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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Mime Inness.

Out from the people, whom he loved to trust,
A statesman, aye, a King without a crown,
Who strove to raise mankind, not pull it down,
This far-eyed Savior God has seemed to thrust,
That e'en the lowly might learn what is just.

In spite of war, despite the coward frown
Of friends, whose cringing spirits e'en would drown
Their better natures for more glory—lust,
With mighty patience his great heart up-bore
A nation's woes, nor ever lost his faith.
Strong in their trust of him, the millions swore
The right should win, laid should be treason's wraith.
Firmly and grim he looked in slavery's face
And freed the nation when he freed a race.

The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whiting.

"Before the eye can see clearly it must be free from tears."

"Earth gets its price for what earth gives us;

The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in;

The priest gets his fee who comes and shrives us;

We bargain for the graves we lie in;

At the devil's booth are all things sold;

Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;

For a cap and bells our lives we pay;

Bubbles we earn with a whole soul's tasking;

'Tis heaven alone that is given away

'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

The radiance of life is not mere frivolity, lack of earnestness, lack of seriousness, lack of purpose, there is no connection between the life radiant and the life inconsequential—on the contrary. Radiance is the very crystallization of significance, of purpose, of energy. Bring these up to their highest degree and they produce—radiance. It is the condition of effectiveness, of achievement. No one can accomplish his best work, no one can bring to bear on life his deepest power who has not achieved that more complete union with the divine power that is joy and radiance and abounding energy. "Before the eye can see clearly it must be free from tears." All sorrow and depression are negative and demoralizing to any true spiritual progress. Depression and sadness are really lack of faith in God. When one comes to enter completely into the abounding faith in the divine laws there is no longer room for the doubts, regrets, anxieties, these corrosive factors that eat away all the fine gold of life. A noted scientific professor says that evolution is possible only because of the spirit of hopeful endeavor that possesses everything, and thus one "qualifies for a new sphere of life with which come new experiences and new enterprises." There is in every one an innate element sometimes called "that which aspires," and again "the God-element within," which (says Mr. C. T. Stockwell), "is now believed to constitute a far more important factor in the processes of evolution than has heretofore been conceived. That an organism can in time free itself from its inheritance by choosing or creating or reacting upon its environment, and thus climb in the scale of being by virtue of its own intrinsic and inherent forces, is now claiming a larger place in the world than formerly. It is in fact almost a new discovery, and cannot be too strongly emphasized."

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Now it is this power of reacting upon the environment that one may draw upon to create the life radiant. Conditions are transformed by the force of thought. Imagination goes before and creates the vision, and the intense energy of thought stamps the new image on plastic circumstance.

It may often happen in one's experience that a beautiful anticipation vanishes before it is fulfilled, and life seems all in ruins. One is engulfed in the quicksands of sadness and depression and he cannot again draw together his forces. If only happiness would return then, he believes he could take up life and endeavor and successful achievement again; but without this stimulus, this joy, he is powerless. The entire panorama seems hopeless to him, but still, through this very hopelessness, must he conquer. "Before the eye can see clearly it must be free from tears." The very conditions are to again enter into the atmosphere wherein his anticipation lay, and to regain his joy, his radiance of life. It is in this atmosphere that the unfulfilled dream awaits him, and may again be his in all fullness of joy.

This creative power, "the God-element within," that can react upon environment and change the entire conditions of life, is the power, too, that has consciousness of spiritual presences and companionships in the unseen. The power to create in the ether is the power that relates man to this higher world. The ether is an universal medium by means of which both mind and matter act upon this imponderable energy. Newton discerned the ether as "spiritual substance." Haeckel calls it "the existence of the ether as being as incontrovertible as that of matter and calls it the Eternal Substance. Tesla speaks of the ether as "the eternal recipient and transmitter of energy." Scientists are thus postulating the conditions of the ethereal life and of the entrance upon it, now and here. As matter and spirit are really one substance, differing only in degree—matter being spirit in a crude and dense and undeveloped form; spirit being matter in a highly developed and refined state—as matter and spirit are thus one, it is not difficult for this power of the "God-within-us" to transpose the scale of life and adjust life to the finer ethereal conditions even while in the body. "If out of the ether we see evolved all that we know as intelligence, consciousness, imagination, will, faith, love, personality, we know that in it, in the nature of things, must reside all of these and infinitely more." In the ether is the infinite supply. Knowledge of every order is there and he who will be receptive to it may draw on its resources as he will. All forms of creative energy are in the ether; the human will can draw on these. The efforts made in the realms of matter are fatiguing and difficult.

"Earth gets its price for what earth gives us. Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold."

But in the ethereal realm is light and love and infinite energy and joy, and they are free in the most infinite sense of resources.

"'Tis heaven alone that is given away;
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

One all important truth to learn is the intercourse between those in the Seen and those in the Unseen is by no means limited to the manifestation of phenomena. Spiritualism, in the modern consideration, began with these appeals to the physical senses. The "rappings" were heard. Articles were moved without visible touch. A light-stand would walk upstairs simply with one finger of a medium touching it. A piano would rise to the ceiling. Invisible hands would grasp the hands of the sitters. Messages would be rapped out by the table. All these, and various other physical phenomena are, of course, familiar to everyone either by personal experience or by narration. This manner of appeal, visible, audible, tangible, to the physical senses, was the inevitable necessity of those times. Man had not then become aware of his finer and more subtle powers. Telepathy was an unmeaning term. The ethereal universe was practically an undiscovered universe. The world has really been created anew since 1880, this past quarter of a century. It was in Janu-

ary of 1878 that Prof. Graham Bell gave a "matinee telephonique" in London in the form of a breakfast to which all the press of London and the press correspondents in that city were invited to see experimentally, the wonderful working of the newly-invented telephone. The week previous there had been a little test experiment made of it on the Isle of Wight, the Queen being at Osborne House, and Kate Field sang to her through the telephone. At the "breakfast" given by Prof. Bell—his "matinee telephonique"—Kate Field assisted him as hostess. The telephone was used for little distances, a few blocks or so, and was thought to be a marvel. Little did Prof. Bell himself, even, at that time dream of the wonderful evolutionary development his invention was destined to have within even the next twenty years. As little, perhaps, did the scientists of that day realize that they were penetrating beyond the horizon line of the known, into the unknown, the ethereal world. Since that period the ethereal forces have been harnessed, so to speak, in an increasing degree. Those in the unseen now manifest themselves far less in any way to appeal to the physical senses and more and more to appeal to the spiritual perceptions. Humanity is entering into the very penetralia of the ethereal universe.

In this realm is infinite knowledge, infinite energy, infinite joy. One may draw upon all these limitless resources to the fullest extent that he will. Heaven is open to him.

"'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

Beauty and joy and radiance encompass us around. Let one arise in this fulness of joy, and lift up his heart to God, and enter into the more complete realization of the Life Radiant!

The Brunswick, Boston.

The Poets as Spiritualists.

We all know the poets are Spiritualists—we accept that as part of their poetry—and those who do not believe in angels yet love to read of them in poetry. Even if not true, it is pleasant to think about, and makes a peaceful or inspiring impression upon our minds. We do not criticize Hamlet or Macbeth because of ghosts. Oh, no, indeed, they properly come in there to make the plays real plays and give them the power of true drama.

We accept the noble things that Tennyson gives in his poem of remembrance and lament for his friend Arthur Hallam. They are wonderfully fine and uplifting. We could not do without them. All this of course as pure literature without any reference to the truth set forth in musical lines.

Now for a moment concede that in the human heart there is a wish for knowledge of immortality, a latent hope that it is so—then does it not seem possible that the poets have on the mount of inspiration seen the great light dawning on the world that we as yet do not see because we are in the material shadow of the senses and so deeply engrossed in business affairs that we have blinded ourselves to these things? It would pay us to let the child's or the poet's heart beat once more in our breast that we might know what they know in sweetness and light.

Extraordinary Facts in an Italian Family.

(Translated by Mime Inness from "Le Messenger.")

In the year 1901 M. Pansini, who lived at Ruvo di Puglia, in the south of Italy, went with his family to live in an old house upon his property on the public square.

In a few days very strange things began to happen. Pictures fell upon the floor and were broken; plates, glasses and bottles were thrown against the walls with no one touching them; lamps were thrown from the table and the furniture was piled up without any apparent cause.

A priest was called to bless the house; but it did no good.

One evening Pansini's son Alfred, about seven years old, fell into a stupor. They put him to bed. He began to speak in a strange voice, saying he had been sent to drive away the disturbers. They thought that this was a case of double personality,

because the young boy frequently fell into these trances, when he would speak like a true orator, using different languages, French, Latin and Greek and reciting part of Dante's Divine Comedy. Other phenomena happened. One evening they found on the table two bonbons, tied together by two strings; and all sorts of confectionery was found in Alfred's bed. For some nights a veritable battle of the spirits seemed to be acting on the boy, speaking with a dozen voices, twisting and turning in bed as if he was in pain. Afterward he responded to questions as to the things that were happening.

The family decided to take the boy to the Bishop, but Alfred wrote that he would not go. The parents paid no attention to this, but, when the hour came to go to the Bishop, the child became as rigid as a corpse and gave no sign of life. They pricked and pinched him without any sign of life. In this condition they took him to the house of the Bishop, who called out in a loud voice the name of the child and then Alfred came to himself. He remained four days in the house of the Bishop in good health. Then he returned home, but the same phantom returned, more terrible than before. Then the parents planned to put the boy into an asylum.

At the end of the year Alfred returned home, when a new order of phenomena began for Alfred as well as for his brother Paul.

This is the first example of it.

One day at 9 o'clock the boys were at Ruvo; at 9.30, without knowing how or why, they were at Molfetta, 13 kilometers away. One day the family were at the table at 12.30 and, having no wine, the father sent little Paul to buy some. Not returning in half an hour they sent Alfred after him. He, in his turn, disappeared also. At 1 o'clock they were found at Barletta, 35 kilometers away. One day the children were found at Ruvo at 1.15 and at 1.45 they were at Trani, 20 kilometers away. Their uncle took them back to Ruvo with a horse and carriage; again they disappeared and were found at Bisceglie, 13 kilometers from Ruvo. Numerous other times they performed similar journeys with similar results.

An Evangelical minister one day asked Alfred, when he was in a trance, how children were transferred so far in such a short time. He replied that he was the spirit of a person who had died in the house and that he could dematerialize and rematerialize the body.

The Bishop of Ruvo has been interviewed and confirms the foregoing facts and admits the intervention of spirits.

Hypnotism Conquers Death.

Dr. John D. Quackenbush read a paper on "Transitional Power" before a club at the Waldorf Astoria in New York last week, and, as reported by the New York Herald, "announced to a large and intelligent audience his latest discovery in hypnotic science that suggestions given as death actually impends have a power absolutely unparalleled in any other mental state."

The Herald continues:

"He held that this was due to the fact that the results of hypnotic inspiration bear a distinct relationship to the degree of isolation from brain and sensory activities, and this degree climaxes at the moment when the spirit has all but abandoned its corporeal investiture."

"In June last," he said, "I was called to the bedside of a young woman who during the month preceding had passed through a series of infections culminating in pneumonia. Her condition equaled a death sentence—temperature 40.7, pulse 160, respiration 60—and the attending physicians had withdrawn from the case as beyond the pale of hope."

"As I looked at the girl, an inspiration came to me. I took her by the hand, learned her first name from the nurse, and said with great incisiveness, 'Adelie, where are you going? You cannot die! Come back, you have work to do on earth. Come back at once.' In answer to the summons, the upturned eyes resumed their natural angle and became riveted on mine. The voice that had for days uttered only the ravings of delirium now spoke coherently."

"It is too late," it murmured. 'It is not too late,' I rejoined. 'Do not dare to say it is too late. Stay where you are. Assume immediate control of your physical functions and get well. You are going to recover—'

all this in an imperative, forceful tone. The directions were implicitly followed. A change for the better supervened. Gradually the mental mist cleared away, the physical strength returned, and today the young woman is perfectly well, filling an important position in the choir of an uptown church.

"This is not a solitary instance," he added. "In two other cases moribund patients—one a judge of prominence—were recalled from death by shouting in the ear at the moment of dissolution a command to return. The method would further avail in many cases of drowning, of shock, either from concussion or fright; of poisoning by gases and narcotic drugs; of swoon and of trance. The possibility of saving life in this rational way should be understood by all who serve the ill and minister to the dying."

Growth of Catholicism.

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

The Roman Catholic Directory for the year has the following startling statistics of the strength and growth of that church:

"The Catholic population of the United States is 12,651,644, an increase of 189,153 over the previous year. The total number of Catholic priests is 14,484, an increase of 627. There are in the United States one papal delegate, one cardinal, fourteen archbishops, ninety bishops and twenty abbots. The total number of Catholic churches is 11,814, an increase of 427. There are eighty-six seminaries for ecclesiastical students. There are 4,281 parochial schools with attendance of 1,066,207. There are 869 institutions of higher education and 997 charitable institutions."

New York and Chicago have each 1,200,000 Catholic inhabitants, (this includes suburban towns). New York has 824 priests, Chicago 643, Boston 598, Philadelphia 521, St. Louis 507."

This growth of the mother church is not surprising when it is considered that all children born to Catholic parents are Catholics and that at least two-thirds of the immigrants who like a flood are pouring into this country, belong to that church.

This vast host is not loosely held together as are members of Protestant churches. The whole country is divided into provinces, as the old Romans divided a conquered country, with trusted leaders under the name of bishops, archbishops, to whom the priests are captains and the whole are obedient to the least sign from the pope.

In other words, there exists within the borders of the United States a distinct, organized government—a theocracy, claiming absolute control over human affairs, to which every Catholic owes his first allegiance. Its origin was in the dark ages of ignorance, and its ceaseless activity is directed to clutch the reins of government. It is a conspiracy now, because it has not the power to back its demands.

It increases, as statistics prove, far more rapidly than any other religious organization and it has the strength of a disciplined army. The pope is opposed to all secret societies—all but the Catholic Knights of Columbus, an organization as secret as the Masonic. In the halls in which these Knights meet they receive drill instructions until they are perfect in the manual of arms.

What is it all for? Why is any church allowed an armed military organization? Against what enemy is this army being drilled and equipped?

Money is a good thing.

Money represents industry, economy and a desire of independence. It has virtue and idealism at the back of it.

We ought to withdraw our slanders about money and see the religiousness of earning our daily bread. We defame ourselves and shut off one of the common means of education when we pretend to think the earning of money is not worth while. The spiritual man sees a spiritual use and help in it.

What good we could do if we thought of our money as a living help for all the good that needs assistance.

Do we not understand that new forces are spiritually coming into play all the time? Men get settled down in the church after struggle and debate on doctrines, and in the quiet go to sleep. New heretics arise and wake them up, and show them we are in a live, progressive world.

I HEAR YOUR VOICE.

William Brunton.

I hear your voice like sweet bells calling—
Across the rippling of the bay,
And twilight softly round me falling,
Calls me in dream to far away;
Like ship for its home-harbor steering,
I come to peace from ocean strife,
And find the rest of heart endearing,
The satisfying peace of life!

I know you as a spirit splendid,
Although unseen to outer sight;
Upon my way I am attended,
With presence of your sunshine bright;
I am by ties of beauty holden,
The thought of you my soul doth keep;
O spirit in the city golden,
Come visit me through gates of sleep!

O larger is this world sublime,
Because of you in sphere above;
And sweeter is the tone of time
Because of blessing of your love;
Like strains of music, rising, falling,
The while on wings of Faith I'm borne,
I hear your voice so softly calling,
And walk with you in heaven's morn!

The Webs We Weave.

Mary K. Price.

Who has watched the weaver at his loom?

"How he makes his shuttle.
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle."

In and out, out and in, here a bright thread,
There a sombre shade; gorgeous colors,
Arabesques and brilliant flowers.

So we are weaving, each and all of us,
In the home, the shop, at the desk or the counter.
Everywhere the shuttle is flying
And the fabric we build is called character.
It is woven of many threads, and varied
In texture, and from the cradle to the grave
The shuttle is never idle; and whether we
Will or no we are our own weavers.

This structure we must make for ourselves.
No one can weave for another, for
Whatever our inheritance, counsel or education,
They are but stepping stones by which
We climb to the loom. The actual construction
Must be done by ourselves. How many the colors!
How diversified the patterns!

What a combination of good and ill is the nature of man!

With each of us lies the possibility of reaching those fair heights of which we dream,
Or of falling to such depths of degradation
As make the soul shudder to contemplate.

It is an old saying that "As the twig is bent,
The tree is inclined." Only inclined, mind, bent in a certain direction, not sure
Of staying there. A father's admonitions,
A mother's prayers and tears are of no avail,
If we will it so. They may keep our faltering,
Childish feet in correct paths, but all the time
The young brain is busy, plotting, planning,
Preparing the strands for his own weaving.

We may make or mar the birthright which God has given us;
And yet needs do not bear roses, nor do "plums
Grow on thistles," but the weaver may spoil the pattern.

While the mind is plastic it may be influenced
By those about it, to move the shuttle so as to weave a beautiful fabric;
But with the guiding hand removed, may introduce
Soiled or brittle threads which ruin the work.

"The purest treasure mortal time affords,
Is spotless reputation," has been said, and believed.
But reputation is not character. It is only the lustre which it seems to throw.

Let us weave of those threads spun by Honor, Truth, and Virtue, dyed by Kindness,
Love and Sympathy, so that we too may say:

"Let my past stand, just as it is.
And let me now, as I may, grow old.
I am what I am; and my life for me
Is best. Or it had not been, I hold."

What Was Lincoln's Religion?

William Brunton.

When we admire a man we want to know all we can about him. There is the central thing for which he stands as in the case of Lincoln. He is the patriot strong and true, to us without guile or blame. He is the man of power in the nation's emergency; he is the wise, clean man whom we admire more and more. He stands for manhood and embodies the common, back-bone virtues in their best estate.

Such achievement of itself is to common folks the best religion the world knows. It bears the trial of the days and the years, and we pronounce it all right. It is good enough for human nature's daily duty and daily care.

But as this is a growth of mind and spirit, we like to see what were the contributing forces to this fulness and sturdiness of life. And they were of two kinds—the liberalizing thoughts and the spiritual light of his day.

First there was the free thought element in the reading of such books as those of Thomas Paine, especially "The Age of Reason;" and the reading of Volney's "Ruins of Empire." Perhaps these books are not read by the inquiring youth of our day as they were half a century ago. There are, perhaps, better books in the same line, those which do not carry Thor's hammer for the smashing of idols with such completeness. They smash them to powder, and then for awhile are apt to leave the mind unfurnished. And we must have a faith and a creed, faith in ourselves and a creed of man and nature and destiny.

Theodore Parker, Channing and others influenced Lincoln in his manhood and gave him respect for humanity in the deep way these teachers felt it. They were the powers of education and steadiness he needed. Their word meant the good of man and all men, of every color and race and clime. These prophets were preaching the gospel of manhood, and Lincoln showed forth its virtue in all he was, and in all his

ways. The Golden Rule was his measure. Love to God and man his creed. The religion of such a one cannot be narrowed to a church—it belongs to the divine humaneness of man.

Now we come to the question of the inner forces, and this brings us to the fact that Lincoln was interested in Spiritualism. It came about in the natural way that good things come to the good man. Mrs. Nettie Maynard has written a book telling of her experience in the White House, giving seances to Mrs. Lincoln and the President with friends. The story carries its own evidence of truth, and shows how gladly this heavily burdened man received help and inspiration from the unseen. He was counseled not to let any pressure delay the Emancipation Proclamation; he was told how to win the boys at the front to their duty as soldiers. He was to go among them as a man and a brother and listen to their grievances. The effect was what the spirit, through Mrs. Maynard, said it would be. There were many of these seances held when Lincoln was present. He saw the moving of the piano by spirit power, and said anyone who doubted it should, when the piano seemed to rise, place a foot under it and be convinced by the weight of evidence resting on his understanding.

You cannot see and hear and know like this, if you have any rationality, without coming to the safe and sane and irresistible conclusion that things are what they seem. Spiritualism proves itself by sight, hearing, and all that appeals to soul and sense. And we may from the record that Lincoln made friends of many mediums, who gave him sittings, we may from this fact say that Lincoln was a Spiritualist. He could not proclaim it from the house-top then. It would in the eyes of the ignorant have been terrible, they might have said his brain was turned by his cares, but we can see now that this sustinment of the angel world was just what he needed to bear him bravely to the end.

He had presentiment that he would be assassinated, he so wrote to a friend, and so it came to pass, as we sorrowfully know.

Lincoln was not deceived by mediums; he found out several cheats and summarily dismissed them; but to have one real word from the unseen is the live fact that makes us know Spiritualism is true. Lincoln took counsel with his friends in the beyond, and felt that in this was the power of a religion for life. And this is what Spiritualism truly is, as we all can prove.

Something About Purgatory.

Rev. Edmund Hill, C. P., in "The Ave Maria."

November being the Month of the Holy Souls, we naturally think of them now more than at other times; especially of any who are endeared to us by ties of blood or of affection. And perhaps our hearts echo the poet's cry in "Maud":

O Christ, that it were possible

For one brief hour to see

The forms we lov'd, that they might tell us
What and where they be!

Yes, where is a peculiarly interesting question. Our imagination does not help us much, and may easily lead us astray. We may picture our dear ones as confined on one of the planets, though we know that human life in its mortal state could not exist on any of them. But there is good reason for believing that departed souls never quit this earth until they pass to heaven. Shakespeare, with far greater probability, conceives, "the de-lighted spirit" that is, the soul deprived of light in its purgatorial existence:

To bathe in fiery floods or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice:
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round
about
The pendent world.

"Measure for Measure."

Now, that many a soul from purgatory has appeared, from time to time, to make known some want or to give some warning, is certain beyond reasonable doubt. And some must have told of their whereabouts; since Father Faber, in "All for Jesus," says that some souls make their purgatory in the houses they have lived in, or in the churches where they have worshipped, or by the graves which hold their bodies; and he got his information from trustworthy sources.

Again, the eminent French bishop, Monseigneur Charles Gay, quotes, in his "Christian Virtues," a revelation made by souls in purgatory to Madame Dubourg, the saintly foundress of the Sisters of the Savior. This religious woman had an extraordinary devotion to the Holy Souls, and they came to her in large numbers, and told her many things—even traveling with her when she journeyed to Rome. And a priest once informed me of another foundress, a German, whose life he had seen in that language, and who had a no less extraordinary devotion to the departed: that whenever she went to Mass, a number of souls would meet her at the church door; some being allowed to go in to Mass, others not allowed; and that some were souls of priests.

It appears, then, that these "prisoners of the King" are not all confined in places under the earth, though probably the majority are. The language of Holy Scripture clearly indicates this subterranean confinement; and where did the Greeks and Romans get their belief in "the Shades," if not from primitive tradition? It would seem, however, that the term place in relation to purgatory does not necessarily mean what we understand by it. It rather signifies state than locality; or, perhaps, more accurately, division. Thus, in a very important communication made by a deceased Visitation nun at Anney, the mother-house of the Order, we learn that there are "three places" in purgatory. "In the first," the punishment is comparatively light," said the nun; "in the second, it is very severe,—and I am there; in the third, they hear the groans of the damned,—because it is close to hell. But she gave as an instance of the lighter kind of purgatory the penalty inflicted on the mother of one of the nuns, who had kept her daughter back a whole

year from entering that very convent. She had to lie prostrate on the altar steps in the chapel, adoring Our Lord for a year. This soul, then, was in the first "place," I presume. The dead nun herself, who was in "the second place," was punished by fire, it appeared; for when her living friend asked a proof of her identity, she answered: "Hold out your hand," and touched the Sister's forehead with her own; and instantly a bit of charred flesh fell off the bone.

The purgatory of fire is probably the shortest as well as "very severe." No doubt many a soul who is enduring some other kind of punishment, such as darkness, would gladly exchange it for one of fire. I know of two striking instances of other punishment,—one a purgatory of darkness, the other of cold. The first was made known to me through a dear friend whom I received into the Church many years ago, and who has now a son a priest and a daughter a nun, she herself being a Tertiary Dominican. This lady had counted among her friends a Catholic gentleman, whom, I suppose, she would have married had he lived. She herself had scarcely any religion then; while he had the reputation of being a "careless" Catholic, though good-hearted and charitable. When he died, she understood that he received the Sacraments and when, some years later, she had become a High-Church Episcopalian she used to pray for him a good deal. At the time of her reception into the Church, however, she imagined him in heaven, and seldom thought of praying for him. Well, on a certain Sunday in summer, during a brief holiday she was taking in the country, she returned from Mass rather tired, having had to walk a mile each way, and lay down in her room to rest awhile before dinner. She was not asleep, for she heard her little girl (now the nun) playing downstairs; but her eyes were closed; when suddenly she was made aware that her dead friend of long ago stood beside her. No audible word passed between them. Soul spoke to soul. He reminded her that this very day was the twenty-second anniversary of his death. "And," said he, "I am still in purgatory." She was horrified. "Oh! They tell us that a day there is like a year in this life!" she answered. "How dreadful! But you are happy?" she asked. "I have lost all sense," he replied, "of either happiness or unhappiness; for I am in total darkness." She felt very like fainting, but managed to blurt out: "But you will soon be in heaven?" "I see no prospect of it yet," he rejoined. Then, begging her not to forget him again, he went away. She got up immediately and wrote to me. I was then in South America. What did I think of the affair? I replied that she ought to be very thankful that her friend's soul was saved. "He is bound to reach heaven some day," said I, "and let his punishment warn you and me not to be careless Catholics."

The other case—the purgatory of cold—was related to me by one who had it directly from the son of the woman concerned. This woman had died, and a day or two after the funeral, the young man saw some one very like his mother sitting in the room she had occupied, and pulling in yarn. He was too scared to speak, and the apparition came three or four times before he went to a priest and told him about it. The priest answered that probably it was his mother, and advised him to take holy water and sprinkle it around him as he went into the room, and to ask in the name of God who the mysterious visitor was. He did as directed, and at once heard his mother's voice. "I am your mother," she said. "I am saved from hell, but am suffering greatly. You know that I was employed in making woolen garments. Well, I stole some of the yarn, and am punished by a purgatory of cold. I have to face all the storms." The young man had several Masses offered for his mother's soul, but it was not till a year later that she appeared to him on her way to heaven.

Here it is quite in order to observe that these revelations go to show that the disembodied soul retains the body's sensibility to pain. The pain of the soul, or mental suffering is, we know, of a higher order than corporal anguish; but we are apt to forget that it is the soul that suffers when the body is afflicted. When, then, we are assured that the pains of purgatory are, or may be, greater than any sufferings of this life, let us not hastily scorn such an idea. Our mortal body cannot stand more than a certain degree of pain; anything beyond that degree will stop the heart and cause instant death. But in purgatory the mortal nature is gone, and since the soul is indestructible, it may be made to suffer far more intensely than was possible while it wore "this muddy vesture of decay."

Lastly, there is a tendency among many Catholics to make light of purgatory because it is not hell. This is very foolish. Purgatory is to be feared. "Agree with thine adversary quickly," says our Lord, "whilst thou art in the way with him; lest perhaps the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Amen, amen, I say unto thee, thou shalt in no case come out thence until thou hast paid the last farthing." That is: Agree, and lose no time about it, with the justice of God accusing thee through thy conscience, whilst thou art in the way of this life; lest perhaps the accuser deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, St. Michael, who has charge of souls that are saved, and thou be cast into the prison of purgatory. Verily, verily, thou shalt in no case come out of that prison until the last farthing of thy debt to the Divine Justice shall have been paid. But it will be asked: Is it not of faith that the souls detained in purgatory are "helped by the suffrages of the faithful" (here on earth), "and especially by the Sacrifice of the Mass?" Will not our debt be paid for us in great measure? Yes; but it is not of faith that individual souls will be sure to receive all those helps which are offered for them. On the contrary, some souls, beyond doubt, are punished by getting no relief at all, while others have to wait a very long time for it. And our Lord told a holy person that He sometimes applies for the salvation of the soul in this life the fruit of all the Masses and prayers which will be offered for it after death; and in that case the poor soul has to pay its debt alone. Let us, then, while thinking of purgatory, not dare to be presumptuous, but fear the adorable exactions of God's justice. Then we shall be moved to a great charity toward

the "prisoners of the King;" remembering that "as we mete it shall be measured to us again." And if we are wise, we shall particularly succor the souls for whom our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph wish us especially to pray.

It seems probable that the ancient idea of "subterranean confinement" for deceased persons whose eligibility for heaven was doubtful, may have been derived from seeing materialized spirits rise up from the ground, as they often rise from the floor at our seances. Then, too, in the dense ignorance of those primitive times, it was impossible for anyone to conceive of an invisible world "lying around them like a cloud;" and, as deceased friends apparently did not reside on top of the earth, the natural conclusion was that their abode was under the earth. Volcanic action proved the existence of interior fires, in places, at least; suggesting it as a place of punishment by material fire. It all fitted together very nicely, and the ancients were excusable for their belief, but that sane, intelligent people of the twentieth century in the face of evidence to the contrary which comes with increasing frequency into even orthodox families, should cherish such ideas, is amazing.

The writer of these comments believes Father Hill to be sincere in his statements, but sometimes imposed upon by unscrupulous religious zealots, as shown by tracing to its source (aided by Father Hill), the story concerning four gentlemen who held seances together; one of whom passed on and appeared to his friends, telling them the only way to future happiness was by Catholicism—the full account was re-published in the Banner of March 25, 1905. Repeated letters of inquiry addressed to the priest who put forth that story, failed to elicit one word from him; even Father Hill's letters were ignored, and, although the latter professed to think it was because the priest "guessed" that I was a Spiritualist, and wished to avoid argument "because he knew that argument with persons of your persuasion is generally thrown away," it is clear enough that the story was a fabrication. Therefore it may be well to take a grain of salt with such statements as are credited to the nun at Anney. If the latter spoke truly, then disembodied ecclesiastics have created, by their wills and belief, conditions according to their ideas held on earth, and operative only for Catholics. But all grades of the latter have returned to me, and not one indicated experiences different from those of Protestant spirits. All have agreed that future punishment is inevitable and adequate to the worst cases.

In justice, I wish to say that advanced Catholic spirits have long given me much aid and benefit, bringing a healing power more effective than any from other sources. It is certain that those who have outgrown bigotry, possess greater, or different, powers than Protestant spirits, but unlike the latter, apparently do not seek to enlighten mortals in any way. They strengthen charitable impulses, inclinations toward other virtues, and exert healing regardless of sect, however; and I have some reason to believe that within a few months a number of them have joined forces with a powerful band of Protestant spirits working for the advancement of human progress. By degrees the Truth will prevail.

E. Ruthven.

A Spirit Message.

(Received by L. M. Cobb.)

You of earth do not fear to pass into that condition known as called Sleep, because by it you are benefited and helped.

In fact you could only exist a short time without the unconscious condition which comes with sleep, for by it the body and mind are rested and you are enabled to accomplish the work which would have been unfinished if this great blessing had been denied you.

You look upon sleep as a natural condition which the material body demands.

Sleep comes to all living creatures and its effect is the same to all for it imparts new strength and vigor.

We have often told you through our earthly mediums that death only brings a change to a person's surroundings, but not to themselves, for they are the same, only there has been a separation of the material from the spiritual, the former to return to that from which it was created, the latter to live on forever to continue in the same line of advancement and to be able to perfect your hopes and desires on a higher and nobler plane than you could have done while encumbered with the environments of the outward body.

These are facts we are earnestly striving to prove to you and we take great joy in doing so I assure you.

Sleep and death are merely conditions brought about by the same natural law without which neither could make progress or advancement either in earth life or in the continuation of life in the spirit world.

I will give an earthly illustration of what I wish you to understand.

It is necessary for the Esquimaux to wear heavy garments of skin and fur, to protect him from the cold, as the climate is so severe he could not live without them.

If he was to change his home for one in the Torrid zone, in order to live in that land, he would have to leave behind the garments he had been accustomed to wear and put on those suitable for the climate to which he had gone.

You can plainly understand my illustration. It is simple as long as we confine ourselves to material things, but when we apply them to spiritual conditions you are slow to accept them, and many times they are called supernatural.

Let us go a little further in this line of thought.

The Esquimaux could not live in the Torrid zone with the clothing that had been necessary for him to wear in the land of his birth; understanding this he lays them down, or leaves them, because they are of no use to him.

So it is with you when the garment of clay is not needed, and you are promoted to a higher school for the advancement of the spiritual self.

Spirit and matter cannot always live together.

The time comes in the course of natural laws that they must separate.

I tell you of these things so that you can be led to look upon death with the same calm assurance that you do upon sleep.

The time is not far distant when these truths will be more fully understood and then Death will be robbed of its sting and the Grave of its victory.

Many or Few.

Arthur F. Milton.

When the heart is full it seeks in many ways to express itself. Truth is ever welcome to the solicitous. But it wants that truth sugar-coated with sympathy.

It is all very well to say that truth is radical and should be accepted or not. That is what we think after digestion, or upon receiving such truth that we were ready for. But have you never doubted or asserted your selfhood when suddenly confronted by a truth that you were expected to accept, without forethought or consideration? If not, you are one of the fortunates—or inexperienced, and don't know much—at least, not enough to inspire conviction.

To be convinced we need your sympathy as well as your wisdom—unless we have a natural sympathy for the wisdom presented. But as understanding is much improved by mental sympathy, which we call charity, the heart is not chilled by egotism, altogether—though we may become fanatical on a subject and illiberal. That puts charity on the shelf. The unliberal Liberalist is not an unknown quantity, though a paradoxical truth. So the uncharitable moralist in his sublimest conceit poses as saint like on his asseverations, and says, Do Thou!

The influence behind his truisms (if they be such) tells more than his words—his affirmations. Even though he be possessed of a gold mine, if he be not true to himself—to his own logic—his philosophy is like the dust of the air, whatever nomenclature he attach to it, or however sublimely promising his suit. He cannot convert mankind on promises, though his logic may seem practical enough. He must lead the van, as the experimenter in chemistry must prove his theory. No one trusts an exhorter, unless he puts heart in what he expounds—brimming full of the sweet sympathy that finds the soul of the listener—or reader, for that matter, since more philosophy is now read than listened to. This age of cheap literature is the bane of churchmen and lecture rooms.

Ancient scholasticism was wise—selfishly wise—to keep the public in ignorance. But we have even now passed through the era of mental liberation. The age wants more than mere truth. It wants souls in it. Not only the light of truth, but the light of love!

Through charity or true liberality man unfolds sympathy—a centralizing of consciousness to the soul. Soul-consciousness is the inspiration that Nature gives. It embodies the higher light of things generally, and primarily, a true understanding of Spiritualism, the philosophy of causation!

The true Spiritualist is, therefore, the individual who has advanced from inspiration of the mind to that of the soul.

The Mind of Christ.

Katherine Neilson.

All along the line of human experience, God's life has been in man—but man has looked with strange persistency to the objects around him and reflected the impressions of his senses so that his consciousness has had deductions and conclusions based upon changeable foundations.

In many ways has man reasoned within this consciousness, and his unstable conclusions have been unsatisfactory. Such confusion of tongues has led him to inquire elsewhere for true knowledge. Thus does he become receptive to the Christ, by turning around and looking within himself for solace, comfort and enlightenment.

Then it is that the door to spiritual light is opened, and the warm rays of spiritual sunshine enter, and where, heretofore he reasoned from changeable facts, he now begins to realize or reflect divine wisdom from Christ.

"Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you," are indeed great vital truths.

By persistent looking within the spirit of Christ will enter and transform the human consciousness. The reflex action of that enlightened brain and large and loving heart will in turn change the form into a creation of intense and ideal beauty.

Old habits seem strong at first, and in spite of the inward conviction as to the certainty of where and how we receive true wisdom, we descend into error, time and again (by still cultivating the outer or observing faculties and drawing conclusions therefrom). But when Christ within grows from infancy, to youth and manhood, we see the entire life of the individual transformed and glorified.

Whosoever can read with illumined understanding will see in the life of Jesus Christ, from birth to resurrection, the marvelous symbol of the incarnation of the divine image of spiritual perfection in the human organism.

Opening the doors within, then, allows divine light to enter and guide, and divine love to warm and purify. Thus can all problems heretofore perplexing be solved, and ideal graces and manifold virtues be made apparent within and through these, our mortal tabernacles.

So will living become a perpetual joy—health and beauty be the most external embellishments, while the perfect realization of the ideal super-selfish life will bring happiness beyond the ability of words to portray.

I, then, love my neighbor because he is a wonderfully interesting and instructive expression of that One Life of which I am a member. I am glorified in my intense happiness in loving him and realizing his beauty, and particularly in serving him, if he has any need which I may have the honor of supplying.

LOOK UP.

Eugene H. Wells.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

Mother, are you sad and lonely?
Does your life seem full of care?
And the burden that you carry,
Is it more than you can bear?
Oh, look up, for through the darkness,
Shineth hope's bright golden ray;
When the dark clouds shall be scattered,
Then appears the brighter way.

Look up always, simply trusting
That the morning star will shine,
Though thou hast been led in sadness,
Whisper, 'Tis God's will, not mine,
It is best sometimes that shadows
Should surround us here below,
For we might forget and wander
Into paths we should not know.

Mother, if you could but see me
As I stand beside you now,
Whispering words of comfort to you,
With my hand upon your brow,
You would dry those tears of sorrow,
You would look up for the light
That is shining down upon you,
From my heavenly home so bright.

We are tried in Sorrow's furnace,
That the purer we may grow,
For as gold is tried by fire,
So for all, life must have woe.
But the clouds have silver linings,
And the stars are shining bright,
And beyond the intense darkness,
Morning follows after night.

Then look up, oh broken hearted,
Bear the cross to win the crown;
For the time is surely coming
When you're called to lay it down.
And then you shall cross the river,
Never more to be alone,
For the loving ones will greet you,
And will lead you to their home.

Then look up, once more I bid you;
Any who have laid away
Loved ones in the graveyards yonder,
Weep no more for them today;
For their spirits gently hover
Round about you here below,
They are ever watching o'er you,
With a love you cannot know.

The Hidden Life of the "Unseen Real."

J. P. Cooke.

(Concluded.)

Passing from this hidden life of organization, we come upon a life of experience which also has its mystery.

As organic power is accumulated, so are thought and sentiment accumulated from the inner depths of life. They are seemingly attracted from the unseen, and even unsuspected Light of Life. For Thought is the first shadow from the Inner Light of the Spirit, and is the guide for the individual spirit, for good or for evil. The sentimental nature is below the reach of the will, or perhaps above it.

Our loves and our hates, our sympathies and our antipathies, our drifts of emotion, our set of tendency, our humors, moods, dispositions are engendered in spiritual recesses or combinations we never think of exploring, never suspect of being there to be explored.

Out of these abysses come dark shadows that steal over the mind, glooms of fear, despondency, despair, that spread their pall over existence; shutting out the songs of hope; turning all bright things and beings to ghastly black; shapes of terror and spells of oppression we cannot throw off, mists from the unseen ocean of life, driving in upon us and choking our hearts.

Every day of domestic life leaves its layer of impressions on us, imperceptibly as the snowflakes gather on the winter meadows. It is simply impossible that people should remain unaffected by what they pass through. These make us what we are.

I do not say that we are wiser or better, sweeter or larger, but we are not the same. We may become more capacious waste baskets or more plethoric rag bags but we are not the same. Often, let us hope, a hidden Light of Life has been found which may be quite at variance with the revealed life and yet may be more earnest, more genuine, more truly worthy to be called ourself—a life that makes its character felt, possibly, in unrest, disturbance, fretfulness and discontent because the common, conscious life is out of accord with it.

Below this deep experience, or through some rift above it, opens the light of character, more impressive, more solemn. It is the educated will of the aspiring soul.

This is not some idle, loose accumulation; it is the result of steady thinking, purposing, resolving and doing. It is this hidden Light that we see in the reformer, the revolutionist, who by a deep necessity, a moral faculty, consecrates himself to a cause, as Garibaldi for Italian freedom, not choosing it so much as being chosen for it by the inner power of attraction—the attraction of the over-soul.

It is this nobler, inner life that makes the true gentleman or lady do beautiful things by instinct; avoiding things ungracious and ignoble by an unerring sensibility that needs no admonition or prompting from rules of etiquette or maxims of prudence.

It looks as if the Great Positive Mind were impressing the world of man just sufficiently to awake them and bring their inner life to suspect the truth of that love and light beyond the ether blue that attracts all those who are ready for the "Love Light" to open up the secret depths of their nature.

As A. J. Davis says of the "Arabula":—"It is the Eternal Love-light and Light-love of the universe, and when it dwells in our superior consciousness we not only love it without fear, but also love tenderly all humanity and even the least and lowest things of the earth, . . . with a love that is unutterable, mysterious, sublime and blossoming with happiness."

It is a satisfaction to know that the latest words of science tell us that their affirma-

tions are rooted in an inner "something." We call it the Living Light of the Over-soul.

According to Prof. Tichenor, the given fact from which a theory of the universe must set out—is the concrete, individual human experience.

[Being is awakened in matter to the illusion of not-being, thence through evolution and progressive spiritualization "becoming," and moving onward to true-being or manhood's spirit, in the Life of the Inner Light or Spirit Eterne.]

This life of experience is at first neither spiritual nor material, subjective nor objective, neither experience of the self nor of the outer world. It is single and undifferentiated.

By slow degrees it divides into halves, subject and object stand opposed to each other separately. The objective taking shape much more quickly than the subjective. When the division has been completed and the man has reached a high plane of development, each half becomes the basis of a group of special sciences. The objective half is taken and worked up in the group of natural sciences, and the subjective half is worked up in the mental sciences. The former treat of experience abstractly as independent of the experience. The latter treat of it by a similar abstraction solely in its dependence upon the experiences or the individual being.

This is the situation which confronts the two philosophical disciplines. The theory of knowing on the one side and metaphysics on the other. It is the former's problem to explain how the concrete experience is originally fused in the one consciousness; how it has come to be divided up under an objective and subjective aspect; what there is in the nature of truth to make this division necessary and helpful; and of the division at the present stage of thought.

It is the legitimate problem of metaphysics, which unifies and harmonizes the principles and laws of all the sciences, to take the conclusions reached by way of the two attractions from experience, the conclusions of both the natural and the mental sciences and in their light to explain the given fact from which they are both derived; i. e., the concrete experience itself.

Is not this the grand synthesis in which both matter and quasi-spirit disappear in the unitary conception of Being or experience? (The Idea of Monism.) The story of the soul as it is in God, the Central and Universal being in "whom we live and move and have our" experience!

It is of the first import to us to realize that we are eternal souls, having bodies or ultimate expressions and not mere bodies destitute of the central organizing Life or principle.

The real man is eternal in God, was never born and never dies. It eternally is of its own isness. A Breath of the Eternal Consciousness.

The mind and the gross body are continually changing, becoming, for created things exist only through the law of change.

The truth and reality of this matter is peculiarly impressive. The springs of all Living Faith are in it. The springs, I say, of Living Faith; not of any special kind or form of dogmatic faith, not of opinion either orthodox or heterodox, not of devotion or church piety, but of that moral conviction which gives assurance of the Presence and ordering of a Supreme Will and Mind. Faith in the validity of virtue; in the dignity of mind; in the supremacy of Law; in the essential worth of Goodness; in the close connection of cause and effect, Faith in the strong, steady, central hold of principles.

This faith has its living spring in the Heights of the Living Light. And so—

"My heart keeps singing this song of His Love,

That Good is the Positive Power,
And as my thoughts keep time with the tune

It seemingly brightens the hour.
And so I sing, and sing in my heart
Of Good and its love and power,
And it is to me in my daily walk
What the sunshine is to the flower."

"Nothing hath got so far
But the man hath caught and kept it as his prey.

His eyes dismount the highest star
He is, in little, all the sphere:
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there."

Really the heaviest portion of our mental labor is done for us by the power that is stored up in the cells of its living battery.

We study, ponder, speculate, arrange, but the intelligence that solves the problem at last, lies beyond our thinking.

After the student lays the matter down, goes off to something else, falls asleep, perhaps, and on returning finds the difficulty solved by the latent intelligence of whose activity he was unaware.

This fact of common observation gives rise to theories of "unconscious cerebration," or of "the double"—or the "sub-conscious personality," as manifestations of the inner,—"the Hidden Life. Do these explain? It is a "perhaps": The facts remain however.

The lame and impotent conclusions may remind us of the discussion of the savants, as to who wrote Homer's Iliad.

After years of discussion and "erudition" it was decided that it was certainly another man of the same name.

We read how mathematicians have been known to wake in the morning, holding the clue they had been groping after the whole preceding day.

Poets have often received from the invisible spirits that dwell either within, or without the recesses of their brain, conceptions of beauty and of truth which they despaired of conjuring up by an effort of the imagination. This is one of the unsounded mysteries. Psychologists say they are on the track of it. Some are very confident and full of plausible theories, but the humbler ones are only hopeful that one day it may be divulged.

Even materialistic thinkers may make useful contributions to the science of knowledge; for

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

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Did They?

They are telling this story of a young curate in a west side church who recently received his first opportunity to officiate before the congregation. This occasion happened to be the funeral sermon over the body of a parishioner who had been noted for his fondness for alcoholics in every shape and form.

The parish is near enough to the east side to share in all its colloquialisms. Consequently, there was a moment of shocked surprise among the mourners when the clergyman, inviting those present to view the remains, began stuttering, and finally blurted out:

"We will now pass around the bier!"—Ex.

A Reliable Heart Cure.

Alice A. Wetmore, Box 67, Norwich, Conn., says if any sufferer from Heart Disease will write her, she will, without charge, direct them to the perfect cure she used.

A PRETTY GOOD PLAN.

(J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.)

If you see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day,
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display,
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a spot in the life of a friend,
(We all have such spots concealed, world without end),
Whose touching his heartstrings would play on and rend,

Till the shame of its showing no grieving could mend,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy

A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing, just the least little sin,
Whose telling would cork up a laugh, or the grin

Of a man you don't like, for Lord's sake, keep it in!
Don't, don't be a knocker; right here stick a pin—
It's a pretty good plan to forget it

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Mr. James H. West, whose collection of "Life-verses, New and Old," appear in a dainty volume entitled, "The Ninth Paradise," finds his title in these lines from the Arabic:

"In the nine heavens are eight Paradises;
Where is the ninth one? In the human breast.
Rather, O man! lack these eight Paradises—
Than be without the ninth one in thy breast."

There are poets whose fine insight into life, whose interpretation of the spiritual realities, make their poems an ever-present voice that speaks to the reader in the most intimate communion, and Mr. West is one of these. In the lyric entitled "Man's Opportunity," there is so wonderfully expressed the knowledge often learned too late:

"He does not think—he does not know;
A wave is breaking on the shore;
A wave surcharged with richest ore
And tinged with deepest golden glow."

Man passes, unheeding, the flower blossoming at his feet, and the poet says

"He heeds it not—he passes on;
Its purple petals droop and lie;
Its wealth is wasted on the sky;
It might have bloomed by Helicon."

And so man misses the star that flames in the sky; the song that trembles in the air:

"He does not know, he does not take,
A wave, a flower, a star, a song;
A fountain—all to him belong.
Oh, when shall he arise—awake!"

Again, poem and picture in one, is this lovely lyric:

"SO LIKE THE SPRING SHE STANDS."
(Written of my Daughter Geneva.)

"Again we wander—she, my soul's delight,
And I, her dear companion, lover,
friend—
To hill-tops where the elms and maples send
Their first faint greenness through the landscape bright.

The flicker calls us to pursue his flight;
The robin welcomes us to join the trend
Of lavish life upspringing, and to spend
Improvidently on the ear and sight.

"Once more, as when she plunged her infant hands
In wealth of Western prairies,—years between,—
We search and sing and know life still is sweet.
Yet now, dear girl! so like the Spring she stands,
To gaze upon her fairness of eighteen
My eye forsakes the wind-flower at my feet."

The poem entitled "Who Knows" appeals to the heart:—

"What sailor knows beneath the wave he lies on,
The secrets of the sea?
Who fathoms Time, beyond the dim horizon
That bounds Eternity?"

"Daily we wonder what they may be doing
In that far heaven afar;
Nor deem we that their steps are but pursuing
The space from star to star."

"There will be Light!" Still sounds the Voice Eternal,
And aye the Light will be.
New stars, new suns, new satellites supernal
Blaze forth continually."

And these last stanzas from "Gone," with their tender pathos, their uplift of faith:—

"Faint on my bed falls the light of stars;
Red at the door of his tent stands Mars—
Red as the lurid light that throws
Vesuvius' shade on Italian snows.
Faintly it falls on his lowly mound
And reddens the landscape all around.
Sunk is the star that beckoned me on,
She whom I love is gone, is gone!"

"O what to my heart remains of good?
I mind that when last by her side I stood
She pointed her finger, she pointed high;
'I die,' she murmured, 'yet shall not die!' That finger uplifted I still can see
And it beckons; eternally beckons to me.
She whom I loved—ah no! not gone!
The star that once beckons still beckons me on."

And this stanza from another poem:—

"I would not look at life's high aim aslant!
Life is for growth! It is a mountain plant,
Its roots descending, but its leaves up-spread;
A shoot divine, whose seeds, when we are dead,
Should spring immortally in other life,
Pointing in tendencies to nobler strife,
Showing the soul's high lure, till Time be gone,
To Be, to Do, and so forever on."

"The Ninth Paradise" is a collection of poems for daily, intimate companionship and uplifting—a very fountain of hope and help and joy. (Boston: The James H. West Publishing Company.)

The stars in darkness show the many mansions in our Father's house. They are lights in the windows of heaven.—W. B.

The Arena for February.

The leading article on Maurice Maeterlinck, symbolist and mystic, is not entitled to the leading place, which rightly belongs to the editor's talk on Edwin Markham. A sketch of William L. Gill, the inventor of the "School City," is notably interesting, as also is the article on "Golden Rule," Sam Jones. Good full page portraits of James and Markham grace the book. It is as usual well printed.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

[Notices under this head will be inserted free when not exceeding twenty lines in length; beyond that a charge of fifteen cents per line will be made. About seven words make a line.]

IBRI BAKER.

Ibri Baker passed to spirit life from the home of his son, Horace W. Baker of Warwick, Mass., Sept. 5, 1905; aged 92 years, 11 months, 17 days. He was a strong Spiritualist and had taken the Banner ever since it started.

MRS. C. A. DAVIDSON.

Mrs. C. A. Davidson, aged 77 years, passed to spirit life from her home in Parkersburg, W. Va., Dec. 26, 1905. She was a firm Spiritualist and rejoiced in the faith.

MRS. GEORGE P. WOODWARD.

The funeral service of Mrs. George P. Woodward of Lowell was held Jan. 19, at the residence, being conducted by Mr. F. H. Roscoe of the First Church of the Spirit, Providence, R. I., assisted by Rev. R. A. Greene, pastor of the Grace Universalist Church, Lowell.

Fruit and Flower Mission.

The company of devoted Spiritualists and earnest workers who responded to the call of Mr. J. K. Hicks filled Phoenix Hall, Wednesday evening, Jan. 31. The enthusiasm and good will flowed out in loving words for Mrs. Elmira Woodberry, an old and disabled member, and in a wholesome spirit of co-operative effort to give all who are suffering some of the beauty and joy of life. It was a successful affair and nearly all the societies of Boston were represented. The receipts of the evening were \$25. A second meeting is proposed and due notice is promised.

Notes from Southern Cassadaga, Lake Helen, Florida.

Mrs. Twing writes that this fascinating winter camp is fast filling with visitors, the cottages well occupied, though desirable rooms may still be obtained at Hotel Cassadaga, Brigham Hall and The Spencer. The last Budington excursion from New York brought fourteen new guests to this camp. Among the guests for the season are Laura G. Fiken, Vice President of Illinois Spiritualists' State Association and Manager of The City of Light Assembly; J. Clegg Wright, who began his class work Jan. 29 and will continue through the season. Mrs. Wright and daughter are with him.

There are meetings held every Sunday, Jan. 7. Mrs. Laura Cummings of Springfield, Mass., gave a very inspiring address on the theme, "The Majesty of Silence." Jan. 14, 21 and 28, Mrs. Wheeler's guides addressed large audiences and on the 21st and 28th Miss Mary Hedrick of Brooklyn, N. Y., followed Mrs. Wheeler with descriptive pictures, given by her guides, which were clear and impressive and always recognized. She is a young girl with a promising future.

Last Sunday (Mrs. Twing wrote on the 20th), the meeting was addressed by Alonzo Hubbard of Vermont, Mrs. Ida Spalding of Norwich, Conn., Mrs. Stumpe, minister from New York State Spiritualists' Association, Mrs. Fiken and J. Clegg Wright.

Feb. 4, the regular Camp Season opened. The Ladies' Auxiliary is hard at work with the Bazaar held to aid in the efforts of President Hillgoss to make this the "City Beautiful." The Ladies' Rose Garden already contains a hundred rose bushes and many trees. The three Misses Hedrick, assisted by George Van Derheride, gave a benefit for the Rose Garden Fund, which netted a nice sum for this purpose.

Miss Elton E. Hedrick of New York has made a study of scientific astrology and is prepared to give astrological readings.

Mrs. Carrie Pratt of Boston, a well known psychometrist and medium, favored the Ladies' Auxiliary with a seance which was greatly enjoyed.

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Henry Frank's Reply.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The elaborate and carefully worded criticism of my communication in your issue of January 13 by Mime Inness will doubtless prove quite convincing to the casual reader. Notwithstanding my admiration of the ability of this writer, I am forced after very careful investigation of the same to declare my conviction that it is an ingeniously woven fabric of special pleadings. His tone throughout was so calm and dispassionate, that I was a little surprised that he allowed himself to be wrought up to such a feeling at its close as to dispatch my affirmed friendship for the cause of genuine Spiritualism as unworthy of consideration. This he does apparently because I am inclined to call attention to the dangers which I believe threaten all the good that the Cause may engender to humanity—the dangers that ensue from fraud on the one hand and complacency on the other. His brushing aside my profession of friendship reminds me of the passage in Julius:

Cassius—A friend should bear a friend's infirmities. But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus—I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cassius—You love me not.

Brutus—I do not love your faults.

Cassius—A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brutus—A flatterer's would not, though they do appear as high as huge Olympus. Now, I contend that in all this discussion, I am assuming the habit of Brutus, and pointing out, without flattery or prejudice the faults which a friend only would be sufficiently concerned to see.

Before I enter more into the detail of the argument which Mime Inness presents I must first inadvertently upon another obiter dictum in his deliverance, which somewhat amuses, though perhaps it should pain me. He says, "The pretended friendly spirit of Mr. Frank is sham. He is not a friend of Spiritualism. He is a materialist, pure and simple." In reply to this insinuation I will not use my own words, but those of another, Prof. Flournoy of Paris, who for seven long years made a personal and most penetrating study of the mediumship of one Helene Smith, and wrote a book, "From India to Mars," of some four hundred pages narrating the startling results of his investigation, thus descants on the same insinuation of the Paris Spiritualists concerning himself as Mime Inness makes concerning me:

"A third cause of my uneasiness whenever obliged to approach this subject is the fear of being misunderstood or misinterpreted, thanks to the naive and simple classification which prevails in the environment which the 'disincarnates' frequent."

"Spiritualism or materialism—these are the brutal alternatives to which one finds oneself driven in spite of himself. If you do not admit that the spirits of the dead reveal themselves by raps on the table or visions of the mediums, you are, therefore, a materialist! If you do not believe that the destiny of the human personality is terminated at the grave, you are a spiritualist! This mode of nomenclature and labeling is surely puerile. Moreover, no one willingly consents to be thrust into the company of those with whom, no matter how honorable they may be, he is not in sympathy. . . . I also wish to state that I absolutely repudiate the above alternative."

Further comment on Mime Inness' "alternative" description of myself is unnecessary. Now I will attend directly to the arguments in his article, seriatim. First, he implies, like the general in the Civil War, I was forced to change my base, because I was driven by the enemy. The cause for my apparent "change of base" was clearly enough stated in my January 13 article. A dispute had arisen as to certain statements alleged to have been spoken by me in California extemporaneously. Because there was no way of proving whether Mr. Daguer's memory of the words I uttered was more correct than my own, I said, "For the sake of avoiding an argument, I shall admit that substantially Mr. Daguer reported me correctly." That is hardly a change of base as to what I may still believe to be the facts about Mr. Daguer's report of my lecture; it was simply a willingness on my part to shift the field of discussion from what could not be verified, to a subject that would be devoid of any cloudiness.

Next Mime Inness introduces what appears to me to be a very marked sort of special pleading (perhaps more specious than special). He quotes me as saying that no one can estimate the exact percentage of fraudulent mediums, and then hangs me up on both horns of a dilemma which he diagrams. "Mark you," he says, "in one sentence he says no one can estimate their percentage, and in the next he not only estimates, but gives you the percentage. These statements are entirely contradictory."

I fear my friend's trouble in studying my sentence lies in the fact that he emphasizes the wrong word in his analysis. There is a little word in it which quite alters the nature of the dilemma into which he believes he has thrown me. The fact that in one sentence I say "the exact percentage cannot be estimated," and in the next state that "it is fully 90 per cent., if not 99 per cent.," is on the face of it an approximate and not an exact estimate of the existing percentage. An exact estimate cannot be one that allows a range of 9 per cent. difference in the possibly correct figure. Hence it seems to me that the long space in his article given to this point is merest juggling with words.

Now Mime Inness proceeds to make what looks like a very formidable analysis of the "investigations" of alleged spiritualist fraud, to which I referred. Here I regret much of the force of his argument will go by default, for the reason that he merely plays with a statement I made from memory, concerning the declared number of mediums in Chicago, but which I correct to two hundred, by quoting from Dr. Funk's article in the Homiletic Review of October, 1904, dependent upon which my statement was made. Unfortunately my critic devotes a column to the consideration of the assertion that in Chicago there are "fully 2,000 fraudulent mediums," and the possible deductions to be drawn therefrom. In the Homiletic article from which I quote it will be seen that the writer specifies an exact number (namely 200) which is not qualified by any adjective.

Mime Inness says: "Has Mr. Frank one single ray or spark of evidence to show that anyone of the wicked 2,000 of Chicago is a medium, a real Spiritualist?"

Now that is of course a very hard question to answer, for this simple reason: Mime Inness does not define a Spiritualist. He does not tell me how he is to be judged! He says, however, "Spiritualism has no pope, or organized body, that can speak for it in such matters." There precisely is the difficulty. No matter how long a medium may have sailed under the colors of Spiritualism and been honored and sustained by Spiritualists, so soon as such a medium is clearly and unequivocally exposed, Spiritualists, as such, wash their hands clean of the offence by instantly declaring that the fraud was not a 'real medium or a Spiritualist.' Of course, under such circumstances it is impossible to put the blame anywhere, for, like a corporation, Spiritualism seems to be in this respect "without a soul."

But the issue that I am raising is that I ever Spiritualist is to stand for anything

reputable, dignified and respectable, it must find some legitimate and successful method of absolutely and forever freeing itself of any and all responsibility connected with fraudulent mediumistic performances.

Again he says: "Grant that he has shown fraud, which he has not, he has not yet fastened it upon one single, genuine medium. . . . Mr. Frank accuses Spiritualism that it harbors and protects these fraudulent ones. Will he kindly specify?"

In answer, let me ask whom does Spiritualism regard as genuine mediums? Should not an outsider justly suppose that the special mediums who congregate, let us say, at great Spiritualistic campmeetings, are "the real thing?" If so, I will recount two incidents in illustration of the accusation that to all appearances these "frauds" are "harbored and protected."

A few years ago I attended a large eastern campmeeting. There was a certain male medium, who had his habitation I believe permanently on the grounds, and who was widely advertising and apparently doing a thriving business. As I had met him at former campgrounds, he wanted me to come to his rooms and enjoy one of his seances. I consented, and went with my wife. But at table in the boarding house I had incidentally mentioned to a gentleman at my side that we were going. He said he would also like to go. When the time came for the receiving of communications on the slates, the medium incidentally remarked that sometimes the controls broke the slates if they were not pleased with the conditions. I soon learned that this was a very judicious and saving remark, for the medium to preface his performance with. The gentleman who came with us had taken the precaution of binding his two slates with woven wire, properly sealed, or riveting them together in four different places, so that they could not possibly be pried apart, and then innocently handed them up for a message. It took the control in the cabinet just about three seconds to snap those slates in two with a loud crash. Of course the joke was on the medium, and all present "got wise."

But as if to relieve himself from the manifold embarrassment, he invited one of us into the cabinet, that we might see that no fraud was possible. Innocently enough, I permitted myself to be made the victim. I entered the cabinet with eager expectancy, for sincerely I had trusted the man as a genuine medium, as I had met him at so many camps and he was doing such a large business. But when I got into the cabinet he forthwith commanded me to stand on a chair, to stick my two hands through the curtain, so that the audience could see them (and perhaps incidentally that I might not grab), and (most chagrining of all) that I stick my entire head outside the cabinet, so that my very eyes might not behold!

Now this man was as manliest and ardent a fraud as one would want to encounter. Nevertheless he was "protected" by the authorities of the campgrounds, at least to the extent of being permitted to conduct his fraudulent business and impose upon the innocent visitors. I see this man's advertisement in numerous Spiritualistic papers, and I must suppose that he is recognized as a "genuine medium."

A few years ago I was lecturing at a western campground when a great commotion was created by the sudden arrival of several well-known mediums, who had for years been practicing at another eastern camp, and who were suddenly set upon by the authorities of the ground as being fraudulent suspects.

So at least the rumor ran. Certainly these mediums showed every sign of being thoroughly frightened, and did not attempt to practice at the western camp to which they had flown. By a curious coincidence, in another year or so I understand that there was a change of officers at the aforesaid camp, and these same "persecuted" mediums thereafter resumed business "at the old stand."

Now, it does not give me any pleasure to narrate these facts. But as I have been challenged I can do nothing less. What is most painful in this problem of the fraud is the curious attitude of respectable Spiritualists in conceiving that an attack upon an exposed medium is an attack upon their faith. It is this attitude that most of all turns the cultured and sincere thinkers of the world against it. A thousand excuses will be forthcoming from the reputable Spiritualists whenever a medium, whom they have long honored is unexpectedly brought into the limelight of exposure. Rather than believe the medium fraudulent they will resort to flimsy and ridiculous subterfuges that would not be accepted as an apology for any other crime under heaven. Perhaps these are strong words, but if I occupied a Spiritualist platform I would speak just as strongly, and with no more fear.

Indeed, I may as well be candid right here. When I left orthodox and could not find myself comfortable in any other church I had thought seriously of going on the Spiritualist platform and working for the Cause. For I had many Spiritualist friends and I had seen enough of what I believed then to be genuine to enable me to do so honestly. I know that many of my Spiritualist friends expected me to do so, and were sorely disappointed that I did not. Well, I will now tell the reason for the first time to the public. I saw I dared not do so, so long as Spiritualism was at such loose ends. So long as there is apparently no way (as my friend Mime Inness confesses) of ridding the camp of the "Achan's," so long as it is impossible to distinguish in public between the false and the true; so long as one clique will stand in favor of a medium, no matter how often and how shamefully exposed, I saw it was hazardous for a man who had a reputation at stake to risk his fortune in such surroundings. I am sure thousands withhold their adherence for the same reason.

Hence I say I assume the attitude of Brutus in this discussion, as the true friend, notwithstanding Mime Inness' Cassius-like insinuation.

(I will say, parenthetically, that I could give scores of illustrations of my experiences with frauds, all of whom I met at places where they were permitted to carry on their traffic under the authority and sanction of recognized Spiritualists.)

Perhaps Mime Inness will think that I have "kindly specified" enough for the pres-

ent. Remember, the point at issue is not that there are frauds; we all know that; but that frauds are "harbored and protected" by Spiritualists. Let it not be forgotten that Col. Bundy died broken-hearted and his journalistic property was ruined, because of the honest effort he was making to rid the camp of frauds, and because of his fearless exposure of them on all available occasions! The length of this article precludes my going into further detailed answer of my critic's article, which, asking the indulgence and patience of editor and readers, I shall attempt to do in another paper, immediately following.

Henry Frank.

New York City.

Heaven is for all that we may make earth now bear its likeness.—W. B.

To hate and hold grudges is walking back to the jungle and the savage.—W. B.

The Golden Rule appeals to inward right and justice. It measures our manhood.—W. B.

"Silent contempt is often the most crushing rejoinder; it is the true vengeance of large souls."

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For sale by the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY

MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

THEIR LIGHT OUR LIGHT.

William Brunton.

The souls of those we love indeed,
Passed on to excellence above,
Abide with us in want and need,
Pure presences of peace and love;
Like light that comes to wake the morn,
And dissipate the shades of night,
From them an influence sweet is born,
And all the world is filled with light!

There is a rapture that they give—
Which comes from their immortal cheer;
It teaches us their life to live,
Rejoicing in the good that's here;
It seems a summer all the while,
To know them ever at our side;
The whole world bears their cheer and smile,
The cheer of those men say have died!

O like the music, strong and true—
Of seas that beat on shores sublime,
Their uplift gives us courage new,
And makes us masters of our time;
We are like victors triumph-borne;
Like children in the Spring's glad glee;
We walk with them in light of morn—
Whose day is God's eternity!

A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.

GOD BLESS MY MOTHER. ALL I
AM, OR ALL I HOPE TO BE, I OWE
TO HER.—Lincoln.

When Abraham Lincoln was between 8
and 9 years old, and soon after his father
had moved the family from Kentucky to
Indiana, his mother passed to spirit life.

The little fellow was passionately fond
of her. The tenderness of a mother's love
had been lavished on his young life, and
while the luxuries and even the most com-
mon decencies of life, as we live today,
were impossible in their pioneer existence,
love had found expression in gentle word
and sweet ministrations—even as birds sing
sweet lullabies to the birdlings and bring
food to the nest, when storms rage and
the little lives are endangered.

That overbrooding mother-love that, like
the blessed sunlight streams through the
open doorway of every chamber of the
temple, when the soul sits in waiting for
the experiences of earth-life, and peeps
through every shutter which custom or
convention may draw o'er the windows, had
exalted and glorified the eight years of
Abraham Lincoln's life, until its far-reach-
ing influence speaks to us today from every
free and happy black man.

Little Abraham was desolate. At night
the winds sobbed and moaned through the
mighty forest trees under which her body
lay, and all the glad anthems of the birds
at the dawning were transposed into dirges
and requiems for the dead.

On her cold, pale face his tears fell un-
heeded, and for the first time in his young
life his anguished call of "mother" brought
no fond embrace or warm kisses to still
his pain.

He watched the neighbors and kind
friends put the body out of sight.

It was a matter of concern to those as-
sembled there that no man of God, whose
life had been set apart for hallowed duties,
was near to preach a funeral sermon, and
when in a few months this lonely boy had
learned to write his name, he earnestly ap-
plied his energy and devotion to the task
of letter writing.

With charred stick or piece of chalk, he
lay before the blazing fire of logs and
traced his letters on a wooden shovel.

When he was at last able to write a let-
ter, it was addressed to an old friend of
his mother, a traveling preacher, whom he
asked to come and preach her funeral ser-
mon.

It was three months before Parson El-
kins received the letter which affection and
reverence had prompted the boy to write,
but he hastened to Indiana, and a year
after the passing of the mother, the neigh-
bors were again assembled to pay her a
last tribute of respect.

How wonderfully sweet and tender is the
picture of this most impressive act.

How sensitive and full of sentiment was
this sturdy boy of 9 years, whose bare
feet pressed the moss-carpeted aisles of na-
ture's temple, whose rough hands touched
tenderly the grasses and bluebells by the
running brooks, whose ear caught the
sounds of the forest orchestra and whose
eye pierced the leafy shadows and caught
glimpses of the sunshine and the stars.

God had spoken to his soul through the
sanctified life of his mother, and while he
listened and waited the great world with
its pain and sin, its misery and thralldom
rocked itself in agony until he grew.

The strength of the giant trees, the fear-
lessness of the rushing stream, the swift
impelling influence of the lightning's flash,
the majesty of the storm, the calmness of
the stars and the faithfulness of the sun-
shine had been woven into his very being
by the close companionship with them in
that new, vast and unfolding region, but
the mother's love had brought the sim-
plicity of the violet, the faith of the robin
and the tenderness of a woman's heart to
supplement and grace and make useful the
wondrous powers.

His ear heard the cry of the oppressed
and the hiss of the oppressor's whip; his
eye caught the flash of appeal from slave
and of scorn from the master, but his
quickened soul foresaw the possibilities hid-
den in the white heart of a black people,
and the black heart of a white race, and
arose in all the grandeur of a great man
and the sweetness of a little child and
grappled with the stupendous problem of
freedom for all God's children.

Who can estimate the vital power and in-
fluence of a wise, tender and loving
mother?

O, you mothers, whose babes are draw-
ing nourishment from your breasts, bend
very low and listen to the heartbeats of a
soul!

The world is waiting for that baby.
Life is a wonderful, wonderful reality, and
tin horses and woolly lambs will be put
away bye-and-bye and the din of the battle
for truth will come ringing over the coun-
try. You long for all the opportunities
which school and college, position and
wealth, can give for that boy with the ques-
tioning eyes that he may become great.
That is well; that is good, but that is not
enough.

More intellectual attainment will pass into
the garret with the tin horse and the woolly
dog. Wealth will slip through lifeless fin-
gers and books will fall from dusty shelves
while yet the spirit of that boy is in its in-
fancy.

Your heart will be with his heart, though
it cease to beat, ere yet he leaves behind
the pinafore of babyhood. Yet from the
hour of his birth into your life his growing
spirit will absorb all that is of eternal value
through your potent, all pervading, ener-
gizing influence and love.

What mother would dare elect such con-
ditions for the upgrowing, outreaching
spirit of her child as those that surrounded
that marvelous little Abraham?

Those conditions may not have been
necessary to produce so great a man, but
they lacked the power to keep him from
the heights when once the mother's love
had set his soul a-growing Godward.

Whatever you are, or wherever you are,
you may still breathe great thoughts into
life, and the life of your babies. The spirit
flies upward in its ecstasy of growing,
and up, up, above the limited paths in
which your feet may walk, the spirit will
find limitless power of expression.

Log cabin or palace walls, bare feet or
jeweled sandals, will have no special sig-
nificance to the spirit in its flight.

Neither poverty nor wealth has power to
hold a soul in shackles.

No master hand of Fate has forged a
chain on any life.

The iron bands will fall away at Love's
approach.

First to feel the throbs of love pulsating
through her being when life is evident, first
to fold the dear embodied spirit close to
breasts that nourish and sustain, first to
breathe a prayer of sweet content in blessed
motherhood, so should the first great won-
derful expression of unselfish devotion and
spiritualized love shine out through you,
dear mothers, to the baby that waits at
your feet to be led to the world that waits
his coming. M. M. S.

President Lincoln never forgot his
mother. Her lessons of divinely wisdom he
kept stored in his heart, and all her hal-
lowed influence was eternally sealed upon
his soul by her departure from earth.

Who shall say that it was not deepened
and intensified by that very change which
gave her henceforth more intimate com-
munion with spirits and possibly with the
spirit of her son?—From "Abraham Lin-
coln," by Mrs. P. A. Hanaford, published in 1865.

The Progressive Lyceum.—Feb. 11, 1906.
The Lyceum yell: Lyceum! Lyceum!
March, March Ahead! Never Dead! File
Ahead! Come! Come! Come. Today's
topic, "Self and Others." Gem of thought:
"He who conquers self is greater than he
who taketh a city."

Spirit Teaching.

A dear friend of ours has been sitting
each day for some time now for spiritual
unfolding, and has been receiving through
her own hand messages from a young man
who passed to the spirit life years ago.
She keeps them in a little book, and in a
moment of confidence she let us get a
peep at them. They are so excellent that
we begged the privilege of passing them
along to the readers of the Home Circle.

Here are a few, selected at random, and
they are so epigrammatic and helpful in
substance and form they are well worth
adding to the texts for daily remembering.
Aspirations are the ladders by which you
may climb, but be sure your ladder is build-
ed of strong, earnest purposes.

Spirituality is not attained through psy-
chic power, but through the cultivation of
the graces of love and purity, purity of
thought, of unsullied lives.

Individual effort persistently applied with
patience accomplishes the seemingly impos-
sible.

Abide in the consciousness that you are
tender and true.

Unless you practice what you preach
you will never attain the heights of your
own individuality.

Remember that you are not a watch or
a clock to be wound up for another day's
grind, but an intelligent being with soul
force to be applied to the various phases of
your life, that you may grow to the full
stature of your being.

We do not call it glory to send souls out
into the great unknown, but we form into
armies of strength to help, uplift and
strengthen all who are in need.

We do not advocate the shutting out of
your nature, but rather say: Get into the
thickest of the fight, always remembering
that it is the outgoing thought or purpose
of your life, that tells the story.

True soldiers in the great army of Truth
do not kill and oppress their brothers and
sisters, but lift them up and fill their hearts
with courage and inspire their souls with
new desires and higher aspirations.

Soldiers over here wear no gilt buttons
or braids, but their armor and their strength
is Love, which uplifts and encourages.

It is the vibration which you send out
into the great world that brings you new
opportunities and new friends.

Be true to the promptings of your inner
consciousness.

Natural law brings beauty and bloom in
the springtime, the same law brings the
time of rest and recuperation in the winter;
the blankets of snow cover and keep warm
the appliances of nature for her beautiful
work, so Love covers us with a mantle all
life's cold and snow, like experiences till
they bud and bloom in beauty.

The Man and the Angel.

William Brunton.

The man said: "It is mere foolishness to
try to carry an ideal in a world that is so
very practical. It does not pay to try. You
are in fret and fume all the while. Bread
and butter must be earned, and we have to
do what the particular circumstance calls for
which promises a living."

"It is all very well for you as an angel to
live as an angel. I shall be willing to try it
when I get where you are—and perhaps I may
succeed as well as the average of you—but
now please to remember this is my busy
day and I have no time to bother with
ideals."

The angel was undisturbed by the word
of the man—angels see so much of our
cheekered life that it takes more than dis-
couragement and rebellion to disturb them.
They know how it ends. So the angel said:

"Your thought of duty is truly commend-
able. You are here to earn your living and
to win your daily bread. God gives it you
by giving you strength and opportunity to
do it. A brave man and willing does this,
but he can do more than this, he can earn
a livelihood with honor to himself whatever
his task and whatever his place."

"Well now," said the man, "that is just
like an angel or a woman. You don't know
the seamy side of life and the real mix up
there is in every fight for bread. You
angels tire a business man with your
Golden Rule instead of a three-foot
measure. You are not in it."

The angel replied: "I was once like you.
I know all your strength and weakness. I
am not in the state of innocence but in the
awakened state of understanding. I realize
what wickedness is and yet am untouched
by it because I have come to the free choice
of virtue. I know the delight of doing
good and would prefer that and poverty
than great riches and evil. I know there is
no good saving in goodness, and so I speak
my mind freely to you to encourage you to
stand by your best self, your finer instincts,
your nobler inspirations—and then you are
sure to come out all right. If you are in a
place where honor is pushed aside, seek
some other place even if there is not quite
so much bread and butter in it. A little
with justice is better than much with ethical
degeneracy and disturbance of mind."

And then the angel was gone, and the
man knew not if it were his own thought or
a bright appearance that had been in con-
versation with his soul—but he had this
deep problem to ponder in his heart.

A Human Interrogation Point.

It was refreshing, too, when a young
child traveling eastward from the far West
held a conversation close beside me with
a pallid mother. I never saw a woman
more utterly exhausted, while the child
seemed as fresh at sunset as at dawn. It
was when the through train on the Bos-
ton & Albany still stopped at West New-
ton, and the conductor had just called with
vigorous confidence the name of that sta-
tion.

After a pause the child exclaimed as vig-
orously, "Mother!" to which the mother re-
sponded, perhaps for the two hundredth
time that day, in a feeble voice, "What,
dear?" when the following conversation en-
sued:

"What did that man say, mother?" "He
said West Newton." A pause for reflection,
then again: "Mother?" "What?" "What
did that man say West Newton for, moth-
er?" To this the mother, with an evas-
iveness dictated by despair, could only mur-
mur, "I don't know."

This was too well-tried an evasion, and
the unflinching answer came. "Don't you
know what he said West Newton for, moth-
er?" Thus demanded came the vague an-
swer, "Said it for fun of it, I guess." By
this time all the occupants of the car were
listening breathlessly to the cross-examina-
tion. Then came the inevitable "Mother,"
and the more and more hopeless "What?"
"Did that man say West Newton for the
fun of it, mother?" "Yes," said the poor
sufferer, with an ever increasing audience
listening to her vain evasion.

The child paused an atom longer, and
then continued, still inexhaustible, but as
if she had forced her victim into the very
last corner, as she had, "What was the fun
of it, mother?"—Atlantic.

The world waits
For help. Beloved, let us love so well.
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work.
And both commended for the sake of each.
By all true workers and true lovers born.

E. B. Browning.

A SILVER LOCK OF HAIR.

Carrie G. Fuller.

In my box of treasures,
Laid away with care,
The inspiration of my labors,
Is a silver lock of hair.

I well remember in childhood days—
Mounted high on a chair,
How I combed and stroked it—
My Grandmother's silver hair.

When I was rude and selfish—
She always used to sing—
"Kind words can never die,"
In my ears its echo rings!

One day she gently passed away—
To the spirit land so fair,
Leaving me this priceless legacy—
Her silver lock of hair.

When I sit alone in silence—
I can feel her presence nigh,
Calming my troubled spirit—
With "Kind words can never die."

Ofttimes she sings a different tune
From the heavenly choir on high,
But they blend in sweetest harmony
With "Kind words can never die."

I will lay away this silver lock—
Of all my treasures fair,
Its memories aid me in life's battle—
My Grandmother's lock of hair!

SPIRIT
Message Department.MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM-
SHIP OF

-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 steno-
graphically by a representative of the "Ban-
ner of Light" and are given in the presence
of other members of the "Banner" staff.
These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

INVOCATION.

Unto thee, O Spirit of Everlasting Truth,
we would lift our hearts that, like the dew-
drop on the flower, the blessing of Truth
may rest upon them, refreshing and making
us strong. Most earnestly we come into
this little company of waiting spirits, and
would give all that we have that they may
be blessed with an understanding of the
Truth as it is borne unto us. May no
shadow of doubt or mistrust or apprehen-
sion keep them from that free expression
which is the desire of a sincere soul. May
they feel our love and be made strong by
its outpouring and grow steady in our con-
fidence. So may we join hands with that
innumerable host standing just the other
side of the portal of that other life, waiting
with eager hearts to speak the message of
Love. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Adelaide Carr, Pasadena, Cal.

The first spirit that comes to me this af-
ternoon is a woman between 60 and 65
years old. She has iron gray hair, a strong
face and a very happy and pleasing manner.
She wears spectacles and they seem to be
a part of her, as though she was never seen
without them. She says her name is Ade-
laide Carr, and she says: "This is my first
attempt to communicate. It seems strange
to me and yet so natural; I can hardly com-
prehend the two sensations. I feel that it
is perfectly right and proper for me to speak
in this way and yet it is so strange to know
within myself that I am speaking back to
friends who believe that I have passed be-
yond the hearing of their voices. When I
was with my friends, I lived in Pasadena,
California, and I never gave any particular
thought to Spiritualism as a religion. I
think I had an indefinite and misty idea that
my friends were safe after death, and I know
I suffered when they died, and I was lone-
some and had heart-aches like everybody.
But I had grown used to the idea that peo-
ple had to bear those things, and, Spartan
like, I bore it, because I knew nothing else
to do. I think that there must be a great
field for missionary work among you people
who are teaching spirit communion. I don't
see any reason why you shouldn't make an
effort to carry the news to people who don't
know about it. My daughter, Ella, is more
or less of an invalid and reads a great deal,
and some of the books that she has been
reading of late have had references to spirit
communion, and it has awakened an interest
in her mind, and I thought I would follow
it up with a communication, and that per-
haps she might be able to get some com-
fort and learn something of the real condi-
tion of spirits after death. It is not my pur-
pose to tell her just what she has been
doing every day since I left her. I doubt if
I could do that, but there are very many
incidents that I can pick out and know that
she will know that I have been there when
I refer to them. One is the relation that
has sprung up between her and a gentle-
man of whom I knew nothing before I came
here. He is religious and reverent and I
believe true. I think his influence is hav-
ing a marked effect on her life, and I am
glad that it is so. I have been able to lo-
cate all of my friends, I mean those that
were nearest and dearest to me, but I have
not settled down to do any particular work
as yet. I feel almost like a visitor and as if
I were waiting for something to happen.
It is the childhood of my spiritual life and
I am simply growing into an understanding
of my own capacity to do things in this
life, just as children have to grow into an
understanding of how to use the different
points of their body, their hands, their feet,
their brains. I am not the least bit unhap-
py; I feel a sense of content and security;
one may ride on a train and have no fear,
but there is a little unrest, but when the
end of the journey is reached there is a cer-
tain sense of safety that one realizes, and
that is about what I am experiencing today.
I send my love to all my friends and wish
it were possible for me to speak to them
every day. Thank you."

Benjamin Swift, Providence, R. I.

The next spirit that comes to me is an
old gentleman, I should think 80 years old;
he is quite stout and has white curly hair;
he is of medium height and very emphatic
in his manner. He smiles and speaks as
blithely as though he were only 15, and he
says: "Well, bless me, I wouldn't know
I was a day older than that. I have been
over here pretty nearly twenty years. My
name is Benjamin Swift. I don't belong to
any of those Swift Picking people. I am
just an ordinary sort of a man who lived
in Providence, R. I. Why, I wouldn't have
had any more doubt about there being a

hell than I would about there being a fire
in my kitchen stove. I was brought up on
that sort of teaching and I often thought
of the people I wouldn't mind seeing crack-
ling a bit over a hot fire for the sins they
had committed, never struck me, as being
out of the ordinary. I had no faith in that
Universalist belief. I thought they would
make everybody a sort of licensed sinner,
and I thought that the fear of hell would
make men good. But do you know that I
have come to the conclusion that hell is a
mighty bad influence in the world; you get
into the way of tossing everybody into it
that you don't like, and I think that in-
stead of its doing good it has made men sin
in their hearts, and then perhaps bye-and-
bye they got so used to thinking of men
being broiled alive that they didn't mind
stabbing a few or shooting them. So I
think it developed a stain of cruelty in man-
kind, and that you fellows are reaping the
natural harvest of a hell from your creed.
Bring your little fellows up on love, and I
guess they won't kill their neighbors. Any-
way, give the liberal thinkers a chance to
try their religious beliefs a few thousand
years and see what happens. That is my
story and it is a sort of an apology for the
life I lived. Now I want to send my love
to Lizzie, God bless her; she is just as
brave as she can be and the day will come
when I will be able to tell her so face to
face. Thank you."

George Smith, New York, N. Y.

There is a young man here, I should think
about twenty-three years old. He has dark
hair and blue eyes and dark mustache. He
is rather thin. He is just as business like
and important as he can be and he says,
"My name is George Smith. I have been
informed that if I came here you would
undertake to send a message for me. It
seems so strange to send a message from
this place to my friends who are alive that
I don't know what success I will have. I
lived in New York, N. Y., and New York
is a large city. My father's name is Fred;
he is alive. He is a man who looks at
everything from a practical business man's
standpoint. He isn't used to this sort of
thing, but he says to himself over and over
again, 'I feel that George hears what I say,'
and then he says something to me. We
were close together in our thoughts
and interests and it was like taking his
right arm when I died. I was lost without
him too for days and weeks. I turned at
every noise, hoping that I would see him,
and I finally settled down to the belief that
nothing but his death would bring him to me.
All my books and papers, everything that I
had in my room, he packed up and put
away. He felt he must put them out of his
sight; they would have helped me to get to
him, but he did what he thought was best.
About all I can do is to urge him to give
me a chance to speak more definitely to
him. It doesn't seem much to tell him that
I will be near him, and that doesn't half ex-
press what I want to say. The great fact
is that I want to communicate with him
often. I would like him to find some place
where it will be possible for me to give him
the companionship which we thought we
had lost. Grandma Hastings is like a
second mother, and she tries to make me
so happy and I am sure there is nothing
that can make me unhappy when once I get
in communication with my father and
mother. I am grateful to you for helping
me. Good-bye."

Blanche Willis, Atlanta, Ga.

There is a spirit of a woman I should
think about thirty-five or six years old. She
has dark brown hair and eyes and she is not
very stout and she is a very energetic and
active sort of lady. She passed out of life
very suddenly, because each time that she
comes up to me she grows bewildered, as if
she could hardly recall the condition
through which she passed to reach this
state of life. She says that her name is
Blanche Willis, and that she lived in At-
lanta, Ga. She is so eager to say so much
as if there were so many people who would
be glad over her coming and the first thing
she says is, "O dear, do you think it is pos-
sible for you to send a message to Ernest?
He would be so glad to hear from me I am
sure he wouldn't care how the message
came if only he could be sure that he was
getting some word from me. We had never
talked much about death, only now and
then a fear might cross our minds that
something would happen, but it never
seemed a reality, and neither of us were at
all prepared for my dying. I say dying,
and yet I know I am living. It is the
strangest thing to be so sure of your
own living, your own conscious
existence, and at the same time to be
so sure of the detraction and decay of the
body which you have once known as your-
self. It makes life seem so unreal, it makes
the body seem like a mask, and I can't grow
quite accustomed to the idea that I just
withdrew from that body, still I feel no
sense of loss, no sense of pain that it is
gone from me, my only pain is that I cannot
communicate as I used to do. My mother
is with me; she has been over here so long
that she doesn't seem to have any of the
uncertainty and pain that I have and she
talks to me every day about the impor-
tance of establishing a line of communi-
cation between myself and Ernest. So I have
made this effort and I want him to respond
to me. I shall know wherever he goes and
I will try and give him a communication
through any medium to whom he may go.
I send him so much love and courage. I
am his just the same and whatever comes
to him I shall always stand near to help
him if I can. God bless you people for
helping me to send this message. Good-
bye."

Blest souvenirs, we prize them,
As relics of the past:
When life was full of bird song,
Too beautiful to last.

Shall we adorn the spirit,
And cover it with moss?
Hold close what we inherit,
Unmindful of the cross?

There comes a day of gleaming,
When early birds are flown,
But 'tis no idle dreaming,
To feel we hold our own.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1906.

Society News.

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

Boston and Vicinity.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, held its regular session in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., Sunday at 11:30 a. m. After the lessons and the march, Baby Vinto, Queenie Knowles and Olive Sharp gave readings. Pauline Wagner, Caroline Cousins, Myrtle Brownard, Elsie Curtis, sang; Mr. Richardson gave a reading; Mrs. M. J. Butler spoke of the good work that was being done in the Lyceum. At 1 o'clock Mrs. Alice Whall opened the circle with messages, then the younger mediums gave way to the influences. The circles are very interesting. A cordial welcome to all.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, Thursday evening circle. Mrs. Alice M. Whall, president, presiding. Mrs. Sidwell, pianist. The circle opened with a song service. Mrs. Whall gave the invocation. Mr. Spaulding of the Boston Lyceum was introduced and his guides gave an address on "The Beauties of Spiritualism." Mrs. W. S. Butler also gave an account of her experiences in the earlier days of her mediumship, and gave fine messages. Mrs. Whall gave readings. Sunday, Feb. 4, 2 p. m. Children's Lyceum. Lyceum opened at 2 with song. The subjects, "Friendship," "Contentment," "Justice" and "Does the End Justify the Means?" were discussed with profit. Recitations were given by Master and Miss Mathews and Miss Bird. 3:30. Afternoon Circle. Mrs. Whall presided. Mrs. Andrews at the piano. Circle opened with a praise service. Mrs. Reed of Boston, Mrs. Bird of Everett and Mrs. Carter gave messages. 7:30. The meeting opened with a praise service. Mr. James S. Scarlett was the speaker and worker of the evening. He spoke on "Spiritualism the Religion of Men." His address was able. He also gave several messages. Mrs. Whall gave messages and will occupy the platform next Sunday.

Brighton Psychic Society, 14 Kenrick St., Brighton, held a very enjoyable meeting Wednesday evening, Jan. 31, a large number in attendance. Scripture reading and invocation by the president. Musical selections by Mrs. H. E. Hall and daughter. Mr. J. C. Brown of Brighton gave an interesting talk on what he has found spirit return to be, viewed from an honest and practical standpoint. D. H. Hall gave readings. Feb. 14, Mrs. Fannie Mariner of Roxbury will serve the society. Meetings every Wednesday evening.

Dwight Hall, Jan. 31. The Ladies' Lyceum Union met in the afternoon for a business meeting, supper being served at 6:30 to one of the largest companies of this season; the supper committee in costume of cap and kerchief, serving an old-fashioned boiled dinner, with all its fixings. Wednesday, Feb. 14, will be held a Valentine Party, with salad supper. Mrs. Butler, after the social hour, introduced the following speakers and mediums: Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Maggie Vaughn, Mrs. Dix, a poem from flowers upon the desk; Madam Bruce, Mrs. Alice Whall, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles. Mrs. Butler closing one of the most enjoyable meetings of the season.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc. Rev. Clara E. Strong—Sitting Bull using his medium, Walter I. Mason, gave grand thoughts. The accustomed speaker assisted Mr. Newhall, Mr. Baker, Mrs. Brewer, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Bolton, formerly of the Fall River Spiritualistic Union, and Mr. McDonough were heard with great pleasure. "Kindly Words" was the subject of Walter I. Mason in the afternoon, followed by solo from Mr. McDonough. All enjoyed the remarks and messages of Mrs. Belle Robinson. Mrs. Lewis spoke in her usual powerful manner. Mrs. Stein and Mrs. Morgan gave messages. Mr. Sturtevant read a beautiful poem. In the evening, "Sitting Bull" gave a sketch of his earth life, followed by evidence of spirit return. Messages were given by Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Chapman, Mr. Tuttle, Mrs. Peake-Johnson. Mrs. Lewis sang a beautiful hymn. Mr. Peake assisted at the organ.

First Spiritual Science Church, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, pastor.—Mr. C. W. Emery of Lynn assistant, Commercial Hall, 604 Washington St. Morning circle, beautiful thoughts and messages. Afternoon, readings and tests. Evening, illustrated songs and beautiful pictures thrown on canvas, by Prof. Charles Walker. Mediums of the day: Mr. Pivov, Prof. Mohamet, Prof. Clark-Smith, Dr. Blackden, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. Brewer, Mrs. Cutler, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. Stiman, Mrs. Maggie Butler. This society had the pleasure of a call from Mayor Thompson of New Bedford on Tuesday.

American Psychical Research Society, Everett, Mass., Harvey Redding, president.—The usual Thursday evening circle was held at the home of the president; at these circles magnetic treatments are given the first half hour, followed by psychological treatments for the absent. Those sick or in distress at any distance can receive these healing vibrations by sending name and address to the president; free of charge. "Freely we have received the gifts of life," and freely we give. Communications given by Mr. Redding and other mediums—present. Mrs. Wells presided at the piano and read an inspirational poem. Mrs. Pierce manifested her gift as a healer. Mrs. Rollins assisted at the circle. The Sunday meeting opened as usual with song service and

Invocation by the president. Piano selections were rendered by Mrs. Frank Vickery; an able address on "Prophecy" was delivered by Mrs. Redding. Mrs. Abbie Burnham made remarks, and handled her subject in a masterly way. Mr. and Mrs. Osgood F. Stiles gave proof of spirit return and truthful messages in their usual happy and satisfactory manner, after which Mr. Redding gave convincing delineations.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall.—Sunday, Feb. 11, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, the popular test medium, at 2:30 and 7:30. Circles from 4 to 5, song service and concert, 6:30. First-class vocalists and elocutionists. The Ladies' Union meets every Wednesday; circles at 3, hot supper at 6:15, test seance, 7:45.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, 9 Appleton Street, met as usual. The supper table was prettily decorated with candles, it being Candlemas Day. The evening meeting opened with singing "Auld Lang Syne." Mrs. Waterhouse then gave greetings. Messages were given by Dr. Huot, Mrs. Helyett, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Stiles. Mrs. Cunningham gives a benefit next Friday.

Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street, Feb. 1, 1906.—The L. S. I. S., Mrs. Belcher, president, had a large attendance at the supper and the evening services. The president opened the exercises with a poem and invocation. Mrs. Moore was the first speaker and related some spiritual experiences which were very interesting. Dr. Marston delivered a short address and Dr. Landsey gave some wonderful communications, all recognized. Mrs. McLean gave a talk, followed with tests. Mrs. Dix delivered a poem and also a short lecture and closed with tests. President then closed with a benediction.

New England States.

Fitchburg, Mass.—Mrs. A. J. Pettingill of Malden spoke for the First Spiritualist Society Sunday to large audiences at both services. The subjects taken for the addresses were "Let Us Work to Uplift Humanity as well as Pray," and "One of the Great Lessons of Life," and were followed by many evidences, demonstrating the continuity of life. The Mediums' Circle and Special Song Service were largely attended. The piano selections by Miss Howe and vocal solos by Mr. Dewhurst were much appreciated. Helen M. Putney of Lowell, test medium, will address the society next Sunday.

Providence, R. I.—Mrs. Kate Ham was with the society Jan. 28. A large audience received her both afternoon and evening. Many loving messages were given. The Helping Hand Society held a circle at Mrs. King's, 66 Pearl St., over sixty being present. Mrs. Jones, president, gave many excellent messages, as did also Mrs. King, Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Bradford. Much interest is manifested in the new movement. Dr. Geo. A. Fuller lectured Feb. 4 at 10:15, subject "Mediums," was very interesting and instructive. Both his lectures were most excellent, and large audiences greeted him. Mrs. Ruth Swift will speak next Sunday.

The First Spiritual Society, Portland, Me.—Two very large audiences greeted the venerable and worthy member, Mr. John M. Todd. His lectures were the finest of the season, and were appreciated very much by the people. He was followed by Mr. William E. Bradish, who gave many messages which were all recognized. Mrs. Fuller sang a beautiful solo under spirit control, which helped the services wonderfully. A successful old-fashioned baked bean supper was held Tuesday evening last. The society is noted for giving fine suppers, and also has many friends interested in its welfare. This undoubtedly was responsible for the very large attendance. Circles were formed, held by Mrs. Vaughan, Mr. M. A. Graham of Boston, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Toner, Mrs. Dobson and Mr. Dobson. Piano selections by Miss Clarke and fine singing by the Heatley trio.

Lowell, Feb. 4.—A large audience greeted Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding at both afternoon and evening meetings, her first engagement here this season. Her subject for afternoon discourse was "The Inner Life is the Real Life," and was handled in a bright and pleasing way. Her messages both afternoon and evening were many and very convincing. In the evening, after a short talk, the time was given wholly to messages. There were many strangers present and most of the messages were to them. Next Sunday Miss Annie M. Foley of Haverhill will be the speaker.

Newburyport.—Beautiful winter weather and a list of favorite speakers contributed to a month of successful meetings during January. Speakers as announced for the month: Mrs. Bonney, Mrs. Litch, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Swift. All gave inspiring words for daily needs and many and comforting were the messages given at each service. After the business meeting (held on first Wednesday each month), all the January Wednesdays have been devoted to the public work, with Mrs. Pye, Mrs. Helyett and Mrs. Caird as mediums. Jan. 17th, with Mrs. Helyett, the society's monthly public supper was held. It was an especially successful evening. Jan. 24th a friend entertained with a fine graphophone concert. A mystery table proved a source of fun and income. The society never had a more successful month in all ways. The speakers engaged for February are Mrs. Helyett, Mrs. Pye, Dr. Hale, Mrs. Pettengill.

Worcester Association of Spiritualists, G. A. R. Hall, 35 Pearl Street.—For the first two Sundays in January Mr. Thomas Cross of Fall River occupied the platform. Subject, "What Shall I Do to Be Saved?" Mr. Wellman C. Whitney of Springfield served the society very acceptably the last two Sundays in January. His lectures were well received, and delineations were accurate and readily recognized. Subject, "The New Religion." For the month of February Mrs. Kate R. Stiles of Onset and Miss Nellie C. Putney of Lowell will be the speakers.

Hartford Paine Memorial Service.—The Spiritualists of Hartford held an annual service in honor of the birthday of Thomas Paine at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Storrs at No. 123 Clark Street, Sunday, Jan. 28th, afternoon and evening. The services of the day began at 3 p. m. with a sketch of Paine's life by I. R. Sanford of this city. This was followed by an address upon Paine by Mrs. H. G. Holcomb, in which she spoke of Paine's service to America, and his Advanced Thought. Brief remarks by J. W. Storrs and A. A. Jackson, followed by a spirit christening of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Ratcliffe, through the mediumship of Mrs. Nora J. Dowd, formerly a well known medium of Hartford, now a resident of Lake Pleasant. The child will bear the name of Thomas William Paine Ratcliffe. There were about seventy-five present at the afternoon service. A good substantial supper was served to about ninety guests. Mr. W. J. Colville was present and improvised a poem for the occasion. At the evening service the genial hostess, Mrs. J. W. Storrs, made appropriate remarks and introduced the speaker, Mrs. H. G. Russeque, who made a very interesting address, to which about one hundred and thirty-five listened with rapt attention.

Norwich Spiritual Union, Norwich, Conn.—On last Thursday evening the "Helping Hands" gave a lawn party. Bountifully laden tables with snowy cloths and glittering silver peeping through the trees; a veritable "mineral spring" embedded in laurel and junipers; Japanese lanterns in profusion; rustic seats; and streamers festooned along the walls, surmounted by flags, gave a touch of realism that made the numerous guests feel that they were attending a woodland picnic. The attendance was the record breaker of the season and the entertainment furnished by members of the Lyceum was interesting and amusing. On Thursday evening, Feb. 15th, the gentlemen are to give a chicken pie supper, and on Wednesday evening, Feb. 21st, the young people present the laughable farce comedy, "Mr. Bob." Last Sunday morning Mr. Blinn gave an interesting discourse from subjects given by the friends and in the evening he spoke upon the subject, "The Spiritual World," to a large and appreciative audience. Both addresses were followed with spirit messages and clairvoyant readings by Mrs. Carrie S. Thomas of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Thomas's work was done in a pleasant, dignified way and made an excellent impression upon the critical audience, and well merited the encomiums that it received.

Announcements.

The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Minnie Meserve Soule, pastor, holds services every Sunday evening at 7:45 in the Banner of Light building, 204 Dartmouth St., Boston.

The Banner of Light Circle for Spirit Healing will be held in Banner of Light lecture room every Monday from 4 to 5 p. m. The doors close at 4. Mr. Nicholas Williams is the medium for this work.

Public Spiritual Circle every Friday afternoon, 446 Tremont St., mediums welcome. Mrs. Nellie Carleton Grover, conductor.

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont St.—Bible Spiritualist Society, Mrs. Gutierrez, president, holds meetings every Sunday. Circle, 11 a. m. Evidences, 2:30 and 7 p. m. Circle, 4 to 5.

First Spiritual Temple, Exeter St.—Lecture at 10:45 a. m. and 2:30 p. m., through the mediumship of Mrs. N. J. Willis. School at 12 m. Wednesday evening conference at 8. All are welcome.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc. Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor—Services held every Sunday at America Hall, 724 Washington St., two flights. Conference, 11 a. m. Services at 3 and 7:30 p. m. Messages at all services.—A. M. S., clerk.

First Spiritual Science Church, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, pastor, Mr. C. W. Emery of Lynn assistant, Commercial Hall, 604 Washington St.—Services, 11 a. m., 2:30 and 7:30 p. m.; Tuesday, Indian healing circle; Thursday, psychometry.

American Psychical Research Society, Inc. Harvey Redding, president, Odd Fellows' Hall, Malden Square, Malden, Sunday evening, 7:30. Mr. and Mrs. Osgood F. Stiles, Mrs. Abbie Burnham. Music by Mrs. Frank Vickery. Seats free.

Church Social at the home of the president, 202 Main St., Everett, the last Friday in February.

Grand benefit entertainment, Commercial Hall, 604 Washington St., Friday evening, February 23d. Tickets, 25 cents.

Spiritualism in Montreal.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Sir: Perhaps a short account of some meetings held under the auspices of the Montreal Society of Psychical Research may interest your readers. This is the second year of this society's existence and in order to interest outsiders and call attention to the truth of Spiritualism, they secured the services of the well-known test medium, Mrs. Pettingill, for four evening meetings. From the very first meeting Mrs. Pettingill was most successful in her work and many persons came every evening. They were delighted with the honesty and sincerity of the medium, as well as the tests given, especially those who came doubting and went away believing.

Mrs. Pettingill also delighted many by her psychometry. Her work in this line was clear, concise and convincing. We hope the interest aroused by these meetings will enable us to bring other mediums to Montreal, so that the work may grow until it becomes large enough to have a permanent meeting place for those who wish to get into communication with loved ones on the other side. Yours truly, Mrs. Belle Lewis, Librarian, Montreal Society for Psychical Research, Montreal, Jan. 22, 1906.

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

(July 20, Copyrighted, 1891, by G. H. Widdow.)

Side Lights on Wonder Wheel Science.

Daily Guidance for All, by Birth Numbers.

By Professor Henry.

The Ruling People during the term of this Table, are those born under the No. 11. In general, they will not accumulate money nor

Birth Nos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Jan. 23-25	-	G	M	-	E	-	K	-	B	-	-	-
26-28-30	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K	-	B
29-31	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K	-	B
Feb. 1-2	-	B	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K
3-4-5	-	B	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K
6-7	-	K	-	B	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E
8-9	-	K	-	B	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E
10-11	-	E	-	K	-	B	-	F	-	G	-	M
12-13	-	M	-	E	-	K	-	B	-	F	-	G
14-15	-	M	-	E	-	K	-	B	-	F	-	G
16-17-18	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K	-	B	-	-
19-20	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K	-	B	-	-
21-22	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K	-	B

glory, being careless in these matters. They will operate disadvantageously with

Chats with the Professor.

"In public, you say that people sometimes give wrong dates, in an attempt to fool the astrologer," writes a correspondent. "Do they ever give wrong dates in private?"

"Some do, at private interviews, to conceal their age," replies the professor, "but they are soon caught."

"I have had people give me dates five years out of the way, in order to conceal the true age, then deny the reading until told flatly that they had not given true date. Admitting the fact, they would declare, 'I did not think it would make any difference, as I thought you read as fortune tellers do, and would say things to please me.' True astrology is quite different from fortune telling, but it may fall to the lot of our future generations to find it out and tell of the great ignorance in which the enlightened nineteenth century people existed and 'strained at gnats to swallow camels.' Familiarity with the heavenly laws and good judgment give all the success that can be achieved by man. Use these for public work, but never try to be too out and out sure, in public. In public the demonstrator is the public's target, and he is operating either with many influences in harmony with his own, or against many that are not in harmony with his. When the planetary laws of a client are in harmony with the planetary laws of the astrologer, it becomes very easy for the astrologer to make the reading, but when the planetary laws of the two are not in harmony, then the readings are oftentimes very difficult to make.

"There is another peculiarity that I have noticed. When a client is under adverse conditions the answering of his letters partakes of the nature of the influence. For instance, suppose I receive a letter from a person whose influences are an application to a bad force from Saturn. The stronger the force the more difficult it is to get at the answering of the letter. In some almost unaccountable manner the letter will get pigeon-holed, slip out of its routine order in answering or something or other will attract one's attention from it, and create some sort of delay, which will be annoying or disappointing to the expectant mind of the one under the Saturnine influence.

"Again, when a client's planets are crossing or crisscrossing the lines of the astrologer's planets, in some sort of an annoying trend, the astrologer's mind is apt to get confused at certain points, or his writing materials or typewriter gets out of order, or his books of references are misplaced, and interfere with the clearness of his analysis, or some sort of 'mosquitoish' botherations, as the Dutchman says, come into play. Oh, yes, these little things, from time to time, are apparent in everyone's life, even in the best regulated families, but only the astrologer, who has the movements of the heavens before his eyes at the time, is able to note the correspondences between the heavens and these ordinary events. Ordinary mortals in their methods of accounting for such matters, look everywhere for the cause except to the unseen ambient. Like Kilkenny cats suspended by their tails to a clothesline, they claw at every object within reach and make the sparks and the fur fly about them, to appease their misunderstandings of the heavenly laws of cause and effect. It is almost as difficult to coax or drive the human mind to a rational consideration of these divine laws, termed 'good and evil,' as it is to coax or drive a pig through a gate. Through some 'root hog' or die' hole, or broken picket, in the boundary line of the enclosure, the mind of man perverts itself from its growth, will struggle and squel, rather than be induced to rationally consider the 'straight and narrow path.'

Are these influences good and evil? has often been asked. Why, of course not, from the divine standpoint, is the only rational answer that can be made. Are they not God's laws, and are not God's laws the laws of the universe? Is the lightning evil? Only from the standpoint of weak man's timidity. Where it shatters idolized property and blasts the life's hopes of a few, does it not purify the air for the many. Even the so-called evil influences of Saturn and Mars are not evil, only to wayward mortals, who fail to observe their laws, from day to day, in time these little disobediences have accumulated weaknesses in the individual or corporate system, so that when their so-called 'malign influence' comes around in the circles of time to periods of longer continuance the system is too weak by its previous failures to stand the pressure. Such is the law of disease, and such is the law of death. There is no other law but the numerous scarecrow laws of presumptuous

people born under Nos. 2, 5, 8 and 11, and to the advantage of those born under Nos. 1, 3, 7, 9, and to some of No. 11, who may happen to be exceptions to the general rule.

People born about the 17th or 18th of January, March, May, July or September will be favored financially, or, its equivalent. People born in 1823, 1827, 1835, 1839, 1843, 1847, 1850, 1855, 1858, 1862, 1867, 1870, 1874, 1879, 1882, 1886, 1891, 1894, 1898, 1903, also Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 and 11 will be favored this year, yet, bear this one important fact in mind, that there are exceptions in all general laws.

Address all matters relative to these Tables to Prof. Henry, Boylston Centre, Mass. Instructions in every kind of Occultism, or Astrologic readings, given by correspondence. Open for lectures on various subjects. All of Prof. Henry's published works are for sale at Banner office.

man. "Microbes!" Why, man alive, they come and go by the laws of God, and the laws of the universe. "Have we not eradicated the ravages of smallpox maladies?" No, mortal boaster, no! The planet Mars, the earth, the sun and the entire Solar system have each and all moved on in their cyclic progressions, from the relative positions which they occupied in space, when smallpox was a more frequent visitant. The mind of man has moved with them, not by any free will of its own, but by the law of relationship with all things else in space seen or unseen. The catalogue of diseases is not the same in the different ages. The relative condition of the planets are not the same. As the planets change so all things change on earth, and man, arrogating to himself the powers of the Almighty, cries, like the barbarous savage, "Umph! Me big, chief! See me push the world along." In cycling periods, according to the nature of the thing, the long forgotten things of old return again to earth and to the mind of man, like garret relics of antiquity, and the men of these days imagine that they have discovered something new, because the history of the times when they were before has passed into oblivion. For commercial purposes man creates delusions, and ignores the observance of laws by which "all is good," and then frightens himself to death by his own delusions. This delusive Fear, is the worst disease that ever affected mankind. Collegiate M. D.'s never attempt to cure people of this disease, for fear within themselves that should they do so, their occupation would be gone. This earth is a paradise, under the law of "all is good" but under the delusive cry of "good and evil" it is a wilderness and a hell, a Donnybrook fair and a bedlam of fakirs, each crying, "stop thief" to the others. We all like it. That is the only excuse that can be made for it. If we did not like it we would stop it. We like it because man can keep his delusive mills grinding, by which he glorifies himself in being able to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow." Man's mind is most truly the "devil's workshop," but, in space, in the movement of the great celestial bodies, superior to pigmy mankind, "the mills of the gods grind slowly, but grind exceeding fine."

The time to overcome an evil planetary influence is not when the evil influence comes, but by knowing before hand when its time of coming will be, and prepare for it, when the times are good, and prepare for it in such a manner that when the evil time comes it may be enjoyed as a season of rest in which the depleted vitality may be recuperated, for that is exactly what the so-called evil planetary conditions are for. When prepared for they should be welcomed rather than that one should be frightened to death by their coming.

They are the Sabbatarian periods of life, as taught in the decalogue, but Sunday is not the Sabbath, only by law of the Catholic church, under which it may corral the masses. We should not object to that, but each individual should learn to know his own Sabbath and demand opportunity by civil law to observe it. Commercial delusions and every sort of social fraud might then be indulged in at their proper individual time, without fear of disease or death. Even microbes might be eaten at the proper time, as Paul endeavored to teach, but was not understood.

Spiritualism in Baltimore.

It gives me pleasure to record Mrs. Richings' successful work in this city of monuments and churches. Prejudice and ignorance concerning our beautiful philosophy are still rampant here, and lecturers upon the liberal platform find it strenuous work to fill our auditorium that will seat 500 people. They need not be discouraged, however, as the seeds they are sowing fall upon fertile ground; they will germinate in time and bring results.

The Spiritualists in this city do not support nor appreciate organized efforts as they should; they still dwell largely upon the phenomenal plane and do not conceive of the great and inexhaustible fields of useful and helpful knowledge that are open to all for the asking. Mrs. Richings is a worker in the true sense of the word: As a versatile writer upon many subjects, a dramatic artist of a high order and a successful lecturer, she embodies push, energy and ambition. As a psychometrist she has few equals, her delineations are short, but come rapidly and to the point. Mrs. Richings' engagement with us terminates the last Sunday of this month. She has our best wishes for a busy and successful season.

Henry Schaffert, Secretary First Spiritual Church.