

BANNER OF LIGHT.

FEB 16 1906

AN EXPONENT OF THE

PHILOSOPHY

OF THE

UNITED STATES

VOL. 98—Whole No. 2550.

Publishing Office:
204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1906.

\$2.00 Per Annum, Postage Free. NO. 26

GEORGE WASHINGTON.
FEB. 22, 1906.

Mime Inness.

The Age's Hero, crowning out a race,
No single nation can to him make claim.
Earth's widest confines bow before his name,
Yielding to him of all men primal place.
In all the virtues which mankind can grace.
Ambitious, as a soldier, for no fame
Except to serve his country; with the same
Desire as statesman; for no trace
Of selfishness, or rancor, or the low
Upon that calm, majestic face is seen.
The patriot, who in war struck hardest
blow,
In peace ne'er let appear his warlike mien.
And, while the first in war, the first he was
in peace;
And ever shall be till our memory cease.

The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whitting.

"Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing
Behold her grown more fair.
Thus do we walk with her and keep
unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though
unspoken,
May reach her where she lives."
Longfellow.

There is one question continually asked by experimental observers of the possible communication between the Seen and the Unseen—"Why do they not tell us something that we want to know?" The desire behind the question is for some strange and startling sensation; some unformulated and more or less incomprehensible revelation of some incomprehensible condition. As a matter of actual fact any one who will read with attention the literature of Spiritualism will discover that the communicating intelligences have told a great deal of the conditions and nature of the life beyond. But that which is told is so simple and so natural that its very naturalness and comprehensibility discredits it to those who are seeking for sensation and who do not "lay hold," as St. Paul bids us to do, on the spiritual life. Now one reason why those on the unseen side do not tell us anything very startling may well be that there is nothing very startling to tell! Let us suppose that one going abroad writes from London or even, Cairo, or Calcutta, to friends who have never seen those cities. The letter very possibly—even probably—deals with much that the recipient might not untruthfully call mere trivialities. The kind of weather encountered on the voyage; the degree of health, or illness; the little details of landing, the custom-house, the hotels, the train service, a thousand minor things fill the letter. And the receiver of it might exclaim: "This letter cannot be from London, that city of intense significance, of great historic interest, great occurrences of life so different from ours; or from Cairo, with all the marvelous monuments of marvelous ages; or from Calcutta,—that strange land of strange conditions of life!" Thus might one reason who had never been abroad. But to the traveler there is no break in the continuity of the simple, natural life. He is the same being in mid-ocean, on board a steamer, that he was in Boston, or in Denver, or in Seattle. He is the same being and all the conditions are as natural to him when he enters the Taj-Mahal as when he enters the Public Library in Copley Square. As for the potent history of all the ages; as for the contrasting conditions of contemporary life that he may find, he cannot translate these in his every day letters to friends. He takes them for granted. Surely, there could be no traveler more sensitive to conditions or one who could more intelligently interpret them than Bishop Phillips Brooks. Yet to read the published collection of his letters to home friends while abroad, while visiting the marvels of Egypt, of India, of the Holy Land,—is to read little save the simple, natural expressions of affection and interest. In the Holy Land his feeling seems to have found its condensed expression in that one perfect lyric,—
"O, little town of Bethlehem!"
For wherever one journeys, his own life accompanies and invests him and through

its medium, as through an atmosphere, are all things translated.

There is in my own memory a vivid recollection of an intensely warm day in Manitou, Colorado, a few summers ago. The heat was exceptional for Colorado that day, and perhaps hardly recurred once in five years to such a degree. About noon a little party of us seated ourselves in the car that made the three hours trip up to the summit of Pike's Peak by the cog-wheel railway. Nothing seemed more superfluous than the fur-lined wraps with which each was provided, but on reaching the summit we found ourselves in a violent storm of snow and wind and sleet. The cold was singularly keen and penetrating. Yet, on one side, looking downward to the West—from this peak where, save for the compass, no directions could have been realized,—far below was a glimpse of blue sky and sunshine that shone out of all the surrounding gloom and desolation like a stage picture; like the vision of angels in the last scene of the opera of Faust. There could hardly be imagined a greater contrast than all this untranslatable wild and desolate scene,—cold, dreary, with its sublimely desolate isolation from ordinary life and experiences; this gray and infinite "No-Man's Land" into which we had entered,—there could hardly be a greater contrast than this to the blossoming summer and the liquid sunshine that made resplendent the atmosphere we had left behind in lovely Manitou, embowered among her forest-draped hills. Still it was all natural. We were ourselves, just the same, and all was just as natural, in the sense of reality as was the summer-land below. Might one not take such an instance as this as a typical one illustrating the truth that the nature of life is so absolutely evolutionary and not revolutionary, that all experiences, all changes,—even that of death itself are, to the individual experiencing them, perfectly natural?

"We drag at each remove a lengthening chain."

As for the simple, natural description and interpretation of the life after that change we call death, there is an abundance. But to those who "would not believe, though one came from the dead and spoke," what does it offer? And if this very large and constantly accumulating data make no impression, then any multiplication of it would likewise make no impression. As for one record, take the absolutely natural and rational communications made to Kate Field by the means of "Planchette" writing under her own touch,—the intelligence alleging itself to be her father and every word and expression substantiating this claim. By the kind permission of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. (holders of the copyright) the following extract from Miss Field's record of those "Planchette" communications (which have been incorporated into a book issued by Little & Brown house) are presented:—
"Miss Field writes:—

"I have seen enough of what is called Spiritualism to be convinced of the honesty of many of its 'mediums.' It is too late in the day to brand as humbug all the phenomena which have been witnessed by some of the best and clearest intellects of the world. 'A rose by any other name will smell as sweet,' and perhaps Spiritualism, by any other name, will be more grateful to the sense, but that there is in it something unaccountable to science, is a conviction entertained by too many sane minds, for disbelievers to consign them to a lunatic asylum.

Of one experiment she records:—

"If this is really my father, why have you never before manifested yourself?"

"Because you have never made the attempt. I have been ready time and time again to manifest myself, but you have never shown any disposition to bring yourself in rapport with me. I am not prone to interfere where the spiritual influence is not fully established. If you care to investigate this matter, you can have such proof as will satisfy you of the truth of much-abused Spiritualism."

"If it is not I writing, how is it that I know what word will be written just before it is traced on the paper? (I have no idea of the sentence in its entirety, but each word enters my mind before it is written.)"

"My dear child, do you suppose that I can influence your hand to write without previously influencing your brain? Don't be alarmed. I assure you that you are thoroughly innocent of abetting me in so stupendous a manifestation of power hith-

erto either ignored or scoffed at. Be firm and resolute. Don't let the derision of Mrs. Grundy deter you from following the bent of your inclination, no matter what that inclination may be, provided you feel morally certain that you are serving yourself and your Creator. No one, man or woman, is given aspirations to be stifled. Nothing but untold misery can come from—"

Planchette stood motionless, and I asked if the sentence was finished.

"No," she replied.

"Then why don't you go on?"

"Because it is difficult to impress you with ideas that are but half formed in my own mind."

The sentence remained unfinished.

Of one "sitting" when Horace Greeley was present the record runs:—

"The company was about equally divided between Spiritualists and sceptics. As Planchette manifested a lively friendship for Horace Greeley,—quite firing my arm by rushing towards the side of the table at which he sat,—Mr. Greeley expressed a desire to know what friends of his wished to talk to him.

"No friend of yours good honest Horace, for you are honest in spite of what the Copperheads say,—that is, you do not know me for a friend, having had no earthly acquaintance with me. My name is Joseph Field."

"Are the planets inhabited?"

"Yes."

"Where does the life of man begin?"

"On this planet. When we are gradually removed to others as our ties become more of spirit than of matter. We make the cycle of all the planetary systems."

"Has climate any effect upon spiritual bodies?"

"Only as it affects our magnetism when brought into relation with yours."

"Who are with you?"

"George Washington sends greeting."

"What is Washington's opinion of Grant?"

"Well, I'm not much better at a speech than General Grant, but I think tolerably well of him, on the whole. He is not by any means a great man, but I believe him to be well-meaning. He is not a statesman, but he has enough commonsense to put clever men into the Cabinet. He will not betray the Republican Party, and therefore will be an agreeable change. He will not please the Radicals particularly."

Mrs. Field, who sat by asked her husband if he were happy, and he replied:—

"I'm in a sympathetic atmosphere for the first time in my life. I had traces of old Nathaniel Field's (an ancestor) physiognomy not only in myself, but in our daughter."

"What sort of a man was Shakespeare?" she asked.

"Shakespeare was not a saint in life, according to orthodox notions, but he was a generous hearted, noble fellow, and a tremendous worker. Charles Dickens is about as hard a worker as Shakespeare was."

"Would you compare the two?" continued Mrs. Field.

"Of course not, and yet there is a similarity in the order of mind."

"Surely you have not attained Shakespeare's level. How then can you associate with him?" she again questioned.

"But I tell you that spirits are linked together by harmony, and if I am not in sympathy with Shakespeare, with whom am I in sympathy? Don't you suppose that Shakespeare is a teacher? Of what benefit are his heart and intellect, if he does not keep school?"

"Then he is your teacher?"

"Yes—guide, philosopher and friend."

"What do you think of Benjamin Franklin?" Mr. R. inquired.

"Franklin's mind was very good as far as it went, but it did not go very far. He is of hard fibre, and spiritual life has not made as much impression upon him as upon many others of inferior reputations."

"How do spirits look?"

"We show our souls. Whatever our nature, that is seen in our figure and face."

"How are spirits occupied?"

"They do almost everything here."

On another occasion the following was written to Miss Field through Planchette:—

"Science can do nothing mark my words. They (the scientific men) will acknowledge it, and declare it to be an undeveloped law of mind. They will take their stand, and you won't be able to make them leave it until the whole world cries aloud at their obstinacy. Christ went through the same ordeal. The scientific were not his followers."

But science has advanced since the time when this was written, and many years later Kate Field herself wrote, in a private letter to a friend,—"I look to science to prove immortality."

All that was written through Planchette to Miss Field at this time represents a perfectly natural condition of life and reminds

one of Emerson's remark that he believes heaven to be without any melodrama. A great number of persons communicating in various ways and at various times from the ethereal realm all bear striking testimony to the absolutely natural character of the conditions in which they live. Kate Field herself, in reply to a question, wrote one day through the hand of Mrs. Piper that she had been attending a musical convention with Adelaide Phillips and that she and Miss Phillips were composing some music together. What more natural? For Miss Field's leading interest was music and in her early girlhood she was studying in Florence, for grand opera, although later circumstances led her into other pursuits. But the very persons who most demand literal details of the life beyond are the first to deny any claim to credibility on the part of those who give these simple and natural records of an existence which is, apparently, in the line of evolutionary development from that of the present. With them may we

walk and keep unbroken

The bond that nature gives.

The life beyond is undoubtedly far more simple, natural and evolutionary in its progress than we have yet learned to realize. In the next paper of this series I shall beg to present more of the testimony and descriptions of the life beyond from communications made to me by Kate Field through the wonderful psychic power of both Mrs. Soule and Mrs. Piper,—testimony that gives some very clear ideas of the conditions of life in the ethereal world. The Brunswick, Boston.

The Dark Webs of Doubt.

Mary K. Price.

Like a shadow over the sun, or the coming of night, creeps Doubt into the human heart, though everything in nature, from the smallest atom, to the largest planet, seems to teach an abiding and steadfast faith. Seed times followed by harvest in the on-rolling months, promise by fruition.

The grass blade pushing up through the soil, and its rootlets reaching down into the earth, can neither of them know what awaits it at the end, but placed in the ground it follows its mission of growth, and it might, warmth and moisture await this tiny green shoot, which has but to reach out to find them, is it logical to suppose that anything required by man would be denied? But there must be the seeking, the reaching toward the source of supply, and to do this requires faith. Faith in our own ability, faith in the integrity of humanity, and faith in the goodness of God.

The child knows nothing but trust. After many futile attempts it manages the first step, and no matter how many the failures thereafter, it never stops trying till it has learned to walk. So with the many other things which it learns in infancy. It has not learned to reason, hence no doubt assails it. It blindly tries, and succeeds; but as time advances, how different the child's outlook upon life. Through school days and up to maturity he so often succumbs to his failures. "I missed last time, no use trying again." Doubt, in business and the different occupations; the young, the middle aged, and the old; all so frequently give up saying, "I lack the ability, education, opportunity," or something or other; anything for an excuse to stop trying; simply because of listening to Doubt.

Yet it is a fact that no handicap will prevent our accomplishing the thing we are really determined to do. Why? Because when we really want a thing we put Doubt under our feet, count no failures, nor see them when they come, but with a faith that is sublime in its intensity, push forward and accomplish our object. True, we have not all an equal amount of ability, and few reach our ideals, but faith and perseverance will bring a fair measure of success to any man. But once let Doubt gain control of one's character, causing him to distrust his own efforts, his hands are practically tied, and progress prevented, while, when exercised toward others the effect is still more dreadful; the nasty, sneaking suspicion of others' motives, estranging friends, causing unhappiness to those about us, and

choking the garden of the mind with noxious weeds.

One need not be so credulous as to be gullible, but credulity is a mild fault compared to constant suspicion, and among the angels of another world doubtless we shall find many of those whom we designated as "chumps" here.

Better be deceived a thousand times than doubt all goodness and virtue.

The business of the world is carried on by faith. The credit system. A check is but a guarantee of faith; in the integrity of him who offers it, and the solvency of the bank by which it is issued.

If the whole business structure is built on faith, let us take it for ourselves, pull our feet from the slimy pool of Doubt, and climb toward that shining star called Success, which Faith sets before us!

Was It Hypnotism?

In the "Banner's" recent issue of Feb. 10 an instance is given by Dr. John D. Quackenbush of the healing of a young woman as the result of hypnotic suggestion, under the heading "Hypnotism Conquers Death."

The writer begs leave to take exception, and emphasize the fact that hypnotism, pure and simple, formed no part of the cure related. Hypnosis—as the word implies—is an artificial sleep, in which state the soul of the subject is only semi-conscious, and obeys the dictation of another and stronger will. In this instance, however, there was simply an appeal from a strong, healthy soul to the sluggish, torpid soul of the patient to arouse, to assert itself, which dominant consciousness then responded to the call and came to the front to resume the control and inspiration of its own organism. The mind awoke instead of being put to sleep, the opposite condition from hypnotism. This is spiritual healing, the power of the regnant soul made manifest, and is exercised constantly by those who do not practice hypnotism, who can "show you a more excellent way," those who serve gladly as willing instruments through whom divine agencies can bring a baptism of health and strength.

A prominent professor of Harvard, himself an advocate of hypnotism, once affirmed that "the effects of hypnotism are always superficial and temporary." The worthy Dr. Quackenbush (perhaps unconsciously), possessed doubtless a strong healing gift, an imperative soul; for the mind, per se, has no healing power, the efficacy of the human will is limited, but the possibilities of the enfranchised spirit, in its at-one-ment with Omnipotence, are boundless.

Susie C. Clark.

Washington, D. C.

Bigotry.

The era of bigotry must be near its end in spite of the darkness clinging close to the earth in places. We say men are becoming enlightened, and this is true, they are, and then they cease to consider themselves their brother's superior. They allow the rights of others to think according to their training and circumstance. The Catholic is proud of his church and its dignity, and he thinks with justice. Very well, but let him think kindly of the man who would rather stand alone as a free man than be connected with a power claiming to be infallible, but whose history to the keen outsider is marked with blunders and cruelty. The Protestant is proud of his right of private judgment, and this is a worthy pride, but it is only for himself when the Unitarian or the Spiritualist comes in, then "private judgment" is not to be allowed. This has made sceptics without end, and has made the judicious blush at the stupid bigotry thus manifested.

The Spiritualist has not always been without this beam in his eye, and particularly should pluck it out because it is clear to him that heaven loves to manifest itself in many ways and he knows behind all seeming differences there is a unity of love and service, a heart of right that means to be right and never have the shadow of bigotry.

"That which thou wouldst not suffer thyself, seek not to lay upon others."

THE GROWING GOOD.

William Brewster.

Out of today and tomorrow,
Out of its smiles and tears,
Out of the passing of sorrow,—
The joy of existence appears!

Out of our watchings and waitings,
Out of the circling years,
Out of our loves and our hatings,—
The glory of good appears!

Out of our woe and pleasure,
Out of our heartache and fears,
Out of our loss and our treasure,—
A beautiful love appears!

Out of distress and sadness,
Out of the sky that clears,
Out of the often found gladness,—
The star of hope appears!

Out of smiling and weeping,
Out of the grave that nears,
Out of waking and sleeping,—
The life immortal appears!

The Benefits of Life.

William Brewster.

It is a great gift to look out on the world with the eyes of interest and wonder that we have. It is so from the beginning. As children we see beauty and blessing everywhere, and this grows upon us more and more. Now all this is a benefit not to be denied, and the natural return we should make is to follow this out in all its leadings—make the most of it. It is conceded by some who have grown out of touch with this spirit of joy—that it is all very well for those whose lot is pleasant and who have friends and are still in good health and on the bright side of fifty—that they can do, but let age be coming on, and friends going, and all the rest, and it matters not how much they have beside—there is little to be thankful for.

Oh, I don't suppose any of us wish to change places with anybody else. I confess I don't; however much better they may be in fortune or gifts. I want to be the one I am. I improve on my own personality, but we often see people to whom their discontent seems a shame. It seems rank ingratitude for what they have. There is much to make them happy, but they will not look at the benefits—they are going to see only the things they think they lack. And nothing is more pitiable than this. For, with that state of mind, it is not what they have that is the important matter. A sieve holds no water, and ingratitude has no chance of enjoyment, for it always wants more. Therefore, I come back to our culture of the bright sentiments. Force them to the front; give them undue prominence if you please; because the evil and grumbling and pessimism needs this corrective.

Our fear of happiness has struck to our bones. We are suspicious of good, and we have to take as our only true working theory that we must abide by our best hopes and faiths and loves. We are either in a prison, or in a house. I think this is our Father's house with many rooms, and I think a broad earth like this—with hills and oceans and woods and streams with such grand sky above it—has every indication of being for our joy. And every new power at our disposal shows the same thing. Therefore, to so believe and act is the right attitude of free souls. To persuade some people of this would be the beginning of a new life, and they would make discoveries of benefits which are now hidden away from them. I often wish that a voice could be given me to preach this as I feel it; and then I know that there would be an immediate change for some that would be like the touch of Spring coming to the Winter gardens and fields. We should begin to don our garments of gladness and praise.

One of the famous violinists was Paganini—wonderful for his execution on one string—said to be the result of a suggestion of a friend, who thought him capable of it. I think it was well enough as a trick of skill, but a poor thing for a master musician to do. He ought always to have done the best he was capable of doing with the whole instrument at his command, for we wish to know the higher divineness of music.

So with relation to people who try to be satisfied with a low range of living. If they have food and clothing and shelter, they can get along. But that one-stringed instrument forgets that man is body, mind, soul, spirit. We are to satisfy the whole range of being and try to make the melody of a well-tuned life. I do not believe in self-denials that simply rob the body or mind. Let us have all the good things falling to our lot; but let us use them as blessings. It is but a very little while that we have them, and if we have not done good with them then we have the unhappiness of recognizing this when it is too late to amend it. We cannot get too much of money or learning or success of any sort, if we can use it; but if it is a dead weight on our hands, or if it is made a disappointment as not giving good, then there is new sorrow for us. It simply lies here—that with every gift there is a responsibility that we are to meet.

It is not to be wondered at that so few of us accomplish what we desire, because the root of failure lies in the feebleness of our desire. We make our experiments all round before we come to the deep conclusion that life is only for one great purpose, and that is the reality of love and obedience to what we know to be the true and good. All other things come as tributary to this stream, and make it broad and deep; but this is the great thing we are to care for.

Then we come to a part of life that we do not sufficiently consider, and that is the putting aside of care that does not properly belong to us. We are to remember that the world was here before we came; that it will remain after our departure, and that some one is Master of it—and that we have not to carry the burden of all its happenings. We serve in our place—we do our work—and then we leave the result with him.

Some men say:—I don't see as it makes any difference whether it is Nature or God. Well, let me tell you the difference as it appears to me. If it is Nature—mere play of powers that have such wonderful results—I am put out of the way of understanding it. I get results by reasoning and working according to principle, and if it is true in my case as part of the whole, it must be true of the whole, and a thing will not do what mind or person will do.

Then by the thought of Love being in the world, I have something to rely upon in my own love. It is out of this great Love as the raindrop is out of the ocean. The raindrop will abide because it will be caught in the arms of the ocean and have rebirths innumerable. I cannot fear that my love will perish, because it is the expression of His divine mind. I can only care for it in its daily uses. I give it to things and causes and people for whom it is properly intended. I protect it from wrong by using my powers, but there must be the Eternal One to carry it to its glory, and the thought of God is this assurance.

And it makes our future all right. I have friends who say that the thing they desire to know most of all is that we still go on, that we continue after the change of death and have opportunities of unfoldment, as good as we have here. The uncertainty of this to them is the one drawback in life.

Now, I like to put it in this way. I am invited to the house of a friend. I find everything prepared for my reception, and glad entertainment. I am treated well for a long time; there is everything done for my comfort. Would it be a proper return on my part for this benefit to begin and doubt the goodwill of my host? Should I impeach the reality of his generosity by wondering if on the morrow when I awaken from sleep, he will be as good to me then as he is at present? I should put myself down as hardly worthy of further consideration. Well, I look at the benefits of life—I see them extended over my whole course, from childhood on, and on, as far as it can go in sight—after this full and constant giving shall I foolishly stand and doubt if God means it as far as He has made me to hope? My hope is in virtue of his present giving. It is the seed of His own sowing—it were a sin and a shame to doubt. The only true thing that I can do is to stand fast by the higher impulses of my nature and because they are large and beautiful in their promises, because they are in keeping with the God thought, I cling to them. I show myself to be a man in so doing.

Love is a matter of faith. I love another because I have faith in him or her. And when I have love for God I have faith in all the possibilities of life. I see that they are in their seed state. They have only just begun to manifest their power of sending out roots of inquiry as to what there is to feed them. And my love persuades me that as for the oak—so for man—so for me—there is soul and season for unfoldment.

Now, has not a real man some real assurance in all this? He has to carry the logic of events to their clear conclusion, which is that the Master of Life means well by every one of us, and that He will bring to pass what he has put into our hearts to hope for?

Then what shall I do for this? I shall trust Him, and not speak ill of life, and as for what we call death, but which is only the fuller form of life—for that I shall be immeasurably thankful. I will wonder with joy at the benefits and beauty it will bring to me as the completion and perfection of my days here.

Spiritualism from a Unitarian Outlook.

The Evening Argus, Montpelier, Vt., by liberally reporting Rev. Charles P. Wellman, Church of the Messiah, in that city, in his recent consideration of the topic, "Unitarians and Spiritualism," enables us to pass on to our readers one of the fairest words we have noticed for many a day—from a church centre. Mr. Wellman said in part:

"The subject is suggested by a question put to me of late by a parishioner: 'Why do so many Unitarians become Spiritualists?' There are several pertinent facts to be remarked before taking up the question. Are we suspicious of Spiritualism? But scientists of repute—a class of men whose habit of work makes them careful about accepting evidences and conclusions—men more suspicious and cautious than we are—are giving careful attention and study to psychical research and the claims of Spiritualism. What is their judgment? That there are things happening in the spiritual realm that we can neither carelessly put aside with a wave of the hand, nor yet that we can explain. The advice of one of the most eminent scientists of England, Sir Oliver Lodge, is that it is just as wrong to be dogmatically negative in this matter as it is to be dogmatically positive. Straight-forward open mindedness and an attitude of sound and healthy common sense is what we want.

"Another fact. Our faith in life after death is so well grounded in us that we can hardly conceive that at the beginning of Christianity that faith burned less brightly. But what was it that allowed young Christianity to conquer when the Christian faith and several others were struggling to win the Roman world? It was more than all else, this Christian faith that life continued after death. What has given rise to Spiritualism and kept the cult alive? Curiosity? Entertainment? Joke pretenses? No, but the self same faith of life after death, that gave Christianity the victory centuries ago. It is the burning desire to know positively that they who were dead, are yet living. Spiritualism has then a sacred reason for existence, in the presence of which there is befitting only an attitude of reverence and respect.

"One thing more. Are you aware that progress is being made in Spiritualism? Such is the case. Only dead organisms are to be feared. Spiritualism is not as old as Unitarianism; its advent was in 1848, yet fifty years has seen great progress in its domain. The crude kind of physical phenomena, such as was usual in the early stages of Spiritualism, has assumed a more

subtle form. Telepathy—that marvelous power of mind that reads the mind—has been discovered and found wide recognition.

"Why do Unitarians so often become Spiritualists? Not that they leave their church, but become Spiritualists within their church. The implication is true. Dr. Minor Savage, our wisest known minister, is one. Many of our parishioners today hold that faith. It is because of the attitude a Unitarian naturally assumes and of his active faith in the biblical injunction, 'Know the truth and the truth shall make you free.'

"Two attitudes may be assumed toward Spiritualism or any other ism. That of blind prejudice and that of self-contented indifference.

"The attitude of ignorance or indifference is that of the man who criticizes that which he will not investigate and knows nothing about. Both such attitudes we must condemn, first in ourselves, then in our fellows. Essential sympathy with Spiritualism is easily found. Take your pencil and write Spiritualism, drop off the 'ism' that denotes a system. Spiritual. Be Spiritually minded says Paul and you have secured life and peace. Again drop off 'ual' that merely changes the name to an adjective, the thing into a quality. What have you left? Spirit! That is the basis of every faith that is worthy a man's notice.

"Then allow that this is a spiritual world, that spirit is ever Lord over body and matter, and who can tell what is in store for us? You and I cannot truthfully believe in communion between spirit here and spirit there, until we have had some convincing personal experience, but we can conceive ourselves of the power of Spirit over matter and keep our minds open to whatever truth may be reached. We can say what we know is, but as Charles Kingsley points out, we can't say what is not.

"What people can do in every church is to spiritualize their lives, their thoughts, their homes and their churches, see that their happiness and peace of mind and real prosperity are dependent on something else than outward possessions; renew their confidence in the eternal power of spirit over body and not think that the revelation of the Spiritual world and its unseen power is all revealed. That old prophet and saint, John Robinson, leader and pastor of our Puritan fathers, gave us better teaching when he founded part of the early covenant, declaring 'The Lord hath yet more light to shine forth from his holy word.'

Doubters Have Taught Us All.

Thomas C. Rice.

Mr. —: You send me by mail some expressions of opinion by — with regard to conditions awaiting us in the (happily remote) future, for few of us long for its speedy commencement, as, however delightful may be our environments there, we are in no haste to avail ourselves of the promised experience. And in that, perhaps, we are less influenced by fear or hope than by the common love of terrestrial surroundings.

It is more than likely that you would be gratified to learn the amount of stock I take in —'s position, and to what extent our reasonings run parallel. The subject considered is rarely taken up in actual seriousness, as the so-called "without God" are seldom armed for contest with or assault upon a foe a thousand years entrenched in dogma and now barricaded by creed. While the many have been turned aside from religious contemplations by senseless threats against unbelief, threats contained in Scripture and reiterated and magnified in horrors by the majority of religious teachers, as if it were possible to alter belief at will, as if belief could be in any sense a subject of volition.

I have read and reread the articles sent me with interest, for all good writers attract my attention, and even if not enlisting my sympathies by a correspondence of reasoning, absorb for the time my care and add to my delights very much, as, when observing a complicated piece of mechanism, I get spellbound in following its intricate movements to the final result.

But —'s position does far more for me than simply to excite my curiosity. It entices me to learn whether her reasoning shall fairly establish what I have long believed, that theory of dual life involving immortality of the soul, which the Bible, Koran or other sacred books fall so far short of, and instead incite to skepticism and lead to absolute and pronounced unbelief by their absurdities and improbabilities with regard to the first-named, the old book, its wickedness in acts perpetrated under the express dictation of the Jewish Jehovah.

The Old Testament questions immortality. "If a man die, shall he live again?" and leaves us inclined to answer in the negative; while the new promises but proves nothing, unless we feel disposed to accept the resurrection and ascension of Christ as evidence. But even that as given and much accepted belies the very pith and marrow of universal law as now known to exist beyond the shadow of questioning.

The story was told by men who lived when science was yet scarcely in the embryonic state, and today we absolutely know that the leading features of the narrative, as generally accepted, are rank absurdities. We positively know that the mortal body of Christ, having once died, could not, even by the power of God, be reanimated without disrupting the universe. Is this blasphemy? Think for a moment. Was there ever in the history of the world a well authenticated instance of suspension of the law of gravitation, or can there be until in the remote to come the universe still under the guidance of law, fixed and immutable, "shall be rolled together as a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat," a crisis foretold through inspiration, and sure to come. Even now that prophetic vision is being verified to the keener eye of science and its progress noted.

But that law, that one of the two fundamental laws that hold a swaying, surging myriad of worlds in perfect equipoise and balance is not being violated and is the atom not equally with the world subject to law? Are not the body of Christ and the

planet Jupiter equally amenable? And yet our Christ arose, but not the perishable Christ you think of.

That God could, by a process once prophetically described, roll the entire universe into chaos, I do not know and so I will not doubt. But that he can or will ever trifle with a fundamental law of his own making, one upon which all stability depends, is too absurd for consideration. Therefore I will ask, and expect a negative reply: Did our Christ—for there have been many—ever experience resurrection in the sepulchre or rise from earth in the flesh? Ever raise the really dead? Walk on water? Turn water into wine? or by an act of volition subdue a turbulent sea?

Through hypnotism, of which we have reason to believe he was supreme master, he may have fed the multitude with a morsel and sent them away satisfied. Science is fact determined and whatever falls short of or lacks demonstration, lies outside the limit, and science says that no matter how much a devotee may cringe to a written word, or how often common sense—though steeped in science—shall bend the knee to an idol embalmed in ancient lore, they cannot for long make impossibilities seem even probable.

Of Jesus Christ and his teachings I am an ardent admirer. That he ever taught the irrationalities ascribed to him, I disbelieve, and were he not human I would adore him; but being a man, born of woman and conceived by the only process nature has devised, I can only admire, but cannot worship. Let the church that originated the scheme espouse the fiction, for which I loathe the monkish imposition that beclouded so fair a name and fame with the fog of romance. I love the man Jesus Christ, our Savior from the ills of soul and sense through precept and example.

Do you tell me that Christ was God? Then why that despairing cry uttered upon the cross, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?"

But for that Jewish romance, that travesty upon common sense, if not taken seriously, but as pure romance, is surpassingly grand and beautiful, a most noble literature. Yet as the Word of God it is beneath a serious view.

The writer of the first book, or any book, did not know the world was round, nor did God teach him the fact. He (Moses) if he was indeed the author, which is a matter of no consequence, placed the sun, moon and the whole planetary and stellar systems within reach of a Remington rifle ball, a fact most unmistakably stated, if, in reading the first chapter of Genesis we give each word its proper meaning and have, withal, some conceptions of the depth of our atmosphere. He knew no difference between water in vaporous clouds and water in liquid mass. He thought the sun and moon were made expressly for the benefit of that hair-clothed, prehensile-tailed, arboreal beast, the primal man, and the stars were cheap tinsel work, were spangles pasted against the firmament for the jibbering ape pair to dote away a sleepless night upon, or possibly to reach for and eat from this wicker nest of sticks and cane in some towering tree-top. And what is claimed for it is less, if can be, than ridiculous. While as literature, poor romance, and undefiled by arbitrary pretence, it finds its equal only in the very cream of ancient or modern literature.

Divested of its mortuary wrappings of superstition and taken for what it really is, it is needful, almost incomparable. As well commit to extinction Homer, Virgil, Dante, Schiller, Hugo, or Shakespeare and Milton. It is a priceless treasure heap of letters.

But those who hold it in such fanatical regard and bid us bend to it in fetich worship, incline the masses to spurn it as if its very touch might breed pollution or excite suspicion of soft credulity. Who, reads the Bible now? Women and young children and such men as have learned to admire it for its real, not its fancied worth.

But this is wandering from the text: and her dual man, her ethereal man, and that temporal cloak of grosser matter, for all is matter to be rated only by degrees of density, keep even step with me in cogitation, except her progress is greater and opens wide the portals of a new heaven and a new earth, such as has been foretold—sometimes obscurely—but yet told, by every race of men since man began to think in words, and foremost, clearest and profoundest of all those prophets, if read aright, was that lowly man of Nazareth, whose simple name incites to reverence.

I said, "since man began to think in words," for only in words can thought proceed. Mere rumination of ideas without purpose, without definite aim, is not thought. A dog may ruminate, but not logically. He drives no stake and carries no chain. He dashes headlong through brush and bramble to his purpose, while man will start to an ultimate and follow back to its source, or vice versa.

Each successive landmark is a thought embalmed in words, and by these symbols, "knowing that he knows, and thinking that he thinks," solves his problem. Man arrogates to himself a higher type than simple reflection, a mental jumble. He labors to think. 'Serious thought,' thought worth entertaining, is mind in travail, and only through travail can be born legitimate conclusions. At times men say "I think." They lie. They only dream, are only cognizant of fleeting shadows, vapors of contemplation.

But — thinks, and catching at the finis of St. Paul's survey, runs back the gamut of the lines, verifies each angle, and halting at the point of beginning says: "There are two bodies, a natural body and a spiritual body," and a profounder doctrine is evolved than the immortality of flesh and blood, or even that of ignis fatuus, that infinitesimal spark of nothingness, spirit divorced from matter. The relationship between the ethereal and that grosser form of matter whose certain dower at dissolution is disintegration, is severed for eternity.

But to Bryant's question, "How shall I know thee?" I would answer, "As you know me here, by my looks, for this is the only, the real I." Death, and death only, is the doom of that which, beautiful as it was, and wonderful in its complexity of design, that fitting copy of the inner man is but a carcass now. The man has gone. That dead thing of which the spirit was in every sense, but sense, the prototype, is verging toward decomposition, while the man has winged

his way to the all encompassing realm of thought, its parent element, the land of recognition and the bar of judgment, there to persist in its individuality, and there, though perhaps unconscious of the fact, a part of the living God, of him who at some supreme era in eternity, willed ethereal matter into chaos and chaos into a system of suns and worlds. Think not now that because you alone can do nothing, that the aggregate of mentality is equally impotent, nor believe that what you represent—undeveloped faculties—cannot fathom or appreciate—is therefore inconceivable; but think, think on. The day of real, larger life and truth is dawning. Your religious teachers, many of them, have sworn themselves to seek the truth, and so declare it, excluding from belief if not from creed effete dogmas, ridiculous assumptions and doctrines born of superstition and of fraud. But don't take stock in all things new. Drop the lead of thought for soundings. There may be shoals, there may be breakers ahead, but "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." Call for proof even in temporal matter. Look upon a name neither as a fetich nor a bugaboo. Doubt even the new theory of Marconi if you will. The sceptic is the surest footed and the most honest of men. Doubters have been the major-generals of the race. They taught us that worlds were made up in eons, that we ourselves are the legitimate descendants of a happy pair of hairy apes, chatting in a tree top to frighten away the slimy, huge winged lizards at the foot. They taught us that the earth revolves and shoots through space, but ever confined to an orbit. Doubters taught us all we know. They are God's ministers of progression.

But about Marconi. That he crossed the ocean with a wireless message I believe, but I saw it done sixty years ago, and it was done in New York in twelve months to the extent of one hundred nautical miles. It has been done for ages in India until it is almost commonplace. I do not dispute the accomplishment, but doubt Marconi's theory. Call up six intelligent men and let Marconi make them as conversant with methods as he is himself and if five of them succeed, then the theory is probable. If six, then confirmed until further rejections. But if only three can do it, it is thought transference—telepathy. The remaining three are not gifted, but the genius—Marconi. Even if the master inscribes his thought in characters or symbols three thousand miles away, it is but a step sideways, or advance upon what has been. In 1835 a woman died in London, and that very day and hour her daughter in St. Johns, N. B., was apprised of the fact. The next ship from London confirmed it. As the mail report and notes taken at the time of impression were in correspondence.

A woman in New York, whose daughter was at sea, heard in audible tones, "The ship is sinking and we shall drown." The ship was lost one hundred miles at sea at that hour. And many like incidents might be cited. They are the whisperings of a multi-God, merging toward its primal oneness, of a temporarily disintegrated total of mentality whose name is Alpha and Omega. I was, I am, I shall be.

"New Tables of Stone."

A collection of fifteen essays by Henry M. Simmons is presented under the unique title of "New Tables of Stone," the initial paper bearing the title of the book and among others are "Unity through Diversity," "The Cosmic Roots of Love," "An Old Parable Extended: The Divinity of Man," "The Water of Life," "The Breath of Life," "The Enlarging Thought of God," "Christianity Then and Since," "Various Meanings of Easter," and "The New Year of Religion."

Mr. Simmons had already made a strong impress on the thoughtful public by his book called "The Unending Genesis," and such is the exalted quality of his work that Dr. Andrew D. White ranks Mr. Simmons with such men as Phillips Brooks and Dr. Munger.

The entire quality of these essays is intensely vital and offers a panorama of new views of life. In the essay on "The Divinity of Man" Mr. Simmons, alluding to the manner in which the physical universe is being conquered, says:—

"Even that electric demon of the storm, which was once thought his worst foe, man has tamed and sends in the signal service to warn the world when the storm is coming and so disarms it. 'Canst thou send lightnings?' 'Yes,' man replies, 'send them and make them!' and he is making them continually to do the mightiest and the most delicate work, to draw railway trains, or ring a doorbell, to run under the ocean and around the world on his errands, or carry his own voice across the land."

"He has already invented a steam-engine that runs by mere sunshine; and which Ericsson said would yet draw his railway trains so, that he would literally fulfil Emerson's saying and hitch his wagon to a star. He virtually makes the heavenly bodies come to him. By his telescope he makes the moon come the most of the way; and by the spectroscopic he makes the sun come all the way and have its gases analyzed as if he had them in his laboratory. He even weighs the sun and puts furthest stars in his scales."

Mr. Simmons observes that it is not, however, this work with physical things that shows man's highest quality; but "in his thoughts of things invisible, his work with a world subtler than that of science."

In the paper on "Various Meanings of Easter" Mr. Simmons points out that "things grow more active as they become unseen," and he says:—

"The apostle compares life to a vapor vanishing away; but vapor proves to be the most powerful kind of matter and vanishing to be a sign of vigor. Water must put an utter invisibility in the boiler before it can draw the train. The celestial ether is the nearest to nothing in the universe, yet the most energetic. Our contemporary, 'Light' in London, says that Mr. Simmons is prophet, teacher and poet in one and adds: 'The Various Meanings of Easter' is a fine presentation of the undying hope, with the help of scientific conclusions concerning the powers of invisible and intangible things. If any one still wants intellectual, ethical and spiritual reading, let him get 'New Tables of Stone.'"

MANAGER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING OFFICE.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKS
No. 204 Dartmouth Street, next door to Pierce
Building, Copley Sq., Boston, Mass.

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS,
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY.**
14 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.
41 Chambers Street, New York.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE
Per Year \$2.00
To Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand, Ten Shillings and sixpence.
Postage paid by publishers.

Managing Editor.....IRVING F. SYMONDS
To whom all Literary Contributions, News Items, Reports
and Announcements must be addressed.

Treasurer and General Manager
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Banner of Light

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1906.

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

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

OUR GEORGE WASHINGTON

The first in peace, the first in war, and
first—
In loyal hearts that loved him to the end,
The people's pride, their leader, and their
friend.
Who brought good hap from what appeared
the worst.
A country with contending factions curst,
Until the States as one did nobly blend.
And nations could his victory commend.
To see its glory like a sunrise burst!
And we are of his race and with him one.
In seeking still the further good of man;
The ideal still the eyes of faith look on.
To carry out his grand enlarging plan;
And all achievement that we gaze upon—
Is praise to him our first American!

Courage of itself, immediately and for all
time, carries great reward and blessedness.

Cowardice has no compensation but
shame.

When men speak evil against truth, don't
desert it

If Spiritualism is true to you it is true,
and you are to be its friend and stand up
for it bravely.

Washington and his troop when twenty
miles out from Philadelphia on their way to
Boston were met by a messenger riding at
post-haste bearing to Congress news of the
Battle of Bunker Hill.

"Why were the Provincials compelled to
retreat?" he was asked.

"It was for want of ammunition," he re-
plied.

"Did they stand the fire of the regular
troop?" Washington anxiously inquired.

"That they did, and held their own fire
in reserve until the enemy was within eight
rods."

"Then the liberties of the country are
safe!" exclaimed Washington.

Spiritualism is the appeal not to the mere
seeing of the eyes and the hearing of the
ears, it gives evidence to them, but it has
the grand moral appeal which braces a man
to the full strength and stature of his man-
hood. It is saintship and heroism if you
will.

We are grieved as we learn of the illness
of our valued contributor, Charles A. Daw-
barn. We beg to join his long list of older
friends in praying for his peace.

Our friend, Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker,
informs us that the "All-Day Meeting" held
in honor of the Rev. Moses and Mattie
Hull, who are in California in the interests
of the Morris Pratt School, made last Sun-
day a memorable one for Spiritualists in
San Jose. The special invitations read,
"Come and hear Moses Hull, the ex-ad-
vent Minister and Biblical Scholar." Well,
those of us who have heard him in this role
can easily comprehend Mrs. Barker when
she writes it was a "rousing day here."

Mrs. Kate M. Ham writes from Pitts-
burg, Pa.: "I am here for February and
March serving the First Spiritual Church,
Mr. C. L. Stevens, president. They cer-
tainly have a church to be proud of and the
attendance is large."

The usual prevailing color of black, which
the mourning world, irrespective of creed,
seems bound to display as its mark of grief,
was notably absent in the mourning em-
blems for King Christian in Copenhagen.
Spirits almost always when expressing
themselves on this subject testify to the
depressing effect of our sombre displays,
when they come into our surroundings.
Now that a royal mark has been placed on
color, we may find it easier to meet the
world's eye and carry ourselves in less de-
pressing forms.

Messages.

There is an intense desire on the part of
inhabitants of the spirit world to make
known their immortality and happiness to
their friends on earth. We have been im-
pressed deeply with this truth during the
communication of the messages published
in our columns. Parents wish to speak to
children, children to parents, and friend to
friend.

These short, familiar, characteristic mes-
sages are doing their work in arresting the
attention and in convincing thousands of
the truth that spirits do communicate with
men. We look upon this as the great ques-
tion to be settled in the public mind.—Banner
of Light, May 7, 1857

George Washington.

A nation must preserve its history of
heroism. It must tell over and over the
story of its own making and growth. It
must recount the deeds of its brave men
and show how it stands for something in its
unfolding. It has to do this in order to
keep its own people in love with the line
of its traditions.

And this is the justification of the celebra-
tion of the birthdays of our great men
like Washington and Lincoln. These are
the two which we most delight to honor,
each representative of qualities that we can
proudly call American though they belong
to our human nature. Lincoln is a little
nearer to us in time and nearer to us be-
cause of his poverty and hardship, and has
more of the modern democrat about him
as being of the people. But Washington
grows upon us by study, by his fixed deter-
mination for the liberty of the Colonies,
the planting of a Republic, and by the pa-
tience, persistence and sagacity with which
he carried out his plans. He had so much
against him and so little for him, so many
traitors in camp, so many foes in the guise
of friends, that we marvel at the work done,
the victory achieved.

This is the benefit of the celebration that
not only are the children in the schools
directed to study his noble character and to
learn particulars of him and of his times,
but that the grown folks have a revived in-
terest in the man and are led to catch up
with the latest additions to our understand-
ing of him. New information is arising all
the time, and we are revising our opinion
of him so as to see the great merit of his
masterly presence and leadership.

The change from one form of rule to an-
other is not an easy step to take. People
are satisfied with the old, rather than make
a disturbance and come to something bet-
ter. They do not know that it would be
better, and not until they are forced of their
supineness, do they realize the great diffi-
culties in the way. The Colonies had to be
moulded to the purpose of freedom, and
kept to the aim of it by the force of the
minds of the leaders, and these stalwart
souls had burdens to bear which giants
alone could carry.

Washington was the man of destiny un-
doubtedly in those times that tried men's
souls. His training, his position, his wealth,
his courage and steady patience were the
forces centered in him and giving him
leadership. None of the others had any-
thing of the like combination of qualities to
carry the army, such as it was, to victory.
It was not by accident he stood in his place,
and it was not without the noblest show of
courage, prudence, strategy and surprise
that he made the Colonies to win out so
gloriously.

The war brought the Colonies into the
union which gives strength. It is a neces-
sity that forces be combined to make them
effective. It was the lack of unity that
made Washington so long about his task.
Generals were intriguing for their own ad-
vancement. The men could come and go
pretty much as they pleased, and how
Washington could be so brave in adversity
and discouragement is the one bright thing
to his praise and renown. Indeed the whole
story is a parable to reformers to learn to
stick together and do something. It is a
warning against self seeking and the deter-
mination to rule or ruin. Benedict
Arnold comes out as the Judas of the
cause, but the white name of Washington
shines like a star because principle was
above everything else to him.

And the character of the man was admir-
able in retirement as well as when for eight
years he was President. He had his foibles,
his weaknesses, but to think of them in the
presence of his sterling qualities is simply
ridiculous. It is that smallness of mind
which can make no friends because forsooth
they are not in every particular according
to our notion. The true George Wash-
ington is the man who responded to the
need of the hour, who was not afraid of
place and position which meant danger and
loss. It is the patriot that thinks more of
country than self, and who wished the Re-
public of man to surpass at every point
what had been the cruel and selfish empires
of old.—He is indeed worthy of our admi-
ration and praise as long as the rivers run
and the sun shines and man can dream
divine dreams.

A Startling Announcement.

"PAULINE EPISTLES WRITTEN BY A FRENCH-
MAN."

We read a little while ago a very start-
ling fact (?) about the New Testament man-
uscripts. We have suffered a number of
shocks of this kind before and have not
been particularly bothered with them, but
this being the latest, gave us a surprise that
we have not quite recovered from. The
fact (so-called) we allude to, was the an-
nouncement that "learned critics have found
some 600 old French words in the original
Greek of the Pauline Epistles."

This gave us serious pause. We
were greatly puzzled. We put on
our thinking cap and tried to work out this
dream. At first we laughed at the easy
way with which modern iconoclasts go
through the temple and smash the idols of
the people, and they feel that they deserve
credit for it. And they get it. Mr. Dog-
berry tells how he would write down his
name as a suggestion for the name of an-
other.

There is no mention of who the learned
critics are; of what they are masters as
critics; indeed, there is only a bald state-
ment that keeps us guessing how such a
momentous announcement could be made
without the backing of proofs. These six
hundred words ought to have been given
us, their equivalents in Greek might for our
amusement have been shown us, and if we
had not understood them, we should seem-
ingly not have been treated to a fairy story.

Now it would make no difference to us
how the Epistles of Paul, or the four Gospels
were produced, but when you come to
name a fact you must show it to be such, or
give it its proper appellation. Let us call
this a crazy man's dream, who knows, as
much about Greek and Latin as Tom Thumb
knew about the pyramids. Let us think of
these learned critics going to an evening
school in some Young Men's Christian As-
sociation, and after hearing about compara-
tive grammar and the root origin of the
European languages, make such a startling
discovery as this that in Greek and Latin
(either languages) and in French, the off-
spring of Latin, there are words with the
same roots, the same meanings, and O,
more than we can write about, and they had
actually discovered 600 of these coinci-
dences in one supposed ancient writer
called Paul, and these same coincidences
proved his so-called writings to be modern
forgeries. Why it is as clear as a pike-staff
how effectually they have done their work,
and the whole world of learned critics
would at once shout Amen.

We ask to be forgiven for any seeming
lightness on our part, but we do hate to be
shocked in this manner, and then see there
is nothing to it. It is right down mean to
play such a school boy's trick merely for
the sake of seeing us jump.

The question seriously opens out the re-
sources of scholarship in relation to our
knowledge of the ancients and how their
works have come down to us through the
changes and dangers of time. This of itself
is a life-long study, and requires a proper
equipment of language and interest and re-
search to make the statement of a man
carry weight.

There are those who will try for fame,
but become only notorious. They go off at
half-cock, and the weapon being a blunder-
buss, kicks them over. Scientifically we
cannot call a blind guess a fact, and we
cannot prop up a man of straw in the corn-
field of literature, and suppose that any-
thing but a crow would be afraid of it. We
still await with eager interest the proof that
the Epistles of Paul were written by a
Frenchman, and if such a copy has been
found, we would like to know why Yale,
or Harvard, or the University of Chicago
has not heard of such a treasure? We have
nothing more to say, we are dumb with
wonder.

Progress.

It sometimes seems to us that the best
way to make progress in the establishment
of our faith is by attending strictly to the
business of showing its beauty. We are
often in the ardor of discovery, apt to be
severe with the ism out of which we came.
We find it easy to express ourselves in
strong language in regard to the outworn
creed and the binding dogma, but very

much of that is not worth while. Lincoln
once told a man to write out the indigna-
tion he felt for another, and when it was
done, advised him to put it in the fire. He
had expressed himself, and it was then time
to forget it.

Now we have a number of truths waiting
elucidation and illustration, and we can
afford to let orthodoxy alone for awhile
and attend to these things. We are writing
new bibles; we need not worry about the
contradictions of the old. We are getting
acquainted with a new order of angels with
the fair faces of those we love, we can fore-
go complaint about the ones with wings.
We are learning of the larger God, we need
not demolish the old, he dies a natural
death. In fact we are up and doing some-
thing new all the time, and we can let the
dead bury their dead and seal up their sepul-
chres, while we make progress in the
sweeter, higher life that truth and our loved
ones reveal!

Shall the M. D.'s be Legalized to Kill?

The reformer is ever proffering his ser-
vices to aid the creator for the improve-
ment of things. This time it takes the
form of legalizing homicide, when the doc-
tors agree that the patient is "hopelessly
ill," on the plea of saving from needless
suffering. We have learned to look for all
sorts from "medical science," but when so
large a man as Prof. Norton of Harvard
writes seriously endorsing the purpose of
the busy women who seem to be in charge
of this new "reform," and the legislature of
so important a state as Ohio actually puts
itself on record as seriously considering the
subject by "referring" it in a vote of 78 to
22, it seems time for us to consider the
proposition.

Are we so well satisfied with the finals of
the M. D.'s that we wish to give this added
power to them? Too many worthy people
have been unjustly committed to hospitals
for the insane on the judgment of these in-
fallibles, either because they did not know
or for a price. Either cause would disqualify.

An unscrupulous doctor, and our Medical
Association in Massachusetts has just put
itself on record as having such, by remov-
ing one from its lists who, previous to the
noted Geary trial, was in good standing
with our sapient State Board of Registration.
A greedy M. D., with this power in
his hands, could be of much service to self-
ish relatives of the sick, longing to be rid
of the incumbencies of inconsiderate in-
valids, refusing to accommodate by
promptly dying. But are we quite ready to
loan ourselves to this kind of "clearing"
by legalizing such removal?

Think you this is "merely wild talk from
a Spiritualist editor?" If you recall, in the
experiment related by Dr. Quackenboss of
New York (if a Spiritualist he certainly
does not know it), as reported in the
"Banner" of Feb. 10, the girl on whom he
exercised the power of hypnotism was left
by the attending physicians, they "having
withdrawn from the case as beyond the
pale of hope." No, there is a growing
tendency to lawless daring in the profes-
sion and we must not be tempted to in-
crease the risk by any such legalized sup-
port.

In this discussion some doctors have
grown bold to declare their practice in cer-
tain "fatal" cases without law.—notably the
New York surgeon who confesses to hav-
ing used chloroform on a man who had
been terribly mutilated by killing him with
this powerful anaesthetic.

No, it is enough, so long as medical
science is such an uncertain thing, to let
the festive M. D. be the only legalized
healer (as he is in many states). Let him
flaunt his diploma as the only "regular."
When the patient is dead pass him on to
the undertaker "certified," but, in these
days of demonstrated power in Spirit He-
aling, it would indeed be an outrage to have
the spirit of the sufferer burdened with the
knowledge that the attending physician had
the legal right to pass on his fate. The
magnetic hand and the healing soul can
charm away pain and bring relief, and we
are learning better ways of living, which
will save us from much of the misery we
endure today, and, if the state will have its
hand in what seems to us a matter for the
liberty of personal choice, let legislation
compel the medical institutions to learn
of these things by experiment and culture.

The Henry Frank Controversy.

Behold what a fire a little matter kindleth.
Mr. Frank in extemporaneous speech
makes statements which when brought to his
notice he finds he did not exactly mean. To
confess error is to amend it, and we wish
to carry the cool, judicious spirit that sees
things after the noise of battle is over.

But the controversy might go on like
Tennyson's brook; and thus would not be
profitable. A fair reply to statements on
both sides is fair, and then our readers are
to judge how the matter stands.

It seems that Mr. Frank was moved to
say his word because of something he had
read and experienced. His experience in
camp-meetings doubtless is not solitary,

and Spiritualists must lament most of all
such occurrences as those he mentions.
There is to be a new spirit of reverence for
our religion that will not allow the shadow
of suspicion to rest upon it.

But we are not going to give up our life
and hope and faith because some have im-
posed their meanness on the name. Not by
any means. We cling to it all the more,
and affirm our allegiance to the truth we
know to be true.

Take Christianity, has it been free from
fakes and frauds? Not if we look at it
closely with the careful historian. But the
Christian is not held to his belief in its
worth by the deceit. He knows something
and holds on.

Now every Spiritualist has immediate evi-
dence that spirits commune with us. Ac-
cording to his calibre will be his use of this
knowledge. And there is no power to pre-
vent the foolish from being foolish. We
have only condemnation for the cheat, the
trickster, and regret that even one in a
whole summer can receive the countenance
of those who conduct camp-meetings or
visit them.

Now we come to the real issue of where
lies the blame for any cause of complaint?
Is it not in the selling out of the truth by
such men as Mr. Frank? He says he was
inclined to come to Macedonia and give
help, but listened not to the vision and the
voice because of the pitiable condition of
the country and its inhabitants. It is a poor
confession to make, however much it may
be condoned by prudence. The fear of
blame and shame would have debarred any
cause from the chance of a beginning; if
all men had listened to the warning of so-
called respectability. It is the honest, fear-
less man who is wanted to make the claims
of truth known to the world. Spiritualism
needs such upright, daring teachers and
exemplars of its virtues, and never did it
need them so much as at this moment when
Scribe and Pharisee are asking that the
truth be carried to Calvary and crucified
before the people.

Our Interest in the Congo State.

Africa, in the beautiful, expansive region
of the Congo River, was opened out to the
world by that daring traveler Henry M.
Stanley. Where he went the sunshine fol-
lowed in the dark continent. The powers
of Europe were not slow to occupy this
vast and beautiful territory and virtually
claim it as their own. There is an associa-
tion of the Powers of Europe to keep it in
order and administer its affairs so as to
make the natives their servants and slaves.
The rule has been a disgrace to the name of
man and civilization.

Mark Twain poured boiling lead on the
scandal and made it run down the back of
Leopold the Second, King of Belgium, who
has grabbed the absolute rule of what was
to be divided among many. He has been a
tiger in human form—and the story is so
dreadful that it makes us shudder and yet
rise in mighty protest against it. The
United States government is about to be
asked to do something effective to stop the
depopulating of this realm by the rapacious,
blood-thirsty cruelty of its supposed guard-
ians. It is a cause of humanity worthy of
our assistance.

The Rev. Herbert Johnson of this city is
so far interested in the subject that he takes
a six week's absence from his pastoral work
to lecture on the subject in the principal
cities as far west as Chicago and through
the south.

We hope our readers will avail them-
selves of any opportunity that may come
within their reach to hear this earnest man.
If the people can be awakened to the enormi-
ty of these horrors, their voice will go far
toward enforcing the request that will be
made for Washington to join with England
in demands upon this greedy butcher.

Poetry.

The writing of verses is one of the joys
of youth. It is fascinating to put in rhyme
our feelings and our thoughts of beauty. It
is one of the signs too that we are open to
the inspiration of unseen friends. We are
pleased to acknowledge all this, and for pri-
vate enjoyment, or for the pleasure of a
warm circle of friends, it is all right to give
or show our verses. It is a culture and
delight.

All the same young people (and some
older ones) need not be surprised when
their poems do not get printed. The world
could not contain the books of verse that
might be printed if it cost nothing to issue
them. It is safe to say that the best advice
possible to give a young writer is, do not
attempt to get your lines into print. Read
what you see in the newspapers generally,
and you will see outworn subjects treated
in a commonplace way, with poor rhymes
and weakness of expression. The chances
are your verse is just like that. You need
some one to properly criticize, and then
you need to try prose.

Writing is not dashing off so much. It is
having something to say which lies near
your heart and that your head has been at
the pains to master, and then you must be
as careful in the utterance as if you were
speaking to kings. It is no rebuke to writ-
ing to have matter rejected, it is a demand
made for the best you can do at your best.

The Rebuttor.

A Sword of the Old Frontier. By Randall Parrish. 407 pages. Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co.

This is one of the best novels of Colonial History which has been produced.

There is not a dull page in it. It is well written in a clear, clean and easy style. It stirs the soul of a man as the Indian tales of earlier times stirred his boyish blood. Although it is full to the brim of Indian warfare, it is as far as possible from the "blood and thunder" stories which were once dubbed "Yellow covered literature."

All through the tale runs a sweet love story which starts by its denouement at the close.

The plot is excellently managed. There are no anachronisms. The Indians are real men and Pontiac is a genuine chief.

The most thrilling description is that of the contest between a vicious and powerful dog and the hero who had just escaped his Indian captors in the darkness of the forest at night without arms and with his hands bound behind his back.

The reader wishes the author had omitted "onto" and "overly," and that he had better studied Cassidy's dialect.

To read the book brings back to manhood those Saturdays in boyhood when, safe from the observation of elders, the Indian war whoop smote his ears in imagination as his eyes conned the forbidden pages. This book gives us the boyhood thrill and satisfies at the same time an older literary taste.

The Most Popular Home Songs. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York.

Like old friends returning from a distant land after a long absence, comes these old songs. The collection is a good one. The present generation, to which many of these will be new, should study them. There is nothing better today. The mechanical part of the work is all that can be desired in an edition such as this was intended to be.

We have received from Fred D. Warren his article in Wayland's Monthly, "Why the Church Opposes Socialism." It is the Socialist's idea of the position of certain Evangelical branches of the Protestant churches today upon Socialism.

The American Newspaper Annual, published by N. W. Ayer and Son Newspaper Advertising Agents, Philadelphia, Pa., is well worth the five dollars it costs. It is invaluable to a newspaper office to know who are in the business in the different states, and to have an accurate record of them. There are some 1,300 pages, very clearly printed, and with the maps and index of towns and their population, you have all you could ask for in such a work.

Messiah Pulpit is the title of Dr. Minot J. Savage's sermons delivered in New York city and printed in this form for forty Sundays or more in the year. The price is \$1.50 a year and gives one the ripe thought and invigorating of this brave, outspoken man. They are practical, greatly helpful in daily duty and daily care. He has found a large circle of friends by their publication and those who cannot attend church—or don't care to—will have a church of their own and a very excellent minister in reading these sermons.

Leontine Stanfield's Book of Verse. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York. Paper. 3 by 7 1/2 in. 25 cents.

This is a book of poems. It is literature and while the diamonds it contains are not highly polished, the marks of the cutter are not all obliterated. It is real poetry, but unconventional. The power is there but the author fears that the uniformity of a finish would cause her verses to lose something of their human interest. The poems are full of human interest and that's why they are rightly styled literature. The tone of pessimism we are sorry for, the fruit of life tasted and found bitter is too often present. One feels that the depth of the author's nature struggles to come out, but it is so evidently repressed that we are sure it is there. The true poet needs only to sing his own song, but this song is only hummed. It should come out. It is worth knowing. Mime Inness.

Dr. Bland's "In the World Celestial."

The Editor of the Chicago Courier, in issue of Feb. 4, says: "Dr. Bland has written several successful books, but his latest book, 'In the World Celestial,' should alone make him famous."

Souvenirs.

Have you seen the souvenirs of the "Birthplace of Modern Spiritualism" and the V. S. U. home? They are very attractive indeed. They are all prices, to fit any purse. Sofa pillow tops of plush with the "Fox Cottage" or the V. S. U. Home, done in pyrography, at \$1.00 and at \$1.25 each; card cases, either design, in leather, 50c.; calendars, 50c.; blotters, 25c.; pen wipers, 15c.; fobs, 25c. Come and look at them or let us send you one neatly packed in a box for ten cents extra.

Warren G. Richards' Entertainment

The character sketches and delineations given at the entertainment in the Banner of Light Building, Jan. 30, by Warren G. Richards were exquisite in their pathos and delightful humor. The unique way in which Mr. Richards becomes at once the character he depicts, so that one forgets everything except the personality portrayed, is charming.

His "Mr. Dooley on Microbes" was so well done that one readily imagined himself sitting before the fire with "Hinnissy" and listening to the philosophic arguments of the witty Irishman. "The Country Schoolhouse" scenes were well rendered and the "Old Hoosier and His Fiddle" was a bit of

acting with musical accompaniment that no one who was present will forget in many a day. The whole entertainment was so clean and wholesome that it was a delight to be there.

Spiritual X-Rays.

Lillian Goddard.

One by one the stars shine out in the purple duskiness of night and the air is heavy with the perfume of many flowers. The hour is at hand when my astral self can roam at will. Sometimes it pleases me to linger upon the earth plane, and mingle unseen among my fellow mortals, and more often I bid farewell to Mother Earth for a time and stand in astral body upon the astral plane of our future life, beyond the flesh and this world of care and pain. Every physical object has a spiritual side as well, and, knowing this, I have cultivated the spiritual X-ray nature. As the material X-ray has a searching quality and can probe the very depths of the material body, so also do I claim the like quality for the spiritual X-Ray in a spiritual sense.

With this power of electricity surrounding me, I drift away in the starlight tonight, leaving earth with its shadows below me. I know not where I shall land, or when I may return to my earthly home again, but it is written that I must come back. Some twilight I am going forth never to return, but I must wait for the Heavenly summons and my Earthly tasks are over.

Out of the darkness into the light of another world I float; as I pass along I feel no weight-of weariness of mind or body as in Earth life, but an exhilaration pervades my spiritual system and a happiness beyond expression. "Light as air," I float along, leaving the cast off garments of flesh in the material world. No more sickness and no more pain; no parting with loved ones any more, for from the astral planes one can reach easily to the planes above; no more poverty or sin; all this belongs to the material world.

The great and wonderful Power which controls all planets and people forbids me to see in its perfection the glory of the future world; I obtain glimpses now and then, as the heavy curtain of mist lifts and reveals the sunshine beyond. A world beyond earthly description is before me as I gaze in silent wonder and adoration. I dimly understand that I am looking upon the first step in the Heavenly chain of worlds leading upward to the heights of the Infinite. Intuitively, I understand that in the astral world we pass an examination and receive our grade of standing, as we term it in school parlance here. How many poor souls, groping in the darkness of earth life, would find their burdens a featherweight if the knowledge of future happiness in the world to come could be theirs while here, but for some wise reason our Father is silent. I think we attain goodness and perfection in the astral through the like qualities within ourselves here, no matter how dimly shadowed forth, and the Great Power wishes the good of our nature to bring us to the Heavenly Kingdom without hope of reward; otherwise, if we bring worldliness into Paradise, it ceases to be Heaven. We rise or fall according to the angel within us. It is the divinity which we possess in our natures here which acknowledges the divinity of the Christ. We view dimly the splendor to come. Certain favored mortals of this earth are permitted to converse with inhabitants of the other land. Spirits having been encased in flesh at one time can sometimes come to their former condition; while I, a visitor in the beautiful summerland, must stand apart. I am not one of them; I know that I am here to bring comfort to heavy hearts on earth, otherwise I should be an intruder, but I have a work to do among the weary ones that toil without hope. The God of Mammon strides through the material world destroying beauty and goodness everywhere. It creates sin and misery for the people, and our good Angel cries out in anguish at the wreck of humanity. But the Angel whispers to the material world to turn our hearts and thoughts to God, as the flowers turn to the sun, and expand in the higher air.

Everything material must die, it is a law that stands throughout the ages, and the more we strive for the spiritual nature the higher we climb toward glory. Every inhabitant of the astral kingdom gravitates toward his conception of Heavenly bliss, as we have different tastes and qualities here, so do we there also. The music which is so inspiring to some souls would be the reverse to others; it might with some be a punishment. The flowers of astral life are abundantly beautiful and seem to be the embodiment of good deeds and thoughts of earth life. The strain of music which I hear has for its refrain that "all life comes in time to God who gave it." It may be a weary journey, but we are gathered home at last. The hope of future bliss makes the sunshine of this earthly world of ours, and the people without hope, even if they are highest in earthly glory, are the most unfortunate. The light of the higher life is falling from me and the great and mysterious force of electricity which surrounds me when I travel toward Astral Land is loosening its hold; soon I shall mingle with the world of mortals. The pleasure and pain of earth will be mine again, but I have the blessed hope and knowledge of immortality, and in the darkest hour this world can ever give me I hold the light and conviction of another life that is coming to all.

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining; Behind the clouds is the sun still shining; Into each life some rain must fall, Some days be dark and dreary."

The Scientific Aspect of Prayer.

David A. Lelak.

The utility of true prayer from the soul of man to the great source of all cannot be over-estimated as a proper and scientific method towards the obtaining of that assistance which is rendered necessary by trying and difficult circumstances. Because

the nature of real prayer has been misunderstood and abused by ignorant individuals, is no criterion that prayer, when used understandingly and with right motives, cannot bring to the soul the aid it requires.

Definite prayers get definite results—generalizations when the soul wants something is not of much account. It need not consist of a fine flow of language, or be full of "vain repetitions," but it should be short and to the point. Remember, kind reader, that when you have begun to voice your petition, that in all probability you have attracted within your vibration a spiritual messenger who waits to hear your request and to answer, if permitted by circumstances, so to be brief with your invocation and to the point will not only save your time, but will also be more respectful to those angelic powers who are desirous of assisting you. Think, my friends, if you ever get to be an angel messenger to stricken humanity, will you appreciate loud, drawn out prayers, filled with repetitions and presumptuous requests? No, you would want them short. That prayer is scientific in its nature and can bring to us specific results we will endeavor to demonstrate. Some people will ask how can God alter the immutability of his laws by answering the prayers of humanity? Is not all that is the resultant of natural and unalterable law, and therefore incapable of being changed? That is true, but we do not request the Infinite to alter the order of His creation when we pray; we simply ask that He respond to our petitions through the operation of a higher law. The greater always includes the lesser, and therefore we premise that no law of creation is transgressed or altered to respond to our prayers, but that simply another and higher force is put into action, which transcends the lower and brings about the desired results. Prayer binds all humanity about the feet of God, and is a connecting link of the soul to set in operation vibrations of aspiration which find their response in the action of a higher order of being. In our ignorance we limit the action of God, and can find no sphere of conscious activity outside the realm of physical causation. We imagine that all there is of God and life is what we can see and cognize through external vision, and therefore we do not pray, or expect to see the unexpected happen in the school of life's experiences. We have relegated the realms conscious to physical matter, and outside that externalization of manifested life we cannot go. That is why material science says prayer is useless, as we are all obeying the order of immutable law from which there is no escape. Yes, when we bind our souls to earth and to the prison cells of matter we are then bound in a fateful chain of events from which apparently there can be no getting away. We must look higher for the solution of life's problem, and also for the action of transcendent forces which bring us into union with spiritual law and order. Coincidence or accident does not by any means explain the often mysterious and wholly unlooked for answers to prayers. Again, we believe surely in a universe of perfect law and order, so that all happenings are not the result of chance, but the workings of the Infinite mind, according to immutable principles of wisdom and love. If we agree to this proposition that all things are operating according to unchanging law, then we must also agree that nothing is happening by chance, and that the seemingly mysterious and unexpected conditions of life are also the resultant of divine law. Specific answers to prayer in innumerable instances could be cited not only in the writer's own experience, but also in the experiences of a host of others, which go to prove the action of the higher law in transcending and adjusting the lower conditions of life.

Those who attempt to limit and circumscribe the action of the great Infinite life within the narrow channels of man-discovered law, are surely far away from the truth, deceiving themselves thereby, and also others who give attention to their false conceptions. When dealing with Infinite quantities it is good for us to be careful in the conclusions we make. Being only finite beings ourselves, we should allow great scope and latitude for the endless possibilities of the action of life in all its magnitude and the stupendous workings of infinitude. The final theorem regarding the modus operandi of creation has by no means been yet received, and therefore, no scientist or other great thinker can say with any degree of assurance that prayer is a useless act and unnecessary for the evolution of the race; he can only speak and reason as a man. When he becomes a God he may then dogmatically affirm what is and what is not. Why do we pray? Is there nothing within the human consciousness which makes us aspire and pray; something which gives us that intuitive knowledge of Divinity and which yearns for closer acquaintanceship? Prayer is the spontaneous outburst of the soul seeking for aid from the source of its existence, and comes as the resultant of an inherent characteristic in the mental make-up of the individual. One of the departments of the brain gives this inborn desire to believe in something higher than ourselves, and when in trouble makes us instinctively and spontaneously seek that higher source for aid. The Infinite would not have given mankind that inborn desire to pray and to seek for aid from sources beyond himself if he did not intend that such desires should serve some beneficent and useful purpose. God does not mock his creation, and therefore we are forced to believe that since he planted the organ of prayer, faith and aspiration within the human brain, so will He respond to our cries in the day of our adversity. This does not mean that every petition we send forth to the great universal spirit will be answered—nay, friends, for we are not always wise in our prayers, and the answer does not come, because some higher end has to be served, even though it involve the soul in apparent disaster. We say apparent disaster because physical conditions are only temporary and changing; therefore, whatever happens to us in such environment cannot permanently injure us, and will ultimately work out for us that good and perfect will of the Infinite. Jesus prayed that the will of God be done, and so we, too, when seek-

ing for help and guidance, should be prepared to accept what comes to us as an answer to our prayers as God's will. The response to our petitions must, and always will be, limited to our consciousness and understanding of life, and as we grow more and more into the divine likeness of truth, so do we come into union with God, and into an understanding of His will. Our wills become united with the purpose of the Infinite, and we no longer are governed and guided by selfish instincts, but, realizing the oneness of the universal cosmos, we seek at all times to enter into rapport with its purpose and action, striving for the perfect accomplishment of the divine will in and through our life's actions.

Bequest or Contract.

In Essex County they are much disturbed just now over an action brought by the heirs of one Miss Anna Peabody to prevent a close friend of Miss Peabody, a Mr. Samuel Smith, from receiving the proceeds of her life insurance policy, although it was clearly Miss Peabody's intent for Smith to have it. The testimony seems to show that Smith paid the premiums as they fell due with the agreement that if he survived the insured the benefit from the policy was to be his. Unfortunately Miss Peabody put the contract in the form of a bequest. Mr. Smith appears to have had mediumistic power through which the spirit mother of Miss Peabody communicated with her.

The secular press, on this account, "display" the claim that "it was by some Spiritualistic hocus pocus" that Smith was to benefit. Our correspondent, who is familiar with the section, writes on the subject as follows:

This looks as if the bequeathing was more in the nature of a civil contract. She was merely paying her debt, as he, not she, had made the investment in the insurance scheme. By law, her debts, by contract, or otherwise, would have to be met, before her relatives could claim anything.

The only error that I can see is that in her will she used the word "bequeathed," instead of saying, "the residue of my property—which was the insurance money—is to be paid to Samuel Smith, as per contract."

The "spiritual affinity" seems to have nothing to do with the matter, for, if it is "learned that she made Smith" secure for his outlay by the promise, the intent of the will is plain enough.

Only recently in Salem a wealthy lady made her pastor the beneficiary of her entire estate to the exclusion of the heirs. He also, a married man, and no sign of a written or verbal contract shown. What kind of "hocus pocus" was that?

I can see no evidence in the case of Peabody's Smith, as here given, that shows any particle of Spiritual influence in relation to the money transaction.

Salem

Unrecognized Mediumship.

(Le Messenger)

(Translated by Mime Inness.)

Thomas Paine expresses himself thus: "There is no one studying the human mind who has not made this observation that there are Ideas and Thought, two very distinct things—those which are produced within ourselves and those which produce themselves in one's mind. I have made it a rule always to receive these unannounced visitors with courtesy and with all the care of which I am capable to learn if they merit my attention. I declare that it is to these strange guests that I owe all the knowledge I possess."

Ralph Waldo Emerson extends this law of inspiration, which he analyzes thus: "Thoughts do not come to me, successively, as in a problem of mathematics, but they force themselves into my intellect like a light in a dark night. Truth comes to me not by a process of reasoning but by intuition."

The ease and celerity with which the Bard of Avon wrote his plays was to his contemporaries a source of astonishment. Here is an explanation which Walter Scott gives of himself: "Twenty times after composing my plot I have put myself to work and never in my life have I followed it. . . . My fingers work independently, of my thoughts. . . . Thus it was that after I had written the second volume of Woodstock, I had not the least idea that the story would end in a catastrophe in the third volume."

In speaking of the "Antiquary," Scott said, "I have a general plan; but as soon as I take up my pen, it runs so rapidly over the paper that I am often tempted to let it go alone in order to see if it would not write as well as with the aid of my thought."

The eminent composer, Handel, wrote his oratorios in a month, then rested eight to ten months, during which he would not write a single note. After an examination of his manuscripts one would suppose that each of them had been improvised or composed without premeditation.

Rev. Robert Collyer, the American Unitarian preacher, in speaking of the best sermon he had ever delivered said: "I had no need to compose it; it came itself, sentence by sentence, paragraph by paragraph, division by division. Never in my life have I been more convinced that a sermon comes from God."

Newton tells us that he let his mind rest when he had a subject to treat and that the thoughts came themselves.

One remembers that the first great dis-

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covery made by James Watt was an inspiration which came to him in one of his walks. He was suddenly struck with the main idea of his discovery with such a spontaneity that, according to an English author, he later attributed it to a supernatural influence.

We will close by a very remarkable piece of testimony, that of Sir Charles Napier. In speaking of his campaign in India, the illustrious warrior made this confession: "Ought I to be proud of my success? No. I am guided by a power which, although real, is invisible."

Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY
MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

IS THERE NO OTHER WAY?

Kate R. Stiles.

(Written for Banner of Light.)

Is there no other way by which the soul can gain
Its true inheritance, save by the path of pain?
Can crown of joy be only won, when we
Some heavy cross have borne to victory?
Is there no other way?

I look around me, and everywhere behold,
Grief, walking by the side of joy—and I am told
That where one goeth there the other must;
And then I query—is the union just?
Is there no other way?

Alas! "no other way," a voice within replies.
"No other way," until the soul, grown wise
Through pain and trial, it perceives, at length,
The conquering virtue of its innate strength.
This is the only way.

A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.

Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude! Whittier.

In our grandfather's farmhouse were many quaint and old-fashioned furnishings and many an hour of the long summer vacations was spent in childish admiration of the hand-made rugs, the many colored quilts, the glass pendants on the parlor lamp, and various other adornments that were never seen in our city home.

Beside an old secretary with wonderful pigeon holes that gave it the appearance of a country post-office, hung a marvelous production of art. It was marvelous to us because so new and strange.

It had heavy rolls at the top and bottom and hung like a map on the wall, but, instead of the states of the Union, the pictured faces of the presidents, radiant with varnish and dignity, looked broadly out into that sitting room, through the window and beyond to the mighty hills of New Hampshire.

There we first learned to recognize the features of the immortal Washington. Perhaps we knew and loved his face the best because under it we spelled out the words "George Washington, the Father of His Country."

However that may be, the thought of his fatherhood was so much a part of our interest in him that even today there is a strange thrill of relationship whenever we sit under the shadow of his statue on the Public Garden, and a sense of pain and the stillness and awe of death when, in the old North Church our eyes fall upon that cast of his noble features taken after his transition.

The faces of the other early Presidents might fade from memory and be only dimly recalled at intervals, but Washington, the father, heroic and stately, remained.

Our childish interest was awakened in his child life, and we somehow believed him the centre of a charmed circle when he found it so simple and easy to speak the truth, even though punishment awaited his answer. That made him a hero worth our adoration.

We were quite sure that he would have fearlessly said, "Yes," when asked by his teacher, "Have you whispered today?" and when one after another of our playmates succumbed to temptation and for the sake of position, told what was untrue, we mentally classified them, in a very lofty and superior fashion, as unworthy the friendship of the "father of his country."

The beautiful fearlessness, which we admired and adored as his child-life touched our childish comprehension, exalted and glorified the life of the man, the commander-in-chief and the President of the United States, and compels our adoration and love today.

No one is able to estimate or understand the struggle and effort of another until some similar situation is thrust into the experience and enlarges the comprehension. The man or woman who walks through life taking no responsibility except for self adjustment, or comfort, or culture, can never have the slightest idea of the responsibilities which burden and harass those who respond to the call of Truth and enlist in Truth's Cause and find no day so long, no night so dark that they dare lay their armor down.

George Washington was a rich Virginia planter, and could not be immediately or intimately connected or affected by the outrages being perpetrated in the name of the King, on the colonists of Massachusetts.

He could have very rationally said, "Let them fight it out; it is their quarrel, not mine. I have all I can do to take care of those whom the Lord has been pleased to place in my keeping, and I will do my duty at home and to them first."

There are many men who then, as today, took that same pious attitude, and doubtless flung into his ears that much abused statement, "Charity begins at home."

But Washington, with a dominating sense of the Eternal Right, an unswerving respect for fair play and justice and a love for his fellowmen that transcended his love of ease and wealth, and the personal comforts of home and luxury, turned a deaf ear to those wise (?) counselors, stifled the momentary pain of separation from loved ones, and marched to the North, to the very center of warfare, where danger and death lurked in sabre and musket of a well-fed, well-organized, well-equipped foe.

There, under the old elm tree in Cambridge, he lifted his bare head to the soft skies, and with a prayer in his heart for her whom he loved so dear, touched lightly his trusty sword and became not only the father of his country, but the leader of his brothers.

Across the barren fields he looked to the

blue waters of Massachusetts Bay, and saw the sleek and satisfied enemy.

Up and down the broken ranks of raw recruits, over which he took command, he looked long and earnestly. Here and there an eye flashed back an answer to his appeal.

Alas, that the day should have ever dawned for him when, undaunted, he still stood firm and watched the spent fires of enthusiasm die out into black embers of discontent!

Alas, that empty storehouses and powderless flasks should ever have taunted him with his lack of resources and strength!

Alas, that he must witness the temptation to be well fed at the King's table outweigh the joy of eating a crust beneath the crown of freedom!

Alas, that these young men of young America should have been persuaded to desert their leader and truest friend!

In what wonderful and beautiful contrast stands out the story of the patriotic devotion of George Washington.

How suggestive to us, who stand today with the white badge of Spiritualism pinned upon our breasts.

We look out across the sun-kissed harbors of the world and know the power of the uniformed and trained who fly the colors of the oppressor's court; we scan the ranks where the defiant and brave, oppressed and bleeding, flash back an answer to our appeal for soldiers.

They are there. They are ready. They are in need of wise leadership and loving training but—there is no powder, no outfit, no corn for the cattle, no rations for the campaign.

Oh, where are the rich, who will open their purses upgrudgingly? Oh, where are the wealthy who will give of their goods?

The soldiers of Truth are waiting. Their steps are heavy and their hearts are sad. The tempter is whispering, "Come over to us. We furnish bright uniforms and full knapsacks, and an easy campaign. You give no thought to anything but self, and ease and comfort attend your footsteps."

Surely anyone who has once breathed the blessed air of freedom will never step back into the ranks of unthinking and shackled ease!

Surely no one who has once tasted the joy of that inspiring, soul- uplifting knowledge of Spirit Communion will ever let a day slip into the past without making effort to spread the glad gospel!

Give, give, give something for the supply and defence, the promulgation and perfection, the study and practice of this truth that has made you free!

Don't let the army disband because you are free, and can enjoy the freedom from the fear of death, in the quiet and alone!

While the heart aches or a soul is in bondage the soldiers of truth must be kept in service, and shame upon us if we shrug our shoulders in self conceit or nestle in pillows of self satisfaction and allow the brave, the strong, the true leaders to suffer defeat when we may give of our strength, our service and our money to support them in their hour of need.

M. M. S.

Live for that which glows the brightest
And soul jewels you will win.
I have wove, in simple measure,
Words that trembled to be born,
And perhaps they'll give to earth life
Faintest tint of fadless morn.
Aye, perhaps the heart I cherish
In the earthen rest will find.
As the part that's yet untraversed
Up the mountain heights doth wind.

To my little Banner friends: I am a little girl in the Soul Life, and never existed upon the earth plane; therefore I have no papa nor mamma like you. I belong to a large band of souls who are constantly working among the undeveloped, helping to make their souls bright and pure, like I see so many little children on the earth plane. We are taught through inspiration drawing it to us, like the withered and scorched flower after the midday sun receiving the refreshing draught of the dew kissing its lips and leaving the imprint thereon, sparkling like diamonds. We are taught to look upwards, never backwards; time never rolls backward, only as we recall it by reminiscing. I know the life of a little child in mortal life must be very hard indeed, so many temptations to withstand and such a puny little body with a vacillating will, which goes first one way, then the other, hardly knowing which way is the right one; but this will all come right after a little. Each part of this little body will learn to serve its master, the mind, and that in turn to be guided by the soul powers, which will place you in harmony with the great multitude of souls traveling on the endless journey. I would caution you to beware of the animal nature with which you are all endowed, and I am sorry to say the papas and mammas have not all outgrown them. Sometimes we see the claws extended from the velvet paws of our human friends, not in self protection as kitty uses his when teased for play or ill treated by some child who has the brutal nature within him. I would love to tell you more of animal life, of the patience and endurance they exhibit. All little children could receive valuable instruction from the undeveloped animal. Let everyone of the children form a society for prevention of cruelty to animals, and appoint himself or herself, as the case may be, president of the society. You can do great good in the world by entering into this work with eagerness to restrain all vicious boys and girls, as well as older people, from abusing the animal which has intuitive powers far greater than are acknowledged. We have animals in the soul life; they are as fond of us as we are of them. We find companionship with them congenial. Again, I beseech you, be kind to the animals, and teach others also. I wish all the children of earth could become conscious of the little, invisible helpers that are constantly about them, and use great care in attracting, as whatever the characteristics of the child in earth life, such are those in spirit, who are attracted, so if you do not wish mischievous spirits to come and whisper words which are not good for the soul, be truthful, loving, and kind to everyone; be hands and feet for the grandparent who cherish you so dearly. Be cleanly, not only in your care of the physical

body which is your castle, but keep the soul pure and white as the lily that blooms in God's sunshine. I wish I might have a heart talk, or communion as we call it, with each and everyone of the "Banner" children, and not only them; I would not exclude one of God's children. I am sure, could you listen to my teachings, I could keep you to live the pure, sweet life of the soul coming from the Divine. We are all brothers and sisters, dear children; one great family bound by the golden chain of love. Whenever one of the links are dropped out of this chain into soul life, its desires and influences are still with you and shall continue to the end of time. Let us come closer into your life. Let us enjoy the sports with you. I love to romp and play with the children of earth, uncovering the leaves to find the first violets, and skipping through the meadows. Don't think us estranged from you. We love you all so dearly, and our greatest desires are that you shall spend your days upon the earth plane in living pure lives, in helping others; selfishness, above all vices, stunts the soul powers. Whatever you can do for another, do it with all your heart and soul. Dear children, I love you all, and hope my words to you may be as seed scattered upon flourishing ground.

Singing Bird.

Mediumship Rose B. Helen.

Valentines.

Jonquil.

Laura's.

Eyes dark and brown,
Hair waving down,
No smile so sweet as mine.
My form petite,
With twinkling feet,
Am I your Valentine?

Mary's.

My hair flows down like molten gold;
My eyes are laughing blue,
Oh, take me for your Valentine!
My heart is ever true.

The Twins'.

We're twins, Louise and I
I'm brave, but Lou is shy.
Our mamma says we're fine,
And when we want some fun,
We laughing to her run,
"Here's we, your Valentine!"

Grandpa's.

I'm gray and worn and old,
I'm four-score years and nine.
Nannette, with locks of gold,
My grand-child Valentine,
(The tale is often told)
I love with love divine.

Mamma's.

My boy, so strong, so bright,
My cavalier, my knight,
With eyes as dark as night,
When stars forget to shine;
Thy mamma's skies are blue,
Whenever she looks at you.
Be noble, pure and true,
My boy, my Valentine!

Seek the companionship of those who will help you to know more and to be better. The easiest way to learn is through association with those who are learned, and the easiest way to become good is by daily intercourse with those whose lives are beautifully unselfish and self-denying—Our Paper.

Four-Legged Fakirs.

Nor are all the fakirs human beings. Holy cows and sacred monkeys have a fine share in the game, and in some instances show rare cunning in taking advantage of the people's beliefs in their attributes.

At Haje Ka, on the Indus, there is a notably wily old sacred beast, whose long years of receiving worship, petting and pampering have developed some strange characteristics. This animal will leave the shore several times a day in the heated season, and wading far out into the stream, stand there and bawl until some one of the villagers comes out and laves her with water, the coolness caused by the evaporation seeming to gratify her greatly. She is extravagantly fond of choice plantains, and will go into the bazaar and take only the very best.

A friend of the family was close by a shopkeeper's stand one day, when a sacred bull wandered up and began to feed from the provisions displayed, with entire assurance of being within his rights. The shopkeeper reproached him gently, saying: "Forget not that I am a poor man, brother. Seest thou not those sweet delicacies before the place of the rich man across the way?"

The bull munched on.
"Full well I know thou art a holy man, and I give thee all thou takest, feeling my reward in heaven already bestowed; but, brother, I am a poor man, and this morning I gave a rupee to thy very holy brother of Ratonga (a stiff armed fakir of the region), and thou shouldst come in another moon."

A great hole was growing in the pile on the stand. The shopkeeper picked up a bamboo stick and blew his breath in the end of it, then again addressed the animal:

"Into this stick I have breathed a prayer that thou mayst remember how poor a man I am, O my brother, and I now present my humble petition." Wherever he whacked the bull sharply over the nose, and the astounded animal galloped, bellowing, through the bazaar.—Broughton Brandenburg, in Metropolitan Magazine.

Valentine's Day.

Coy Cupid 's on the wing today—
Look! lest he fall you in his flight—
Nor in faint-doubting turn away
From what will make your dear delight.
Once, swift he flattered to my side,
To drop his offering at my feet;
I left it in my foolish pride—
Scarce knowing I had found it sweet.
But as upon my lonely path
Pale Cupid looks with pain-dimmed eyes,
I know my weary feet had walked
Forever in Love's Paradise.
Had I but kept that Valentine—
The faith and trust once wholly mine.

Montreal.

May Austin Lowe.

SPIRIT

Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM-

SHIP OF

MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

In Explanation.

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

To Our Readers.

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

INVOCATION.

Unto thee, O spirit of Infinite Love, we would be lifted so that we may understand the souls about us in their struggles and their aspirations after life. Something more than just to be, we desire; something larger and nobler than mere existence, we would apprehend something of the wonderful reality of the spiritual life that is manifested all about us every day, we would have. Like wise teachers, who are ever willing to teach the lessons they are learning, to children, our spirit friends come near to us, and, like children, we would listen for the revelations of truth and would be so filled with the knowledge which they can give us that all life shall become wonderfully sweet and beautiful. May all these things that are daily taught us be passed along by us in the same patient and sweet spirit which is ever shown us. May no soul ever look so lowly or so unworthy that we shall feel anything but joy in serving it. May the comfort of the knowledge of Spirit Return which is a joy and solace to those who suffer, be carried like a glad song into the homes where shadow sits a-brooding. May all that we have to give be given gladly and freely, even as we expect the gifts of the spirit to be showered upon us whether we be worthy or not. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Lizzie Collins, Haverhill, Mass.

The first spirit that comes here this afternoon is a woman I should think about thirty-five or thirty-six years old. She is slender, has dark eyes and hair, and is very much agitated over her appearance here. She says that her name is Lizzie Collins and that she lived in Haverhill, Mass. She says, "O, I am so anxious to send a message to Will; it seems as though I couldn't be contented to stay here and give him no idea of what is going on where I am. My brother, Frank, is with me. He died some time ago, and I used to think about his death so much and be worried about what would happen to my mother on account of it. But Will used to try to comfort me and make me understand that I couldn't do anybody any good by worrying. When I died it seemed as if nobody was prepared for it. They all expected that I would get well in a few days, and they no sooner made up their minds to that effect than I died without any particular understanding by anybody that death was coming. I wanted to tell my friends how nice it is over here. I was afraid to die; I didn't know what I was afraid of, but death seemed such a dreadful thing that I felt afraid to face it. But there isn't anything to be afraid of. Why, I didn't suffer, and I had no sensation of fear or distress. I wish I could make everybody understand how easy it is to die; the only hard thing about it is to leave your friends, and that isn't as bad as to take a long journey away from them where you can not see them, because I can see them and hear them, and know what they are thinking about. Robbie has grown to be a man and he and my father are doing so much making a home for mother when she comes. I send my love to all my friends, and if they can be helped a little bit so that they will not be afraid when their time comes, I shall be happy that I have made this effort to come."

Arthur Hills.

There is a spirit of a man I should think about thirty years old. Slender, rather tall, dark eyes, dark hair and a very matter of fact, calm way. His name is Arthur Hills, and he says, "O, I had no idea that I should feel so strange when I came back. I was drowned and I feel as if I were going through the whole thing again. I wasn't alone; there were others who went down with me, and no one has ever been able to find out just how it happened, and I wanted to say that it was a sudden squall and we didn't know how to manage the boat. Seems awful funny to me that people live along and live along, and all at once die and everything they tried to do is just swept away. Life had only begun for me. I thought I was going to do so many things and accomplish so much. I have not begun to look about to see what I can do over here. It just seems as though I had left one city for another, that is all. It is lovely here, but it was lovely where I left. I have friends here, but I had them at my home, and I wish sometimes that I could have known something about my coming. I would have been a little better prepared for it. My mother cannot bear to give away anything that I ever used. It isn't doing anybody a bit of good, and I would

like to see her give it all away. What is the use of hoarding up things that will not ever do anybody any good unless they are used right away? If I could speak to Ma I would tell her that I know she will come over here, and when she does she will be just as sorry as I am that she didn't give away these things. I often go to her, sometimes in the morning when she first gets up; I try to speak to her; she thinks she hears me but she grows afraid. I am glad I didn't have to take any medicine, because I always hated it. When father used to be taking it all the time it made me crazy. That is one advantage of going out suddenly. I want to thank somebody for the chance I have had to come; it is awful good to be just able to come and send a message, and not even put a postage stamp on it. Thank you."

George Hall, New Bedford, Mass.

The next spirit that comes to me is a man about forty-five years old. He has brown whiskers and brown hair and brown eyes. He is not very tall and he has got rather square shoulders, and seems in such deep trouble that I feel like speaking for him as fast as I can. He passed out with consumption, for he coughs every time he tries to speak. He says that he lived in New Bedford, that his name was George Hall, and that he knew some Spiritualists, but was never associated with them in any public way. He says, "I tried to think that it was all right to go, but I was anxious to stay just the same. I don't know as I was afraid to die, but life was what I was sure of and I made a fight for it, but I couldn't keep it. My mother is here with me and she says that she tried many times to give me some communication that would prepare me for the change, but that I didn't seem to pay the slightest heed to it. My business was sold out, and has since gone to pieces, but it doesn't affect me any, only I hate to see things go to waste. I have seen a lot of the people that I used to know and it is like seeing friends in a strange city; they seem a good deal better to you when you are far from home. Perhaps it is because you have more time to think about them. I guess maybe that is it. I want to send a message to Addie and tell her that I am just as strong in my belief that things were not done as they should be for her now as I was before I came over here. The old man didn't do the right thing and I knew it then and I know it now. I think things can be righted up some, but it will take time and patience and money. Don't mind about Fred, that will come out all right. Good-bye."

Benjamin Sewall, Hartford, Conn.

There is a spirit of an old man I should think between eighty and ninety years old. His hair is snowy white and he has a long white beard. His face is just as rosy and young looking as it can be, and he seems as happy and glad to come as if he had only gone away yesterday, and he says, "People sometimes think that an old chap like me is better off dead than alive. They seem to think that when a man gets well up into the eighties it is time he shuffled off this mortal coil and got into the next life, but I had just as much of a love for life as if I had been twenty-one. I was interested in everything everybody did, and all the affairs of the country interested me. I wasn't content to just sit down and talk about my relations and how the crops were. I wanted to read about the foreign wars and the doings in Washington, and how things were getting on in the far West. Why, it seems a strange thing to me that people cannot find anything to interest them outside of their own dooryard. My name is Benjamin Sewall, and I lived in Hartford, Conn., and I am as glad to give my testimony to this business of Spiritualism as if I had never known any other religion. To tell the truth, I grew away from some of my religious influences because I was interested in Ingersoll and what he preached, and I kind of thought he had more sense than most of the ministers. I always thought I would like to talk with him close at hand and see what he had to say, but I never had that privilege. I wish he had made a little study of spirit communion and tackled that on to some of his wise sayings. I believe it would have helped folks a good deal. Abbie is with me, and Sarah and Harriet and William, and they every one send their messages of good-will to the friends we expect to greet over here before very long. Thank you very much."

Emma Palmer, Leonard, Ark.

The next spirit that comes to me is a woman rather stout, blue eyes, very gray hair, which she combs very prettily and stylishly. She is, I should think, about forty-five or six years old, and she is just as much at home coming here as can be. She says that her name is Emma Palmer, and she says, "Why, I knew about spirits; I wasn't connected with any Spiritualist organization, but I have been to circles and mediums, and I have had a good many things that made me happy. I lived in Leonard, Ark." She says, "The first spirit that met me was my mother. She was just as natural in her greeting as if it had been the day before that I said good-bye to her, and father was with her, and they had no concern about anything seemingly, except to make me happy and feel that I was welcome. I had so many friends who came to see me. It is such a pleasure to go into a home and feel that you have a right there and somebody expects you. I wanted to send a message to Annie and tell her that I am trying to keep my promise to her. I don't think it will be very long before I shall be able to give her the promised message. I cannot begin to tell you how much my knowledge of these things helped me to adjust myself to this life. I wish I had studied more about it, but a little knowledge is better than none, and the world will by and by take up these problems in a better fashion. That is all I have to say today, and I thank you."

The healing by the laying on of hands come in direct line from New Testament times, and has the virtue of actually healing. It will come more and more into use as people see that spirit power is the best thing for the spirit.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1906

Society News.

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

Topic for the Progressive Lyceum.

For Sunday, Feb. 25, 1906. Let Each Do His Part.
Gem of Thought:—

No more burdens are ever imposed.
Than strength we have to bear;
If only each will gladly take,
Unto himself his share.

In patience take the things that come.
They are thy rightful fruit;
To fill thy place, to bear thy load
Leads on the UPWARD route.

J. W. R.

For information concerning the Progressive Lyceum, authorized Lesson Paper for the National Spiritualist Association, address John W. Ring, Spiritualist Temple, Galveston, Texas.

Boston and Vicinity.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, held its regular session in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., Sunday, at 11:30 a. m., with a large attendance. After the lesson and march Ida Johnson, Bernice Tupper and Pauline Wagner sang. Bany Vinto, Queenie Knowles, Olive Sharp, Mr. G. Lang and Florence Cooley gave readings. Mr. Willis and Mrs. Butler made remarks. The circle was formed at 1 o'clock with a number of strangers present. Mrs. Gutierrez gave some messages. Mr. Claid Spaulding gave an invocation. Mr. G. Lang, one of the young mediums, gave messages that were recognized. Visit the Lyceum and see what good work is being done.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society held its weekly meeting Friday, Feb. 9, at 9 Appleton St. Mrs. Carrie Hatch presiding. It being so stormy Mrs. Cunningham postponed her benefit and instead related some of her earlier experiences. She also gave messages. Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Henderson followed with remarks and communications. Next Friday is medium's night. All welcome, supper 6:15.

Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society. Mrs. Belcher, president, met in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont St., on the evening of Feb. 8, 1906, and held its business meeting at 5:30. Supper at 6:30. The evening exercises were opened at 7:45 with an invocation by the president, followed by Mrs. Hall (one of the old workers), who occupied a part of the evening with remarks and spirit messages. Mrs. Henderson gave a short talk, concluding with psychometric readings. Prof. Clarke Smith favored the audience with some remarks and astrological readings. Mrs. Blanchard gave readings. The society is glad to announce that on Feb. 15 Past Pres. Mrs. Whitlock will give the society a benefit, and it is hoped that a large assembly will greet her. On the 22d there will be a Martha Washington Party.

Dwight Hall, Feb. 7.—The Ladies' Lyceum Union met for its business meeting in the afternoon, serving supper at 6:30. There was a good attendance at both supper and the evening meeting. After the social hour, Mrs. Butler introduced the following speakers and mediums, each voicing poem or message as they could best contribute to the enjoyment of the friends. Mrs. H. C. Berry, Mrs. Dr. Wildes, Dr. Huot, Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. M. J. Butler.

American Psychical Research Society. Harvey Redding, president.—Sunday meeting opened with the best audience of the season, which listened to an able discourse by the president on "The Power of Words." Mrs. Abbie Burnham held the attention of the audience through a very interesting address on "Spiritualism." Mr. and Mrs. Osgood F. Stiles and Mr. Redding gave many convincing messages. Mrs. Frank Vickery rendered selections at the piano. Mr. and Mrs. Stiles presented a very beautiful floral offering. The Thursday Evening Meeting was held at 202 Main St., Everett. It was the largest circle of the season. Mrs. Wells read an inspirational poem. Mrs. Rollins read a paper on the needs of the church. Mrs. Deane answered many mental questions. Mrs. Præe Mrs. Hobson and Mr. Redding gave many readings.

The Malden Progressive Spiritual Society held its regular monthly supper and "Old Folks Concert" in Louise Hall under the management of May A. Mack of Medford. A large gathering enjoyed a splendid supper and one of the best concerts. It reflected much credit on the talented manager. The program was long and varied, and the costuming was pleasing, particularly Mr. Milton's as George Washington and Mrs. Butler as Martha. Sunday, Feb. 11, the Children's Lyceum, E. J. Patch, conductor, met at 2 p. m., Mrs. Andrews at the piano. The lesson was read and discussed. The different subjects, including the general subject, "What Are the Best Methods to Promote True Spiritualism?" were discussed with much interest. 3:30 p. m.—The afternoon circle opened with a praise service. Mrs. Morton offering the invocation. Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Morton and Mr. George L. Baker, inspired by their guides, gave fine messages. Mr. Spaulding addressed the circle. 7:30 p. m.—The evening meeting was opened with a praise service and reading from the Scripture and invocation. Mr. Scarlett of Cambridge made a brief but beautiful address on

"Modern Spiritualism." Mr. Willis Milken gave a piano solo. Mrs. Maggie J. Butler spoke on "Spiritualism" and devoted the rest of the evening to messages, which were very interesting. Dr. George A. Fuller will occupy the platform Sunday, Feb. 18.

Brighton, Mass.—The Brighton Psychic Society, 14 Kenrick St. (off 147 Foster St.), held a very interesting meeting Wednesday evening, Feb. 7. Attendance small, but those present went to their homes satisfied with the messages received from their spirit friends through the mediumship of Mrs. Fannie Marriner of Roxbury. Mrs. Marriner will serve this society Wednesday evenings during February. Mrs. H. E. Hall, soloist; D. H. Hall, president.

First Spiritual Science Church, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, pastor.—Morning, test circle; afternoon and evening, regular services, with messages, tests and readings. Mediums of the day: Mr. Privoe, Dr. Blackden, Mr. Baxter, Prof. Mahomet, Prof. Henry, Mr. Hicks, Prof. Clark Smith, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Peak Johnson, Mrs. Cutter, Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. MacDonough, Mr. De Boss, Mrs. Nellie Tomas, Mrs. Mary Knowles. Beautiful inspired songs by Mrs. May Lewis and Harry MacDonough, assisted at the organ by Prof. F. Peak and Mrs. Nellie Carleton-Grover. Recitation, Mr. Starkey.

New England States.

The Onset Bay Grove Association held an adjourned meeting of its annual meeting at Hotel Essex Wednesday, Feb. 7th. After all legal business had been acted upon the following officers were elected (unanimous) for the season of 1906: President, John Q. A. Whittemore, Boston; vice-president, James B. Hatch Boston; clerk, George A. Fuller, M. D., Onset; treasurer, George A. Fuller, M. D., Onset; directors: Maj. Chas. F. Howard, Foxboro; Chas. Whittemore, Newton; Joseph H. Burgess, East Wareham; Walter C. Pessels, Brookline; David L. Whittemore, Newton; Loring Q. White, Brockton.

Mrs. T. U. Reynolds served the Spiritualist Society of Pittsfield, holding two meetings, the 24th and 25th of January. Great satisfaction was expressed and many wishes to have her again, which it is hoped, in the near future, can be arranged. Very great interest is still manifested in these meetings.

Fitchburg, Mass.—The First Spiritualist Society was favored by a large attendance at both services Sunday to greet Helen M. Putney. The subjects taken for the addresses were, "Is a New Commandment I Give Unto You, Love One Another," and "What is Death?" The lectures were followed by evidences demonstrating the continuity of life. The Medium's Circle and Song Service was very helpful. Miss Howe, pianist, pleasingly rendered several selections. Ruth A. Swift of Haverhill, test medium, will address the society next Sunday.

Manchester, N. H.—The Bluebell Spiritualist Society is in a very healthy condition. It has filled all dates for this season, and will soon make engagements for next season. The society makes special mention of Mrs. Emma B. Smith of Lawrence, Mass., as one who has done and is still doing, considerable work to aid it and says her work, both on and off the platform, is very much appreciated in Manchester. It is also very much indebted to two local mediums, Mrs. Elsie M. Page and Mrs. Julia A. Barker, who have freely given their services to aid the society. Their work on the platform and in the circle is appreciated as shown by the increasing audiences.

Field at Large.

St. Paul, Minnesota.—The Minnesota State Spiritualists' Association will hold the annual mid winter mass meeting in St. Paul on Feb. 23, 24, 25 at Odd Fellows Hall, corner Wabash and Fifth Sts., with an all day session each day, beginning at 10:30 a. m. All the local talent in the twin cities will be present and take part in the exercises. Friday and Saturday afternoons, Feb. 23 and 24, will be devoted to open discussion. On Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, Feb. 22, there will be a reception at the above hall to the visitors and friends, followed by a literary and musical entertainment and dance, and a general good time. Programs will be mailed to anyone on receipt of address.—F. E. Irvine, sec. M. S. S. A., 904 Hastings Ave.

Mrs. H. Anderson, correspondent of the Church of Divine Life, which holds services at Arcanum Hall, Bedford Ave. and Fulton St., Brooklyn, writes that the Aid Society connected with that church held a progressive euchre party on Monday evening, Jan. 29, and that it was most enjoyable both socially and as a game party for all present. There was music and the ladies served coffee and cake.

Announcements.

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

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

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

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

First Spiritual Science Church, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, pastor, Mr. C. W. Emery of Lynn, assistant, Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street.—Services, 11 a. m., 2:30 and 7:30 p. m.; Tuesday, Indian healing circle; Thursday, psychometry.

First Spiritual Temple, Exeter Street.—Lecture at 10:45 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. through the mediumship of Mrs. N. J. Willis, School at 12 m. Wednesday evening, Feb. 21, Hygienic (Vegetarian) supper at 6:30, followed by the usual conference.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall.—Sunday, Feb. 18, 2:30 and 7:30. Mr. Thomas Cross, one of the most able lecturers in the work. Each address will be followed by messages by Prof. R. A. Maccurda, whose work attracted so much attention on Feb. 4 that he was re-engaged for this date. Circles 4, supper 5, song service with first class concert, 6:30.

The American Psychical Research Society of Massachusetts, Harvey Redding, president, holds spiritual meetings every Sunday evening at 7:30 in Odd Fellows' Hall, Malden Square, Malden. Seats free. Circle every Thursday evening at 202 Main Street, Everett. Social at same place last Friday in every month.

A testimonial benefit is to be tendered Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson at Pilgrim Hall, 694 Washington St., Friday evening, Feb. 23. The many, many friends of Mrs. Wilkinson who are interested in her welfare are much in evidence in the plans for this concert and it is hoped that a large sum will be raised. The tickets are at the low price of 25 cents and it will be a good investment to buy a few for your friends and send them along to enjoy an evening of pleasure for themselves and profit to a woman who has earned the right to be called a veteran worker in the cause of Spiritualism.

The Work in Lynn.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall. A very encouraging interest has been shown through the month of January. On the 14th we had with us Mrs. Kate Ham, of Haverhill; 21st, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham of Cambridge, and Mrs. A. J. Pettengill of Malden on the 28th. All of these mediums possess a high order of mediumship (each in their own line), and the work done by each was most excellent and much good for the Cause was accomplished. To draw comparisons between our workers seems like comparing the lily and the rose; every flower that grows has a peculiar beauty of its own, and has its own particular admirers, each perfect in its own way. We wish to speak a word of recommendation for a comparatively new worker, who was with us Feb. 4th, Prof. R. A. Maccurda. This brother's work was very satisfactory to the large audiences present. His addresses were practical, and his messages were quite remarkable for their accuracy, giving a large number of full names and reading the contents of sealed letters without a mistake. Societies having open dates will make no mistake in engaging him. The musical exercises have attracted many to our meetings, some of the best soloists and dramatic readers procurable having been with us. The contract for building the new auditorium at Unity Camp has been awarded to Parker G. Webber of Stoneham, who will commence work on the same as soon as the weather permits. The plans call for an inclosed building with a seating capacity of eight hundred, so constructed that the sides can be raised in pleasant weather in such a manner that the audience will be out-of-doors the same as with the old building, but assuring ample protection in case of showers or cold. We confidently expect that the new building and the talent that is being engaged for the coming season will attract still larger audiences than the very large ones which have been the rule in all past seasons.—A. A. Averill, sec.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

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

ELDER THOMAS STROND.

Passed to spirit life from his home at the Shakers of Enfield, Conn., Feb. 1, 1906. Elder Thomas Strond, after an illness of five days with pneumonia. Elder Strond was sixty years old and a convert to the Shaker belief and practice since the time of his arrival in this country from Birmingham, England, in 1871. He came to Enfield for his health from Hartford, where he was ill, after his arrival from his own country, and soon found that for which he had long been seeking, a higher religious life. After a few weeks' study, he set about conforming to the rules of the Shaker order; from which conformity he has never wavered.

Elder Strond came of a highly cultured, English family, and had just come out of college when he arrived in this country, so by natural ability, consecrated labor and leadership, he soon became one of the most influential members of the Society. He was made Elder of the South family in 1890, and for many years had been one of the board of trustees.

About four years ago the North and South families united and Elder Strond had since made his home with the North family, still in charge of the South and doing all he could for the general interest of the Society until the last.

Elder Strond was a deep thinker and an advanced Spiritualist, dating his personal knowledge of spirit-communication with his acceptance of the Shaker faith. He was fully conscious of the presence of attending spirits during his illness, speaking of them by name, etc.

The funeral was held from the home of the Church family, and was attended by a large number from the outside order who had learned his worth during many years of business intercourse.

Elder Strond is sincerely mourned, not only by his immediate family, but by the community at large, and will be greatly missed by all who had dealings with him.—Myra E. McLean, Shaker Union, Conn.

When we learn to feel the body only that it may feed the soul, we are on our way to the stars.—Selected.

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

(July 26, Copyrighted, 1904, by C. E. Webster.)

Side Lights on Wonder Wheel Science.

Daily Guidance for All, by Birth Numbers.

By Professor Henry.

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

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

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

Chats on Wonder Wheel Science.

PLANETARY HOURS.

"Do you consider the law of the Planetary Hours, as laid down in Tabula Magus, infallible? I have found them most remarkable in my experience with them." So writes a correspondent.

"The law of the Planetary Hours, I do consider to be infallible," is the reply, "but I do not consider them infallible as laid down in our superficial understanding. In Tabula Magus they are there made to be about as infallible as they can be for general usefulness. Of course the calculations, unless made to exactness, for each and every hour for 365 1/4 days, could not be exact. The length of each hour can only be approximated for general use, just as a clock or watch is but an approximation of Solar time. Planetary hours are the divisions of daylight and darkness into 12 houses, each house representing 1 hour of 60 minutes, more or less, according to the length of the daylight or the darkness from the rising to the setting of the sun.

"As Jesus said, 'Are there not 12 hours in the day?' The 12 planetary hours constitute the circle familiarly termed 'a horoscope,' and not the 24 hours of a day, nor the 12 signs of the Zodiac. There are 3 circles. One the Hour Circle divided into 12 different parts according to the length of the planetary hour in which one is born. That is the True Horoscope, and must be calculated accurately or it is of no account whatever. Then there is the Life Circle, which is but 6 signs of 2 hours each, measured approximately from the East to the West at the hour of birth. This is the Native's 'Day,' or time of Life in the flesh.

"The life is dark or light according to the amount of light or darkness above the earth at the moment of birth. Hence, children born at sunrise, or at 1st point of Aries are children born into a spiritual life of independence or freedom, while those born at sunset or at 1st point of Libra, are born into a life of darkness, or spiritual dependence, which makes them intuitive seers after such light as their opposites naturally possess, whether they make proper use of it or otherwise.

"Those born after dark, being seekers after light, generally increase in enlightenment in the latter half of life, while those born in the daylight are apt to become indifferent to the gift of natural enlightenment which they display in the early half of life. As Spring and Summer are correspondents to daylight, and Fall and Winter correspond to darkness, the qualities of enlightenment are often mixed in individual cases, as one may be born in the warm seasons of the year and after sunset, or, in the cold seasons after sunrise.

"A midnight, or Capricorn birth, or a noon or Cancer birth, is at birth the middle line between the two conditions, hence, whether they increase or decrease in enlightenment depends very largely upon other factors in consideration.

"The Third Circle is the Solar Circle of both daylight and darkness, and is the circle of the Soul Forces, which mankind is too apt to ignore, by reason of bodily and animal necessities, which are the operating forces in the Circle of the Horoscope and the Circle of Life, or Animal motion. This circle is formed by the paths of Sunlight and of the shadow of the earth, which perpetually chase, each other about the earth every 24 hours, and from north to south of the equator about 23 degrees each year.

"If a needle's point from the centre of the Sun should follow the track of this light along the surface of the earth, it would scratch a path of a spiral character each side of the equator, and would resemble the windings in a uniform ball of twine. The impact of the centre of light and darkness upon the earth's surface may thus be seen to never be precisely the same, relative to the centre of the earth and the sun, or to any of the planets, for two consecutive minutes, hence, each breath that we draw is in a different angle of light to the previous breath, and no twins could be born near enough to the same time to start their journey of life under the self-same angle (or angel of light or life).

"The Radius Vector of each of their circles of light would differ precisely in accordance with the difference of time between the drawing of their first breath, and this first breath, according to its strength or weakness, would expand the lungs, the diaphragm and the other muscles and thus create the first formation of moving parts of the body, minutely different in each case.

"Upon that first foundation of form all subsequent formations would have to depend and mark differences in them, for after each had drawn the first breath they would each receive the same vibrations from the ambient. Just as in the case of two race horses. If one makes a more forceful movement—no matter how minute

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

People born about the 17th or 18th of January, March, May, July or September will be favored financially, or, its equivalent. People born in 1823, 1827, 1835, 1839, 1843, 1847, 1850, 1855, 1858, 1862, 1867, 1870, 1874, 1879, 1882, 1886, 1891, 1894, 1898, 1901, also Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 and 11 will be favored this year, yet, bear this one important fact in mind, that there are exceptions in all general laws.

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

—at the start, and after that their movements, or impulses, are precisely the same, then they will differ throughout the race, exactly in proportion to the advantages of the time and forcefulness of the first moment.

"This illustration of differentiation is most noticeable in the influences that belong to the seconds or the minutes of the Planetary Hour, or the Circle of the Horoscope. Next to that would be the differentiations in Disposition, which belongs to the seconds and minutes of the Circle of Life and calculated by the 6 hours of Moon movement following the birth. As this circle is 12 times as large as the Circle of the Horoscope, the minutes and seconds form radius vectors, or angles, 12 times farther apart; they therefore permit some liberty in approximated conclusions, which cannot depart much from qualities in disposition.

"The greater, then, the difference between the time of birth in case of twins, the greater will be their difference in form, appearance, muscular development and disposition. Then again, if the eastern angle of light happens in that difference of time to change from the horizontal line of one sign to another, as measured from the Sidereal Tour Angle, at 1st point of Aries, a more marked difference in body, disposition and even character will be noticed between the twins.

"Even the dual parts of Millie Christine, the double headed girl, were different in many ways. I had excellent opportunities, through her manager, Mr. Smith, to investigate her case, on Astrologic lines. I also have niece and nephew twins, born 3 hours apart, and no stranger would for a moment suspect them to be twins, yet they strictly and individually conform to the laws of the 3 circles as I have herein endeavored to explain.

"I have, however, to add, relative to the Solar Circle, of 24 hours, that this circle is twice as large as the Life Circle—including life here and life hereafter—and 24 times as large as the Circle of the Horoscope. All of its parts being larger, judgments therefrom may be more freely approximated. This Soul Circle is governed by the Sun, and it denotes the inherited qualities of character which we receive from the Paternal, or most positive side of parental life, as this parent was at time of our birth.

"The Life Circle is governed by the Moon, and denotes the life, or Anima inheritance from the Maternal, or negative side of parental life, as the Mother was Dispositioned by her environments at the time of our birth. The Horoscope Circle is governed by the Lord of the Planetary Hour as well as by the Lord of the Rising Sign.

"It has long been a doubt in my mind as to the correctness of the Sign Lordships, but I have not arrived at any sure evidence that would warrant any changes, even to provide domiciles for Uranus and Neptune. I fully consider those planets to be out of the range of the Horoscope Circle, almost as much so as the fixed stars which affect us only in the Solar Circle, to a slight degree.

"The Planetary Hours are most wonderfully suggestive of the Ruling Power of the Heavens, and can be proven from day to day, or hour to hour, when we have exact time to be guided by. For instance, I catch up the daily paper before me. It says, 'Disastrous Fire at Manchester, Mass.' Time given 9 o'clock p. m., Jan. 18, which was Thursday. Tabula Magus shows this to have been Mars Hour, which rules fierce fires.

"Floor breaks through in a church at Boylston Centre same evening, precipitating a crowd of 50 into the cellar. Time 7 o'clock, as given. Tabula Magus shows this to have been Saturn Hour, the hour for falls and under ground places."

Indian and Sewing Machine.

The Yellow Medicine Reserve is a unique corner of the world for more than this one incident. An agent for sewing machines was turned loose among the Indians lately. Every family bought a machine on the installment plan. Imagine the surprise of the agent returning the following month to make his collections, to find that not a stitch of sewing had been done, but that the machines had been used for features of amusement, not by the women, but by the men, each man gaining on his speed daily. Returning to Minneapolis he told his friends the story. One sold cyclometers. Needless to say that he made a bee line for Yellow Medicine to show the Indians how to keep tab on the number of miles they went on their stationary bicycles daily.—Ex.

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.—A. Clarke.