

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Out from the people, whom he loved to trust,
A statesman, aye, a King without a crown, strove to raise mankind, not pull it

This far-eyed Savior God has seemed to thrust, e'en the lowly might learn what is

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 wien 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

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; it 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. 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 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, as thus one "qualifies for a new sphere of life with which come new experiences and new enterprises." There is in every one an in nate element sometimes called "that which and again "the God-element withwhich (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.

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. 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 fulness 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." Hecke of cos 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 condi tions 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 outsof 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 ntercourse 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 rould 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 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 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 infirite 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 is around. Let one arise in this fulness of ioy, 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 Spiritualistswe 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 criticise 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 Tenny son 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 sothen 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 nay us to let the child's or the noet'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 Messager.")

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 phe-nomena 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 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 hildren were found at Ruso 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 Rufio. 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 me. He replied that he was the spirit of person who had died in the house and that he could dematerial and rematerials ze the body.

The Bishop of Ruvo har been interviewed and confirms the foregoing facts and admits the intervention of spirals.

Hypnotism Conquers Death.

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

The Herald continues:

"He held that this was due to the fact a distinct relationship to the degree of iso-lation 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 pneumo-nia. Her condition equivalented a death 407 1/2, pulse 160 sentence-temperature 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. Autreare 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 anle and became riveted on mine. The voice said with great incisiveness. "Adele! where are you going? You cannot die! Come

the upturned eyes resumed their natural an-gle 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 add-"This is not a solitary librative, he audients ed. 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." dying.

Growth of Catholieism.

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 12.651.944. 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 archashops, ninety bishops and twenty y abbots. urches is bishops, 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 4.81 parochial schools with attendance of 1,066,207. There are 869 institutions of higher education and 907 charitable institutions.

"New York and Chicago have each 1,200,-000 Catholic physics."

ooo Catholic inhabitants, (this includes burban towns) New York has 824 prie Chicago 643. Hoston 598. Philadelphia 521, St. Louis 507."

This growth of the mother church is not

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 yest host is not loosely helf together as are members of Protestant churches. The whole country is divided into provinces, as the old Romans divided a conqueged country, with trusted leaders under the name of bishops, archbishops, to whom the presist 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, orborders of the United States a distinct, or-ganized government—a theocracy, claiming absolute control over human affairs, to which every Catholic owes his first alle-guance. Its origin was in the dark ages of ignorance; it is supported by supersti-tion, and its ceaseless activity is directed to clutch the reins of government. It is mediatory now, because it has not the ower 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 idealism at the back of it.

We ought to withdraw our slanders about money and see the religiousness of earn-We defame ourselves mg our daily bread. and shut off one of the common means of education when we pretend to earning of money is not worth while. spiritual man sees a spiritual use and bele 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 as spiritually coming into play all the Men-get settled down in the church struggle and debate on doctrines. the quiet go to sleep: New and wake them up, and sho in a live, progressive world.

I HEAR TOUR VOICE.

I hear your voice like aweet bells calling Across the rippling of the bay.
And twilight softly round me falling.
Calls me in dream to far away;
Like ahip 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 is 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.

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

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

What a combination of good and ill is the

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.

template.

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. 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 weeds do not bear roses, nor do "plums grow on thistles," but the weaver may spoil

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 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

Let us weave of those threads spun by Ionor, Truth, and Virtue, dyed by Kind-ess, 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, 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 kno 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 all we can about him. There is the centra

and emocrate 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 deliverate.

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 liberaliz-ing thoughts and the spiritual light of his

And they were of two kinds—the inberailing 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 manhand 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

a church—it belongs to the divine humanness 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. Nettle 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

dence 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 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 sustainment of the angel world was just what he needed to bear him bravely to the end. to the end.

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 dis-

missed 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 s. 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 ques-Yes, where is a peculiarly interesting question. Our imagination does not help us much, and may easily lead us astyay. 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. Shapespeare, 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

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 were they have worshiped, or by the graves which hold their bodies; and he got his information from trustworthy sources.

in the churches where they have worshiped, 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 hader 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 Visitandine nun at Annecy, 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, if appeared; for when her living friend asked a proof of her identity, she answered: "Hold out your hand," and touched the Sister's forefinger with her own: and instantly a bit of charred fiesh 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 the proof of the Mass rather tired, having had to walk a mile cach way, and lay down in her poom 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 awaye that her dead friend of long ago stood beside her. No audible word passed between them. Soul spoke to soul. He reminded her heart this very day was the twenty-second side 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 funcral the young man saw some one very oman had died, and a day or two after the 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 anpriest 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

nis 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 is 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 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 judge and the judge deliver thee to the funde, and the judge deliver thee to the funde, and the judge deliver there to the judge in the surface of the Mass?" Will not our debt be paid for us in great measure? Yes; but it is not of faith that the souls despend you the surface of the faithful (here on earth), "and especially by the Sacrifice of the Mass?" Will not our debt be paid for us in great me

It seems probable that the ancient idea of "subterranean confinement" for decessed 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,

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 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-pub-lished in the Banner of March 25, 1905. Re-peated letters of inquiry addressed to the priest who put forth that story, failed to elicit one, word from him; even Father priest who put forth that story, failed to elicit one word from him; even Father Hill's letters were ignored, and, although the latter professes 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 Annecy. 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

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, howpulses, 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 ondition known as and called Sleep, be-

condition known as and 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.

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

we have often told you through our earthly mediums that death only brings change to a person's surroundings, but not to themselves, for they are the same, only 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 fo live on forever to continue in the same line of advancement and to be able to per-fect your hopes and desires on a higher and nobler plane, than you could have done while encumbered with the environments of

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.

I wish you to understand.

It is necessary for the Esquimau 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 Torid 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 Elimate 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.

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

The Esquimau 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 appritual self.

Spirit and matter cannot always live together.

laws that they must separate.

I tell you of these things so that you be led to look upon death with the acaim assurance that you do upon aleep.

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

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, a truth that you were expected to accept.

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 conceif poses 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 churchism 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 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 and erstanding 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 ob-jects around him and reflected the impres-

jects 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

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.

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

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 manbood, 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 spicitual perfection in the branching of the spicitual perfection in the spici vine image of spiritual perfection in the hu-

man 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. nan organ

piness beyond the ability of words to por-tray.

I, then, love my neighbor because he is a wonderfully interesting and instructive ex-pression 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.

Emer 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 cembinations 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, despond the pall

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 snowfiakes 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. Oftener, 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 carnest, more genuine more truly worthy to be called

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 solemin. It is the educated will of the assiring 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 fatality, consecrates hiself to a

hidden Light that we see in the reformer, the revolutionist, who by a deep necessity, a moral fatality, consecrates hiself 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 natures.

Light" to open up the secret depths of their natures.

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-

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, and 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.

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 meta-

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 Con-

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 men-tal labor is done for us by the power that is stored up in the cells of its living bat-

is stored up in the cells of he had bettery.

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 asfeep, 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 "subconscious personality," as manifestations of conscious personality," as manifestations of the inner,—the Hidden Life. Do these ex-plain? It is a "perhaps": The facts re-

main however.
The lame and impotent conclusions may semind us of the discussion of the savants. as to who wrote Homer's Ilad.
After years of discussion and "erudition" it was decided that it was certainly another man of the same names.

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 dwelt 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

haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all'pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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.

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

A PRETTY GOOD PLAN.

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

If you see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd, leader of men, marching fearless and

And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud

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 Im 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

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.

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 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
man you don't like for Lord's sake,
keep it in!
t, don't be a knocker; right here stick

a pin-It's a pretty good plan to forget it

LONGLEY'S

CHOICE COLLECTION OF For Public Meetings and the Home.

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The good Times yet to be
The Land beyond the S'ars
They are Walting at the Por-One by one the golden Portal One by one the old Friends en the Dear ones Gather I know that they miss me at Home The soul goes marching on A thousand years in Spirit Resting under the Daisie The Grand Jubilee Dear Heart come Home Come in 10me Beaut A thousand years in Spirit dife Mother dear, ohl meet me there Our darling Nannie The poor Man glad release The poor Man glad release the poor Man glad release the face I am saking We are journeying home to-day here the Roses never Fade Heaven we'll know our She's waiting there for me Aspiration Rost is coming bye and bye On when shall we ever get gels
Home of my Childhood days
If you should die to-night
Only a sweet and faded
Flower Hopes of the long ago Just a little Farther on My baby waits for me Was I only dreaming.

Flower
The song I sang for you
Those Angel voles
Just as the flun went down
When there's love at home
Romething sweet to sing
Faithful unto death
Freedon's grand triumph
Across the Stream
Deay wandering Boy come
Service I field my hands
The ring my Mother wore willing hear the golden stair
Beams of love light
The Golden Gates are left
Ajar
Love that never dies

The ring my Mother was the ring my Mother than the ring my Mother than the ring my Mother than the ring to me the ring my Mother than the ring to me the ring my Mother than the ring to me the ring to me the ring my Mother than the ring to me th

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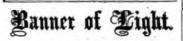
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BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1906.

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red at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as 8

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

William- Brunton.

By simple faith and honest life, By hope to help and skill to plan, e came like gold from fire of strife, And represents the good, great man!

Great men are great.

It is a mark of latent greatness to acknowledge the greatness of our true men and good.

These brave souls, who all lived in the faith of a noble manhood, have bequeathed to us the priceless memory of their lives. They remind us of what aim and labor and whole-hearted determination will do.

the mark of the best that is in us. Sincerely and continuously to do this, whether it wins fame or no, is yet the very heart of greatness and is ever worth our while.

The influence of great men creates an atmosphere in which we live as joyously as if spring were here. It blows away the ds of unfaith and despondency. It assures us that noble effort has a grand result.

The attainment of character, like that of Lincoln's, is the steady pursuit of doing one's duty, not shirking, not being afraid, and, in the simplicity that never thinks of fame or anything like it.

The best things in the world are common property, air, sunshine, the glory of the seasons and the great wonder of the world. those who will enjoy and appreciate.

W. J. Colville's lectures in Banner Hall proved very successful. The lecture on "Education and Inspiration During Trance and Sleep," which taxed to the full the seat ing capacity of the hall, has been reported in full and will appear as one of the chapters in "Universal Spiritualism," which h now gone to press. Mr. Colville also gave six lectures in Oxford Hotel, Huntington Avenue, in the rooms of Dr. F. J. Miller, who is conducting regular meetings there on Thursdays at 11 a. m. Mr., Colville's many friends in Boston and vicinity are expecting one more course of lectures in Boston before his departure for Australia near the end of March. The Cleveland Spiritual Temple has secured his services for three weeks commencing Feb. 4, ending Feb. 25. The Temple's address is 235 Fullerton Street, Cleveland, Ohio. Lectures occur Sundays, Tuesdays, Wednes-days, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 and 7.30 p. m. All letters, etc., for Mr. Colville can be addressed there till further notice.

Look out for drastic Medical Bills at the present Legislative session. Rumor has it that there has been nothing like them since 1898, when we were strained to our utmost in resistance,

Spiritualism.

Spiritualism comes as Christianity came corned and ridiculed by priest and the learned, loved and cherished by man and the people. Like that it is battled against by those who are too wise to learn, and advocated by those whose honesty of heart is only equaled by their zeal to make known

There was a little tapping sound beneath a low and humble room in western New York. It came like the raindrops at first, faint vet unmistaken. At length curiosity was aroused; the listening ear was applied; thought began to move in the heart of man. Investigation followed, till a few said: "It is from the world of spirits."-Banner of Light. April 30, 1857.

Abraham Lincoln.

The twelfth day of February is golden to as marking the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. It is a very much loved holiday and brings to mind the work of man as man. We are proud of this son of the soil; we rejoice that our nation from the ranks of the common people produced such a noble specimen of what the common people at their best are. He loved his lowly origin, and he believed God loved the common people or he would not have made so many

Now he was born in poverty and want, It has always been a cause of regret that he was so miserably poor in his childhood and youth, and had such a hard time in his early-manhood. It was owing to the gypsy shiftlessness of his father, that living from day to day doctrine, that has no backbone of effort and purpose in it. It was disastrous to the boy as giving him so little to draw from in the making of his life. The father in plain terms was lazy, and laziness in a live world, that leaves things to drift, is one of the meanest ways of pretending to

Fathers owe it to their offspring to do the best they can for them by really doing their

Now comes in another phase of this difficult question which is, could we have had the same kind of a clean, honest Abe Lincoln without the seeming drawbacks of pri vation and poverty? It was not the crushing. debasing poverty of the slums which vitiates the whole mind and body. No; from that we should look for no expression of strength and patience and noble simplicity of life and thought.

Lincoln was reared in the plainness of the country home which is right close to the ground and has all that nature gives in primal power. .He was brought up on the farm, in the woods and on the river. He had to work hard and all the time. Books were few and precious and learning was scarce, but it added value to the leisure he forced for reading and study, and it made him fearless and straightforward in all his actions Deceit was out of the question with him. Ambition ruled by greed could not approach him, but the steady pull of the spirit of the man to be a man made him climb to the highest and most dangerous place of power in dark and troublous times Character has probably something to do with what we pass through in the way of training and discipline. Some can stand it—and they are beter for it—but it is a pretty hard school as our Lincoln very well

He glorifies the common lot by having something that mere wealth or station cannot give to a man. And to have true democracy, we must see to it that "the man's the gowd for a' that."

Lincoln was a student such as the aver-age man can be. He read a few books and knew them. Aesop's fables taught him how to tell a story, point a moral, and adorn a tale. He was a capital story teller and had likely learned in the grocery store and while waiting for clients in his, office. The yarns so told are generally striking and have ap-plication. Lincoln was an adept in their use and it relieved him of much argument at times, silenced the captious, drove away bores, and was a steam valve of safety. To laugh is often a saving grace. Humor is a part of religion, and on trying occasions the best part.

In relation to the way he acquitted him self as the war president, we as a people are perfectly satisfied with the record. He did what man might do, angels can do no more. It is the fad now to make discoveries seem ingly derogatory to his statesmanship by showing he was also a very practical poligive it to Douglass by seeing that must lose his opponent the chance of the presidency, the most desired thing of all.

Very well, let the microscopic eyes of criticism go looking at his coat-buttons or his kid gloves in this way. They miss the mark if they think they belittle the man to their little measurements. Lincoln sto their little measurements. Lincoln stood with his lanky form six feet, four inches, in

his stockings or without them. It is plain enough that he had to fight his way to place and power, and he climbed the ladder as it was put against the wall. All the same he was the square and honest man, the tender hearted soul that his own people knew and that we know today and immensely love

In regard to his religious opinions, that is a much mooted question, and from the denominational standpoint is not worth dis-cussing, because it is know that he was aderse to the pride and dogma of the sects He said he would join the church which was willing to take for its creed the plain state ment of Jesus that love to God and man was religion. The Unitarians have adopted this But this practically is the religion of the thoughtful man and reverent always. He simply can't be hide-bound and narrow. It is impossible. It was impossible to Lincoln. He was humanitarian from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet. He was a lover of man and had reverence for what was the heart of piety, but forms were to him of no use at all. When he had real work to do he was willing to take off his coat and do it. He was of the religion of Jesus in this way, but he was very much of the religion of Abraham Lincoln as God had made him with his large heart and wise brain and helping hand. He believed spirit communion as a fact, and doubtless was a noble medium for the patriot souls on the other side seeking the emancipation of the slave and the saving of our country. The grand character of Lincoln, his manhood, his integrity are of supreme interest and importance to us, and should be the impress of his life, and prove to be our inspiration and guidance.

Legitimate Expenditure.

We see a word in the Philadelphia Morn ing Herald that it cost that city-so long graft-ridden and weighed down with corrup tion-the neat sum of \$125,000 to carry the late election which brought it out of the grasp of the corrupt gang of the city.

It might be remarked that this is a pretty expense; it also might be remarked that it would have been frightfully more expensive not to have done it. The other party, the notoriously thieving party, it is estimated, had habitually expended more than \$200,000 to carry previous elections. It costs money to corrupt, and a great deal of it. It costs money to redeem from corruption, but the latter can explain why and where it used it. The former has to play the sneak act, and keep it out of sight, and pretend nothing of the sort ever occurs with them.

The plain lesson, of this thing is that citi zens who are citizens and care for the good name and fame of their city, have to band themselves together for the work, and also be willing to lay out the dollars where they will do the most good.

The Failure of Calvinistic Christianity.

The Boston Evening Transcript, in its issue of January 29, says: "Professor Luther T. Townsend, D. D., of Brookline, continued his Tremont Temple noon addresses today, the general subject of which deals with 'The New Theology.'

The reverend doctor handles the New Theology without gloves and from the report given by the Transcript seems to feel called upon to prove that the old conservative Bible critics still hold more strong holds which he regards as eminently spectable than do the advocates of the "New Theology." To the learned doctor this eminent respectability seems to be of great account. If we were to adopt his point of view it would be pertinent to inquire if the Lord in looking at the children of men, regarded eminent respectability as of more account in the "scheme of salvation" than are the actual results of the work of these eminently respectable institutions.

His measure of the value of one theology over the other seems to be indicated by his remark that "One compiler says, 'Gervanced thought; the prisons are full,' and by his further-use of the same gauge in this quotation, 'The student of history finds that new theologies with the utmost uniformity have proved a blight in all lands where they have prevailed, just in proportion as the people have accepted them. They have clouded the open vision of the preacher, silenced the divine voice within the soul and opened to the people the gateway of emptation and vice."

The reverend doctor, if we read his discourse in full, is bitter. He does not hesitate to use the sword of his sarcasm to decapitate his foes and sneers grow upon his lips like bitter weeds in the sur

contention, using as our test the same measuring tape which serves him to his own great satisfaction apparently.

It is now four centuries, lacking but three

years, since his great doctrinal forerunner, John Calvin, drew in for the first time that breath which in its later exhalations doomed to an eternal hell of hopeless dam-nation practically all of his fellow men, for years, since his great doctrinal foreru

m Jesus of Nazareth is said to

ave given His very life.

It is therefore not far from three cen-uries and a half that Dr. Townsend's peculiar theology has been at work in the at-tempt to make the world better and man-kind happier.

What success has crowned these centuries

Let the doctor himself tell us. He ask only a little more time in order to cure the state of things which he admits exists in his prediction that "In the new day integrity will grace commercial dealings and cor ruptions will no longer curse the political world: the pulpit will again command attention and respect; the Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule will again govern the conduct of men."

After three hundred and fifty years we find this sneerer at the New Theology asking for more time in order to cure the sing of the world which his much vaunted old theology has failed to touch in all that time. In spite of Calvin's "sweetly cheerful thought" of hell and a plenty of it, integrity does not "grace commercial dealings," "corruptions-curse the political world," the pulpit fails "to command attention and respect," and "the Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule" do not "govern the conduct of men." This is the indictment against himself and his creed which the reverend doctor himself draws. And the fact of the matter is that it is a "true bill." Would it not be better if the country should for a time try the other course and, as in Germany, let the "harvest of advanced thought" be garnered and let "the prisons be full?" Why, Doctor, upon your own statement, after your three hundred and fifty years of Calvinism, there is not religious virility enough left even to consign the rascals to prison. Ah, but the Advanced Thought does better; for it does send the rascals to jail and it doesn't ask for more time either, nor has it been trying to do this for three and one-half centuries. It is the New Theology which does it.

After thus using the doctor's own con fession against himself, the next witness called is one John D. Rockefeller of the Standard Oil Company. We need not ask him a single question. We will simply study his life.

Can there be any doubt of his methods of business? Can any fault be found if they are characterized as atrociously vicious, inherently wicked, morally sinful and ethically bad? Do they bear the slightest suspicion, we will not say of the Sermon on the Mount or of the Golden Rule, but we will say of decency, fairness or simple honesty? Can they be defended? Low cunning, streaking treachery, dishonest over-reaching that would condemn a country horse jockey to prison for deceit, are these things too severe to say of the business methods and the every day ethics of this old oil

ist. No one has ever questioned that. The clergy and the laity who have been brought up in his creed vie with each other in defending this man. And worse than all, acsure of salvation as any saint who ever gave his life for a friend!

This is Calvinism. This is the result of three hundred and fifty years of the doctrine of Hell and of Hate, of the old conservative theology which we are told ought to prevail against the dangerous new doctrines of the liberal present day!

What fatuity! What a horrible failure! If the doctrine of eternal hate had one single success to recommend it to the Court of Posterity, it might have some claim to the mercy of that tribunal. It has not. The result of its policy of universal

damnation is a bitter, self-confessed failure. This is the lesson which the oil king has aught us; that Calvinistic Christianity is a failure, a blight and not a blessing, a curse offered in the name of Christ, the loving. Let it go out, like the Roman governor, and kill itself and then "let the dead bury its dead," for even with its corpse those who truly bear the name of Christ should refuse

The Winter of Discontent.

Shakespeare, the maker of phrases that em native to us, gives us this word that characterizes this feeling of unrest and unsatisfaction. Unless things go well we catch the blues, and we complain, and think we have a right to make as much noise as we please.

Well, that depends on basic ideas of life and what we are to do with it. If it have for us no higher ends than pleasure, and ease, and praise, we shall act in accordance with that estimate, and the world and the men in it ought to look out for our We no doubt will bother it all we can and make things uncomfortable for those around us. A snarling child is to be imself under the mental cure and get a new heart of thankfulness that things are no

But everything can be made better if we will try for the better. To be sure. What is manted is the willingness to try and to

work till the matter is settled. Don't go about all the day mourning—no, indeed. Try for cheerfulness, first as a form, if you can't do any better, and then as a fact. And and show a brave front and not let anybody think that anything has happened in the calamity line, he can in the radiance of that manliness of soul say, "Now is the winter of discontent made glorious summer" by hope and cheerfulness.

Review of Passing Events.

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

ILLUSTRATION OF THE TEST PROPOSED BY

MR. MYERS.

The failure of the test proposed by Mr. Myers was not because it was impossible, but it was not correctly conducted. There should have been no haste, and many seances held. Such investigations cannot be forced. We must comply with the conditions and patiently await results.

That it is possible for spirits to give such tests has recently been proven to me, by facts in my own experience.

tests has recently been proven to me, by
facts in my own experience.

With the going out of the year our eldest
daughter, Rosa, departed this life. Her
brother was her physician, her younger
sister, Clair, her nurse. The three were
devoted to each other and bound together
by their affections in a remarkable manner.
The day before the final services, her
brother gathered a basket of wild ferns with
which to line the grave, and in arranging which to line the grave, and in arranging the fronds was assisted by Clair. Among the ferns she found a leaf of hepatica, a beautiful wild flower of which Rosa was very fond. She unobserved slipped it into her pocket.

her pocket.

The next morning she wrote a letter to sister Rosa, placed the leaf therein, and going to the casket placed the missive under the pillow. No one knew of the letter or its contents except herself.

The evening of the funeral a-few friends gathered at the residence of the brother. One lady was a fine sensitive, but only exercised her gift for her most intimate friends. While in pleasant conversation this lady remarked. this lady remarked: "Our dear Rosa is here, and although unable herself to communicate, through another spirit wishes to let us know she is with us."

After some time of general conversation, Clair said: "Dear Rosa, was there anything in your casket except the offering of flowers when the couch was folded together?"

gether?"
"Yes, dear, under my pillow were two
letters, one from you and one from ma."
In explanation: we were not present at
this seance, and although her mother had
placed a letter under the pillow no one
there present kpew of her doing so.
"What was in the letter? Do you

"An hepatica leaf."

"An hepatica leaf."

"Was that all?"

"No, writing to me."

"Can you repeat my letter?"

"Not tonight, but I will soon."

Two weeks after. Clair came to us, and at evening Mrs. Tuttle, Clair and I sat around a somewhat heavy table, intending by harmonious concentration to receive at least impressions of the nearness of our spirit friends. We were surprised by the moving of the table and its demand for the alphabet. Rosa claimed to be present, stough she said she could not tip the table, though she said she could not tip the table. though she said she could not tip the table, which was done for her by a kind, assisting spirit. I repeated the alphabet, the table responding to the correct letters. It was a tedious method, but the results repaid us. The letter she said in the beginning she was ready to give, was thus signaled with

was ready to give, was thus signaled with absolute accuracy.
"Dear Rosa: I place a leaf I found among the ferns in this letter, as your favorite-flower, to go with you. It is the last thing I can do for you."

ATAVISM.

The chancellor of the New York University in his address at the opening of the

versity in his address at the opening of the college year, is reported as saying:

"I wish we could require from every freshman a Sunday-school diploma which would certify that he knew by heart the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, a Caurch Catechism of some kind, and a score of Scripture Psalms, and the best classic hymns."

This puritanical idea has been reiterated by many lesser college lights, and while there is probably no danger of such a strange preparation for a college course ever being made obligatory, it shows the narrowness and bigotry of many in high places. Especially is there menace when leaders of educational institutions thus set themselves to bind the minds of the comthemselves to bind the minds of the com-

themselves to ond the minus of the com-ing generations with the errors of the past. The sapient Chancellor demands a Sun-day-school diploma of religious character, and would allow no one to enter on a col-lege course wishout being pious and a

lege course without' being pious and achurch member, or at least giving promise of being one. The goody goody boy who like a poll parrot can repeat twenty Psalms, the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, etc., will become a shining light in college life—not for his knowledge, but for his piety. His mind is so filled that there is not room for anything else.

As for his morality—well, would it depend on his memorising these selections? The most brutal brigand may have them letter perfect, and piety to spare, and yet revel in crime. Rockeleller is an example of extreme rascality, piety and Sundayschool bigotry. He has Psalms, he Lord's Prayer, and a volume of sanctimonious lingo by heart, yet he defies the law and is deaf to every emotion of generous humanity.

To make such preparation compulsory would soon be followed by similar requirement of children in the public schools, and the foundation for the union of church and state would be laid deep and strong. The only path to preferment would begin in the Sunday school, and all who came not that way would be treated as inferiors, without lights.

"Life is a progress, And not a station."

The Titerary Wlorld.

LILIAN WHIZING.

The world of books is still the world."

"The Ninth Paradise."

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:

Where is the ninth one? In the human breast. Rather, O, man! lack these eight Para-dises—

Than be without the ninth one in thy

There are poets whose fine insight into life, whose interpretation of the spiritual 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 blos-oming 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,

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

Of lavish life upspringing, and to spend Improvidently on the ear and sight.

once more, as when she plunged her in-fant hands In wealth of Western prairies,—years

between, We search and sing and know life still

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 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 fair heaven afar;

Nor deem we that their steps are but pur-suing
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:

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-

A shoot divine, whose seeds, when we are dead. Should spring immortally in other life,

Potent in tendencies to nobler strife, Showing the soul's high lure, till Time be

To Be, to Do, and so forever on."

"The Ninth Paradise" is a collection 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.

to the editor's talk on Edwin Markham, sketch of Wilson L. Gill, the inventor the "School City," is notably interesting, also is the article on "Golden Rule," St Jones. Good full page portraits of Jon and Markham grace the book. It is 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

IBRI BAKER.

Ibri Baker passed to spirit life from the home of his son, Horace W. Baker of War-wick, Mass, Sept. 5, 1905, aged 92 years, 11 months, 17 days. He was a strong Spirit-ualist and had taken the Banner ever since

MRS, C, A, DAVIDSON

Mrs. C. A. Davidson, aged 77 years, passed to spirit life from het 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. Roscoc 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 carnest 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 medium, and in a wholesome spirit of co-operative effort to give all who are suffering some of the beauty and ion are suffering some of the beauty and ion. 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.

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 Cassarooms may still be obtained at Hotel Cassa-daga, 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. Fixen, 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

There are meetings held every Sunday, Jan. 7, Mrs. Laura Cummings of Spring-field, Mass., gave a very inspiring address on the theme, "The Majesty of Silence." Jan. 14, 21 and 28, Mrs. Wheeler's guides and 28th Miss Mary Hedrick of Brooklyn, N. Y., followed Mrs. Wheeler with descrip-tive pictures, given by her guides, which were clear and impressive and always recog-She is a young girl with a promis

nized. She is a young giri with a promising future.

Last Sunday (Mrs. Twing wrote on the
29th), the meeting was addressed by Alonzo
Hubbard of Vermont, Mrs. Ida Spalding of
Norwich, Conn., Mrs. Stumple, minister
from New York State Spiritualists' Associa-

tion, Mrs. Fixen 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 Hilligoss to ma 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

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.

Try Piso's Cure for Asthma. It often relieves at once. 25c.

Henry Frank's Reply.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The lelaborate and carefully worded criticism of my communication in your issue of January 13 by Mine 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 sone throughout was so calm and dispassionate, that I was a little surrorised 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

clius: Cassius—A friend should bear a friend's firmities. But Brutus makes mine greater

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 inadvert upon another obiter dictu 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 when-

ing 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." sification which prevails in the environment which the 'disincarnates' frequent.

"Spiritualism or materialism-these the brutal alternatives to which one finds oneself driven in spite of himself. If you do not admit that the spirits of the dead re-veal themselves by raps on the table or visveal 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 spiritist! 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

guments 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 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. Dague's memory of the words I uttered was more correct than my own is said, "For the Dague's memory of the words I uttered was more correct than my own it, said, "For the sake of avoiding an argument. I shall admit that substantially Mr. Dague reported me correctly." That is hardly a change of base as to what I may still believe to be the facts about Mr. Dague'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 '(perhap-more specious than special). He quotes me as saying that no one can estimate the exact percentage of fraudulent mediums, and then hangs me ap on both horns of a delemma which he diagrams. "Mark you," he says, 'm one sentence he says no one can estimate their

diagrams. "Mark you," he says, "m 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 contradic-

I fear my friend's trouble in studying my 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 90 per cent.," is on the face of it an approximate and not an exact estimate of the existing percentage. An exact estimate of the 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. with words

with words.

Now Mime Inness proceeds to make what looks like a very formidable analysis of the "investigations" of alleged spiritistic 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 pendent upon which my statement was made. Unfortunately my critic devotes a column to the consideration of the asser-tion that in Chicago there are "fully 2,000 fraudulent mediums," and the possible de-ductions to be drawn therefrom. In the

ductions 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 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 soel."

But the issue that I am raising is that if

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

of absolutely and forever fro any and all responsibility of fraudulent mediumistic

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

Should not an outsider justly suppose that the special mediums who congregate, let us say, at great Spiritualistic campmettings, 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 east-ren encampment. There was a certain male-

reference ago I attended a large east-ern encampment. 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 states, the medium incidentally remarked slates, the medium incidentally remarked that sometimes the controls broke the slates if they were not pleased with the condi-tions. I soon learned that this was a very judicious and saving remark, for the me-dium to preface his performance with. The gentleman who came with us had taken the percaution 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 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."

got wise."
But as if to relieve himself from the man But as if to relieve himself from the manifest 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 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! not behold!

Now this man was as manifest and ar-rant a fraud as one would want to encoun-ter. 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 adver-tisement in numerous Spiritualistic papers, and I must suppose that he is recognized A few years ago I was lecturing at a

A few years ago I was returning 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 fraud-

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

Now, it does not give me any pleasure

challenged I can do nothing less. What is most painful in this problem of the fraud is the curious attitude of respectable fpiritualists in conceiving that an attack upon an exposed medium is an attack upon their feith. It is this attitude the most of all 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.

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 orthodoxy 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 first time to the public. I saw I dared not do so, so long as Spiritualism was at stich loose ends. So long as there is apparently no way (as my friend Mime Inness confesses) of ridding the camp of the "Achans"; 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 surfirst time to the public. I saw I dared not at stake to risk his fortune in such sur-roundings. 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

(I will say, parenthetically, that I could five scores of illustrations of my experi-nces 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-

journalistic the honest camp of fr

camp of frauds, and because of his featexposure of them on all available occasis.

The length of this article precludes going into further detailed answer of critic's article, which, asking the indulg and patience of editor and readers. I attempt to do in another paper, immed by 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 the jungle and the savage.—W. B.

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

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

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DR. T. A. BLAND.

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through the shadow of thems, we shadow of the world elsestials."

Her will desirate any and the world elsestials, and gives a pit ture of the turne life that one cannot help wishing may be true."

The Reclical Gleaner says: "It lifts the reader into enchanting realms, and leaves a sweet taste in his consendanting realms, and leaves a sweet taste in his consendanting realms, and leaves a sweet taste in his consendanting realms, and leaves a sweet taste in his consendanting realms. ectorages."

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Pearl, 're m a spirit portrait ob ained through the mediu
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bia wife.

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Our Some Circle.

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THEIR LIGHT OUR LIGHT.

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 mor
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 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

The cheer of those men say have died!

O like the music, strong and true— Of seas that beat on shores sublime, 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 beween 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 common decencies of life, as we live today, were impossible in their pioneer existence, love had found expression in gentle word love had found expression in gentle word and sweet ministration—even as birds sing sweet lullabies to the birdlings and bring food to the nest, when storms rage and the #ttle lives are endangered.

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-reaching influence speaks-to us today from every free and happy black man.

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 unheeded, 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.

watched the neighbors and kind

friends put the body out of sight.

It was a matter of concern to those assembled 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 earnfestly ap-plied his energy and devotion to the task

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 letter, it was addressed to an old friend of his mother, a traveling preacher, whom he asked to come and preach her funeral ser-

asked to come and preach her funeral sermon.

It was three months before Parson Elkins 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 neighbors 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 nature'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 thraldom rocked itself in account in the erem.

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, impelling influence of the lightning's flash, the majesty of the storm, the calmness of the stars and the faithfulness of the sunshine had been woven into his very being by the elose companionship with them in that new, vast and unfolding region, but the mother's love had brought the simplicity 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.

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 hidden 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 influence of a wise, tender and loving mother?

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 country. You long for all the opportunities
which school and college, position and
wealth, can give for that boy with the questioning eyes that he may become great.
That is well; that is good, but that is not
enough.

enough.

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

while yet the spirit of the sp

What mother would dare elect such conditions 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 estasy of growing, and up, 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 significance to the spirit in its flight.

Neither povery nor wealth has power to

Neither povery 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

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 divinest wisdom he kept stored in his heart, and all her hallowed 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 communion with spirits and possibly with the spirit of her son?—From "Abraham Lincoln," by Mrs. P. A. Hanaford, published in 1865. in 1865.

The Progressive Lyceum.—Feb. 11, 1906.
The Lyceum yell: Lyceum! Lyceum!
March, March Ahead! Never Dead! File
Ahead! Come! Come! Today's
Copic, "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 unfoldment, 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 litle 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 themalong 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 builded of strong, earnest purposes.

Spirituality is not attained through psychic 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 impossible. A dear friend of ours has been sitting

Abide in the consciousness that you are

Unless you prastice 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

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 inshutting 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 life 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

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 as with a mante all life's cold and snow, like experiences till they bud and bloom in beauty.

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 carned, 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 checkered life that it-takes more than discouragement and rebellion to disturb them. They know how it ends. So the angel said: "Your thought of duty is truly commendable, 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 braye, 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 angela 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

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, selk 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 conversation 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 Boston & Albany still stopped at West Newton, and the conductor had just called with vigorous, confidence the name of that station.

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-

"What did that man say, mother?" "He

"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, mother?" To this the mother, with an evasiveness dictated by despair, could only murmur, "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 mother?" Thus demanded came the vague answer, "Said it for fun of it, I guess." But this time all the occupants of the car were listening breathlessly to the cross-examination. 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 configued, still inexhaustible, but as if she had forced her victim into the verv last corner, as she had, "What, was the fun of it, mother?"—Atlantic.

The world waits

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.

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 harmon 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 battl My Grandmother's lock of hair!

SPIRIT Mlessage Bepartment.

-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 for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth and will bear its own burdens wherever it is made known to the world. In the cause of truth, kindly assist us to find those whom you believe may verify them. Many of them are not Spiritualists or subscribers to the "Banner of Light," so may we ask each of you to become a missionary for your particular locality?

INVOCATION.

Unto thee, O Spirit of Everlasting Truth, Unto thee, O Spirit of Everlasuing Irutin, we would lift our hearts that, like the dewdrop 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 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 apprehension 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 confidence. 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, Crl.

Adelaide Carr, Pasadena, Crl.

The first spirit that comes to me this afternoon 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 Adelaide Carr, and she says: "This is my first attempt to communicate. It seems strange to me and yet so natural; I can hardly comprehend 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 beyond the hearing of their voices: When I was with my friends, I lived in Pasadena, friends who believe that I have passed beyond 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 people 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 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 no with a communication, and that there is no with a communication, and that there is no with a communication, and that there is no with a communication and that there is no with a communication and that there is no with the second sec

Renjamin 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 carly hair; he is of medium height and very emphatic in his manner. He smiles and speaks as bitishely 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. Myname is Benjamin Swift. I don't belong to any of those Swift Packing 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 crackling 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 Universaliat 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 instead 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 mankind, 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 thoughters 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 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 a live. 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 Georgie 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 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 express 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.

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 think about thirty-live 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 Atlanta, 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 the says is, "O dear, do you think it is possible 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 yell know I am living. It is the 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 perhaps she might be able to get some comfort and learn something of the real condition of spirits after death. It is not my purpose 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 gentleman of whom I knew nothing before I came here. He is religious and reverent and I believe true. I think his influence is having a marked effect on her life, and I am glad that it is so. I have been able to locate 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 shildhood of my spiritual life and I am simply growing 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 unhappy; 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 certain sense of safety that one realizes, and that is shout 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."

Renjamia Swift, Previdence, 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 carrly hair; Ar relies of the past:

As relies of the past:

As relies of the past:

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?

A SALLAD OF MODERN WINTER.

Asparagus and shad are nigh,
falle o'er our senses fragrance falls.
Of ripe strawberries we may buy,
we have dollars, you and I
May feast in springtime's gladdest way,
id Winter wears a hanguorous sye—
Gone are the snows of yesterday!

affodils bloom 'neath florists' walls
And blushing roses clamber high;
lasy purple orchid sprawis
With daises awest and violets shy,
o you gay meedows let us hie,
Gather out cut flowers while we may;
outh fades—love goes and roses die—
Gone are the snows of yesterday!

There in the shop a hat enthralls
Wreathed for softest summer sky
Hark how that little birdlet calls,
And none so poor to say we lie
Or hem or haw or wonder why
Or hint that we are getting gay
When for the ice cream fount we
Gone are the snows of yesterday!

L'ENVOL
Prince—when to these fair fields you'd fly
Charter an auto—not a sleigh;
Through early prinnose paths we'll pry—
Gone are the snows of yesterday!

New York Sun

A Message from Dr. Hodgson.

Mrs. Esther M. Howell, of Worcester, Mrs. Esther M. Howell, of Worcester, who says she is a good, old-fashioned Congregationalist and not a Spfritualist, picks up a pencil in an ordinary, every day manner, after reading about Mrs. Piper's refusal to talk to the public about Dr. Hodgson, and writes what she declares to be a message from Dr. Hodgson, who uses herphase of mediumistic powers as a substitute for those of Mrs. Piper.

As Mrs. Howell had to be inspired by the reading from the paper about Mrs. Piper, it is to be presumed that Dr. Hodgson must have brought the paper to her, or, at least, have hypnotized her attention upon that particular article.

particular article.

particular article.

It is very sensible on the part of Mrs. Piper to refuse to talk to the public about Dr. Hodgson. Such talks would tend greatly to destroy the bond of sympathy between herself and the psychic realm, which bond of sympathy should be kept intact until the conditions are right for the fulfilment of the compact.

The public are like children over such matters as these, and expect everything in-

matters as these, and expect everything in-stantaneously, like some magical transfor-mation. The laws of Nature and of Super-nature are founded upon the same prin-

nature are founded upon the same principle.

Does everyone go to Australia by the same means; under like circumstances; at same rate of speed, etc.? On their arrival does everyone find the same conveniences; are each alike readily settled, properly provided for, and mentally equilibrated? Think you that Dr. Hodgson, in his advent into a new and strange condition of spirit life, has nothing else to think about but his compact with Mrs. Piper?

The public seems to imagine that when a spirit throws off its mortal body and takes on an ethical body, that all it has to do is to turn around and shake hands with Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, Moses, Abraham and Job, and, with one hand resting on

thew, Mark, Lake and John, and resting on the throne of the Great Divine, touch with the other hand all the things of earth. Also, while saying "How de do," to the Angel Gabriel, at the same time send a telephonic "Hello! Rello!" to Mrs. Piper or someone

else.

"Whin ye go to America," says the mother in Ireland, "jest till my son Mike that his mother is well."

"And where, in America, is your son

Mike?" asked the traveler.

"Oh, you'll aisely foind him," says the mother. "He lives just around the corner

The public think of these spirit world matters pretty much as the Irish mother thought of America, and Dr. Hodgson not eight weeks departed. A spirit like his, freed from the bonds of flesh, and of a scientific, investigating mind, would not be content to linger near the surface of the earth. With eagle's flight he would soar into the farthest heights of the great arcana, stopping only when barrier intervened. Neither would he, if permitted to respond, be satisfied to establish his own identity at once, but he would take time to give to the world what he knows the world requires, and who knows that the newly arrived in an unknown land is at once made familiar with the lines of communication to that place from which he demunication to that place from which he de-

'Come, let us reason together on these matters." Truth can injure no one but His Satanic Majesty. I would rather be the promoter of one new grain of truth, than the promoter of all the wealth in Standard

Oil.

If Mrs. Howell picks up a pencil by inspiration and writes what she declares to be a message from Dr. Hodgson, who shall declare that this writing of mine, likewise

inspired by a newspaper article, is not also a message from Dr. Hogdson.
Evidences of truth to the world must be backed by something more substantial, and Dr. Hodgson was, and maybe is, fully aware of such fact.

Charles Beverly.

The Power of Emotion.

might have otherwise struggled for de-velopment. Priests have treated humanity as children, and not as reasoning beings. This was necessary in order to hold au-thority over them. Humanity has been swayed by sentiment and fear, instead of by a conscious knowledge of right and wrong.

wrong.

Religion has too long been a matter of emotion. It is very necessary to have a religion of reason. But reason without sentiment or ideality will make a cold-hearted race. It is best to be all-sided instead of only one-sided. A person long confined, suddenly let loose, is apt to abuse his freedom. Being within narrow mental limits is to cause a too extreme liberalism, when the tension is loosened. Thus people go to extremes. A preacher lately said: "Alast unbelief is like a toboggan slide. Once started on the decline, the speed steadily increases."

The fear of unbelief has been an emotion

increases."

The fear of unbelief has been an emotion that has checked growth. The great ideals that conscious knowledge creates, has not been developed as will be the result of presthat conscious knowledge creates, has not been developed as will be the result of present culture. A negro preacher was emotionally discoursing before a large congregation of his susceptible class of people on: "Why sit we here until we die?" He had aroused fear and trembling by his terrible pictures of wrath, until the people were frenzied with excitement. At this psychological moment an excited sister discovered a volume of smoke being emitted from the register and screamed "Fire!" A panic resulted and many lost their physical life, and a large number were injured. The preacher was intemperate of speech and innocently culpable for the disaster. If these people were endowed with more reason and judgment, and with less emotion of fear, the disaster would not have made such a brutal display of self-preservation as that which then ensued. The Golden Rule was lost sight of. Strong men beat down weak women and children in their efforts to save their precious selves.

A gospel of love and reason should lead their precious selves.

their precious selves.

A gospel of love and reason should lead us to help and save each other. Such a gospel is that of Jesus, when rightly applied; and the spirits of this era are bringplied; and the spirits of this era are bringing the same gospel to humanity, and it is developing a divine self-responsibility. Under its dominion over the human mind, there will result the emotions of joy. And banish all those of fear. A spiritual class will evolve who shall be freed from fear and superstition; and the true Christian will be evolved. We shall not lose any high ideals, but will gain them. Whilst opposed to crazy emotion, I am well aware of an emotion that wells from the heart's depths, and is the soul's tribute to love. No grander emotion exists than that

and is the soul's tribute to love.

No grander emotion exists than that which ties us to mother. No matter how old we become in this world, the memory of mother's care and sacrifice for us causes the sob and tear that sanctifies her devothe sob and tear that sanctifies her devo-tion, and likely blesses her in spirit. The hardened criminal weeps when the old love ties are recalled. A little child prattles gleefully to the stony-hearted, who has been untouched by priestly pleadings; and for this little love-light, he confesses sins and makes good resolves.

So there is power in emotion, and we must not lose sight of its true value. Let us hold to the soul-emotion, and banish the mental passion. Let us cultivate high spir-itual ideals, and not only have a religion of

mental passion. Let us cultivate high spiritual ideals, and not only have a religion of reason, but one that is blended with love, joy and thankful worship—these all based upon conscious knowledge, and the realization of responsibility.

Spiritualism will become a great human factor, and a church revolutionist, when it causes its devotees to have high ideals and embody the same in public efforts. We, too, must get away from the selfish spirit of being personally helped, and into the true altruistic spirit that will lead us to be devotedly helpful of each and all. We should make of Spiritualism a grand humanitarianism.

Barnum Had Not Met Him.

When P. T. Barnum was at the head of his "great moral show," it was his rule to stand complimentary tickets to clergymen. Not long after the Rev. Dr. Walker succeeded to the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Hawkes in Hartford, there came to the parsonage, addressed to Dr. Hawkes, tickets for the circus, with the compliments of the famous showman.

famous showman.

Dr. Walker studied the tickets for a moment, and then remarked: "Dr. Hawkes is dead; and Mr. Barnum is dead; evidently they have not met."

Old Gentleman: "What's that?"
Little Boy: "Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, locked out and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at, and jawed at, and that's all."—Sel.

Wee Hostess: "Mama, shall I invite Lucy Littnay to my party?" Mama: "Certainly; she is the minister's

daughter."
Wee Hostess: "Do minister's daughters

get invited everywhere?"

Mama: "Always."

Wee Hostess: "They has lots of fun, I

s'pose. I wish my papa was a minister, 'stead of a miserable sinner."—Ex.

Her Pride Had a Fall.

The Power of Emotion.

Geo. W. Kates.

Emotion is assuredly a human attribute of almost general expression. An occasional person seems to be too much a stoic to make such a display; but the criminal or callous individual will under some conditions of life display a tender sentiment or shed a tear. Neither warfare or crime have ever completely made humanity all brutal. And perhaps no brute animal exists that is entirely bereft of kind instinct and the love element. Surely they manifest love for their young. The human is indeed a callous person who feels no love for children generally, and especially if bereft of their own. There is always a lurking spirit of goodness in every person; no one ever was totally depraved. The doctrine of total depravity has been a curse to the world; for it has

At a certain point of her triumphant journey the impenetrable lady prepared to leave the car. She reached up confidently and pulled the bell rope, but, as she was on the left side of the car, it was the bell on the rear platform that rang. The car went on; the conductor, collecting a fare near the front of the car, saw and smiled, and the lady gave the rope another jerk, this time with a trace of imperious impatience. The car went on, the conductor's smile grew wide, the bell cord was nearly pulled from its fastenings when the lady stood up and-yanked it. She was two streets beyond her crossing when she turned about and, with mingled surprise and anger and ingeniousness, cried out:

"Why don't you stop the car?"

"Why don't you stop the car?"
"You didn't make any sign to me, Miss,"
said the conductor, as he pulled the right
cord. "I thought you was a practicin'
"Cash!"

'Cash!'"

It was Twentieth street and Sixth avenue; the rude shot went home, and, as the lady tumbled out, red and tearful, a dozen awful men roared with laughter.—Sel.

Better Than Spanking.

Spanking does not cure children of bed wetting. If it did there would be few children that would do it. There is a constitutional cause for this. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 237, Notre Dame, Ind., will send her home treatment to any mother. She asks no money. Write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child. The chances are it can't help it.

Mildmay has never been in the habit of punishing his children, leaving that disa-greeable duty to his wife, but the other day

greeable duty to his wife, but the other day one of his numerous progeny became very unruly and he was obliged to say:

"Flora, if you don't keep quiet, I shall have to whip you."

"Pooh!" retorted the little 3-year-old, with a contemptuous toss of her head, "you isn't the mother."—Sel.

Old Gentleman: "Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?" Little Boy: "Never, We have moral suasion at our school."



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book, and its merit should command for it a large sale. writer asps:

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Banner of Wight.

SOSTON, SATURDAY, FERRUARY 10, 1906.

Societary Rews.

respondence for this department should be ag at to the Editor, and must reach this office by the nail delivery on Monday morning, to ensure inser-

Boston and Vicinity.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. I, 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.

ences. The circles are very interesting. A cordial welcome to all.

Maiden Progressive Spiritual Society, Thursday evoning 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

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 Marriner of Roxbury will serve the society. Meetings every Wednesday evening.

Dwight Hall, Jan. 31. The Ladies' Ly-eum Union met in the afternoon for a ussiness meeting, supper being served at 30 to one of the largest companies of 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. 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. McDon-ough 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 and messages. Mr. Stuffevant read a erful 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-Jahnson. 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, 694 Washington St. Morning circle, beautiful thoughts and messages. Afternoon, readthoughts and messages. Afternoon, readings and tests. Evening, illustrated songs and beautiful pictures thrown on canvas, by Prof. Charles Walker. Mediums of the day, Mr. Provoe, 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.

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 "esent. Mrs. Wells presided at the piano and read an inspirational poem. Mrs. Pierce manifested her gift as a healer. Mrs. Rolling 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.

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 eneeting 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. Mrs. Stiles. Mrs. 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 invocation. Mrs. Moore was the divocation. 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 communica-tions, 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 yocal solos by Mr. Dewhurst were much appreciated. Helen M. Putney of Lowell, test medium, will address the society next

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. cellent messages, as did also Mrs. King, Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Bradford, Much mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Bradford. Much interest is manifested in the new movement. Dr. Geo. A. Fuller lectured Feb. 4 at 10.45, subject "Mediums," was very interesting and instructive. Both his lectures were most excellent, and large audiences greeted him. Mrs. Ruth Swift will mday

The First Spiritual Society, Portland, Me. The First Spiritual Society, Portland, Me.

—Two very large audiences greeted the ventrable 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 heautiful 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 noted for giving fine suppers, and also has many friends interested in its welfare. This many irrends interested in its wellare. 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.

the Heatley trio.

Lowell, Feb. 4.—A large authence greeted Mss. 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 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 Wednesday each month), all the January Wednesday. each month), all the January Wednesdays have been devoted to the public work, with Mrs. Pyc, Mrs. Helyett and Mrs. Caird as mediums. Jap. 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 orraphophone concert. A mystery table 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, Worstern St. 1988.

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.

sport of

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. 122 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 apoke 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. Mrs. J. 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. Russegue, who made a very interesting address, to which about one hundred and thirty-five listened with rapt attention.

Norwich Spiritual Union, Norwich, Conn. rapt attention.

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 gavg 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 "The Spiritual World," to a large and ap-preciative audience. Both addresses were followed with spirit messages and clairvoy-ant 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, Min nie Meserve Soule, pastor, holds services every Sunday evening at 7.45 in the Ban-ner of Light building, 204 Dartmouth St.,

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 ternoon, 446 Tremont St., mediums wel ductor

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont St.—Bible Spiritualist Society, Mrs. Gutierrez, presi-dent, holds meetings every Sunday. Circle, 11 a.m. Evidences, 2,30 and 7 p. m. Circle. 4 to 5. First Spiritual Temple, Exeter St.-Lec-

ture at 10.45 a.m. and 2.30 p.m., through the mediumship of Mrs. N. J. Willis. School at 12 m. Wednesday evening con-ference 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., up 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. American Psychical Research Society, Inc. Harvey Redding, president, Odd Fellows' Hall, Malden Square, Malden, Sunday even-ing, 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 presi-dent, 202 Main St., Everett, the last Fri-day in February.

Grand benefit entertainment, Commercial Hall, 694 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 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 persors 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.

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WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

Side Lights on Wonder Wheel Science.

Daily Saldance for All, by Birth Sumbore.

By Professor He

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			7			10	11	13
Jan. 21-83		6				E		K	14	8		Œ,
24-35-26	F	-	6	-	-	7	E	-	K		B	
27-28	-	F	-	6				E		K		
29-30-51		-	F		6		-		E		K	-
Feb.1-2	-	8	-	F	-	6	-		-	E	-	-
3-4-5	K.	-	B	-	F	-	G			-	E	
6-7	-	K		B	-	F		G	-		-	E
8-0	E	-	K	-	8	*	F	-	6	-		
10-11		-6	-	K			-	F.	-	6		
19-18		-	E	-	K		8		F	-	6	-
14-15	-	M	-	E.		K		B		F		
16-17-18	6	-	M	-	E		K		8		F	. 2
19-20	-	G	-	-		E	-	K	-	8	-	F
21-63	F	-	G		-		E	1-	K		8	-

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

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, 1852, 1862, 1867, 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

in mind, that there are exceptions in an 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 legtures on various subjects. All of Prof. Henry's published works are for sale at Banner office.

Chats with the Professor.

"In public, you say that people so times give wrong dates, in an attempt to fool the astrologer," writes, a correspond-ent. "Do they ever give wrong dates in private?"

private?"
"Some do, at private interviews, to concal 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 fiatly that they had not given true date. Admitting the fact, they would declare. I did not think it would make any difference as L thought you read as fordifference, as I thought you read as for-tune tellers do, and would say things to please me. True astrology is quite diffe-ent than 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 heav-enly laws and good judgment give all the success that can be achieved by man. Use

enly 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 to make the reading, but when the planetary laws of the two are not in harmony, then the readings are ofttimes 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 piggon-holed, slip out of its routine or der 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 cross-

"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 blooks of references are misplaced, and interfere with the clearness obis 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 ence into play. Oh, yes, these little things, from time to time, are apparent in everyone's life, even in the best regulated families, but 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 miswithin 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 hogo or die' hole, or broken picket, in the boundary line of the 'enclosure, the mind of man perversely misled from its growth, will struggle and squeal, rather than be induced to rationally consider the 'straight and narrow path.'"

or the 'straight and narrow path.'".

Are these influences good and evil? has Are these influ often been asked.

Are these influences good and evil? has often been asked.

Why, of course not, from the divine standpoint, is the only fational 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. Eyen 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 convinuance the system is too weak by its previous failures to stand the pressure. Such is the law of death. There is no other law but the numerous scarcerow laws of presumptuous

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 boager, 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 smallpox was a more frequent visitant. 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 comthe same. As the planets change so all before has passed into oblivion. For com mercial 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 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 aexcuse 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 a-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

it, when the times are good, and prepars 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 fad might then be indulged in at their proper individual time, without fear of disease or death. Even microbes might be eaten at the propertime, 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 norance 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 soo peo-ple. They need not be discouraged, how-ever, 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 sup-

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 embedies 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 Scharffetter,
Secretary First Spiritualist Church.