at rest for good. In this issue is a letter from Titus Merritt, one of the old time Spiritualists still in the form who knew personally the Fox girls and is and was familiar with their history and career. We take pleasure in presenting his statements, which appear to be clear and precise as to facts. File them away for reference. The talk that spiritual phenomena have always prevailed is not the point; what is involved is the commencement of the Modern spirit organized communication between the two worlds, and that was begun on the night of March 31st, 1848.

**Minnie Meserve Soule.**

The concluding pictorial honor offered our readers this week, as marking the closing of the celebrations of the Fifty-sixth Anniversary of our Cause, is the portrait of the present message bearer of the "Banner of Light" Free Circles, as in the initial issue of the now concluded Anniversary Issues, honor was paid to dear and well remembered Fannie Conant, who was the original servant of the angel world in the same capacity forty-seven years ago. Others have filled the position, done their work and either passed to their reward in the Summerland, or entered other fields of labor on earth. They are not forgotten, nor are the services they rendered. Faithful laborers all, we shall doubtless meet on the shining swards of the love lit land beyond. Today, however, a word for the worker who in spite of sickness still serves us and our readers, and the scores of visitors from the other side who send their messages to their friends through her organism week by week.

For nigh upon ten years this worker has stood faithful at her duty, save for one year when sickness prevented. Many hearts have been cheered, many a home been made bright by the words of comfort sent forth from her lips. As the Message Bearer her work is of serious import for it affords a means and sustains an open door for hosts of spirits who otherwise could not reach their earthly friends. Kindly of heart, gracious in spirit, faithful and unstinting in her labors, Minnie Meserve Soule quietly and unassumingly serves us all alike in Messages and Home Circle, and those who know her most and best see in her the woman, wife and mother, as well as the medium, whose fealty to truth and service stamps her as one ever faithful to her high calling.

**The Flowing Tide.**

The great Bard has said: "There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune," and the aphorism is as true today as it was in the day of the Swan of Avon. The lively Gaul calls it "the psychological moment," others say the "auspicious hour," but however described it simply means that when we take advantage of favorable circumstances they carry us onward to the goal we have in view. Why the tides of human affairs should rise and fall, flow and ebb, are questions of moment too big to deal with in the present instance, for such enquiries open up all speculations regarding the causes of man's conduct and career—speculations concerning his relations to existence past, present and future rationally considered,—the influence of God, gods, spirits, stars, planets and heaven knows what else besides. Suffice it then to say that the experiences of millions of our fellows has confirmed the words of Shakespeare, and doubtless such will continue to be the case for ages yet to come.

What is the state of the tide of Spiritualism today, ebbing or flowing? Some have asserted that the tide was ebbing, and that the waters were receding and threatening to leave the river bed bare to the gaze. They who so argued

sometimes regretted the loss of the waters and feared the tide would never flow during their mortal life; others watched the recession of the waters with ill concealed satisfaction. These latter had dug side ditches and hoped to secure water with which they could fill the river which they professedly lamented was emptying. These ditch affluents provided some water; it is true, but investigation showed that the water was originally gathered from the self same river, so really added nothing to the bulk of the stream. Others argue the tide has turned and is rising rapidly. The swirl of the change and the ripple of the waters sound upon their ears, and the advance guard of chips and twigs, the innumerable flotam and jetsam of the stream, is pushed forward as a ragged advance guard riding the rising tide.

To pursue the simile let it be said that movements and rivers are much alike, each have their ebbings and flowings, each float incoming tidal movement brings in with it the breeze, and the sweetening ozone, from the boundless ocean to refresh the inland dwellers; at the turn of the tide there flows out to the wide bosom of the waters the drainage of the land, and the thousand odd things which have found their way in to the service of the stream. From the ocean to the enriching of the inlands, to the ocean carrying the debris that it be removed to where it shall cease to harm, this is the movement so wisely ordered for rivers of water and streams of human action.

The great ocean of Spiritual truth sends its tides up the rivers of human life, in flows the rushing tides bearing the blessed spiritually invigorating breezes and lo! a Reformation shakes Christendom and a Luther thunders a new message. Or comes the maddening carnage, the blood dripping guillotine, accompaniments of a Revolution which lead to a nobler France. Or, as history tells us, these spiritual breezes borne in on the tides of spiritual truth filled men's minds with the love of liberty which ended in the founding of this glorious Republic of the Western World, and filled the skies of American history with a galaxy of stars, brightest among them shining Washington, Paine, and the ever honored Lincoln. For there comes in upon the flowing tides from truth's great ocean the inspirations of political, social and industrial progress; but for us, as Spiritualists, the tide brought on its bosom a sweeter breath and a finer air than aught the world had known before. It suggested no clashing of steel, no shedding of blood, no baleful hate or horrid engines of human slaughter. The air was tremulous with the sighs of angels, the waters shone with the light of their radiant features and the ripple of the waves was as the murmurs of the voices of the beloved of our souls, so seemed it when up the river of life rolled the tide from the boundless seas that brought us Modern Spiritualism in 1848.

True, there came up with the eddying waters the usual ragged regiment that had rested on the stream so long, the old creeds, the ignorance and superstition concerning things spiritual, the dead chips, leaves and decaying odds and ends of prejudice and malice against all things new, good and true, but the tide flowed on, the waters rose, and presently the far upper reaches of the river were filled and all rejoiced and thought the flow would continue forever! Not so, the ebb came, imperceptibly and slowly at first, gathering momentum in time, at last plainly disclosed. As the waters rolled back to the ocean they carried the rubbish with them! Out there in that infinite sea of truth that rubbish will be utilized placed in its true relation to all things, and presently the tide will flow again and each time it does it will bring fresh and more beautiful waters and inspiration to ourselves and our world.

The tide is flowing again. The carrying out to sea of the driftwood has been the service the ebb has done us. Already the air is stirred by the coming of the waters down there at the river's entrance. The voices of the angels are sounding clearer and clearer still, the flowing tide will rise, and rise, until it reaches a higher level than ever before and it will then submerge all that will not trust to the bosom of the rising stream and so ascend to higher levels. Today the flowing tide is with us; let us be prepared to take advantage of the "flood which leads to fortune" and see to it that in public and in private all is an honor to our Cause and ourselves. It is the fashion of the hypocritical to say much regarding the duty of mediums and lecturers being models of circumspection, virtue and good behavior. But the believer is under obligations also in such matters. Too often the ungodly wisdom and egotism and selfishness of believers of a sort have led to evils we deplore in connection with the uses to which workers have been put. Let us, now our tide is again flowing, determine to lift our Spiritualism still higher, to use our mediums for loftier purposes than merely worldly affairs of business, and to see that our platforms, while affording the word of comfort to the bereaved and the proof of life hereafter to the sceptic, are not allowed to degenerate into spectacular exhibitions which cause the "ungodly to scoff" and make "the judicious grieve." The "Banner" for these past three issues, including this one, is eloquent of the fact that the tide is flowing and that a new and higher order is close at hand.

**About Titles.**

The worker unadorned with either affix or suffix will soon become conspicuous by his or her rarity, judging by the way things are running nowadays. In our early days every magnetic healer, medical rubber, diagnoser of diseases was, either by others or himself, dubbed "Doctor," while he filled the air with hurdling anathemas against doctors of all shapes and sorts! It was funny to watch the scramble for a medical title, and to listen to the indignation expressed when those who had earned a legal right to be called doctors resented the use of the term by those who had not earned it, and yet, while hankering to use it, were medical protestants. Then we

had various "colleges" conferring "degrees" which for the most part were merely pretty pictures without value either as works of art, or evidences that those to whom they were "granted" at so much per had any skill or ability to cure or heal the sick. The ability to cure the sick is not dependent upon putting "Dr." in front or "M. D." at the end of a man's name. But if one wishes to have a legal title either conform to the law or see to having the law changed, but do not use a title until lawfully entitled, is sound advice. Professor became another worked to death and badly ill used term. One's barber, boot-black or chiropodist is a "professor," as is the vaudeville specialty artist, but the legal professors of learning and science have just reason for smiling with amused contempt at the assumption of the title by some spluttering vulgarian who murders his native language, whether in or out of the body matters not. Now the fancy turns for the word "Reverend," and the Spiritualist woods will, apparently, soon be full of such. We are threatened with a re-establishment of clericalism in the ranks of a movement which has for years denounced all forms of sacerdotalism! It is coming, "ordinations," "installations," "inductions," "vestments" and all will follow in due course, and the old priestly intolerances will inevitably reappear. Hatful orthodoxes, separating sectarianisms, do we want them again? Religion is not a matter of robes, ministry is not a question of millinery, the giving of the message of the spirit only requires the garb of honor, the call of natural fitness, the ordination of personal devotion, and the installation that acceptable service can only command. Whoever heard of "Dr." Jesus, "Professor" Christ or the "Rev." St. Paul? Eminent service will always mark one out for special recognition, to seek the recognition without the service is but vanity unbecoming.

### Must Be Found Here.

A year ago at a religious convention assembled at Plymouth, Mass., the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon, of Boston, is reported as having said: "We ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ know, as no other persons in the community can, what paralysis has come over the intelligent and thinking people in regard to the reality of the other life;—so many doubt it; so few have any strong confidence in regard to it," and these remarks recently formed the text of an article published in Harper's Weekly, in the course of which the writer reviewed, from several standpoints, the position in which many stand regarding the question of a life beyond.

He referred to the Rev. John Watson (Ian MacLaren) of Liverpool, England, who states that he and the clergy have discovered a very much altered mood on the part of the dying, and their comparative unconcern about the future life, and their exemption from serious concern regarding either the joys or fears of what awaits them in the beyond. He also quotes Mr. Howells, who rejoices that even science "has not taken the hope of immortality from man," though he, the writer of the article in question, is inclined to traverse Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's recently propounded theory, and says in effect, the question of the future life is not only independent of other worlds being inhabited, but is not dependent upon the outer world at all. He adds, very truly, the question is "Psychical, not physical; has to do with souls, not their habitat; and is rooted in personality, not in place." The eminent Channing is laid under contribution, and the following is quoted from him: "My faith in immortality rests very little on affection, but very much on the fact of human excellence. The sight of eminent virtue carries me to heaven at once. Indeed, virtue and heaven are very much in my sight."

In another portion of the article under notice, the writer notices that the question is under investigation by "Psychologists like William James, and physicists like Sir Oliver Lodge, not to mention other eminent members of the Society for Physical Research," and these "are gathering data respecting the existence of personality disembodied, using the scientific method, and probably no book issued since this century opened has so differentiated the century from all its predecessors as the late Mr. Myer's book on the survival of personality after death."

The article occupies a column of space, and while interesting as noting the unrest and questioning which is abroad in the minds of the intelligent classes of the community, it cannot be considered as very helpful toward any real solution or intelligent appreciation of the problem concerned. The root or pith of the matter lies in the words quoted above, when it is stated that the question of immortality "is psychical, not physical; has to do with souls, not with their habitat, and is rooted in personality, not in place." The writer evidently has no foundation to stand upon, for he evades the very point and crux of the question he attempts to deal with. But might it not be said as well, to extend the postulate above stated, for such is what it really amounts to, by further affirming that the discovery of the persisting something—call it spirit, ego, soul, or immortal principle—in man, before he dies, is one of the surest ways leading to the demonstration of the possibility of life after death? An argument to be irrefutable must stand on a foundation which is indestructible. Such a discovery, as above intimated, would supply the foundation which is suggested, and render possible the one solid argument necessary to satisfactorily appeal to reasoning men and women. It would relieve us from speculations concerning immortality, as being inherent, conditional, terminable or continuous. The one central fact that there is a something pertaining to us which survives death, or has the possibility of survival, and clearly indicates that possibility in its nature and functions which will call for their corresponding relationships, will meet the case as no preaching of sermons, academic discussions, or sentimental aspirings will ever be able to do.

The return of spirits is, of course, evidence that man does survive, but it must not be forgotten that there are classes of minds to

whom such evidences still appeal in vain. This class of intellect starts out with the a priori assumption there is nothing in man to survive death, or there is no evidence of any such something, or that if such something does exist in man, it is so eminently different in character to his physical, or outer nature, that the physical personality cannot comprehend the psychical, or inner personality (which dividing of mentality is probably the real secret of a belief in the subliminal consciousness as apart from the liminal one). To tell such men that spirits of departed people return and communicate with their loving friends is to appeal, not to their reason, but to their skepticism; not to their firm judgment, but to their easily aroused hostility. If then the soul, to use a phrase, can be discovered in man, whatever after definitions we may reach concerning it while he is alive, and its existence clearly and absolutely demonstrated, then we have a scientific basis for life beyond upon which to stand.

The foregoing is not to be considered as in the slightest degree minimizing the importance of the phenomena of Spiritualism as a method of demonstrating the continuity of life. That method will always be absolutely necessary as a via media between the two estates, but what really concerns us is the possible danger of looking to one method entirely, and so shutting our eyes and excluding from our considerations all other methods, or any other method, necessary as a precedent to the one we are so familiar with.

Scientific investigation of the subjective as well as the objective nature of man is absolutely necessary. We are learning through the labors of scientific investigators along the lines of practical psychology, theosophical, and other forms of investigation in the so-called occult forces of nature, that physical energies and powers are not the entirety of man or nature, if there is a subjective or spiritual realm awaiting our exploration. And when we can see the road along which we must travel to reach a conclusion which seems inevitable, we shall then finally discover that motion, sensation, instinct, intelligence, will and consciousness are the graded manifestations of the central something which we will call the immortal part, and which, while in its physical environment, indicates its superiority thereto by dominating, subduing, and directing the functions of its personality, and causing them to accomplish what the Supreme Intelligence, may we call it? directs and demands. If we can realize that there is this superior power within us, or, to put it more clearly, if we can demonstrate that this supreme power is ourself, the eternal and continuing me, then are we in sight of the demonstration of the point previously raised, that man is a spirit, not that he is going to be a spirit in the future.

Modern Spiritualism, by its phenomena and its philosophical teachings, has for 50 odd years pointed distinctly along the line referred to. Freed from the clap-trap sensationalism, which has too often been associated with its public presentation, purged of its inebriating emotionalism, which has stultified rationalism, elevated to the dignity of a philosophical religion and a scientific philosophy, we could supply the James' and the Howells', and all the rest of them and those who think with them with that which would show that the life beyond is no dream, that it rests on something more substantial than either books or superstition, or the fluttering fancies of religious fervor. That it is inherent in man's own being, for the one substantial and satisfying reason that he is, himself,—the one thing that endures, "amid the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

### One Thousand Dollars.

The Treasurers of ten Spiritualist societies in England have recently been gladdened and their funds enlarged by the amicable settlement of a bequest of the sum above stated, made by a lady living in Wakefield, the city immortalized in Oliver Goldsmith's charming story of the Vicar of that ancient borough. The benefactor, a Mrs. Wrigley, passed away just five years ago, but it was only recently that the bequest was administered, as the law's delays and local difficulties intervened to retard the closing of the estate.

Mr. Joseph Armitage, a prominent and well known Spiritualist in the county of Yorkshire, and an active officer of the county Spiritualist Union, was the means of harmonizing the diverging interests of the county societies and evolving an equitable settlement between them all. The result is that the money was distributed among those societies only who had Trust Deeds and Trustees, which shows the advantage of a business organization. Seven societies received \$100 each, two received \$50 apiece, and the county Union received \$100 as it is the representative body, analogous in character to the state organizations in this country. There was a trifle less distributed than the amount in round figures as stated above, as the lawyers' expenses were deducted from the bequest, but the law costs were less than twenty dollars all told.

We are pleased to note this encouraging incident, and congratulate our far away friends upon their good fortune. It is a good sign when our people take to bequeathing money or property to our work under, of course, due guards for its safe and honest application for the purposes intended, and to properly and legally formed bodies, who will respect their legal obligations.

**SORROW.**

A sorrow's sting of sorrow,  
Is thinking this is all,  
When sweetly on the morrow,  
Pure joy may on us call!

—William Brontë.

Sin is a name for excess; a mark missed by man in his development; a ditch, into which, when with ignorance or passion blind, we tumble for a season.—Andrew Jackson Davis.



## Letter from V. S. U.'s President.

Dear Friends:

The demand upon the V. S. U. officers for immediate aid for some of our worthy workers is so great that the Board of Directors has decided to revive that branch of the Union's work known as the "Quick Relief Fund." The work was at one time, it appears, when the Waverley property was purchased for a Spiritualists' Home. The present Board has felt that its chief duty was to save that property and hasten the day for its opening. The Board feels the same now with reference to the Waverley Home, and has plans for the coming year (should the result of the annual election in May place the responsibilities of office upon the same officers) by which it is confident the year 1905 will actually see the needy cared for at the Home of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

But funds collected for the aid of the Home are not available for those who are in immediate need, in their present locations, and to whom a few dollars now mean everything. This has led us to offer to take your contributions for this purpose and hold them in a separate fund for the purposes of immediate relief. In addition to your voluntary contributions for this work, the Quick Relief Committee is to hold a series of interesting public meetings at least once each month.

The Directors of the "Banner of Light" Publishing Company were the first to proffer a place for meeting, and the first meeting will be held in Banner Building, 204 Dartmouth Street, Tuesday evening, April 26th, at 8 o'clock. Admission fifteen cents.

This committee is ready to receive propositions from other parties who wish to help by contributing their halls for such meetings. Last year Mrs. Wilkinson turned her public meeting over for one evening to the use of the V. S. U. work, and gave the entire proceeds of the evening to the V. S. U. work. As I recall (without the figures before me), about \$25 was realized on that occasion. Here is a suggestion for you who have places of meeting. Can you do better with an evening than to turn it over to the Quick Relief Committee to use for the purpose of raising funds for its relief work? Think it over, and if you feel that you wish to join in this work, write me what you can do and I will pass your offer on to the Committee for its use. We certainly cannot afford to go on in this careless fashion, receiving all we can get from mediumship at the lowest possible outlay, and leaving the workers when they are overcome to die like overworked beasts of burden by the wayside.

Do you, dear reader, feel satisfied to let this matter drift as we have without making an effort yourself to join in the undertaking? Owing to the public holiday occurring this week and the "Banner" going to press one day early, I am only able to announce with certainty the program the name of our Spirit Friend, "Bumblebee," who by Mrs. Soule's illness has not been heard in Boston for nearly a year. However, I feel that I know the temper of the workers sufficiently well to be warranted in guaranteeing a program that in itself will be worth the 15c. admission.

Let us draw our lines compactly and in confidence throw our forces against the difficulty, knowing always that "We are compassed about with so great a crowd of witnesses." Believe me,

Ever sincerely yours,

Irving F. Symonds.

204 Dartmouth St., Boston, The "Banner of Light" Building.

## CANCER CURED.

J. E. Ray of Conifer saw the cancer ad. carried for Edwin E. Gore in The Alliance, came to this office not long since and made a contract to pay \$25 to The Alliance if the cancer on the face of Mrs. Ray was cured by Gore's formula. The contract was secured by the signature of one of the heaviest dealers in Denver. I notified Mr. Gore, who furnished the remedy to Mr. Ray about two weeks ago. Today, March 30th, a son of Mr. Ray came to the office, paid the \$25 and took up the contract, stating cancer on his mother's face was cured, that remedy was kept on the cancer forty-eight hours, four days after it fell out and the wound was nearly healed now.

## Farewell to Miss Florence Morse.

The First Spiritualist Ladies Aid Society, of Boston, will give a reception on Friday evening of this week, 22d inst., to Miss Florence Morse and her mother, Mrs. J. J. Morse, in Appleton Hall, Appleton St. A first-class salad supper will be served at 6.15. The admission is 25c., which includes supper and reception. There will be no charge to the reception at 7.30 p. m. We shall bid goodbye to our English friends on the above evening, and we hope to see a large company present.—Esther H. Blinn, sec.

The many friends of Miss Florence Morse will regret to learn that they are about to lose her presence as she, in company with her mother, Mrs. J. J. Morse, sail for England in the Cunard SS. "Saxonia" on Tuesday next, April 26th, at 5 p. m.

Miss Morse has made many friends while working in this country, and particularly in this city and vicinity, where she has most acceptably served many societies during the present season. She will complete her round-the-world tour when she reaches her native land, and though her friends at home will be delighted to welcome her, her friends in this country feel a genuine regret at parting with her for her geniality and willingness to assist our Cause at all times with her gifts as seer, speaker and sweet singer, has won for her a warm regard on all sides.

We wish her bon voyage, a happy reunion with her friends, and a further successful continuance of her platform work at home when she there resumes her services in her native land.

## Movements of Platform Workers.

G. W. Kates and wife are engaged at Norwich, Conn., for Sunday, April 24, and all of May. They will take their first vacation for several years during June and July, when they will rusticate at their country home. They are engaged for camp meetings at Lake Pleasant, Mass., Grand Lodge, Island Lake and Vicksburg, Mich. Address them at Thornton, Delaware Co., Pa.

Moses Hull wishes no more mail addressed to him at Marshalltown, Iowa, as his engagement is finished at that place on the 24th. On May 1 and 8 he speaks in Waterloo, Iowa, and on the 15th and 22d he speaks in Kenwood Hall, 4308 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago. He can be addressed at his home, Whitewater, Wis. He has no camping engagements until Aug. 6, those wishing his services for camps should address him soon.

A good story is told concerning an old lady living in a Shropshire village, who was so overcome by the late Doctor Clifford's eloquence that she exclaimed, whilst leaving the building after his lecture, "Well, he's the greatest orator I ever heard."—Exchange.

## THE CITY OF THE LIVING.

In a long vanished age, whose varied story  
No record has today,  
So long ago expired its grief and glory,  
There flourished, far away,

In a broad realm, whose beauty passed all  
measure,  
A city fair and wide,  
Wherein the dwellers lived in peace and  
pleasure,  
And never any died.

Disease and pain and death, those stern  
marauders  
Which mar our world's fair face,  
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders  
Of that bright dwelling place.

No fear of parting and no dread of dying  
Could ever enter there;  
No mourning for the lost, no anguished cry-  
ing,  
Made any face less fair.

Without the city wall Death reigned as ever,  
And graves rose side by side;  
Within, the dwellers laughed at his endeavor,  
And never any died.

Oh, happiest of all earth's favored places!  
Oh, bliss to dwell therein!  
To live in the sweet light of loving faces,  
And fear no grave between;

To feel no death-damp gathering cold and  
colder,  
Disputing life's warm truth;  
To live on, never lonelier nor older—  
Radiant in deathless youth.

And hurrying from the world's remotest  
quarters  
A tide of pilgrims flowed  
Across broad plains and over mighty waters,  
To find that blest abode,

Where never death should come between and  
sever  
Them from their loved apart,  
Where they might work and will, and live  
forever,  
Still holding heart to heart.

And so they lived, in happiness and pleasure,  
And grew in power and pride,  
And did great deeds, and laid up store of  
treasure,  
And never any died!

And many years rolled on, and saw them  
striving  
With unabated breath:  
And other years still found and left them  
living,  
And gave no hope of death.

Yet listen, hapless soul, whom angels pity,  
Craving a boon like this—  
Mark how the dwellers in the wondrous city  
Grew weary of their bliss:

One and another who had been concealing  
The pain of life's long thrall,  
Forsook their pleasant places, and came  
stealing  
Outside that city wall,

Craving with wish that brooked no more de-  
rying,  
So long it had been crossed—  
The blessed possibility of dying,  
The treasure they had lost!

Daily the current of rest-seeking mortals  
Swelled to a broader tide,  
Till none were left inside the city's portals,  
And graves grew green outside.

Would it be worth the having or the giving,  
The boon of endless breath?  
Ahi! for the weariness that comes of living  
There is no cure but death.

Ours were, indeed, a fate deserving pity,  
Were that sweet rest denied,  
And few, methinks, would care to find the city  
Where never any died.

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

## Announcements.

The First Spiritualist Ladies Aid Society meets every Friday afternoon and evening at Appleton Hall, Appleton Street, at 3 p. m., supper at 6.15, public meeting 7.45. Mrs. M. A. Allbee, pres.

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

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

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Incorporated, meets 724 Washington Street, up two flights, America Hall, Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor. Morning circle, 11 a. m.; afternoon and evening service at 3 and 7.30 p. m. Good talent every Sunday.—Miss I. Lewis, clerk.

Brighton, Mass.—Miss I. B. Sears will give Communications and Spirit Messages at the parlors of the Brighton Psychic Society, 14 Kenrick St., Friday evening, Apr. 22, at 7.45. Mr. A. F. Hill will give a short address, "Lessons from Nature."—D. H. Hill, conductor.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Alex. Caird, M. D., Pres. Sunday, April 24th, Thomas Cross of Fall River will lecture at 2.30 and 7.30. Circles are held by all mediums present from 4 to 5, song service at 6 and concert by Chase's Orchestra at 8.30. The Lyceum meets at 12.30. Ladies' Social Union every Wednesday.

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

On Thursday, April 21st, Birthday Reception to Mrs. Kimball. Mrs. Fanny C. Allyn will be present with us.—F. H. Rice.

The First Spiritual Church of Cambridge, 527 Mass. Ave.—Services at 3 and 7.30. Mrs. Scott, Mrs. S. E. Hall and Mr. T. A. Scott will speak and give messages. Admission free.—Addie L. Cushing, sec.

Malden, Mass.—Progressive Spiritual Society, Louise Hall, Pleasant Street. We hold meetings every Sunday at 3 p. m. Circle for healing, development and messages, 7.30 p. m. Inspirational speaking and readings. The best of talent always present. Indian control, "Big Dog," who is making rapid strides in the work, will be there too. We shall have another vegetarian supper Friday, April 29, from 6 to 7.30 p. m. The "Mediums' Club" of Boston will be present on that occasion.—O. L. Redding.

Malden, Mass.—Progressive Spiritual Society. We hold meetings every Sunday at 3 p. m. Circle for healing, development and readings, 7.30 p. m. Song service, inspirational speaking and messages. The best of talent always present. Sunday, April 24th, we shall have with us Alice M. Whall, Mrs. G. B. Mosier, "Cyrus the Persian," Indian control, "Big Dog," Mrs. E. P. Morton and others, to demonstrate the continuity of life. Vegetarian supper Friday, April 29th, from 6 to 7.30 p. m.—O. L. Redding, cor. sec.

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Dear Sir—Your Magnificent Mailed Pebble Spectacles received. I am delighted, they are perfection in every way.

E. A. FINEBERG, Geo. Mont.

Even sedate senators are caught napping at times and the following incident which occurred in the decorous U. S. senatorial chamber is a case in point, for a press despatch says that

"Senator Bacon's opposition to the statue of Frederick the Great is calculated to arouse curiosity as to what he might think of imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay, stopping a hole to keep the wind away. Bacon, however, isn't in it with Stewart on the other side of the proposition. The venerable old fuddy duddy from Nevada pleaded the cause of Frederick the Great with fervor and pathos, telling how Frederick acquired various useful trades, knocked about among the common people and went into the shipyards and learned the ship carpenter's trade.

"Why," said Stewart, "I've been inside the little one-story shanty in which he learned his trade." The Senate listened in silent awe, and nobody was rude enough to rise and tell Stewart that he had got Frederick the Great mixed up with Peter the Great!"

I know an old man who believed that "what was to be would be." He lived in Missouri, and was one day going out several miles through a region infested in the early times with very savage Indians. He always took his gun with him, but this time found that some one of the family had it out. As he would not go without it, some of his friends

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## Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY MINNIE NERVE SOULE.

### Not Lost.

Stepped in the woe of dark despair,  
Bowed with the weight of sin,  
Strong in his hate for all things fair,  
Ceaselessly wandering.

Scorned by day and hunted by night,  
No place to lay his head,  
Hugging the shadow, shunning the light,  
Haunting the tombs of dead.

Where can he find a resting place?  
Who would dare take him in?  
Who could look on his crime-stained face  
And doubt his life of sin?

What the word that shall give him light?  
Whose hand that shall save?  
Where the power to lead him right,  
Free from his living grave?

Is he a child of God today?  
Is he a brother man?  
Oh, has he gone so far astray  
He's lost—in God's great plan?

Ah, it is true he has a soul  
Beneath dark passion's stain;  
The surge of strife may o'er it roll,  
But God makes naught in vain.

Up through the slime and ooze of life,  
That soul will climb some day;  
Be ours the strength to stand through strife  
Steady, to light the way.

Our eyes are weak, we may not see  
Aught but the outward form;  
Our ears are dull, we may not hear  
The soul's cry in the storm.

But searching through the gloom of night,  
And listening through the day,  
Are ministering angels, known of God,  
Who help souls on their way.

Love makes their eyes as stare to shine,  
And ears attuned to love  
May see or hear the faintest sign,  
Sent out to those above.

Oh, may we not be closer bound  
To souls, whatever their state?  
And catch from angels, Love's sweet sound  
Which silences all hate?

—M. M. S.

### A Link in Our Golden Chain.

GIVE TO THE WORLD THE BEST  
THAT YOU HAVE.

Hours grow to days and days to a week  
And we meet again in our corner of the  
"Banner."

How have we grown in the week gone by?  
Something has been added to our lives. A  
little more sunshine; a little more care, a few  
unexpected duties. Perhaps a friend has  
slipped away into the light and beauty of the  
next dwelling and maybe the door ajar re-  
veals glimpses of happy reunions and glad-  
some expressions from waiting friends. Does  
it seem hard to be left with the daily duties  
of this very demanding life? Does it seem  
as if it would be easier to throw down the  
armor and follow the rift of light to its  
source? To be sure it does sometimes.  
When the heart is sad and lonely; when the  
way seems dark and silent, then in sheer  
despair the weary traveler sighs and falls  
to earth.

Before we really give up and let the burden  
of our discouragement make shadow in the  
world, let us look life squarely in the face  
once more and look at it from the standpoint  
of a soul. One of the first things we heard  
when we began to talk with the dear ones  
from "over the border" was the statement  
that "You are just as much spirits today as  
you will be after the change which you call  
death."

It is hard sometimes to realize the truth of  
such a statement, for it seems as if every  
energy is taxed to its utmost capacity to  
serve the needs of the body and we long for  
a time and place to come into more definite  
and intimate relations with our spiritual possibilities.

"Spiritual possibilities! The bread and  
butter problem is all absorbing," we cry.  
"Physical possibilities are the only possibilities  
that we know anything about. We must  
have food and clothing; we must pay rent  
or taxes." Of course we must, but all the  
time that we are insisting on meeting the  
demands of the physical body, our spirits are  
knocking at the door and will never cease  
until we heed the call. We cannot  
run away. We cannot hide. Ever at the  
gateway of our body sits our spirit and waits  
and waits, starved or nourished, naked or  
clothed, unhoused or sheltered as we have  
made provision.

We do not eat because it pleases our neighbor  
to have us do so, nor even because it will  
make us a better neighbor, to have a well  
filled stomach, but because we feel the pang  
of hunger and we faint unless we feed our  
bodies. We do not spend our time and effort  
to keep a roof over our heads because it  
makes our neighbor more comfortable, but  
because we must be sheltered from the  
storm, the heat and the cold. We do not  
wrap warm garments about us when we face  
the wintry weather because we shall thus  
protect our neighbor, but because the sting  
and the bite of the bitter cold gives us pain  
and distress.

Then our effort for the things that we in-  
sist we must have is a worthy one because  
it makes us strong and well and full of life.  
Still the spirit sits at the doorway and calls  
while unheeding we pass from the realm of  
need and restlessly seek for further means to  
add to the adornment and satisfaction of our  
bodies. Then indeed we begin to think of the  
effect of our food, rainfall and shelter on our  
neighbors and our friends.

"Tis a mad race,"  
Our neighbor approves of our new chair  
and we smile softly and set to work and put  
a table between the windows and invite her  
over to pass judgment on our excellent taste,  
and the neighbor, bless her heart, sings the  
praises of our furniture to her neighbor  
across the way and soon every woman round  
about sees the absolute need of new chairs  
and a table or its equivalent in highly pol-  
ished furniture. Her standing in the com-  
munity may be lost if anybody is allowed to  
think that she cannot keep pace with the  
leader.

And then the struggle and the effort, the  
pain and price make the life weary and the  
heart sick.

And the spirit still sits at the portal un-  
heeded and uncared for.  
By and by the weary one yearns for the  
place of rest, the time of peace, and vaguely  
hopes that heaven will have no chairs, but  
only grassy slopes where one may rest in  
the luxurious sunshine and dream no more  
of plush and polish. Perhaps your neglect of  
your spirit has not been in just this particu-  
lar form, but in some fashion we have gotten  
into the whirl and we are willing to sacrifice  
life to get out of it.

There is a better way, or rather that is  
not the way at all, for what courage have  
we to enter that new condition of life with a  
spirit starved and naked and with no treas-  
ure with which to buy supplies?

If we have deceived ourselves into believ-  
ing that we were of more consequence be-  
cause of our goods and chattels and have  
made effort to acquire much that we might  
be of much consequence, we must sooner or  
later come to the knowledge that these  
things count for naught in the land for which  
we long and yearn.

We are spirits today and if we believe that  
we are to live in a spiritual realm and we  
desire to escape to that realm that our spir-  
its may feel the freedom and joy of living,  
oh, let us begin to understand what spiritual  
freedom and joy may mean.

If we are so tired, so weary, so lonely that  
we long for the complete and spiritual life,  
why not try the remedy and see how it  
affects us. Take copious drafts of the air for  
which we yearn and see if our recognized  
spirit does not at once begin to vibrate with  
all that is spiritual and true, here and now.

Time is the food, separation the shelter  
and silence the garment which the waiting  
spirit will first be able to put on. At that  
time each day, apart from every human soul,  
with no sound to disturb or hold the atten-  
tion and your spirit will grow strong and  
sturdy and you will be able to give to the  
world the best that you have for the best of  
everything and of everybody is the spiritual  
expression. All else grows weary and fails.  
All else is superficial and unreal.

### The Lazy Worm.

Constance M. Love.

A youthful worm lay sleeping fast  
Within his cosy bed,  
And, as the hour grew late, at last  
His mother came and said,  
"Get up, my dear, it's very late,  
And such a lovely day;  
I hear a clock just striking eight,  
Get up at once, I say!"

In fear the lazy little worm  
Unto his mother said,  
As he began to writhe and squirm,  
And wriggle out of bed,  
"I dare not rise till it is late,  
Or else, upon my word,  
I know that it would be my fate  
To meet that Early Bird!"

Dear little Dollybugs:—

The pussy willows came to me all soft and  
lovely as a real live kitty could be and  
brought me a bit of an idea of how beau-  
tiful it must be where you live. I thank you  
so much for them. I am quite sure you must  
have worked hard to get them so early. Per-  
haps you climbed a fence, or a wall, and  
perhaps you scratched your dear little hands  
or wet your feet? I hope not. Can you not  
write a letter telling me how far you had to  
go to get them and if you do, won't you tell  
me, too, how the birds are singing and the  
crows are talking this spring? I am so fond  
of the crows, for they are so sociable and  
talkative. Sometimes when they are so far  
away that we can hardly see them they begin  
to talk away as if they were quite delighted  
to spy some one walking on the ground as  
they sweep through the air with glistening  
wings.

One day this last winter I was sitting at  
my desk writing as fast as I could, when all  
at once I heard a familiar caw, caw, caw,  
and I hurried to the window in great sur-  
prise. I had never seen a crow in town  
before. But there in the top of a big elm  
tree was a crow, talking away as only a crow  
can. He made only a short call and I am  
afraid he thought the houses were rather  
nearer together than he liked, and that the  
boys and girls would be too anxious to make  
his acquaintance, for when he took his flight  
he started for the country and never once  
looked back.

Very many of the "Banner" children have  
read about you and Petieboy and they often  
ask me about you. I know they will be glad  
to have a letter from you.

My dear love I send you, and a wish that  
some time you may come and see me and  
bring your best behaved dolly.

M. M. S.

### The Clam in Strenuous Life.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke's speech at the Peri-  
odical Publishers' dinner in Washington was  
the bit of the evening. Dr. Van Dyke was  
giving advice to young and aspiring authors  
on how to get their work accepted by various  
magazines. He said the stories and poems  
must be adapted to the fads of the magazine  
selected to attack. He brilliantly satirized  
the foibles of all the leading magazines by  
illustrating how he would treat the clam—  
the American Little Neck clam—in prose and  
verse for Harper's, the Atlantic, Scribner's,  
McClure's, the Smart Set and other periodicals.

"I was writing on the clam for the Outlook  
(which is the toastmaster's magazine)  
I would send 'A Quatrain to a Recreant  
Clam,'" said Dr. Van Dyke. He quoted:—

"Low dost thou lie amid the languid ooze,  
Because thy slothful spirit doth refuse  
The bliss of battle and the strain of strife.  
Rise, craven clam, and lead the strenuous  
life!"

Pres. Roosevelt laughed so much at this  
quatrain that it looked for a moment as if  
he would fall out of his chair.—The World.

### Lazebrook Stories.

Mime Innies.

II.

In the spring time, the little Brook Boys,  
who had been shut up all winter by the ice,  
which was so hard and stiff that the boys  
could not get out to see the white, beautiful  
snow, as it covered all the hills with its  
warm cloak and sifted down through the  
branches of the trees until it turned the dark  
dim woods into a big, beautiful palace of  
frost and ice, began to get restless. The sun  
rose higher and higher every day and peeked  
down into Lazebrook's Beaver Pond and  
winked to the Brook Boys. The little trout  
swam to their manas and told her they had  
seen the sun, the great, bright, warm, shiny  
sun, peeking down through the ice and wink-  
ing at the Brook Boys.

"Oh, mama," they said, "Isn't this horrid,  
hard, stiff old ice ever going to let us out  
to play any more? We want to take a jump  
out into the air and get a sun bath. We  
want some flies to eat and some nice bugs.  
We're awfully tired of eating old worms and  
things we find on the bottom."

And then the mama trout would smile a  
fish smile and would say in her calm, old  
mother fish way:

"Wait, little troutlets. The spring will  
soon be here. Then the good, grand sun will  
take care of the ice and will open the ice door  
and let you little fishkins out to play all you  
want to."

The little Beavers, too, began to wake up  
from their naps and long for the woods and  
the air once more. Mama Beaver had to  
teach them, too, to wait until they heard the  
turtles whistle and the frogs peep.

"Then," she said, "you will know that the  
sun has broken the ice bars of our home and  
we will all go out together. I will teach you  
to make dams in the brooks and to build  
houses on the banks, just like grown Beaver  
folks and, while you play, I will tell you all  
the things that Beavers know so that you will  
be as wise as any Beavers are and will  
know what to do when you are Beaver

papas and manas and have little Beaver  
boys and girls to feed and care for and  
teach."

When the Ice King heard all this talk,  
hard and cruel old master that he was, he  
just laughed a hard, sharp, key laugh and all  
the Brook Boys and the troutlets and the  
Beaver boys said:

"Heard that? The ice is cracking and  
breaking up."

"No such thing," said the horrid old Ice  
King, "that sound is a laugh and it means  
that I am getting harder and stiffer and  
shall hold you in all the longer."

Then he laughed and laughed all night  
long.

Now the big, bright sun heard a little bit  
of the Ice King's laugh, as he crept up over  
the mountain in the morning, and it made  
him so angry to hear the Ice King that he  
grew hotter and hotter the more he thought  
of it. When he got high enough to look  
down into Lazebrook Pond, he saw the Ice  
King was still keeping all the little Brook  
Boys and troutlets and Beaver children in-  
side the house. Then he got very angry in-  
deed and he sent some of his strongest rays  
right down into the Ice King's face.

"What are you doing there, you naughty  
thing?" said the sun. "Don't you know it is  
time for you to go away, up to the cold  
Northland where your summer home is? Do  
you suppose you can stay here forever?  
Will you go?"

"No, I won't, until I get ready," said the  
cross old Ice King, "and you can't make me."  
"Can't, eh?" said the Sun, and his face  
grew very warm at the impudence of the Ice  
King. "Can't-I? Well, you don't dare to  
look me in the face and say that."

"Don't I!" said the Ice King. "Come on.  
I'm not afraid of you. I have been here all  
winter and you couldn't drive me away and  
you can't do it now."

"You just wait and see if I can't," said the  
Sun, and he looked just grand and glorious.  
He lifted himself up a little higher in the  
sky every day and stayed a little later at  
night and began to work a little earlier in  
the morning.

Oh, it was hard times for the Ice King.  
In the day time he worked so hard fighting  
the Sun that it made him grow thinner and  
thinner every day; and while he would get  
a little stronger at night, he could not get  
back the strength he had lost. He was los-  
ing the battle and he knew it.

So did the Brook Boys and the Troutlets  
and the Beavers. They all knew it and they  
were waiting for the old Ice King to get so  
thin that they could smash him. They kept  
knocking away at the under side of the ice  
wall that kept them in prison and the sun  
was sending every day more and more of his  
hot rays to the top of the ice. Every ray was  
like a little gimlet and, as soon as it landed  
on the ice, it began to bore little holes in the  
ice. It kept boring all day. This made the  
old Ice King so weak and so full of holes that  
one fine warm day he just yielded and  
off he went to the cold home in the Northland  
and gave up the fight.

Then the Sun smiled and said to himself:  
"There, I told you so. Goodbye, old Ice  
King. Don't come back till I let you next  
fall. Come on out, you Brook Boys, Jump  
and play, all you little impatient Troutlets.  
I'll send some flies for you in a few weeks.  
Come, old Beaver, bring out Mrs. Beaver  
and all the little Beavers. Come, come, don't  
you hear me?"

They all heard him. The Brook Boys gave  
a big lift and bang went the ice! Then the  
Brook Boys were so glad they smashed the  
floating ice into millions of pieces until they  
were so small you could not see any of them.  
The Brook Boys seized the pieces and swal-  
lowed them so fast that they almost got cold;  
but they played so lively that they did not  
have time to get cold.

The Spring had come. The old Ice King  
had gone. The Brook Boys sang the Lazie-  
brook song and the Troutlets jumped out of  
the water fifty times a day, taking an air  
bath. The Beavers came out and smelled the  
fresh air. The birds heard the Brook  
Boys' song and they joined the singing. The  
turtles whistled as near the tune as they  
could; but they couldn't seem to whistle to-  
gether. It was so long since they had prac-  
ticed. The frogs peeped and croaked; but  
most of them were very hoarse. They made a  
fine noise in their gladness.

The Brook Boys way up the mountain  
heard the noise down below and they began  
to tumble down hill as fast as they could to  
see the fun. When they got down to Lazie-  
brook Pond, there were lots and lots of them.  
They all said, "What's the row down here?"  
just as boys always do.

"Why, spring has come and the ice is gone.  
Didn't you know it?"

"No, it is still winter up at our house."  
Some of the new comers said that they more  
than filled little Laziebrook Pond. They  
couldn't climb the hill again. It was too  
steep. They could not all stay in the pond.  
It was too small. There was not room  
enough. So they got into a squabble with  
the other Brook Boys and the little pond  
boiled and bubbled and swelled up with the  
tumult. The Troutlets darted about as if  
mad; they enjoyed the row too.

Pretty soon some of the squabblers got  
pushed over the dam. It would not hold so  
many. Some of the new comers got out and  
over and some stayed. Some of the old ones  
stayed and some got pushed over with the  
new comers, until by and by there were no  
few boys left in the pond that the dam  
would hold just as it always had. Then  
Laziebrook Pond grew quiet once more and  
the Boys who had left it said "Goodbye"  
to it and began the new life, of which they  
knew nothing at all.

"Anonymous" means without a name,"  
said the teacher. "Now write a sentence  
showing that you understand how to use the  
word." A small girl wrote: "Our new baby  
is anonymous"—King's Own.

### Tender-Hearted.

Mabel went a-fishing,  
Mabel caught an eel.  
Did she pale or hesitate,  
Want to faint or squeal?

Did she lose her iron nerve,  
Or fall into the foam?  
No. She just threw in the rod,  
And ran away for home.

### Pearls.

Believe me, every heart has its secret sor-  
rows, which the world knows not, and often-  
times we call a man cold, when he is only  
sad.—Longfellow.

No man can live a half-life, when he has  
geniously learned that it is only a half-life.  
The other half, the higher half, must haunt  
him.—Phillips Brooks.

What do we live for, if it is not to make  
life less difficult for each other.—George  
Elliot.

One-half the grief of this world arises over  
something which never happens.—M. J. Sav-  
age.

Right thinking means right living and right  
living means freedom in the full and com-  
plete sense of the word.

## Message Department.

Report of Seances held April 11, 1904, S. E. ST.

MEDIUM, MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

### IN EXPLANATION.

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

### TO OUR READERS.

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

### Invocation.

O Spirit of Infinite love and truth and ten-  
derness, shine down upon us; make our lives  
radiant with all that is beautiful and good.  
May our aspiration after holy things be the  
ladder that leads us to the best and the  
sweetest things that the spirit can give. O  
help us in our undertaking to reconquer the  
severed lives; assist us in our effort to bring  
together those who love and who would  
speak and communicate with each other.  
May we be able at this hour to have some  
influence; to assist some one to speak the  
clear word, to voice the hope that is in them.  
May love reign supreme in all hearts con-  
nected with this effort and, loving and serv-  
ing all those who need or who suffer, may we  
at last be gathered into one happy, united  
family. Amen.

## MESSAGES.

### Carrie Chase.

The first spirit that comes to me this after-  
noon is a woman about thirty years old.  
She is medium height, has gray eyes, brown  
hair and a very pale, yellow skin. Her name  
is Carrie Chase. "I am from Brooklyn and  
knew of Spiritualism and made an effort to  
understand something of it before I came  
over here. It was sad for me to come be-  
cause I left so many people in whom I had  
an interest, but I have tried to be content  
and to think perhaps I could do as much  
for them here as if I had stayed because I  
was never very well. I have with me Jack  
and Blanche, and they are glad I am to send  
this message to our friends."

### Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Gilbert.

There is a real old lady and an old gentle-  
man here now. They are from Philadelphia.  
The old lady is quite short and round. The  
old gentleman is a little taller than she, but  
he is round, too, as though they were a  
couple of old people who were well kept and  
well cared for and pretty happy together. I  
think they went to the spirit near each other,  
because they seem to have about the same  
amount of spiritual understanding of things.  
They are Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Gilbert. The  
woman seems to do the talking as if she was  
a little better able to speak than the man.  
She says, "We both knew something of this.  
We became interested when our daughter  
Amanda died and from that time we had  
more or less to do with it. I am so glad we  
did; it was much easier for us to understand  
it when we came over. It is a pity that  
everybody else does not know something  
about it because so many of them act like  
greenhorns coming over in a ship from some  
foreign country, standing round and wonder-  
ing where they are. Of course the most of  
them get to their friends, but some do not  
seem to have any friends and are taken in  
charge by the kind spirits who look after the  
new arrivals. For my part I think it is an  
awful good thing to know something about  
the place you are going. It must be pretty  
hard to land in a place and not even know  
the name. Well, you will all want to know  
if we found Amanda. We did and she had  
grown so beautiful in the spirit that she  
seemed like an angel to us. She laughed  
when I told her so and said I should see  
some who had been here longer, but she was  
angel enough for us. Of course we have  
some friends left. We want to go to Joseph  
and to Mr. and Mrs. Lombard and tell them  
we have been in their circle and tried to com-  
municate many times. I am glad it is pos-  
sible for us to speak here today and hope we  
may be received some other time."

### Benjamin Wyatt.

A spirit of a man comes who says his  
name is Benjamin Wyatt and he used to live  
in Provincetown, Mass. I should think he  
was about fifty-two or three years old, stout,  
has full gray beard, gray hair and eyes that  
are bright and clear, but more on the blue  
than dark. He is a very active, almost  
nervous sort of a man, and he has a way of  
rumming his fingers through his beard con-  
stantly as if he did it unconsciously when he  
was standing and talking, or thinking. He  
says, "It seems such a strange thing to be  
able to communicate. I have often thought  
I would try, but never had the courage to  
come in just this way. I cannot say I know  
everything that has happened since I came  
over. I see a great many things that do not  
impress me strongly enough to hold my at-  
tention, and in order to know the things that  
are going on in the earth life I have to centre  
my thought upon them. I want very much  
to go to Joshua and I want him to under-  
stand that I have been with him, especially  
since he has been doing that piece of work  
so high, where he had to climb so much on  
the ladder. I thought if he could only look  
up and see how many of us were right near  
him, he would certainly say that he had seen  
angels, because we are able to stand out  
free from any building or support and yet  
walk along just as you people walk on the  
ground. We do not fly, we simply walk in  
any place at any altitude. I have Mercy  
and little Ben with me, and they are as  
beautiful as any spirits could be. It pleases  
me very much to tell you they are with me  
and send a word of good cheer to you."

### Mary Miser.

There is a lady about thirty-six, I should  
think. She has very dark hair parted in the  
middle and crimped on the sides. She is  
about the medium height, rather stout and  
has a very pale, dark skin. She is very  
anxious to go to her husband. She says she  
lived in Marshall, Iowa, and her name is  
Mary Miser. She would like to go to Isaac.  
"What would I tell him that I have seen  
never been away? I am as conscious of his  
loneliness as he is himself and I would  
do anything possible to give him and Hattie

the assurance of my presence. It was all  
peace for me when I came over. I am glad  
there was no struggle over the death; that I  
slipped away just as I did and didn't even  
know it was all so sad. I have my little  
girl. She is a great joy and comfort and has  
grown so much, she looks just as I did at  
her age. I wish you could all see her. I  
am interested in the beautiful flowers over  
here. You know I always liked flowers, but  
these are so beautiful and so rich in color.  
I wish I could give you some. I will try and  
make a manifestation at home and that will  
help you to understand I am not dead but  
still in the home."

### Frank Kendall.

There is a spirit of a man who is very tall  
and very angular; a very strong looking man.  
He has dark side whiskers, very dark hair  
and his eyes are blue with black lashes. His  
hands are big and strong looking and seem to  
go with the rest of his body. He is not  
dressed up, but seems to come just as he  
would go about his own home place without  
any opportunity to dress particularly well,  
but always with a heart that is free and  
open. He says, "My name is Frank Kendall  
and I am a Baltimore man. I understand  
there have been some Baltimore people who  
have returned and been able to communicate  
with their own. I want to send this message  
to Ella and I want her to understand there  
is no power anywhere that can take me away  
from her and her interests. I cling to our  
little home centre with all the force I could  
summon, and when I finally had to leave I  
would not accept any invitation to go to any  
other place or take notice of any other con-  
dition. I wanted to be near to help you,  
Ella, and I have stayed by and always will.  
You need not feel for one moment that you  
have lost me or I am too far away to know  
that you need me and that I can serve you.  
I wanted very much to have Charles take  
hold of the matters that were left unsettled  
when I came here, but as he didn't I am glad  
you were able to do it as well as you did. I  
am a part of you, little girl, and I wish there  
was some way I could come to you every  
day and see you. God knows that you are as  
dear to me today as any day you were by  
my side, and I shall wait for you and only  
be completely happy when you are with me."

### Fannie Bryant.

There is a girl here now who says she used  
to live in Portland and her name is Fannie  
Bryant. She wants to go to her father and  
mother. Her mother's name is Lizzy and  
her father's name is John P. Bryant. The  
girl is about eighteen; not particularly pretty,  
but is very sweet and has a very pert, almost  
coquettish manner. She was always able to  
do anything she tried to do with her hands,  
sew, play, cook; just one of those people who  
seemed to have capacity to do anything. She  
says, "I can do just as much now only I do  
it better. I never stopped long enough to do  
things as well as I do now. What I come  
today for is to tell my mother that I have  
with her and helped her through her  
sickness. I brought her flowers and am glad  
to keep on bringing them as long as she  
lives. I wish Aunt Hortense could speak to  
you for she has helped me and seems anxious  
to have a chance to communicate. She says  
that Grandfather has some very important  
things to tell, so do try and give him a chance  
when you can."

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### The Air Tripletty, or the Air Signs of the Zodiac.

Louise Muhlenstein.



## The Reviewer.

## Optimism in Italy.

Joy Philosophy. By Elizabeth Towne. Published by Sidney Flower, 27 East 22d St., New York City. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company. Price \$1.00.

This is another contribution to the literature of New Thoughtism. It is written in a chatty familiar style, and the text is plentifully interspersed with italics and capital letters; not, of course, that the thoughts intended to be emphasized are not sufficiently powerful to produce their effect without the use of special lettering, so freely indulged in. There are many interesting paragraphs that could be quoted, but, standing alone, might signify much to those who desire to cultivate their will and ability to concentrate their thoughts upon objects which they desire to attain. But the book in its entirety presents nothing extraordinary in character, nor deep in philosophy. The philosophical point of it is sometimes curiously expressed. We take the writer's idea, as expressed in her introduction, where she endeavors to draw a distinction between herself and her intelligence, as she asserts, "I know there is a fuller intelligence than mine, and I know that when my intelligence goes away from lack of far-seeing, that this fuller intelligence overrules mine. I am glad to believe this—glad to know that when I get in a quandary there is something to bring things out right in spite of me. . . . I believe this fuller intelligence is, after all, my own intelligence. It is I who am doing it all the time—it fills the universe. . . . All this space between you and me is pure intelligence in which we live and move and through which we think, but we are convinced only of that small portion of that intelligence represented by our bodies." Possibly it is all true, but the difficulty is to apprehend the divisions created. On page 41, the following sentence is one that requires closely scanning: "Clogging of the arteries and veins results in clogging brain and nerves. It is impossible for a man with a clogged and diseased body to think his best. The clogging presses against his nerves as well as arteries and prevents free circulation of thought. . . . A man with a clogged system will think cramped, negative thoughts. . . . But I know that it is quite possible to take the kinks out of one's nerves by mind power alone, provided one is not too badly clogged and cramped, but high living will eventually choke off high thinking."

The usual strain of reincarnationism runs through the work, and a new interpretation is applied to the term "evolutionism," "who," it is said, "believe in immediate reincarnation." A curious parallelism is sought to be established between Jesus and Ida Craddock, both of whom, our authoress says, "unhappily trod the road to death." But apart from much that would really call for serious criticism, there is an attempt to reach a happy optimism, the inspiration of which will bring encouragement to many dispirited souls.

If we can bring ourselves to realize what our authoress remarks in her closing sentences, namely, "To live is to love and work with all things." Knowing that all is good and all is life, we shall be realizing not only her own admirable desires, but the essential principles of the spiritual philosophy, which is, that back and behind of all things is the absolute goodness which the unfolding of the ages is surely and evidently making manifest. But surely, our authoress does not wish her readers to follow her literally when she says on page 59: "Duty is a sham,—she is a hollow mockery. . . . Duty is a goggle-eyed domino which scares you stiff. Just you follow Desire, and never, never give Duty the satisfaction of thinking you follow her. . . . She will take off her mask and you will smile to see that she really was Desire all the time, and you knew her not." It is just such unqualified statements, without any philosophical interpretation or explanation that leads the selfish, undisciplined, and crude thinkers to lengths of conduct which has led, not to a "Joy Philosophy," but to many a meal of bitter herbs, and the gathering of much sorrow.

We would like to speak entirely favorably of this work because of the many good thoughts it contains, but their presentation certainly requires some careful revision.—F.

## Spiritual and Sane.

Uncovered Ears and Opened Vision. By "The Princess." Published by Broadway Publishing Company, 335 Broadway, New York City. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company.

This is a pretty story which commences in Boston in the year 1845 in the family of Aaron Stuart, described as a millionaire bank president. The opening chapter tells of the appearance of the seventh child in the family, a little girl, whose father had ardently longed for a boy. A change effected by a Mrs. Osborn, consenting to change her new-born boy for the new-born little girl, and the rest of the story concerns the experiences through which these changed children passed during their lives.

A large amount of the book is devoted to the spiritual experiences that are encountered, and the whole story is prettily out-worked, and will well repay the reader's attention. Many interesting incidents are graphically recorded, and a quiet vein of religious feeling pervades the entire book. We can cordially commend this to our readers as a pleasing and entertaining volume containing much that will prepare the way to a further reception of the facts of Spiritualism to which it so unobtrusively points the way.—F.

## Minor Mention.

Three little pamphlets have reached us from the Parly Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill. The first is entitled "The Influence of Fear in Disease," the second, "The Power of Thought in the Production and Cure of Disease," each of them being in the fifth edition; the third, "The Selfishness of Grief," by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, now in its second edition. These little pamphlets each make interesting reading, the last-named one, especially, having much that should commend itself to those who are prone to indulge in ostentatious display over the interments of the remains of their beloved ones. The figures and facts as stated are very instructive on such matters. The two first-named are also interesting along the now familiar lines of New Thoughtism.

## 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.

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J. J. Morse.

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What so proudly we hail in our gospel's first gleaming,  
The Flag of our faith, Angel hung in our sight,  
O'er the ramparts of death so brilliantly streaming:  
By the hands of sweet angels so bravely unfurled,  
Thank God for its glory which now lights the world.

Oh long may that bright shining Banner yet wave,  
O'er the minds that are free, and the souls that are brave.

No more need we doubt, for our loved ones are here  
For loud sounds the tone of their sweet voices falling,  
To tell all who grieve in their silence and fear—  
That the loved who have passed have come back to their calling;  
Their presence so sweet, now with joy fills each heart,  
With the peace that their coming alone can impart.

Oh long may that bright shining Banner yet wave,  
O'er the minds that are free, and the souls that are brave.

By men dimly seen 'mid the mist of their tears,  
From the land where the soul in the sunlight reposes  
Came the bright shining army to banish our fears,  
They smiled at our sorrow and wreathed us with roses—  
This message they brought in that fair western land—  
"We ever are with you, hand clasped unto hand."

Oh long may that bright shining Banner yet wave,  
O'er the minds that are free, and the souls that are brave.

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The Good Times yet to be

To a Land beyond the Stars

They are Waiting at the Por-

When the Dear ones Gather

at Home

Resting under the Daisies

The Grand Jubilee

Dear Heart come Home

Come in some Beautiful

Dream

Where the Roses never Fade

In Heaven we'll know our

Ours

My Mother's tender eyes

I miss the dawning Light

The Home that's waiting for

If you love me, tell me so

Beautiful Home of the An-

gels

Home of my Childhood days

If you should die to-night

Only a sweet and faded

Flower

The songs I sang for you

Just as the Sun went down

Just as there's love at home

Something sweet to sing

Faithful unto death

Freedom's great triumph

Across the Stream

Dear wandering Boy come

Home

Mother, take me in you

Mother's beautiful hands

There's a day of triumph

Coming

On one the gold of Portugal

On one the old friend

I know that they miss me at

Home

The soul goes marching on

A thousand years in Spirit

Life is a game of chance

Mother dear, oh meet me

there

Our darling Nannie

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

Aspiration

Best is coming by and bye

Oh when shall we ever get

there

Hopes of the long ago

A little Father for me

When I only dreaming, dear

Wait near the golden

Beams of love light

The Golden Days are left

Love that never dies

Looking beyond

Will come back to me

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"The Youth of Washington."

Critics all agree that the author of "Hugh

Wynne" essayed a daring venture when he

set out to write an imagined autobiography of

General Washington, to combine history and

fiction so skillfully that his readers could not

distinguish which was history and which

fiction, to dramatize as it were one of the

most conspicuous characters in history. The

first chapter of "The Youth of Washington,"

Told in the Form of an Autobiography," in

the April Century, promised to justify the

boldness of the undertaking; and the chap-

ters in the May Century will, it is assured,

continue to portray the young Virginian mov-

ing, a real and living person, as he is re-

presented as telling with characteristic



## Societary News.

Correspondence for this department must reach the Editor by the first of the month. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, and should be accompanied by a return address. We wish to assist all, but our space is limited. Use ink and write plainly.

### Boston and Vicinity.

Appleton Hall, Appleton St., Friday, Apr. 15.—The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society held its public circle in the afternoon with several mediums in attendance. Supper was served at six o'clock and the evening service opened with an invocation by Mrs. H. C. Berry. Miss Florence Morse, of London, England, was the speaker of the evening, and under the control of her guides answered questions from the audience in a manner that was very instructive as well as interesting. Miss Morse was followed by Mr. Foss, the talented author of "The Gentleman from Everywhere," who spoke briefly paying a high tribute to the "Banner of Light" and its editor, and specially commending the current issue of that journal, the Davis number. Next Friday evening, April 22, this society will tender a reception to Mrs. J. J. Morse and Miss Florence Morse, prior to their departure for England on the 26th inst., and to which all the friends are cordially invited. A salad supper will be served from six to seven o'clock.—Esther H. Blinn, sec.

Dwight Hall, Wednesday, April 13th.—The regular meeting of the Ladies' Lyceum Union was held as usual at 5.30. Supper served at 6.30. The evening meeting was called to order at 8 by 1st Vice-Prof. Ella A. Weston. The speakers were Prof. Matlock, Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Knowles.—S. E. Jones, rec. sec. pro tem.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor, April 10th.—Bright, sunny weather without and good harmony and spiritual conditions within were the prevailing conditions during these meetings. The morning service was given up as usual to developing. In the afternoon the audience was very much pleased to hear the helpful remarks of Mrs. Raymond and Mrs. Waterhouse, and in the evening Mr. Tuttle gave a fine poem on the truth of Spiritualism. Mr. Mason and Miss Strong gave spirit communications and inspiring thoughts at both afternoon and evening services.—M. I. Lewis, clerk.

### General.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Church of the Fraternity of Soul Communion has been holding a very successful series of Sunday evening meetings for several months at Aurora Grata Cathedral, corner Bedford Ave. and Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y. On Sunday, April 2d, we had special musical services, and the Hon. A. H. Dailey delivered an address that was marked in its vigor of thought and its splendid presentation of "The Easter Message of Spiritualism" to the whole world. This address was intently listened to and enjoyed by a large and cultured audience. Dr. John C. Wyman read the Scripture lesson, also a poem, and offered the invocation. Mrs. Carrie S. Thomas, whose services the society was able to secure as Secress and Message Bearer for the Spirit World, has had a magnificent success in her mediumistic work since she came upon our platform, and has won enduring laurels by her most excellent tests, descriptions of spirits, and messages from "the other shore." Mrs. Thomas is a thorough and conscientious worker in our spiritual ranks, and reflects great credit upon our Cause by her superb mediumship as well as her fidelity to the higher principles and teachings of Spiritualism. She is rapidly gaining a more than local reputation.—Dr. John C. Wyman.

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 10th.—The Church of Sacred Communion. The church services were well attended. Bro. P. J. Loeb, barton, sang "Shepherd Divine," which was well rendered. Bro. J. D. Glover, president, read the Scripture and our gifted sister, Miss E. C. Resch, served the church as its pastor. This church is founded on the teaching of the Bible.—T. P.

Fitchburg, Mass., Sunday, April 10th.—Mrs. Annie L. Jones, of Lowell, was speaker for the First Spiritualist Society. There was the usual large attendance at the morning service. The subject, "Glorification," was well presented, and received, and was followed by many evidences of the continuity of life. Nearly all remained to the Mediums' Circle, and the many spirit messages given were fully recognized. Every seat was taken at the evening service. The subject, "The Spirit's Message, and its Purpose," was most ably presented, and was supported by a large number of tests and messages, correctly given. Miss Howe, pianist, pleasingly rendered several selections.—Dr. C. L. Fox, pres.

Malden, Mass., Sunday, April 10th.—Progressive Spiritual Society, Louise Hall. We had the largest audience ever present, both afternoon and evening, which will warrant our forming a "Lyceum." Have had the thought in mind for some time. The class at 3 p. m. for healing and development was more interesting than ever. "Dinah," "Prairie Flower," "Golden Hair," "Anita" and "Morning Dew," through their mediums (all good workers in our beautiful Cause), demonstrated the continuity of life. Mr. Mackey made a few remarks on the Power of Spiritualism. Mr. Godin also expressed good thoughts. Mrs. M. M. Reed was present and gave excellent messages. Evening session opened with song service, Scripture reading by our president, Harvey Redding; invocation, Mrs. R. P. Morton, "Cyrus"; recitation, subject, "Jerusalem," as it was in the time of the Great Master or Prophet; Mr. Jas. Milton, vocal selection, "The Ninety and Nine," with good effect. The Putnam Trio were with us and gave in their usual satisfactory manner pleasing selections. Reading by Emma Belle Huse, which was well delivered and much appreciated by all. Alice M. Whall and her guide, "Twilight," gave messages which were wonderfully accurate. Mrs. G. B. Mosier also gave proof of spirit return. Mr. Lemuel Edmister, remarks, "Why we are Spiritualists." Indian control "Big Dog" gave full names, which were recognized. Vegetarian supper Friday, April 23, from 6 to 7.30 p. m. The "Banner of Light" on sale at all of our meetings.—C. L. Redding, cor. sec.

Portland, Me., April 10th.—The services of the First Spiritualist Society were held today in Gospel Mission Hall, which has been engaged by the society as more appropriate and convenient. The attendance was very good, the large hall being filled at the evening service. Mr. Chas. E. Dane was our speaker, and his addresses were forceful and helpful, as they always are. His remarks in the evening were, in part, a response to an address given by Rev. Bowley Green of this city, denouncing Spiritualism and Spiritualists, which has aroused quite a controversy here, and an airing of the different views of the matter in the newspapers. The attendance at our meetings has increased noticeably as a result. Mr. Dane spoke kindly, though enthusiastically, and his large audience, in which there were many strangers, was much interested. He gave some very comforting and convincing messages. Mrs. Fuller's solo, "The Beautiful Hills," was very much enjoyed. We feel that we have

cause to feel encouraged in the increased interest in our meetings, and the efforts of our members to work together. In our president, Mr. Story H. Ross, we feel that we have an efficient and able leader. Our building committee's plans are progressing well and we have received a number of subscriptions to our fund.—Mrs. F. E. Allen, clerk.

## Lyceum Notes.

### Monson, Me.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF "THE BOWER OF BEAUTY LYCEUM," MONSON, MAINE.

Dear "Banner" friends, I take pleasure in submitting this, our third annual report, "The Bower of Beauty Lyceum," for the year ending February, 1904. Our work has been a success during the past year, our numbers have increased, and the deep interest has been truly inspiring. The children have been as sweet rosebuds slowly unfolding, and showing the rare sweetness of their souls. We have found "The Progressive Lyceum," published by our good brother, John W. Ting, of great value to us. Its lessons have left a marked impress which will surely tend to a higher moral and spiritual development in our children. The only cloud that has fallen upon our little band during the year is the transition of our beloved Grandpa Drake; his deep interest in the past, and his hearty co-operation, ever gave us new courage and inspired us to nobler living. His place cannot be filled, still we will try to push on the work he loved so well. We give to his arisen spirit at this time greetings of love, and a fond desire that he will still continue to meet with us each session, and help us, for we need him. At the present time our Lyceum numbers 17. We meet every Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock at Grandma Drake's parlour. To her deep interest and helping hand we, as a Lyceum, are greatly indebted, for she has been untiring in her devotion and love. Mrs. Hattie Crafts has also helped us greatly and still stands by. Andrew Jackson Davis, through his great generosity and kindness, made it possible for us to have his books, which are valuable to us. C. Fannie Allen kindly sent us her sweet songs, "Glad Tidings," which we have sung with pleasure. John W. Ting has ever been helpful by his timely letters and words of wisdom. Our arisen friends have stood near. To one and all we offer our heartfelt thanks. The good work will surely go on. It is a needed necessary work. Through the proper unfoldment of our children life will become possessed of its rightful dower, true happiness. May home Lyceums be started everywhere. We want a score started in Maine immediately, and may every other state, also, become thoroughly interested in this grand work. It pays to save the children. No other investment of your time and money can possibly yield such large returns. Subscribe now for the "Progressive Lyceum"; it is the open doorway to something better than you have known before. Do not let the golden opportunity pass unimproved. As Spiritualists let us stand for the truth, stand by the truth, and live the truth. Ever yours for the children, Mary Drake Jenne.

### Spiritualism Triumphant.

Abstract of the Anniversary Address delivered before the First Spiritualist Association of Worcester, Mass., on Sunday evening, March 27, 1904, by Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Onset, Mass.

The service opened with reading of "Anniversary Poem" (written by Dr. Dean Clarke) by Dr. Fuller, followed by a soulful invocation by Mrs. Loring.

Dr. Fuller delivered the "Anniversary Address," taking for his subject "Spiritualism Triumphant," and said in part:

"From the time of the man of Nazareth to the present day, every sect has affirmed belief in immortality, but none of them except Spiritualism has demonstrated it.

"A Unitarian divine once said to me, 'You have a daring belief,' but we as Spiritualists can say we not only have a daring belief, but Spiritualism is a daring knowledge; it dares to cross the border line which separates the here and hereafter; it has made it possible for us to hold sweet communion with our departed friends; it has brought man to a consciousness of his own Godhood, of his own immortality.

"As Spiritualists can claim some of the brightest minds in every walk of life in the past century, we have some of the ablest statesmen, scientists, authors and thinkers in our ranks, and as we glance back over the history of the past fifty-six years, a noble galaxy of workers present themselves to our view.

"I will try and mention a few of the noble workers who have contributed so much to the Cause they represented, but it will be impossible for me to mention even one-third of those who are closely identified with the success of the Cause they loved.

"Now as I lift the curtain the first name that comes to me is that of Andrew Jackson Davis, the author of 'Nature's Divine Revelations,' 'Great Harmonia,' and many other volumes he has given to the world. He is still living in the material life and is the greatest seer and philosopher of the age. It has been claimed that the investigator should first understand and accept the phenomena, but I do not agree. In my opinion the investigator should read and study the philosophy of modern Spiritualism in order that he may better understand the demonstration received through the phenomena.

"As we look back through the history of modern Spiritualism, we find the philosophy given to the world through 'Nature's Divine Revelations,' some years before the 'Hydesville rappings' occurred, which proves the angel world desired the philosophy to precede the phenomena. Andrew Jackson Davis has contributed to the spiritualistic literature of the age some of the sublimest works that have ever been given to the world, many of which have been translated into the European languages.

"Prof. S. B. Brittan, one of the ablest speakers and writers who contributed much to the success of the Cause in the years gone by, who is now 'just out there' on the shore of the morning land.

"Corra L. V. Richmond, one whom we all know, one who stands entranced, as she did when as a little girl of twelve years of age she stepped on to the Spiritualist platform and gave to the world some of the sublimest truths of Spiritualism.

"Hudson Tuttle, another noble worker who is still in the form, the author of the 'Arcana of Spiritualism,' and other volumes. The last time I met him he assured me that he did not feel old. Although his hair is whitened by the snows of many winters, he expected to remain in earth-life for some years to come, but whenever the call came for him to move out, he was ready to answer the summons, as he knew of the life he would enter 'just over there.'

"Now another name comes before me, one who, like a brilliant meteor, flashed across our path for a short time, and was then called to the 'higher life.' I refer to our arisen sister, Clara Banks.

"I remember some years ago of entering a

hall and seeing a gentleman seated at an organ singing only as I expected the angels of God to sing, afterwards stepping upon the platform and delivering a scholarly lecture, and then demonstrating through his own mediumship that the so-called dead live, and can communicate with their friends in earth life. My friends, I speak of our recently arisen brother, J. Frank Baxter. And I believe every lecture he has ever delivered should be preserved and given to the world, as each one of them was a masterpiece in itself.

"Another noble worker, one who has contributed much to Spiritualism, 'one whom to know was to love.' I refer to Prof. William Denton, a man who had a discourse upon Geology, Geometry, Psychometry, Astronomy, Spiritualism, or any other subject at his tongue's end, and not one word he has ever uttered has ever been lost, one who has now joined the galaxy of workers 'just out there.'

"Yet another name comes before me, the name of Joseph D. Stiles. I was present at one time with him where he was to follow the lecture with tests, and he said to me, 'I shall not take much time, as the audience will not care to remain much longer,' but some one else took the time to give one hundred and ninety-four tests in just one hour; lightning record to be sure, but truth nevertheless. We have had many noble and sincere workers in the days gone by, but I feel that the workers of today are just as earnest and sincere as those who have passed on to their reward.

"We have out-grown to some extent the physical manifestations and the dark seances, as they do not contribute to man's intellectual development, but I believe we are entering the era of greater psychic development. I believe the time will come when a medium will rise up that will voice the message of an 'Emerson,' a 'Goethe,' a 'Shakespeare,' and I believe the great masters, 'Beethoven,' 'Mozart,' 'Handel,' 'List,' will yet discover a sensitive and give forth to the world sublimely melodies that were ever produced while dwelling in their physical bodies."—M. Lizkie Beals, reporter.

### We Have Reason to Rejoice.

Geo. B. Ferris.

Thankfulness is a word that expresses a condition which is very desirable, yet far less frequently met with than should be the case. As Spiritualists, in summing up the wrongs and injustices to which we have been subjected, we often fail to consider that it is only recently that sufficient progress has been attained to allow us the liberty we now enjoy.

Spiritualism, fifty years before its advent at Hydesville, would have been unable to overcome the religious prejudice of that day sufficiently to gain any hearing whatever. Yet such has been the progress in the last century that at the present time the injustice to which we are subjected is very slight, and ever growing less.

At the present time, when our mediums and workers are arrested and fined for practicing Nature's gifts, it is well to remember the treatment which was accorded Jesus and the disciples in their efforts to inculcate a new religion. Where, in former times the forfeiture of the life of the medium was necessary to appease the wrath of the bigoted exponents of an iniquitous religion, now a few dollars are all that is required. Truly, conditions might be worse!

Spiritualists have much to complain about,—they also have much to be thankful for. It is the American prerogative to "kick"; there would be no progress without. But it is well to take a retrospective view of the situation and observe that great has been the progress in liberty of speech and thought during the interval between the advent of Christianity and the advent of Spiritualism.

Freedom of speech and religious observance at the present time, while not as magnanimously tolerated as they should be, yet when compared with conditions of only a few generations ago, are seen to be but slightly interfered with.

When we consider the liberty of thought and action allowed at the present time, compared with the persecutions, the dangers, the ostracism and the injustice which every new truth was obliged to encounter during the medieval ages, then we can appreciate the blessings of a twentieth-century civilization, even though the present leaves much to be desired.

Two centuries ago the present movement of spiritual phenomena would have been denounced as witchcraft, and mediums would have been put to death with fiendish cruelties. But now consider the difference. At the worst our workers are only harassed by the petty difficulties imposed by ignorant and bigoted officials, and even these troubles are steadily growing less and less frequent.

We have made remarkable progress in liberty of thought and speech in the past, and the future is bright with promise of the dawn of a day when even the petty difficulties of the present will be absent and absolute justice will prevail. The human race is traversing the grand road of progression so rapidly, so steadily, that it seems scarcely possible that conditions can be as perfect as they really are, when only a short time ago the world was distinguished chiefly by its intolerance and wrong.

Spiritualists should not cease to work for better conditions and greater justice, but a proper consideration of the progress of the past will enable us to push forward lighter of heart and full of hope for the future; firm in the knowledge that the progress of the past will continue during the future with constantly increasing velocity, and that when our life work here is finished the millennium will be much nearer at hand than when we began.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

### PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

MRS. MARY M. PALGE, ONSET, MASS.

Mrs. Mary M. Palge, aged 59 years, passed to spirit life on Friday, April 1st, at Onset, Mass. Mrs. Palge was the widow of Col. Frank Palge, and had not been in good health since his death a few years ago, yet her departure from this life came very unexpectedly to her friends, as she was present at the anniversary exercises at Onset on that Wednesday. She was deeply loved and respected by a large circle of friends on account of her many sterling qualities. She was always very sympathetic and kind towards those who were either sick or unfortunate, and expressed for all a kindly word. She was also an excellent medium and by this means had given consolation and advice to many. Here was a familiar face at all our summer meetings and will be greatly missed by a host of friends. She longed to go and meet her husband in the spirit life and now that her wish has been granted we cannot wish her back, but instead will bid Goodspeed in that brighter and happier world. The writer officiated at the funeral and the body was cremated at Forest Hills.—Geo. A. Fuller, M. D.

MRS. LYDIA WESTGATE, WARHAM, MASS.

There passed to spirit life on Monday, March 22d, Mrs. Lydia Westgate, nee Adams, aged 76 years. Mrs. Westgate for many years was a consistent and outspoken Spiritualist. She was also an excellent clairvoyant, and did much good with

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her mediumship. She was associated with the work at the Wigwam, at Onset, in its earlier years. To the very last she was true to her Spiritualism, and only a few days before passing away requested that the writer should officiate at her funeral. By her many sterling qualities she had made for herself many friends who will miss the outward form, while they bid the spirit Godspeed in a fairer and brighter realm. The funeral services were held by the writer, at East Wareham, on Thursday, April 7, and many friends were present to pay their last tribute of respect to all that was mortal of their friend.—Geo. A. Fuller, M. D.

### THEM OR HERE?

They tell me thou art gone from me forever,  
That nothing can disturb thy dreamless sleep;  
That death, the golden bonds of love hath severed,  
And left me but a grave o'er which to weep.

They tell me if I put my trust in Heaven,  
That somewhere in the dim and distant skies,  
I yet may find you, for the dead who sleepeth,  
Shall resurrected in the Lord arise.

And so they come to try to comfort me,  
Dear loving hearts who put their faith in God;  
Who, when Death comes, and takes their best beloved,  
Can meekly bow their head and kiss the rod.

Content that in some far off future heaven,  
When time has ceased—believing in the story old—  
They each and every one shall find their lost ones,  
And all be gathered back within the fold.

And yet I feel that thou art always with me,  
That ever though unseen by mortal eye  
Thy loving presence being to cheer and comfort,  
And give me courage as in days gone by,

For all things live, and Death is Life eternal—  
Then why should sorrowing ones of earth despair?  
Open the windows of your heart and greet them,  
For spirit life and heaven lie round you everywhere.

Lynn, Mass. Ada Evelyn Sawyer.

### Peculiar Psychic Experiences.

I have had some wonderful yet simple tests of the power of spirit which may interest your readers. The following occurred about two years ago in Manchester. I was sent to deliver a message to a friend who had removed to another locality from ours, and one that I was quite unfamiliar with. When I had at last found the street, I suddenly remembered that I had not been told the number of the house. I walked up one side of the street and down the other looking for a name-plate or anything that would help me to find this friend's house. It was quite useless, and as I stood helplessly wondering what to do, I distinctly saw the form of an Indian spirit stand by my side, who said, "If you will let us, we will show you the house." I complied, and felt a power draw me across to the other side of the street. I was stopped at one of the garden gates, and on ringing the bell my friend came to the door. The spirit had vanished by then, but I was very grateful for the fact that spirit people are willing to help even in trivial things.

Another time I was saved from probable discomfort through spirit agency. I had a shop in Manchester, and each night it was my task to make things right before the door was locked. My father used to lock and bolt the door as I turned the lights out in the window. On the night in question he had been standing outside a while, and then passed through the shop into the house. I put all the gas out, and turned to go inside myself, when a blaze of light came right in front of me, almost blinding me for an instant with its brilliance. I waited till it had gone, and, feeling very queer, I walked on to the house door. Here again, as I put my foot upon the step, was the same great light. This time I saw a beautiful female form inside the light, and a voice said, "Go back and lock the door, it has been forgotten." Sure enough it was so, and thanks to the good spirit friend, I was saved from probable loss through the warning.

Just recently a gentleman came to my place of business on a bicycle. As he was going out again, a voice said to me, "He'll come back very soon covered with mud, for he'll have a spill." I started up to warn him, but sat down again, for I felt he would think I was mad, as he does not believe in Spiritualism. However, I felt sure he would come back, and almost before he could put his foot on the doorstep I hurried forward and, to his evident astonishment, saluted him with, "Now you'd have a spill." I scraped the dirt off with a knife, and the next day his wife came in to ask "how I knew he would have a spill."—A Correspondent in The Two Worlds, Manchester, England.

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