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ALONE WITH GOD.

Miss Frances.

Alone with God I am.
He only understands.
Amid the world of sham
Safe rest I in His hands.

He knows how weak I am.
He measures up my life,
And to me, like the lamb
When shorn, he tempers strife.

The world in scorn may jeer,
The ignorant may scoff.
With God I have no fear,
With Him my ban is off.

I walk alone with God,
We only, He and I.
To men I seem to plod;
He knoweth that I fly.

The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whitting.

"The great Easter truth is not that we are to live newly after death,—that is not the great thing,—but that we are to be new here and now by the power of the resurrection; not so much that we are to live forever as that we are to, and may, live nobly now because we are to live forever."—Phillips Brooks.

"It has been found that whenever a scientific man has thought proper to devote his mind to a thorough examination of occult or unaccepted or twilight phenomena, he has, I believe, historically without exception, become convinced of the occurrence of some of them, and has allowed the evidence to assure him of the reality of phenomena worthy of further investigation."—Sir Oliver Lodge.

An anonymous writer contributes to the "Daily Telegraph" of London a letter signed "Inquirer," in which he asks if Spiritualism is a sham, and answers his own question in the assertion:—

"Having read much of what has been written on the subject, though I never knew a medium—I am convinced that these spiritual communications are absolutely valueless, are hypnotism, nothing more."

This is edifying, indeed, and is much as it one should say: "I have read much of what has been written about the telephone—though I never saw one—and I am convinced that it is absolutely valueless, is a sham and nothing more."

This "Inquirer" who is able to pronounce final judgment at once on the most important problem of human life, of whose conditions he is, as he himself concedes, entirely ignorant, rambles on after this fashion:—

"There are two wholly distinct classes of psychic evidences—the physical and the spiritual. The first have reference to the floating of human beings in the air, the levitation of tables, the production of lights and sounds without apparent physical cause and the like phenomena of this world. As to these things there exists a large amount of testimony by such men as Sir William Crookes, F. R. S. (who celebrated his golden wedding recently), Professor Barrett, F. R. S., the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, Professor De Morgan, Dr. Wallace, F. R. S., and many other men of science. I could fill a page with this testimony. Against it there is, it must be confessed, no evidence of any scientific inquirer who has really followed up the investigation.

"Tyndall went to a seance which was an utter failure, and he poured out some of his polished scorn on the affair. Writing on the subject later in the *Fragments of Science*, he appends the remark:

"Since the time when the foregoing was written, I have been more than once among the spirits at their own invitation. They do not improve on acquaintance. Surely no baser delusion ever obtained dominance over the weak mind of man."

"Faraday and Huxley were equally scornful, but neither of them made any serious inquiries into the pretended phenomena.

"Mr. and Mrs. Browning were present at a seance at which the famous D. D. Home was the medium. Mrs. Browning seems to have thought the appearance genuine; her husband was convinced they were a cheat and imposture. Mrs. Browning, however, added that the idea of looking for theological teaching or any other sort of teaching to these supposed spirits would be absolutely disastrous. But it is precisely

this disastrous effect which the revival of Spiritualism would mean. Whether the distinguished men whom I have mentioned really did see tables and chairs moved about, whether Lord Lindsay and Lord Adare really did see Home floated out of the window, and in another, in Ashley-place, S. W., Dec. 16, 1868, is of small consequence; but it concerns many thousands of persons most deeply whether mediums can communicate with the dead and whether the revelation from beyond that bourne from which no traveler returns are trustworthy. Professor Augustus de Morgan wrote:

"I have both seen and heard, in a manner which would make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake."

It is a great waste of time, as a rule, to expend energy on either refutation or adverse criticism of incoherent objections to any established fact or truth. Life is for better purposes than mere negation. It is affirmation which is of importance. If one desires illumination one does not go to war with the darkness but turns on the light.

This miscellaneous jumble, however, is rather typical of the general line of objections to the spiritual philosophy and as a type it is not without interest. "Inquirer" asserts that there are two classes of psychic evidence—the physical and the spiritual. He cites some of the former, but not the latter and admits that for the former there is much striking testimony. He refers to Tyndall, Faraday and Huxley as sceptical of this phenomena, but admits that none of them had made any serious investigation.

Regarding the Brownings, "Inquirer" gives a entirely misleading impression. He refers to a "seance." They were present at many and the remark quoted from Mrs. Browning is so isolated from its context as to be greatly misconstrued.

It was in July of 1853 that Faraday wrote a letter to the London Athenaeum giving his opinion that the phenomenon of "table-tipping" and of "rapping" was owing to unconscious muscular action on the part of the persons sitting around the table. Modern Spiritualism had then been but six years before the world. Faraday was a great scientist, but it is not on record that his judgment on all the questions of life was of an infallible nature from which there is no appeal. The very nature of science is to construct hypotheses, test them, and, if not found true, discard them. As a matter of fact the way of human progress is strewn with discarded scientific theories from the time of Ptolemy to that of Flammarion. Regarding this especial judgment of Faraday's, Mrs. Browning, in a letter to Miss Mitford (dated Florence, July 15, 1853), says:

"You will have seen Faraday's letter. I wish to reverence men of science, but they often will not let me. If I know certain facts on this subject, Faraday ought to have known them before he expressed an opinion on it. His statement does not meet the facts of the case,—it is a statement that applies simply to various amateur operations without touching on the essential phenomena, such as the moving of tables untouched by a finger. Our visitor last night, to say nothing of other witnesses, has repeatedly seen this done with his eyes—in private houses, for instance—where there could be no machinery, and he himself and his brother have held the legs of a table to prevent the motion—the medium sitting some yards away—and that table has been wrenched from their grasp and lifted into the air."

Again, to Isa Blagden, from Bagni di Lucca under date of July 26, 1853, Mrs. Browning writes:

"... Mr. Lytton had a reception on the terrace of his villa at Bellosguardo on our last evening in Florence, and I made tea, and we ate strawberries and cream and talked Spiritualism. Such a view! Florence dissolving in the purple of the hills and the stars looking on. Mr. Tennyson was there, Mr. Powers and Senator Villali, an accomplished Sicilian, beside our young host and ourselves. How we set down Faraday for his 'arrogant and insolent' letter! Oh, we are believers here, Isa, except Robert, who persists in wearing a coat of respectable scepticism—so considered, though it is much out of elbows and ragged about the skirts. If I am right you will

none of you be able to disbelieve much longer. A new law, or a new development of law, is making way everywhere. We have heard much, more than I can tell you in a letter. Imposture is absolutely out of the question, to speak generally, and unless you explain the phenomena by a personal-ity unconsciously projected (which requires explanation of itself,) you must admit the spirit theory. Faraday's letter is most arrogant and singularly inconclusive. It does not meet the common fact of tables being moved and lifted without the touch of a finger."

Again under date of Aug. 31, 1853, from Bagni di Lucca, Mrs. Browning says in a letter to Miss Mitford:—

"By the way, I heard read the other day a very interesting letter from Paris, from Mr. Appleton, Longfellow's brother-in-law, who is said to be a man of considerable ability, and who is giving himself wholly just now to the investigation of this spirit-subject, termed by him the 'sublimest conundrum ever given to the world for guessing.' He appears still in doubt as to whether the intelligence is external, or whether the phenomena are not produced by an unconscious projection in the medium of a second personality accompanied by clairvoyance, and attended by physical manifestations. This seems to me to double the difficulty; yet the idea is entertained as a doubtful sort of hypothesis by such men as Sir Edward Lytton and others. Imposture is absolutely out of the question, be certain, as an ultimate solution, and a greater proof of credulity can scarcely be given than a belief in imposture as things are at present. But I was going to tell you Mr. Appleton has a young American friend in Paris, who, besides being a very sweet girl, says he, 'is a strong medium.' By Lamartine's desire, he took her to the poet's house; 'all the phenomena were reproduced, and even the present convinced.' Lamartine himself 'in ecstasies.' Among other spirits came Henry Clay, who said, 'J'aime Lamartine.' We shall have it in the next volume of biography. Louis Napoleon gets oracles from the 'raps,' and it is said that the Czar does the same,—your Emperor, certainly,—and the King of Holland is allowing the subject to absorb him. 'Dying out! dying out!' Our accounts from New York are very different, but unbelieving persons are apt to stop their ears and exclaim, 'We hear nothing now.' On one occasion the Hebrew Professor at New York was addressed in Hebrew, to his astonishment."

Mrs. Browning again writes:

"Why are our communications chiefly trivial? Why, but because we ourselves are trivial and don't bring serious souls and concentrated attention and serious aspirations to the spirits who are waiting for these things. Spirit comes to spirit by affinity, says Swedenborg, but our cousinship is not with the high and the noble."

Writing from Rome in December of 1853, to Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Browning again refers to the Spiritualistic phenomena in these words:

"I myself am convinced as I can be of any fact that there is an external intelligence; the little I have seen is conclusive to me. And this makes me more anxious that the subject should be examined by learned persons. Only the learned won't learn—that is the worst of them. Their hands are too full to gather simples. It seems to me a new development of law in the human constitution, which has worked before in exceptional cases, but now works in general."

In no place has Mrs. Browning ever asserted that "to look for theological teachings from supposed spirits would be disastrous." This is a garbled and erroneous quotation, the nearest—and indeed, the only approach to it,—is when she says (in a letter written in Rome on February 9, 1856):

"Why be afraid of the truth? God is in the truth and He is also called Love. The evil results of certain experiences of this class result mainly from the superstitions and distorted views held by most people concerning the spiritual world. We have to learn—we in the body—that death does not teach all things. Death is simply an incident. Foolish Jack Smith who died on Monday is on Tuesday still foolish Jack Smith. If people who on Monday scorned his opinions prudently, will on Tuesday receive his least words as oracles, they very naturally may go mad or, at least do something as foolish as their inspirer is."

As will be seen this is very different from the assertion made by "Inquirer," although it is easy to see how the above suffered a

sea change into something new and strange in the garbled quotation made.

It chances that I have at hand almost, if not quite, every word of Mrs. Browning's that has ever been printed, including much that is not ordinarily accessible or in common circulation; and I think I may venture to say that the entire trend of her reverent and spiritual nature was in acceptance of the open communion between those in the Seen and in the Unseen. She accepted this with as keen and critical intellectual discrimination as with swift and unerring spiritual divination. In the next article of this series further extracts from Mrs. Browning's convictions will be presented, as all her expression on this subject is full of illumination and beauty.

The Brunswick, Boston.

THY PRESENCE EVER.

R. S. Williams.

Spiritual Science Tenets.

1st Prop. There is an Intellectual Presence in which all things exist and which exists in all things—God.

2d Prop. Man is a manifestation of this Intellectual Presence, from which he springs; is developed in the material form, then becomes a spirit, in which state he progresses until he finally regains his original identity—God.

3d Prop. Life is a state of being. Death is the channel by which man reaches his spiritual state.

4th Prop. The phenomena of spiritual manifestation are caused by the spiritual development of man's physical senses.

5th Prop. In the material state man should never neglect the corporeal body for that of the spiritual, for without a healthy physical condition he cannot be spiritually perfect.

A Song.

I.

I know Thy Presence ever
In all things doth abide;
I see it in the heavens,
No darkness e'er can hide.
I see it in the waters,
The sea's relentless tide.
I'll sing this truth forever,
All things in Thee abide.

No shining wings of morning
Can ever carry me
To where Thy Presence faileth,
Where Thou canst never be.
Thy thought is precious ever,
Thy truth is dear to me—
As Thou in All abidest
So, All abide in Thee.

II.

God shows His Presence ever
In mountain, vale and lea
The sun, the starry heavens,
The rock, the beast, the tree
All manifest His Being.
In all things, God I see.
Yet this to me a marvel
God's breath, O clay, in thee!

What to the clay befalleth,
Why need I ever care?
Man made the earthly dwelling,
God placed the Spirit there.
The Spirit, God e'er raiseth:
The clay, as beast doth fare.
Knowledge to man God giveth;
These truths are gems so rare.

III.

God is my being ever:
I learn this day by day.
God makes my journey pleasant,
While here and in the clay.
But there's a myst'ry ever
That hides the future way:
'Tis Death! The skillful worker
Who worketh where he may.

'Tis Death that cuts asunder,
'Tis Death that ever cleaves
The threads of past and future:
The cloth weaver weaves,
And yet this myst'ry ever,
'Tis Death that interweaves.
The threads of earth and heaven:
The Tree e'er with the leaves.

IV.

God's gifts are precious ever,
In these I do rejoice.
I see beyond the river—
I hear the Spirit Voice.
What are thy earnest longings?
What gifts shall be thy choice?
The ones that I have chosen
Will make your heart rejoice.

God's hands are open always,
His promise He will keep
And grant these gifts most freely,
If thou in Spirit seek;
So trust Him then forever
And never turn thy feet.
These gifts to thee He offers,
Stranger, why wilt thou weep?

V.

When on life's billows, ever
The ship in which we sail
Must be both staunch and sturdy,
To ride the boisterous gale.
Why should I fear the tempest?
Why should I ever quail,
When on this surging-ocean
My barque be sound and hale?

God made the rose a beauty
And sweet the orange bloom;
The clouds proclaim His glory
As in the sky they loom.
Then should the earthly dwelling
Be damned to hellish doom,
And cause my Godly-Spirit
To be bowed down in gloom?

Soul Beauty.

Isabel G. Patton.

Man's divinity lies within his own being—in that he is possessed of a soul.

God has implanted within man the true essence of soul life, and given to him creative power. To this power he gradually awakens, and is enabled to enfold and expand in its soul growth. The harmony of his life then begins, adjusting itself to all outward influences, impressed and controlled by the knowledge which thus comes to him, for the inner guidance is unerring, and is ever a propelling force upward. Therefore to heed these soul impulses were wisdom, for to them is man indebted for the best gifts of life. The soul's language becomes to him the speaking part of God's love. The Father's message of peace whispering in softest accents, when he fails to find the way, and as the soul love which never grows cold nor distant vibrates ever nearer and nearer. Man hears God's soul sending the triumphant note of loveth and freedom amidst the fray of life's battle, and in the sublime thought, and lofty aspirations which come to him, he finds renewed strength and courage in these his highest ideals.

Soul beauty is the true ideal of perfected beauty, and in man's life it flows itself in lofty purpose of thought and deed, the work of man's mind emanating from the beauty of soul.

In all ages have been found those structures of beauty destined to be a delight and blessing to mankind and in their construction do we see this controlling power manifested.

Beauty of face and form has been rendered immortal by brush, pen and song; also the beauty of nature as shown in its wealth of floral treasure, the gorgeous coloring of sky, the wild grandeur of the sea, the stately forest and towering mountains, whose lofty peaks, enfolded by the soft draperies of the clouds which rest in fleecy whiteness o'er its crest, stands towering in a majestic silence. Thus from out the entire world of created things and beautiful ideals must we look for the heart and soul of beauty and thence to its creator and builder—God.

Without soul, one man incapable of those thoughts and deeds which enable him to rise above his immediate surroundings and grasp the meaning of the work set apart for him to do, for man's lives trend upward in proportion as they see something of the divinity contained in the soul—heavenward, for man's heaven lies within.

The beauty of the Christ life contained a love sufficient to embrace all humanity, for in that life was contained its perfect revelation to man, even as He was perfect. So shall they become perfected by this power.

Through spiritual life into abundant light are perfected souls. Also those still enveloped in the darkness of an almost perpetual night; yet upon such the light shall sometime fall, ere heart fall and spirit faint, and they see not the radiance emanating from above, rays of light sent to reveal the hidden germ of good contained in all souls, and yet to be perfected by the spirit's power ere the soul of man enters into its highest glory.

A soul is born within man, anew, whose beauty, the impress of the divine will yet be made perfect, even as He, man's adoration for now and all time.

Love, light, and power, man fain would hold faith, hope and love, aims inspiring always God's message to man, the beauty of soul living on through life forever and aye.

"O friend, never strike sail to a fear,
Come into port greatly, or sail with God
The seas."—Emerson.

BEN HASSAN'S VISION.

Lester Franklin Miner.

Ben Hassan climbed the weary way
Along the mountain wild and steep.
Weary and worn, yet day by day
He toiled and strove, nor stopped
to sleep.

So eager pressed he through the throng
His eyes fixed on the distant peak.
He heard no word, nor joined the song.
But passed along the strong and weak.

Yet as he struggled on alone
The path grew rougher day by day;
Faint and weak, by briars torn,
At last he fell beside the way.
Above him shone the distant light
That he had striven so long to gain;
Around him fell the shades of night,
And he in sleep forgot his pain.

And as he slept a vision came—
The Master stood beside his bed.
Thrice he called him by his name,
"Ben Hassan, why art thou here?" he
said.

"Oh, Allah! long I've toiled in vain
To reach yon distant mountain peak.
Yet still the heights I could not gain
And now I've fallen worn and weak.

"Oh, Allah! for thy sake I sought
To climb the mountain's stony side.
Nor thought the prize too dearly bought
But that Thy name were glorified.
No mountains were too steep to climb,
No path too thorny for my tread,
So I but reached the heights sublime,
Thy glorious praise abroad to spread."

"Ben Hassan! listen thou to me:
Said I to thee that thou must climb
This pathway steep, nor stop to see
The beauties round thy path sublime?
Thou wouldst have helped thy Master's
cause
And taught all men to praise my name
Hadst thou, my servant, but have paused
To help the poor and weak and lame.

"To raise the fallen beside thy path.
Bind up their wounds, and water give
Unto the fainting, day by day.
That these thy brothers, might still live
With deeds, not words, thy Master's cause
Thou shouldst have spread along thy
way.
Then would these weary travelers pause
To hear the words that thou might say.

"Then should thy Master's praise abroad
Be spread until all men should hear
That peace were better than a sword.
To walk in love and joy, not fear.
Were better far than greed of gold.
Or, striving unknown heights to climb,
Thus shouldst thou fill with joy untold
The earth, and raised thyself to heights
sublime.

"I bid thee now that thou shouldst stay
Beside this pathway steep and drear,
And help the weary day by day
To travel on with joy, not fear.
Teach all men love as they pass by,
To help each other on the way;
Seek not to climb the mountain high,
But do thy duty shown each day."
Ben Hassan rose and waiting there
He helped each weak and falling one;
Eyes to the blind, he led them where
The way was smooth, their feet to run.
Clothed the naked, the hungry fed,
And water to the fainting gave.
In pleasant pathways children led,
Nor none despised that he could save.

And lo! one day when years had passed,
He paused to look, behold he stood
Upon the topmost height at last.
Unheeding climbed while doing good,
Step by step, and day by day.
While helping others he had climbed
Along the rough and weary way,
And reached at last the heights sublime.

Wouldst thou be great? Be servant then;
He highest climbs who serves his fellow-
men.

Lurking Fallacies in Our Theology.

E. A. Barvelse.

When in his notable book, the "Evolution of Trinitarianism," such a profound scholar and accurate thinker as the late Dr. Paine of Bangor Theological Seminary, says in words that are burning in earnest that the churches are "out of joint with the times," surely there can be no objection raised against pointing out a few of the fallacies underlying this unpleasant condition of things. Since the human mind as a whole must ever be regarded as superior to any particular branch of its activity, and since theology elicits less and less attention from the intellectual world with each passing decade, the fallacies must belong to theology rather than to the other sciences which more and more occupy the minds of thinking men.

The libraries of our genteel grandfathers contained the works of Edwards, Hopkins and Emmons, along with the English and Roman and Greek classics. Today we have the classics but not the theology. Who now cares to read the quibbling arguments of Edwards and Chauncy as to whether the punishments of the damned will be vindictive or disciplinary? Who now remembers whether it was Hopkins or Emmons who said "eternal generation is eternal nonsense"? Who stops to think whether the Trinity is three persons with one essence or three essences with one personality? If we pick up these books at all, it is with the same feeling that we approach the Tertiary fossils in the museum—as something belonging to an age long past and now entirely outgrown. It is not that Edwards or Emmons did not carry their points with the most inexorable logic, and make their arguments as complete and exact as language is capable of, but that the entire foundation

of their theology has been swept away and their arguments are left suspended in mid-air. The modern scholar does not inquire whether future punishment is to accord with divine justice or the demerits of the sinner, but whether or not there is any future life at all! Scriptural passages or theological authorities no longer determine our beliefs. We interrogate Nature in her own language and have little need for apostolic interpreters. The opinions and doctrines of the Hebrews and Greeks are valuable, but not more so than those of other races. Theology has its place in inquiries concerning life, here and hereafter, but so have geology, biology, sociology and experimental psychology. The universe as a whole must give an answer to our questions before we are satisfied.

The one fundamental weakness, from which most of the fallacies in modern theology are mere corollaries, is the failure on the part of the theologians to grasp the fact that the laws of the universe are universal, immutable, eternal—that the existence of the universe itself is a veritable reign of law.

This failure to grasp the nature of natural laws is not due to lack of ability on the part of the clergy and professors of theology, but is due to antiquated methods of inquiry and stultified habits of thought that were nurtured and hallowed in ages of ignorance and superstition. Augustine's knowledge of the universe was like that of Lowell's goldfish compared to the larger knowledge of the twentieth century. Any system of thought which was wrought out in terms of Augustine's knowledge must be hopelessly crude and barbaric. No one, of course, contends that the theology of today is Augustinian; but that it is encumbered with Augustinian barnacles—and pre-Augustinian barnacles—is only too apparent. The liberal theologian of today would be the first to disclaim any looseness in his conception of natural laws, but the chances are that before he finishes his disclaimer he would unconsciously betray the existence of this very fact. Dr. Lyman Abbott gives us a very beautiful pantheistic picture of the evolution of all things, likening the process to the unfolding of a rosebud to a full blown blossom. In one place he declares Christ to be "the supreme product of evolution in human history," and in his "Evolution of Christianity" makes him "the cause rather than a product of evolution." Dr. Samuel Harris as a philosopher was persuaded that God was unconditional and absolute, but as a theologian felt constrained to regard God as personal, blending the two ideas in the term Absolute Spirit—a term as utterly unthinkable as a circular triangle.

In his little book, "The Immanence of God," Prof. Bowne, of Boston University, seems to be in the same hopeless muddle. He tells us that the cosmic order is the continuous manifestation and product of God; that the laws of nature are merely the manner of God's living; and on another page says, "They [miracles on this view] would be signs, or calls for attention, which might be made necessary by the mental and spiritual dullness of men!" Again he says, "The song of the angels may have been an hallucination of the shepherds, but it is the only time before or since that shepherds were so divinely hallucinated;" the implication being that this is a unique fact for divine guidance. Was not Jeanne d'Arc not only once but continually led by unseen messengers? And are not eminent scholars in the Psychological Research Society publishing hundreds of cases of guidance by unseen messengers? Who believes there is anything more of God in these facts than in the fertilization of orchids? In another place he says, "... events are supernatural in their causality, and natural in order of their happenings;" which statement to me, at least, means nothing at all. What civilized men mean by the happening of an event is simply the effect of some cause. If I drop Prof. Bowne's book on my writing table one of the immediate sequences will be a noise. Now, will anyone contend that this noise is supernatural in its causality, but timed so that it takes place at the instant the book strikes the table? If events happen just as though they were purely natural in their causality, does not the law of parsimony forbid our ascribing them to a more remote cause? If this view is true in the falling of books, or the framing of creeds. All knowledge is relative in its very nature. We know things only in their relation to other things. To say that an event in the natural unfolding of things—an event the like of which from the dawn of consciousness has always been inextricably bound up in a given group of phenomena—is supernatural in its causality is to destroy a conception of cause and effect which the universe has been stamping on our minds during the entire experience of the human race." Prof. Bowne's doctrine, to borrow one of his own figures, is bald pantheism furnished with a wig. He seems to hold about this position: I have made up my mind to believe in the immanence of God. There is no reason for accepting it, but as it is well to believe something worth while, I might as well accept this. It gives a kind of finality to thought that is restful: if attacked by the evangelicals I can cry faith as loud as any, and if attacked by scientists I can turn the shield about and it will read Pantheism in huge letters.

Likewise, many of the clergy of today have accepted the fruits of higher criticism and comparative mythology in the stories of Jonah and the whale; of Elijah and the ravens; of the divine parentage of Alexander, and the Virgin Mary; of the Three Worthies and the furnace, etc., etc., and tenaciously cling to the immaculate conception and the bodily ascension of Christ. Although the clergy as a whole are careful students of logic and argument in most matters, they fail to grasp the fact that one exception to a natural law demolishes that law entirely. If apples ever fall upward, the law

of gravitation is a myth. If the properties of a triangle and the length of the yardstick are not constant, all our mathematics and commerce are merely so much nonsense. The very conception of natural law is its universality, its changelessness; and if ever a single exception occurs, the law is no longer thinkable as a law. If man has been developed from lower forms of animal life through evolution with no divine interference from without—and this is conceded by all competent thinkers—how can it be held that Christ had a special divine origin? How can there be an exception to the law of evolution more than the law of gravitation?

How does it happen that most men now regard Christ as peculiarly divine? To this it must be answered that Christ became to be regarded as peculiarly divine in an age when every remarkable personage, every unusual phenomenon, every extraordinary happening was regarded as a miracle. Miracle was in the air, and was the accepted explanation of everything not thoroughly understood. One does not have to go far in ancient literature to discover that anything like a conception of natural law was generally wanting two millenniums ago. Christ's special divinity became established when miracle was the order of the day, and has survived to our time through the authority of the Bible and the apostolic writings. The Bible has been held "always, everywhere, and by all" as the one complete authority, the court of last resort, the end of all argument, the sacred word of God. Not only every idea, but every word and even every syllable has been declared by the most eminent ecclesiastical authorities to be directly inspired by God, both as to the original and the Vulgate, and therefore beyond the shadow of an error in fact or language. Now since it is by the letter of the Bible and this ecclesiastical authority alone that the modern world has believed at all in the truth and sacredness of the scriptural accounts of miracles and the coming of a divine mediator, by what authority do the clergy of today reject the Old Testament miracles and cling to the divine origin of Christ? The liberal theologian does not believe in the truth of the stories of Balaam's ass speaking; of the rapid growth of Jonah's gourd; of Elijah's ascension in a chariot of fire; of Aaron and the serpents; of the axe's floating, etc., etc., but does believe in the special divine sonship of Jesus. Now by what authority or method does he choose what to believe, and what not to believe, from a book that has been handed down through the centuries as the complete and infallible Word of God—especially since it is only by virtue of this traditional authority that he believes in this book at all? If it were not for this traditional authority our liberal minister would as readily believe in the divine origin of the Koran as in the divine origin of the Bible. He says that he does not credit many of the Old Testament miracles because they do not accord with our knowledge of things as revealed in the sciences and everyday experience; and, too, they have the same mythical ring as do the legends and folklore of other ancient peoples. That is, they will not square with the laws of the universe as we know them, and disregarding ecclesiastical authority he uses his own reason and places them in the list of Hebrew folk-tales.

But if it is once admitted that we can use our reason in accepting data for religious beliefs, why arbitrarily and capriciously limit the use of that reason? If Jonah's living in the belly of a great fish is bad physiology; if Joshua's stopping the movement of the earth, or the sun and moon, or all three, is bad astronomy; if the Three Worthies coming from the furnace unscathed is bad physics, in what way is the immaculate conception any better biology? If the Joshua story is to be rejected because it is not in accord with the discoveries of Newton, in what way is the story of the immaculate conception of Jesus in accord with the discoveries of Darwin? But such is the theological habit of thinking.

(To be continued.)

The Velvet Claw Reveals the Talons of Theocratic Despotism.

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

"FATHER" SHERMAN AS A REVELATOR.

There is absolute antagonism between the forces of Romanism and Spiritualism. They are as wide apart as the Nadir and the Zenith. There is not one principle in which they agree. One is for the liberty of thought, the other for its enslavement; one is for every man to be a law unto himself,—free to think for himself; the other for absolute self-abasement before the priest; one looks to the future, the other to the past; one would have a government of the people, by the people and for the people; the other would have a theocracy with the Pope as its head, and the people nothing but clay in his hands.

This statement is confirmed by the remarkable discourse of "Father" Sherman, son of Gen. W. T. Sherman, at Syracuse, N. Y., at the meeting for non-Catholics. Father Sherman is a renegade American, and it has been a constantly noticeable fact that such characters invariably out-Herod Herod, for the cause to which they attach themselves. He was not satisfied with becoming a Catholic, he joined the extreme wing of the Jesuits. He is so saturated with zeal and bigotry, he forgets the policy which usually marks the actions of the Jesuits, and reveals the animus and intentions of his leaders.

He began with a tirade against Protestant ministers. "Impious wretches. Most impious wretches!" he cried. "To such ministers of the Gospel I would say your belief is based on broodcloth and beefsteak."

"Wretches!" because they do not believe that the Pope is God's vicegerent with infallible authority. And if they are "wretches," why should they not be tortured until they confess? Why should not these "wretches" be given over by law into the hands of the Jesuits, as they once were and tortured until they become good Catholics, or killed, that the Church might confiscate their estates? Father Sherman would dearly love to have hold of them with red hot pincers, or bind them on the rack. Disappointed in the love affair of his youth, his mind embittered and hopelessly distorted, he leads his furious attacks which are harmless because the law holds him back. He cannot at present use force, but he stretches out the ugly claw of theocratic despotism, and beneath the velvet touch displays the cruel talons. It is a mistake to show them now—it is not time, but the exuberant Father is so sure of victory he casts discretion to the winds.

When a "Holy Father" begins to scream "wretches!" to those who happen to disagree with him, he is longing for the restoration of the torture chamber. How he would delight to have the Inquisition restored! How he would scream "wretches," as he turned the thumb-screws or branded with sizzling irons! The Protestant ministers have his first and malignant hate, even more than the free-thinkers and Spiritualists, but all would be subjected to his rule, were he given the power.

This country which by its generous laws makes it possible for creatures like Father Sherman to freely express their hatred because it is free. He insults every citizen of the Great Republic. He says in his contention that Catholic countries are more advanced than Protestant.

"The humblest servant girl in Spain has more refined instincts in matters of aesthetic taste than the highest American I know in my country. The Spanish servant has more real Christian refinement and intelligence than any American senator or representative in Congress." "The nobles of Spain are more noble than anything my country has bred." "The higher classes of Europe look upon the Americans as pigs." "My country?" Why, Father Sherman has no country. As a Jesuit, he renounced allegiance to all governments. He is a puppet of the Pope, sworn by the most awful oath to do his bidding. He has no duty or obligation to the government at Washington, his oath is to Rome. If we object to the Mormons because they are first obligated to their Church, what shall we say of this Catholic who boldly advocates the doctrine held to for twenty centuries that the Pope is the heaven-appointed ruler of the earth, and to disobey him is a sin demanding capital punishment?

No, Father Sherman has no country. He is an alien, and his interests are opposed to the liberty this country gives. "What civilization have we in this country? Is it to be compared to the age of Dante? Have we not a mere smattering of things, here and there, as a variety of subjects? When America is civilized, then talk to me of Catholic countries."

"When Roman Catholicism was in its palmist days in the thirteenth century the arts and sciences, philosophy and theology flourished as they have never since."

It does not seem possible for any man claiming the least prestige of learning and position to stand before an audience of thinking people and brazenly make these assertions. It shows to what degradation of moral principles and honest decency the "Holy" religion will bring its zealots. Of all benighted ages of the world, the culminating point of the Dark Ages was the 13th century. Europe had passed the throes of the Crusades, which had paved the road over the deserts to Palestine with the bones of the bravest, yet misguided of her sons, to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Mohammedans. It was peculiar that the grave of their God could not be visited by the Christians without the consent of the infidel. The Mother Church had urged on the terrible work, blessed and cursed by turns and her priests had loaned money to the chieftains whom they had persuaded to take up the Cross.

When the shattered remnants of the Crusades returned to their homes, they found their possessions in the hands of the church. Europe was owned by the priests. It was assuredly halcyon days for the church. The priest was everything, the people nothing. As for science, nothing was then known that would be called science today. Astronomy was astrology and the healing art, in the hands of the priests, was a mixture of poison, drugs, incantations and prayers. Philosophy died with the Greek sages, but theology flourished. It is the opinion of men, and can be made just as the stronger please.

Yes the 13th to the 16th centuries was the time when the pens of priests were busy forging manuscripts. The priceless volumes of Greek and Roman writers were obliterated to allow the writing of drivelings monks, the works of the Church fathers and revisions of the Holy Scripture. Ignorance was supreme. The Church was opposed to learning and made thinking a crime punishable by dungeon and fagot. Only the priests could read and write, the lords and parsons "made their mark," for they were unable to write their names even. There was not a public school, a town library, a newspaper, or journal, in all Europe. No one dared speak, scarcely think, in opposition to the Church. When thought finally began to awaken, the Inquisition was instituted, and in Spain was so relentless in its work that it has left the people in that state of mental lethargy and slavery which is ideal to Father Sherman and the Pope.

The morality of Europe at this culminating time, when Christianity under the policy of its priests held Europe in absolute control, may be learned from the startling fact that when some of the early sea voyagers returned from their explorations, they

brought a nameless disease, before unknown to Europeans, and in an incredible time it was prevalent over all Europe, from serf to noble, from beggar to priest (vowed to celibacy).

And yet Father Sherman dares to contrast this country, and insult its sixty millions of people (not including the Catholics which a priest cannot insult) with its free institutions, its inventions, discoveries, literature, colleges, public schools, and moral character, which is the superior of all religions, with the ages of darkness, and corruption.

Catholicism, then the Christian religion, did it foretell learning? Did it encourage science? Did it give prizes to discoveries? It burned Giordano Bruno for declaring there were other worlds inhabitable than this. It kept Galileo in a dungeon for years because he believed the earth moved around the sun, instead of holding with the Bible that the sun revolved around the earth. It held censorship of human thought and books containing new ideas, or in the least conflicting with the Catholic belief were ordered to be burned with the heretical writings. It has fought every step of advancing knowledge to the death, and had not humanity burst its restraint, all the nations of Europe would now be even more benighted than Spain, whose people find their highest enjoyment in witnessing scenes of cruelty and pain.

From Constantine the Great (murderer and assassin) to the 16th Century, from the time when Roman greatness sank in the ceaseless strife of the Church, to the invention of printing; in all that dismal interval, there arose out of the Church not one poet, not one philosopher, not one historian or thinker. History was nothing more than lying chronicles, and only writings on theological subjects, incomprehensible, vague, fanciful, without the least regard to truth, or fact, were most prized.

While this mental and moral darkness brooded over Christian Europe, the Arabians, under Mohammedanism, preserved the priceless volumes of the Greek and Roman philosophers, poets and historians; fathered learning; encouraged discoveries; and, when Europe by the sheer strength of the expanding growth of mentality, shook off the incubus which had clutched its throat for a thousand years, she became ready to receive from Mohammedan hands this legacy of ancient civilization.

Christianity—Catholicism—the cause of civilization? As well say a swimmer is supported by a mill-stone tied around his neck when he is strong enough to bear it up and support himself and its dragging weight.

The series of meetings ended on Sunday with a "Military Mass," ostensibly given in memory of General W. T. Sherman, father of the priest, really to give prestige to the "Holy Church."

A Military Mass is to encourage the fighting spirit; to awaken and keep alive the brute instinct to kill; to strut in the bedeckings of war, and become skilled in the high art of butchery. It blesses the sword and anoints with holy oil the shell which is to explode and rend; the rifle ball which is to pierce the body with mortal hurt.

Military Mass is a blessed thing! A Christly thing! A Christian service!

The Cadets of the Catholic Military School at Manlius were in uniform and the military organizations of the city attended. There was also the Catholic Military Companies, Knights of the Cross, Knights of St. Patrick and House of Providence Cadets!

Why should the Catholics maintain military academies, and drilled bodies of Knights? For what purpose have they at least fifty thousand trained soldiers and officers? Why is it necessary that they should be armed with the best weapons, held in secret arsenals? Why more than the Methodists or Presbyterians; the Baptists or Episcopalians?

If one sect is to have military organizations and a full equipment of weapons, all should have and the country be resolved into armed camps of worshipers of the lowly Jesus, who commanded that when one cheek was struck to turn the other.

You can read the report of all this in the newspapers, but you will not see one word of censure or warning. The press is enslaved. Its mighty power is subsidized and wielded by the enemies of personal liberty.

What the Country Pays the President.

"Is the President able to save anything out of the mere \$50,000 a year salary he receives?" says a correspondent of the San Francisco Argonaut, and to the query the Argonaut gives this answer: "Many people believe that the \$50,000 a year which the President gets as salary is the sum total of his official income. It is a mistake. This is how he is paid. Thirty-six thousand and sixty-four dollars is given him in addition to his salary of \$50,000, to pay the salaries of his subordinates and clerks. His private secretary is paid \$3,250; his assistant private secretary, \$2,250; his stenographer, \$1,800; five messengers (each), \$1,200; a steward, \$1,800; two doorkeepers (each), \$1,200; four other clerks at good salaries, ranging from \$1,500 to \$2,500; one telegraph operator, two ushers, \$1,200 and \$1,400; a night usher, \$1,200; a watchman, \$900, and a man who takes care of the fires, who has \$864 a year.

In addition to this there is given him \$8,000 for incidental expenses, such as stationery, carpets and the care of the Presidential stables. And under another heading there is given him nearly \$40,000 more. Of this, \$12,500 is for repairs and refurbishing the White House; \$2,500 is for fuel; \$4,000 is for greenhouse; \$15,000 is for gas, matches and the stable. The White House, all told, costs the country, in connection with the President, considerably over \$125,000 a year.

Letters from Our Readers.

The editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents and a publisher who does not agree with the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.

All is Spirit.

In a letter printed in last week's Banner, Mr. W. W. Sprague expresses his dissent to the doctrine as enunciated by Dr. Putnam in his Lowell Institute lecture that "matter does not exist except as a manifestation of energy," and asks, "Can he (the doctor) dissociate energy from matter?" a question which, as Mr. Sprague probably fancies, clinches his own argument.

If energy and matter cannot be dissociated it follows, (1) Either that energy and matter are the same thing; or, (2) that they are different.

They cannot be different in Mr. Sprague's view, for he says, "All that exists . . . is correlated," which means, if it means anything, that all things are of the same substance, ultimately. Therefore the other horn of the dilemma must be taken, viz.: that energy and matter are the same thing.

If this be true, which is the "thing," energy or matter? Suppose there were no energy, what would become of Mr. Sprague's "matter?" Take, for example, a piece of stone, which Mr. Sprague would certainly agree is ordinarily supposed to be "matter." The atoms forming this stone would not cohere in the form we call a stone except for energy, some power from somewhere which makes them cohere in the form which produces upon our senses certain effects. These effects are all we know of that stone. Suppose the energy did not exist; that stone would not produce upon our senses those effects. We know the effects. We know that some energy must produce these effects; and that is all we know. Outside of and beyond this we know nothing. This is also as true of the ultimate ions as of the stone of the mountain. They are, all, but the effects upon our senses of different manifestation of energy.

Now this energy emanates from somewhere. Its source we call God. It manifests itself in many forms of expression. We call it spirit. The ultimate analysis of the universe reduces everything to an expression of God.

If Mr. Sprague should conduct his thinking to its ultimate conclusions and attempt to find in the Universe any "matter" anywhere, he would see his mistake.

Much fun was made at one time over an alleged saying of the German Kaiser, "I and God." This statement, nevertheless, contains all knowledge. Beyond consciousness of his own ego and the effect upon it of the energy of God, no man can advance a millionth of an inch in knowledge.

Mime Inness.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dear Sir: On Sunday, April 20th, I concluded a very pleasant and most successful engagement with the First Spiritual Church of Baltimore, Md. Since I have been serving this church, I have found its officers and members very earnest and zealous in co-operating with me in every endeavor to advance the interests of the church and our Cause in general. Mr. Charles R. Schirm, the efficient president, is ever alert to safeguard in every way the interests of our Cause in this city.

I have been greatly gratified at the large audiences that have greeted me every Sunday. Judging from the many kind words of appreciation from my listeners, I am led to believe that the efforts of my Spirit guides have met the approbation of the people. I wish we had more societies in the United States like those in Cleveland, Ohio; Pittsburg, Pa.; Washington, D. C.; and Baltimore, Md.

My friends throughout the country will see by the list of engagements that I send to your department, "Movements of Speakers," that I am being kept very busy. For this I am thankful to my beloved Spirit Guides, as well as to hundreds of friends in the earth life who seem ever ready to give me a kind word and a cheery "God Speed" in my effort for our Cause. With very best wishes for the "Banner,"

I am fraternally,

Oscar A. Ederly.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

When I receive the Grand Old Banner, that has so long waved over the glorious cause of Spiritualism, I first cast a hasty glance over the headings; then I turn back to the first two, "The Life Radiant," and "The Webs We Weave." These two highly endowed and truly devoted sisters, are two angels in the earthly form, giving forth the messages so much needed: "Come up higher! Arise and Shine!" A command that was intended for the whole human world: "Let your light so shine." Would that human-lives could become more radiant and reliant under the bright stars of hope, love and good-will, that ever shine for all. Love is the greatest thing in the world, and is constantly weaving its silken web around human hearts to comfort and bless. As sister Price says: "What courage, what patience it gives." I send a poem that I have selected that gives a true description of it.—Newman Weeks.

WHAT IS IT?

There is a magic talisman
Which dwells in life within,
It makes the earth most beautiful
And smiles through woe and sin,
Its face is seen; its touch is felt
Wherever we may roam,
And happy is he who retains
It pure within his home.

It thrills throughout the soul and heart,
It gleams within the eye,
It lingers in the touch of hand,
And speaks in laugh and sigh,
It beautifies the plainest face
Makes young the aged form,
And stirs the cold and selfish heart
With tender feelings warm.

It calls the rose-leaf blush to cheek
Of maidens pure as snow;
It glorifies, redeems and saves
And makes a Heaven below;
Revives the fainting traveler,
Imparts a vigor new,
And no work is impossible
For this grand power to do.

It halos mother's face with light,
Enshrines the infant's form,
And bravely meets all mortal foes,
Outrides the fiercest storm;
It holdeth worlds in its embrace,
Connects the peopled spheres
With chains whose links make sweet-
est chimes,
Which echo through the years.

It is seen in all of Nature's forms,
But best revealed in man,
For there it burns in living flames
Which time and age doth fan;
Beyond the grave, in clearest tones,
Its music echoes far,
Out from humanity, in soul,
It sounds from star to star;

And vibrates through the universe,
In harmony divine,
Men's souls, the golden strings attuned,
Whose sweetest tones combine
To swell the song creation sings—
This deathless anthem grand.

The infinite and tender voice
Which all can understand,
Ah! whisper low this blissful word
Which angels chant above,
The holiest, the Godliest,
Most wondrous power, is love.

Onset Bay Grove Association.

PROGRAM FOR 1906.

Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., Chairman.
Sunday, July 22, 10.30 a. m., Dr. Geo. A. Fuller.

Sunday, July 22, 2 p. m., Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, of Stoneham, Mass., followed with tests by Mrs. Katie M. Ham, of Haverhill, Special, 10 cents.

Monday, July 23, 2.30 p. m., Conference.

Tuesday, July 24, 2.30 p. m., Mrs. Annie Knowlton Hinman, of Worcester, Mass.

Wednesday, July 25, 2.30 p. m., Conference.

Thursday, July 26, 2.30 p. m., Mr. Alfred H. Terry, of Washington, D. C., Lecture and Tests.

Friday, July 27, 2.30 p. m., Conference.

Saturday, July 28, 2.30 p. m., Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

Sunday, July 29, 10.30 a. m., Miss Susie C. Clark, of Cambridge, Mass.

Sunday, July 29, 2 p. m., Mr. Thomas Cross, of Fall River, followed with tests by Mrs. Katie M. Ham. Special, 10 cents.

Monday, July 30, 2.30 p. m., Conference.

Tuesday, July 31, 2.30 p. m., Mr. Thomas Cross.

Wednesday, August 1, 10.30 a. m. and 2.30 p. m., Equal Rights Day.

Thursday, August 2, 2.30 p. m., Mr. Thomas Cross.

Friday, August 3, 2.30 p. m., Conference.

Saturday, August 4, 2.30 p. m., Mass. State Association.

Sunday, August 5, 10.30 a. m., Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, of Boston.

Sunday, August 5, 2 p. m., Rev. F. A. Wiggins, of Boston, Lecture and Tests.

Monday, August 6, 2.30 p. m., Conference.

Tuesday, August 7, 2.30 p. m., Rev. Cora L. V. Richmond, of Chicago, Ill.

Wednesday, August 8, 2.30 p. m., Conference.

Thursday, August 9, 2.30 p. m., Rev. Cora L. V. Richmond.

Friday, August 10, 2.30 p. m., Conference.

Saturday, August 11, 2.30 p. m., Children's Lyceum Day.

Sunday, August 12, 10.30 a. m., Mrs. Mary T. Longley, of Washington, D. C., Sec'y of the N. S. A.

Sunday, August 12, 2 p. m., Rev. Cora L. V. Richmond, followed with tests by Mrs. Garrie F. Loring, of East Braintree, Mass. Special 10 cents.

Monday, August 13, 2.30 p. m., Conference.

Tuesday, August 14, 2.30 p. m., Rev. Wilson Fritch, Ph. D., of Attleboro, Mass.

Wednesday, August 15, 2.30 p. m., Library Day.

Thursday, August 16, 2.30 p. m., Rev. Wilson Fritch, Ph. D.

Friday, August 17, 2.30 p. m., Mrs. Mary T. Longley.

Saturday, August 18, 2.30 p. m., National Spiritualists' Association.

Sunday, August 19, 10.30 a. m., Mrs. Marietta L. Mason, of New York City.

Sunday, August 19, 2 p. m., Rev. Wilson Fritch, Ph. D., followed with tests by Mrs. Alice M. Whall. Special, 10 cents.

Monday, August 20, 2.30 p. m., Conference.

Tuesday, August 21, 2.30 p. m., Harrison D. Barrett, President of the N. S. A.

Wednesday, August 22, 2.30 p. m., Grand Army Day.

Thursday, August 23, 2.30 p. m., Mr. Harrison D. Barrett.

Friday, August 24, 2.30 p. m., Conference.

Saturday, August 25, 2.30 p. m.

Sunday, August 26, 10.30 a. m., Mr. Harrison D. Barrett.

Sunday, August 26, 2 p. m., Rev. F. A. Wiggins, of Boston, Lecture and Tests.

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The extraordinary merits of "The Wisdom of Passion" are the copiousness of human insight and content in the way of fact and reference with which the book is crammed. It is a masterpiece of research and scholarship. I agree with—Prof. William James, Harvard University.

I have found "The Wisdom of Passion" to be a book of powerful erudition and fine intuition. I would be happy to be in a certain sense I had inspired it.—Prof. Cesare Lombroso.

Here is a man who sees and says things for himself. He is not retelling conventionalities. The book fairly bristles with wise sayings. I believe the thesis is sustainable and that the author has gone a long way toward fortifying it. After I took up the book, I did not quit, except for meals and sleep till I had read it carefully from cover to cover. Albin W. Small, Head of Dept. of Sociology and Director of Abolition Work of the University of Chicago.

I am somewhat familiar with the tendency in modern thought to give primary place to feeling—with James' "Will to Believe," with Ward's social philosophy, with Shelley's and Browning's philosophy. "The Wisdom of Passion" fits in with their contributions. The main thesis of the book—that the soul forms its own forms by its choice—I can ascribe to—Prof. Oscar Lloyd Briggs, University of Chicago.

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Banner of Light

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 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.

"Then Joe's Dead."

What a picture our President placed before us in his address at the formal burial of the transported remains of the body of Admiral Paul Jones, at Annapolis, when he recalled the brave Lieutenant Joe Smith, commander of the Congress, killed in the attack upon his ship (after the Cumberland sank, "her flag flying, and her guns firing with the decks awash, while Morris, when summoned to surrender, replied, 'Never, I'll sink alongside,' and made his words good")—and the Lieutenant's father, Commodore Joe Smith, reading from the despatches from Fort Monroe that the Congress had hoisted the white flag, saw another fact which he gave out quietly in the words with which this writing is headed, "Then Joe's dead." As the President glowingly remarks, "no father could wish to feel a prouder certainty of his boy's behavior; and no naval officer could hope to win a finer epitaph."

We turn from this scene of battle with arms to one not less demanding or real, recalling the picture traced by the pen of Emerson, giving utterance as a prophet not less than as an historian: "Times of heroism are generally times of terror, but the day never shines in which this element may not work. The circumstances of man, we say, are historically somewhat better in this country, and at this hour, than perhaps ever before. More freedom exists for culture. It will not now run against an axe, at the first step out of the beaten track of opinion. But whose is heroic, will always find crises to try his edge. Human virtue demands her champions and martyrs, and the trial of persecution always proceeds. Coarse slander, fire, tar and feathers, and the gibbet, the youth may freely bring home to his mind, and with what sweetness of temper he can, and inquire how fast he can fix his sense of duty, bearing such penalties, whenever it may please the next newspaper, and a sufficient number of his neighbors to pronounce his opinion incendiary."

This battle which the seer apprehended is now on, and for us. Hostile legislation established in many states, and striven for in many other states, forbids us exercising our powers for healing, which, as Andrew Jackson Davis soundly pointed out many years ago, is ours by natural right; many cities are humiliating our teachers and healers, our seers and ministers, by imposing a tax and police surveillance on them, while other denominations exercise perfect freedom in their undertakings in masses, prayers, prophecies and what they will; our ranks are being decimated by slanderous attacks in high places; our facts spurned by those in authority; numbered with us are those who assume to speak for us, but whose slanderous tongues and vicious pens are ever weakening our foundations and destroying as we build.

The battle is on! What service have we given that can assure our Teachers, if re-

port gives out that the white flag is raised, that "Joe's dead," or it could not be so? How many of us are ready to "sink alongside" but never give up while power to serve remains?

Five consecutive years of faithful service on the part of ten per cent. of those who have been served generously by the gifts of mediumship (which, after all is said and done, has been conserved by Spiritualists) would form a battery on this plane that would make our strongholds impregnable, our spirit co-operators assured, and win the world to the truths of the Spirit.

How many of us are ready for the undertaking? Not that convenient offering that gives after "we have looked out for ourselves." Not that trappy service that appears on gala days and struts about in companies called together for just this display. But that brave, fearless service that is constant,—in season and out of season,—that can look into the guns of the enemy, with only three rounds of ammunition in reserve, and make those three rounds count to the last dynamic ounce; that service that keeps the flag aloft and the guns a-pounding, so long as powder lasts and gunner breathes, and with the last breath to "surrender" thunders back, "Never, I'll Sink Alongside," and if needs be make the words good.

How we have trimmed, and covered! How we have chased and minced and looked generally foolish! O, that a mighty, rushing wind from the mountain peaks of High Spirit might sweep into our midst, until our blood tingles for the service, and no man find it in his mind to ask what of reward, rather what can I give? Away with this shop-keeper's question, "Can I afford it?" and in its place let this ring out in calm, clear tones, "Here am I, send me, send me."

Mr. Adams and the "African."

In a recent magazine article Charles Francis Adams, who never forgets his descent from two Presidents, confesses that hitherto he has been, in one particular tenet, all wrong. His idea of the black man in America was that he should have a chance in this land of opportunity to show that his past thralldom has kept down a race capable of better things. Mr. Adams calls the colored man of the South the African in America, and with the confusion in his mind which this false name has created, draws some very pessimistic conclusions.

His recent trip to the Sudan is the cause of his change of faith. There he saw one race of pure Africans in their native barbarity and it shocked him.

Much of Mr. Adams' alarm is groundless, while no one can dispute the accuracy of his observation in Sudan. That the African does not perceptibly grow when left to himself away from contact with superior races is undoubtedly true, although our American traveler generalizes without sufficient consideration of all the facts. African travelers have found black races who knew metallurgy enough to smelt and work iron and some other metals. And as these arts were, apparently at least, acquired and not learned from other races, they should be given credit for quite a rise from absolute barbarism.

But Mr. Adams' great mistake arises from the false use of terms. It is customary to speak of the American negro as an "African," because his ancestors were forcibly caused to emigrate from that dark continent. And yet a little thought (and Mr. Adams is usually prone to consider well before speaking) would have shown him that "African" applied to the American negro in the same sense as in its application to the Soudanese, is a palpable misnomer. There are no Africans, or practically none, in America. Almost without exception the negro of our Southern States is a mulatto; which means that his blood contains a greater or less admixture of white. It is true that this will not make him capable of being a white man. There is still a wide difference. Yet this white blood is so widely spread that we should not despair of his progress. The disgrace of the Southern white and the shame of the colored women is the one cause of hope for the advancement of the present race of colored people. This seems like a moral paradox, and yet it is but the following out of nature's law.

The greatest colored man of the day is Booker Washington. That he is clearly and cleanly entitled to the appellation, great, no one can dispute. He is a shining example of what the black man can do. Toussaint L'Ouverture, whom Wendell Phillips delighted to honor, is another illustration. So was Frederick Douglass.

The statistics of the census show the marked increase in the wealth of the Southern blacks, their marked progress in trade, business and the professions. That they are capable of profiting by the teachings of Tuskegee is another indisputable piece of evidence that the black man of America, in America, can and does grow, whatever may be his condition or his progress in the Sudan. That they demand opportunity and in spite of all opposition, are taking it and

improving it, too, puts to shame the pessimism of this scion of Presidents who should have studied more deeply the landscape of his own country before being blinded by the African sun.

One is tempted to inquire how he can expect the black man to progress in Africa if its baleful influence upon himself is so quickly manifest. The negro is with us. The problem is here. It is not to be solved by despair and admitted defeat. The negro is not asking any white man to help him. He is asking only a chance to help himself, and the mighty strides he has taken in the forty years since his emancipation, taken in the teeth of oppression such as no white race has ever met, gives us not only no cause for discouragement but rather the greatest ground for the most optimistic hope.

The Divorce Decision.

A recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in a divorce case has startled the country. The declaration thus made of what the law is, was decided by a bare majority of that august tribunal. It is, none the less, the law of the land until reversed or changed by legislation.

The exact effect of the decision is not fully understood. It does not declare that a divorce obtained in one state against a citizen of another state is not binding on the defendant. It only goes so far as to say that the courts of the state where the defendant lived are not obliged, under the Constitution, to hold the divorce binding. If, for example, a Massachusetts man goes to Dakota and there acquires a residence and then obtains a divorce from his wife who still lives in Massachusetts, the comity between states, which the Constitution enjoins, does not necessarily compel the Massachusetts court to declare the Dakota divorce to be good.

If, however, the Massachusetts courts are willing to recognize the validity of such a divorce, there is nothing in the decision just rendered to prevent such recognition.

This decision, therefore, does not per se destroy all divorces obtained between citizens of different states, although it is possible that they may be so destroyed. It all depends upon the willingness of the courts of the state where the question of validity may arise.

The consequences of one horn of this dilemma may be fearful. Suppose, in the case cited, that the Massachusetts courts should refuse to recognize the validity of divorces granted against her own citizens by the courts of every other state. The illegitimizing of thousands of innocent children, the destruction of hundreds of happy homes, would inevitably follow.

General Grant was wont to say that the surest way to repeal a bad law was to enforce it. This decision will call to the attention of the people the horrible consequences attendant upon the existence of fifty different divorce statutes in as many different states. It should result in some concerted action looking toward the unification of the divorce laws, making it as easy to obtain separation in one state as in any other. The scandals of the "easy" states would then cease, and the standing of offspring be assured as well as the stability of the homes of the land.

Uniform divorce laws must come. This decision will hasten the day. On this account the decision will prove a blessing, even if a hardship to some.

The Spiritual Life.

What is it to live the spiritual life? This has been the question of the devout in all ages of man. In one form or another the longing of the human soul for closer contact with the Infinite has caused this question to be asked and the answer sought. It is impossible to conceive of a human soul, which at some time, somewhere has not had at least an embryonic yearning for something higher and better.

The answer to this query has been as varied as the changing conditions of races and of men and as difficult as the consciences or moral trend of different men.

The Catholic Church, in the old days when it was the only Christian Church, taught (for its own temporal purposes too often), that the spiritual life could be only lived in that seclusion and solitude which dwelt within monastery walls; and to the world-weary, the disheartened, the unsuccessful ones of the earth, this hermit life seems sweet and acceptable still.

But selfishness is not the Spiritual Life. Another class feel that only in the ministry can this pure Spiritual life be lived. Here life-long labor for the uplifting of others, the constant contemplation of God and his holiness, would seem indeed to be the true road to the attainment of that close touch with the great Oversoul, the great Spirit which broods over us all, that may be called the Spiritual Life.

But still comes the reply, "Selfishness is not the Spiritual Life."

In every community are found those highly religious natures whose greatest

pleasure lies in the atmosphere where beams the "dim, religious light of the cathedral." At church and at church only, for there is found that perfect soul-peace which seems in the ecstasy of the moment to lead them into closer communion with the God who, they feel, "dwells within the sanctuary." "The Lord is in his Holy Temple. Let all the earth keep silence before Him," appeals to these with the greatest force. Here certainly, they feel, and here alone, can one live the Spiritual Life.

Once more the refrain, "Selfishness is not the Spiritual Life."

Another class yet; those who love to withdraw daily into the silence of their own companionship and to dwell alone with the Soul; then refreshed and quickened with the power thus drawn from the world forces, they go out to their daily lives. This is the Anglo-Saxon practical way of mingling duty with spirituality, the practical with the holy. It is the Occidental adaptation of Orientalism to the western problems. It is Buddha plus Christ. The great Gautama gained his perfection by silent contemplation of self in the lonely fastnesses of the Himalayas, where none of his human kind might intrude to interrupt his meditations. The dream-life of an expatriated Indian Prince was possible in India and, our theological friends tell us, we must apply his methods to our manners and thus reach out toward his perfection. But once more the neglected duties of the life which is enjoined upon us by our environment, whisper to our souls:

"Selfishness is not the Spiritual Life."

In despair the seeker for this longed for existence cries "How then can it be lived?"

The answer is older than the light which played around the brow of a crucified Jesus, older than the dream-myths of Gautama-Buddha, as old as man, as old as God: "To live the Spiritual Life, seek not to live it. Forget thyself and thy living. Live only for the good you can do in service for others and if one die for his friend, or his country, or his God, then indeed in dying he lives and the true spiritual life is attained.

The answer then to the world-wide, world-old question is brief, is simple.

What is it to live the Spiritual Life?
Self forgetfulness in service.

Lillian Whiting will sail for Italy (by the "Canopic" of the White Star Line, on May 19), where her address will be in care of Messrs. Sebasti and Reali, Piazza di Spagna, Rome, who will forward letters to her at any point.

From Rome, Miss Whiting goes in June to Paris, lingering, en route, in Perugia, Assisi and Venice, and while in Paris, she will find a vast amount of new and interesting psychic data, in the researches of the great French scientists, which will find place in her series of articles in the "Banner." Among others, Miss Whiting expects to meet Col. Rochas and Dr. Moutin, the French physician whose experimental researches into mesmeric and hypnotic phenomena have aroused so much interest in Paris.

Boston is singularly favored by the new steamers direct to Mediterranean ports established by the White Star Line—a sea route of extraordinary beauty and romantic interest. From Boston to the Azores the trip is made in six days and the few hours' stop at those islands offers an agreeable change. At Gibraltar again and, in the season, at Algiers—which is a sort of Paris set in Africa—stops are made, thus offering a sea voyage of great variety and charm. The passengers who travel by these royally luxurious steamers, the "Canopic" and the "Romanic," are all enthusiastic regarding the splendid management and unrivaled comfort of this line.

The fine library, the charmingly appointed writing-room, the music-room, the broad decks affording long promenades, all combine to make an enchanting voyage.

Last week the Signora Comtesse, Cora di Brazza-Savorgnan, arrived in Boston by the "Romanic" and she returns to her home in Italy—Castel-di-Brazza, near Venice,—the last of June, coming again to Boston to sail, after an extended visit to New York, Washington, Chicago and New Orleans—that she may return in one of the favorite White Star Line steamers. The "White Star" is adding great prestige to Boston as a sailing port, in both their Liverpool and their Mediterranean lines.

Miss Whiting hopes to continue her article in the "Banner" while abroad, and to be able to gain new interest and information in the most recent scientific researches in psychic investigation. Paris is a centre of intense and intelligent investigation and constant discussion of psychic problems, in which the most eminent and learned people of the day are engaged far more seriously than in this country.

What a lesson Bishop Lawrence read to us in his annual address before the diocesan convention last week:

"An educated and consecrated man, whose family, because of his meagre salary, is insufficiently fed, clothed or housed, may

be a beautiful object of self-sacrifice. Let him be fed, clothed, and warmed and his sacrifice can be turned into more worthy channels.

"It is recognized that a city carpenter or a school teacher in a cultivated, thickly populated district must have higher pay than the less skilled carpenter or teacher in the country village.

"In our study of the ministry we must keep this in mind. The men are not in it for the salary; in fact, the best men and women are not in any calling simply for the pay; with that motive dominant they quickly cease to be the best.

"The men in the ministry should be ready and are ready, I believe, to make any sacrifice. The vital question of the church, of the laity especially, is how can they be so supported as to put their sacrifice where it will do the most good, in other words, how can they be made most efficient?"

Wisconsin has done well in electing as President of its State Association that zealous, manly and thoroughly equipped, George H. Brooks. He already has his head full of plans for a splendid campaign for Spiritualism, in harmonious work, and faithful service. Much success to them all.

The Spiritualists of Washington, D. C., have been among the foremost in securing and sending substantial aid to the sufferers in the recent widespread calamity in San Francisco, as far as in their power. In addition to numerous benefactions they have bestowed in contributions to the general funds of the city and to personal friends who have lost their homes in the stricken west, many mediums have held seances and meetings in aid of the destitute. At the home of Mr. F. A. Wood, President of the 1st Association of Washington, Mrs. Stephen, Mrs. Waunecke, Mrs. Price and Mrs. Longley held a seance on May 1st, resulting in the sum of eighty-four dollars for this worthy object. Mrs. Waunecke also secured about twelve dollars at her Sunday meeting for the same cause.

Sir William Crookes has just celebrated his "golden wedding." This reminds us that it is a quarter of a century ago that he was sent out by the celebrated British scientific society to explode the fallacy that was making Spiritualists of Her Majesty's sensible subjects. His conclusions after unusual care in his investigations are clearly given in his "Researches," and he has told the world recently, that he had never seen occasion to reverse those decisions. He showed us in this book, too, how scientific men take defeat when their scouts fail to bring back the testimony they expected them to find.

The western Presbyterian who declares, anent the new Presbyterian Prayer Book, that out his way they have to eat canned vegetables, canned meat and canned milk, but can't stand for canned prayers, leads us to inquire if he would recommend government inspection. We are afraid that out our way this would be interpreted as union of Church and State.

The late Dr. Garnett of the British Museum looked upon astrology as a mathematical science. While accepting much of the details of ancient writers on this line, he greatly objected to the application of the word "occult" to this study. We wonder if Peabody Museum knows Dr. Garnett.

A little Socialist appeal closes with these fair suggestions that call to us all, on all lines of endeavor:

"As for the matter of dues, be a man. Do your part. You want Socialism to come. Your own happiness and that of your children after you depend upon it. Then don't grudge the small sacrifice that all of us have to make in these glorious years that are bringing in the new social order."

Either the reputation of some great financiers is most vilely attacked by the highest official in this country, or those same financiers have been from the beginning and "are now," according to Commissioner Garfield, and "almost to the present moment," as the President puts it, defiant of law, morals and human instincts.

Miss Ida Tarbell's evidence against the boys convinced the people long ago that this infant industry was an oily creature and richly deserved the lash.

Now the Government Father is aroused the boys might as well take off their jackets.

If not now, let us all hire out to Standard, the bully, and stop growling.

"A strong tree wants no wreaths about its trunk. No cloying cups, no sickly sweet of scent, But sustenance at root, a bucketful." Browning.

"Greatness, once and forever, has done with opinion."—Emerson.

SOCIETARY NEWS—Continued.

Field at Large.

The Wisconsin State Spiritualist Association held its annual convention in Milwaukee, April 22-24, at Lincoln Hall.

Sunday, April 22, the local societies held an afternoon and evening Mass Meeting at Severance Hall with an informal reception. Both meetings were well attended. Mr. Brooks acted as Chairman. All local mediums, as well as Mr. W. J. Erwood, Mrs. McFarlin and Mrs. Coffman spoke to the good of the advancement of Spiritualism.

The lectures of Mrs. C. L. Richmond during the convention were received with much appreciation.

The work of Mrs. Coffman as test medium was well accepted.

Following are the officers elected for the ensuing year: Rev. Geo. H. Brooks, president; Wheaton, Ill.; Mrs. Catherine C. Farlin, La Crosse, 1st vice-president; Mrs. Emma J. Owen, Whitewater, 2d vice-president; Miss Louise G. Loebel, Milwaukee, secretary; Mr. W. E. Bristol, Oakfield, treasurer; trustees, Mrs. Amanda Snyder, Milwaukee; Mr. A. E. Worthing, Oakfield; Dr. F. L. Mehrrens, Milwaukee; Mrs. Julia Smead, Milwaukee.

The convention was financially as well as spiritually a success. The president will publish an open letter in the near future telling the condition of the Association.

Conneaut, Ohio.—Mr. and Mrs. Kates have served this excellent society during April 8 and the first half of May. This earnest society is doing good work and winning support. Mrs. Frances E. Bonney, as president, and Mrs. Marie Neal as secretary are efficient and active in their duties. Mr. and Mrs. Kates will hold meetings in Orangeville, Ohio, May 14 to 16 and then go home for a summer vacation, the first one in their experience. They will serve the Parkland (Pa.) Camp the first Sunday in July and in August. They think that after laboring during the regular lecture season, to work yet harder at Camp is too strenuous for them to keep up and as the years are advancing they more and more desire some home life. In a word, they say, "Our friends will please not expect social letters from us; but all business requests will have prompt attention." Address them at Cheyney, Delaware Co., Pa.

St. Joseph, Mo.—The noted worker and veteran, Frank T. Ripley, served the society the first Sunday in March last and is engaged for all of May. Mr. Ripley's guides give the best of work. The lectures are of the best and the messages are wonderful. Last Sunday evening the Odd Fellows' Temple was packed to the doors and many went away for want of room. Mr. Ripley has endeared himself to all hearts and when the last Sunday of May comes, all will be sorry to have him leave.

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 Spiritual 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, M. A. Wilkinson, pastor, Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street. Services, Sundays, 11 a. m., 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Tuesday, 3 p. m., Indian Healing Circle. Thursday, 3 p. m., Psychometry.

Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street, Spiritual Phenomena Society, N. P. Smith, speaker. Sunday, 11 a. m., 2:30 and 7:30 p. m.; Tuesday and Thursday, 3 p. m. Excellent mediums at each session.

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, conference at 8. All are welcome.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor, holds services every Sunday at America Hall, 724 Washington St., up two flights. Conference, 11 a. m. Services 2:30, with test classes. Vesper service, 7:30 p. m. All are welcome.

Chelsea Spiritual Church holds services Sundays, 2:30, 7:30 p. m.; Fridays, 3 p. m., in Gould Hall, 280 Broadway, Chelsea.

American Psychical Research Society, Inc., Odd Fellows' Hall, Malden Square, Malden, Mass., Sunday evening, 7:30, Harvey Redding, president. Seats free. Circle Thursday evening, at the home of the president, 202 Main Street, Everett.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, Inc., 138 Pleasant Street, Mrs. Alice M. Whall, president. Sunday services, 2 p. m., Children's Lyceum; 3:30 p. m., circle for messages and spirit unfoldment; 7:30 p. m., lecture and messages. Circle every Thursday evening, 7:45 p. m.

Mrs. Dr. Caird and Mrs. Mamie Helyett hold test circles every Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30 and Saturday afternoons at 2:30 at their rooms in the Banner of Light Building, 204 Dartmouth Street, Boston.

Movements of Platform Workers.

Rev. H. S. Geneva Lake has declined such Eastern Camp dates as have been tendered, preferring to perfect engagements for the later season of 1906-7. She would like to hear from additional societies and individuals, on both Northern and South-

ern routes, in the Middle West, and on the Atlantic Coast. Address, Lock Box 502, Olympia, Wash.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hedrick of Brooklyn, N. Y., announces her return home after spending a pleasant winter South, and extends to the public a most cordial welcome.

Dr. Geo. A. Fuller lectured in Lynn, Mass., Cadet Hall, May 6th. He will lecture at East Dennis, Mass., the 13th; at Greenwich Village, Mass., the 20th; and for the Blue Bell Society, Manchester, N. H., the 27th. He could accept a few engagements for June. Would like engagements South and West for the coming winter. Address, Onset, Mass.

Their Eighth Anniversary.

The Eighth Anniversary of Helping Hand Association of Spiritualists, Haverhill, Mass., was one of the most enjoyable events of the season. The day all that nature could make it for perfection. The audiences, both morning and evening were large and enthusiastic. At 11 o'clock the program was as follows:

Music by Quimby's Orchestra; Reading of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poem "Beyond"; by Grace Smith; Vocal Solo by Alla Tripp; Lecture by the writer; Messages by Mrs. Kate M. Ham.

This was certainly a most beautiful service, impressive in character, and truly spiritual throughout.

At 7 o'clock besides music by Quimby's Orchestra there was also a most artistic piano solo by Prof. Folsom, and also a vocal solo by Mrs. Tripp. Then followed the lecture by the writer and messages by Mrs. Ham. One of the most interesting features of the day occurred at the close of the morning service: Four children marched into the hall bearing flags, followed by the collector who presented to the society One Hundred Dollars contributed by one hundred people for a building fund. The names of these donors had been engrossed and framed, and having been received by the President, Mr. Ham, were handed to the speaker of the morning to hang upon the wall. After the hanging of the names the audience united in singing Columbia the Gem of the Ocean. The officers of this society deserve great praise for their untiring efforts and zeal in carrying forward the work in the cause of Spiritualism. Mr. Ham is one of the most genial of men and makes all feel at home the minute they enter the hall. Mrs. Ham is one of our finest message bearers, and did ample justice to the occasion. Taken as a whole the day was one never to be forgotten. The attendance from out of town was also large. Many were present from Newburyport, Amesbury and Lawrence. All were enthusiastic in their expressions concerning the meetings. If a speaker or medium could not do well in that hall under the conditions offered by Mr. Ham it would be safe to say that they never would do well. It is hoped that in the near future they will have a home of their own.

Geo. A. Fuller.

Onset, Mass., May 4th, 1906.

[One hundred dollars contributed by one hundred volunteers (no one was ever asked to contribute, we understand) gives the key to success in Spiritualism. We hope this movement will be an inspiration throughout the country, no suppers, no grab-bags, no lotteries. Just good honest voluntary offerings.]

Editor.

Mass Meeting of Wisconsin Association.

There is to be a Mass Meeting of the Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists May 16 and 17 at Whitewater, Wis., following the annual meeting of the Pratt Institute on the 15th. Mr. and Mrs. Hull will then be home and we expect Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond, Mrs. Catherine McFarlane, of La Crosse, Miss Louise Loebel, Dr. and Mrs. Fred Mehrrens, Dr. Weaver and Mrs. Miner. Thursday evening there will be an old-fashioned social, one of the kind you read about, and a general invitation is extended to the friends, one and all, to attend. The Whitewater friends, as well as the school, will do all in their power to make it more than pleasant for all who feel they can attend. This is the first Mass Meeting since the convention in Milwaukee. Others are to follow, and I know of no better place to start from than Whitewater. So let this be an inspiration that shall extend all over the country. Truly your friend,

G. H. Brooks, pres.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

Pago Pago, April 11, 1906.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dear Sir: Though news does not rapidly accumulate on shipboard and while passing through the tropics most people seem rather slumberous, there are always some items of interest cropping up to relieve the monotony of life in a situation where for many days in succession, the ocean is the sole object for outside contemplation. Honolulu, where we spent a delightful day, April 4, is a rapidly growing centre of diversified activities, and there it was my good fortune to run across kind friends who invited me to their fascinating home and gave me considerable information regarding the beautiful Hawaiian Islands, where the problem of race co-operation, if not amalgamation, seems in process of excellent evolution. There is an air of thrift and industry in Honolulu which, mingled pleasantly with the reposefulness of nature, tends to make the "Paradise of the Pacific" a very attractive objective point for tourists. After leaving that almost ideal oasis in mid-ocean, there is no other stopping place between California and New Zealand except Pago Pago, which is far less civilized and,

therefore, in some senses, more romantic than Hawaii. The "Sierra" reached this curious attractive place on Wednesday, April 11, and there several passengers left the ship bound for the mysterious island known as "Holy Tonga," the native place of the mysterious plant which affords the staple of a remarkable and very successful remedy, for general out-of-sortsness, which has been widely introduced into England and is now achieving a world-wide reputation. Traveling in these days reminds the traveler forcibly of the widespread flying of the American flag, for on the island of Samoa, far south of the equator, floats the Stars and Stripes and we are made to feel grateful through the convenient postal facilities that we are still on the territory of "Uncle Sam." Though there are comparatively few residents except natives in Samoa, some quite distinguished Anglo Saxons have made their home on the island of Tititua and none have been more celebrated or highly esteemed than the famous author, Robert Louis Stevenson, whose tomb, on the summit of a lofty hill, is a place of romantic interest visited by throngs of tourists. Ships sail into the beautiful harbor which divides the island into two distinct parts, affording passengers opportunity to gaze with delight upon some truly magnificent natural scenery. The Samoans are strong, good-natured people and their native tongue is rich in expressions of the good feeling which they appear to be continually radiating. Talofa (I send you love) is the common greeting extended to all alike. The simple dress of the natives is truly beautiful, though not adapted to colder regions. Though there are many active occupations now thriving on these islands, they are becoming also an attractive rendezvous for people with jaded nerves who require and desire only temporary cessation from business to enable them to recuperate their forces and return to the world's activities better equipped than ever to take successful part in its unending motion.

My next epistle will be, I expect, from Auckland, where we expect to be on April 16. I have not found the heat in the torrid zone at all trying as we have had good breezes all the way. Weather has been extremely favorable and there has been very little hint of seasickness as nearly everybody has appeared regularly in the dining-hall. I have met several people on board who have proved very interesting conversationalists, but as no strange incident has marked the voyage, we have been rather a prosaic party. With best wishes to dear everybody,

Yours sincerely,
W. J. Colville.

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The Boston Record, which has assumed superior knowledge on questions of mediumship, clairvoyance and such phenomena as are expressed through mediumship, even has felt called upon to teach men on the subject, instructing the Legislature on measures for suppressing the delusion, editorially gives out the following "rare novelty":

Lexington Co., So. Carolina, has a rare novelty in a sleeping negro preacher, who preaches nightly in his sleep and frequently to large audiences composed chiefly of his neighbors, who come for miles around to hear. The preacher is about 60 years of age and is respected, not only by his own race but by his white neighbors as well. A peculiar thing is that the preacher sleeps Friday nights without preaching. He retires about 8 and soon after, apparently, is sound asleep when he announces his text, accurately quoted from the Bible, and after singing a hymn proceeds with his sermon, which usually occupies about an hour in delivery. The sermon over, the man awakes and his audience disperses quietly and respectfully.

WHICH ARE YOU?

Homer Darling Trask.

I've heard them say how good they were; That Christ forgives whenever they err. 'Twas not thus with the good moral man.—He had no part in the Eternal Plan. Now, what is a Christian. I would know? Is it just to believe and live for show? Or is it to love and help your neighbor? To right all wrongs wherever you labor? I know full well that God is just; The Creative-All in which to trust, That creed or dogma merely given Doth not pave the way to Heaven. To love as the Master-truly taught, Is the highest immortality wrought.

The usually peaceful parish of Thornton in pastoral Leicestershire, England, has worked itself up into a ferment over the vicar's action in allowing sheep to graze in the churchyard, and the vicar has pointed out in a letter to his people his undoubted legal rights over the herbage of the churchyard, as well as his right to fell the timber that may be growing there for the repair of the church or the parsonage house. Unfortunately for the general harmony, he adds: "A parishioner has a right to be buried in the churchyard. Please tell those who are so anxious about their rights that I will gladly bury them all."—Buffalo Commercial.

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.]

REV. SAMUEL BEAL.

The news comes to us tonight of the transition of our friend and brother, Rev. Samuel Beal. An ex-alderman of Brockton city government, a candidate for general court honors, pastor of the Universalist Church for six years, one of the first promoters of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists, a member of the School Committee, a prominent and progressive citizen.

He was honored and respected by our people, and his public work always breathed a spiritual uplift.

His inspired utterances were full of love to God and humanity.

To live for humanity's sake, and leave the world better than he found it marked his every endeavor.

Let his memory ever dwell with us as an inspiration.

Francis Bailey Woodbury.

JEREMIAH CANNING BILL.

One of the oldest Spiritualists in Connecticut passed away in Norwich, on Tuesday, May 1st.

Mr. Bill was a prominent member of the Willimantic Spiritualist Society, being one of its founders, and one of its leading officers in the old days. He was 77 years of age and on account of his advanced age had become quite an invalid. The funeral was held in Willimantic on Friday, May 4th, Rev. Richard D. Hatch of the Episcopal church and the writer officiating. Mr. Bill had been cared for during his latter years by his nephew, Arthur I. Bill, of the Hall & Bill Printing Co., of Willimantic, his own children and both of his wives having preceded him to the higher life.

Albert P. Blinn.

HARVEY J. SWAN.

Mr. Harvey J. Swan, aged 70 years and five months, from his home, 15 Cushing Street, Waltham, Mass., passed to Spirit Life, Tuesday morning, May 1st.

The transition of Mr. Swan comes as an unexpected blow to his many, many friends in and around Boston. He was so much a part of the Spiritualistic work in Waltham that it is not easy to realize that his gentle, confident and assuring personality will greet us no more in the old familiar way.

Never obtrusive, yet always present and following with the tenderness of his overflowing, fatherly heart the work of the Waltham Society, he will be strangely missed.

Now, indeed, the test will come to all of us who loved him much and may we never falter in that life of perfect realization of the continued love and daily ministrations of spirit friends which was to him so real and satisfying.

The home life of Mr. Swan was in many ways ideal. His three sons settled in life "neath the shadow of his overbrooding love and there within a moment's call, he dwelt with the wife who now survives him and whose every step will be guarded by his tender care.

The child-heart was still his and many a romp and many a happy hour was spent with the little grandson, who could not realize what had happened and who watched in vain for grandpa's coming.

Funeral services were held at the home Thursday at 2 o'clock, the writer officiating. Exquisite musical selections were rendered by a male quartet and the rooms were filled with friends whose tokens of flowers made fragrant and sweet the atmosphere and spoke the appreciation and love in which he was held.

At such a moment one involuntarily turned to the precious days of the past and from the evidence which his brave, true life had given, spoke out from the heart, "He was such a good man."

How infinitely blessed are his dear ones in the knowledge of his understanding of the beautiful expression of spirit-communication. The assurance that no day will ever be so dark that his sweet spirit will not pierce the shadow, will sustain and strengthen them and every day with its recollections of his good deeds will build higher that monument of love which will survive the ages.—Minnie Meserve Soule.

Retribution.

Frank H. Sweet.

Such punishment as human skill
May compass for our sin,
Is infinitesimal to that
Of our remembering.

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Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY
MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

The Touch of a Vanished Hand.

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand,
The hand of a friend most dear,
Who has passed from our side to the shadow land,
But what of the hand that is near?

To the living's touch is the soul inert
That weeps o'er the silent urn?
For the love that lives is our heart alert
To make some sweet return?

Do we answer back in a fretful tone
When life's duties press us sore?
Is our praise as full as if they were gone
And would need our praise no more?

As the days go by are our hands more swift
For a trifle beyond their share,
Then to grasp—for a kindly, helpful lift
The burden someone must bear?

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And we think ourselves sincere,
But what of the friends that about us stand
And the touch of the hand that's here?
John Troland.

A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.

PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE
WHEEL.

Down the village street the sombre
hearse, followed by the close curtained
carriages, moved slowly on its way.

Everywhere the bursting buds, the soft
waving grasses and the flowing waters
gave witness of an inner life that would
soon break out from the story of its existence
in beauty and loveliness.

From her nesting place the little bird
mother trailed forth her happiness and gave
welcome to the warm breezes as they ruffled
her feathers and swung her cradle to
and fro among the lofty trees.

All the world was bright with Springtime
and yet like a black ribbon on a bouquet
of wondrous beauty, the solemn cortege
wound, itself around the lovely landscape
and accentuated every bird note, every
unfolding bud of green by its ugly contrast.

A man had died and the friends who
loved him much had shut away the glory
of the sunshine as a tribute to his life and
sacred memory.

The garden cemeteries on the outskirts
of our cities are winding paths picked out
by trembling mourners when the light of
the day dies away and over and over again
the low rumble of slowly moving wheels
repeats the story of pain and loss and bitter
agony.

Life and death, joy and sorrow, peace and
pain chase each other up and down the
world today just as fast and furiously as if
the blessed calm that soothes all pain had
never been poured out lavishly by angel
hands these fifty years and more.

It is the way of the world.

Headless and unthinking it hears our
story, laughs a bit and runs away and only
when the break of separation, the bitter
pang of a broken life stings the heart awake
and sets every quivering string shrieking
for help, does it really set itself to the task
of learning the truth.

The provident heart of the world beats
merrily through the sunny weather and
when the night falls and the shadows
thicken and the light of stars is hid by
tears, the treasury of the secret and the wise
ones must be poured at the feet of the
anguished people to still the cries of misery
and despair and make peace in the world.

It sometimes seems as if that were the
only mission of the good, the great, the
true and the useful to be staff and support
for the careless and foolish, the wicked and
the idle.

Surely nothing can be loftier than to
stoop in sweet compassion and lift on the
burdens of the burdened whatever the cause
of the unfortunate condition may be, but
there is another side to the story.

What of the burdened one?

After the heavy cross has been removed,
after the weight of woe has been relieved
after the shadow has been dissipated, what
is the result and how is the freed and happy
soul conducting itself?

It is so easy to suggest what the rich,
the gifted, the accomplished may do for those
in need, but simply to pour out from the
storehouse of those who have equipped
themselves for some especial work is not
enough.

Wisdom must ever be the handmaiden of
Love and Strength must teach while Faith
serves.

We Spiritualists are beginning to under-
stand that to teach is as of vital importance
in our movement as to preach.

From every condition and circumstance
of life the appeal is made to our sympathies
for the light that shines for us and so lavishly
have been our mediums in every depart-
ment of psychic work that the blessing has
sifted down and into the heart of the
church, the school, the hospital and the
nation and still we lack the strength as a
people which comes from devoted disciples
who serve the truth that saves them.

The message of Spiritualism is pre-emi-
nently a message for those who sorrow for
their dead, but after the barriers of false
notions and wicked theological conceptions
have been pierced by the blessed sunlight
of truth the message takes on a new mean-
ing and glorifies and exalts every deed or
aspiration and teaches the lessons of life
today and now in no uncertain or wavering
fashion.

The message of Spiritualism brings into
active service every faculty and perception
possessed by man, regardless of age or expe-
rience and bids it flow on unhindered in
the calm assurance of unceasing time and
strength and opportunity.

Perhaps there is no better way to teach
this to the people who seek our power for
some special need than to be assured of it
ourselves and be appreciative of the lav-
ishly expended love which the spirits have
given us.

Perhaps we have laid too much stress on
the proof of continued life and have failed
to impress the wonderful power which such
knowledge gives us.

If one has a task to do it makes some
difference whether he is assured that he
may work out patiently and faithfully him-
self in his task or whether he lives in that
uncertain and precarious manner that,
swift, sure and impending death, hanging
like Damocles' sword over his head, must
produce.

Every solemn funeral procession moves
before us like a ghostly warning finger that
points to the tomb as the end of our
career and ambitions and the sepulchral
tones of the average minister as he chants
the story of the brief life of man sounds a
voice of doom: but in the light of that nat-
ural, real and livable life beyond the grave
which is demonstrated to us, we grow tri-
umphant and strong.

So horrible has been the bondage of the
misconception of death, that all our ener-
gies have been spent in a mighty onslaught
against the very citadel of error.

That was right, but now Wisdom must
guide Love and Strength must direct Sym-
pathy.

After the nursery has been flooded with
health-giving sunshine and the babies have
grown to a knowledge of their possessions
as human beings, the tasks must be set and
something expected of them in the way of
service for the world.

Spiritually speaking we have fed the
hungry, clothed the naked, lifted the fallen,
whispered courage into the hearts of the
weary, bridged separations and now we ask
the fed, the clothed, the courageous, the
united to come into the inheritance of their
power and help us to inherit the world.

Come, you mothers whose bleeding
hearts were only healed by the knowledge
of the spirit life, come and help us.

Come, you fathers, your children's joy-
ous cry of recognition is still ringing in
your ears, making you happy and brave,
why not put your shoulder to the wheel and
help to move the car of truth in triumph
on its way?

Come, you lonely wives and husbands,
you children sitting neat the brooding love
of spirit mothers, come, all you who have
been blessed by the word of the spirit,
speak justly to your soul and serve where
you have been served and pay tribute to the
savior of your life, your reason and your
peace.

M. M. S.

The Long Memory of an Elephant.

Bazil, a fifty-year-old elephant, recently
purchased by the Hippodrome, unhesitat-
ingly went through a series of tricks the
other day which she had not performed in
twenty-three years. "This," says the press
agent, "was a test of pachydermic memory
which corroborates all that tradition and
history assume." The test was brought
about by an argument between Peter Bar-
low, an elephant trainer, and Dr. Martin J.
Potter, a veterinary surgeon, which led to
a wager of \$500.

Bazil was one of the first elephants
brought to this country by P. T. Barnum.
She was the charge of "Bob" Fryer in the
Barnum circus. At that time Peter Barlow
was only a boy bareback rider, but a fast
friendship grew up between him and Bazil,
so that she "executed all the boy's instruc-
tions with obedience and zeal."

In 1880 there came a sad parting, for
Bazil was purchased by Fryer for his own
circus in Australia. Two years later Fryer
died, and poor Bazil was sold from one
master to another, and did drudge work to
which she was little accustomed. She was
so big and strong that she had to pull
wagons out of the mud when other beasts
failed.

John H. Starin bought Bazil from Ring-
ling Brothers, and she was installed on
Blen Island. Thompson & Dundie then
bought her for the Hippodrome. The mo-
ment she saw Peter Barlow, though she
hadn't seen him for twenty-three years, she
began to trumpet loudly and "flap her pen-
dulous ears with gleeful vigor." The pen-
ciling was affecting.

Peter Barlow said that he would bet
Bazil would do over the old tricks she used
to do for him. Dr. Potter smiled incred-
ulously, and there followed a bet of \$500 in
more or less real money. Yesterday the
feat of "pachydermic memory" was per-
formed, Bazil going through her old tricks
"with unvarying accuracy and punctuality,"
though she hadn't practised them in twenty-
three long years.—Search Light.

A May Party.

Milly sat on the front steps holding her
little baby brother in her arms. She didn't
look very happy and the baby threw his lit-
tle hands about and tried to pull her hair,
and talked his cooing language all unheeded
by her.

Usually she kissed him dozens of times,
in his soft, warm neck, on his face and the
tips of his fingers, half biting them until he
laughed so hard that her mother warned her
of the danger of "setting him into fits."

This morning she gave no heed to the
little fellow resented it and after two or
three vigorous kicks he puckered up the
red lips and began to cry.

Still Milly made no move to entertain
him, but sat looking up at the sky as if she
were watching for something to drop from it.

"What is the matter with that child?"
called her mother.

Then Milly made a feeble effort to smile
and play with the baby but it was plain to
be seen that her thoughts were wandering.

The school children had been planning,
and talking about a May Party for a week
and Milly did want to go so much, but there
was the baby to take care of and the sick
mamma to wait upon and she could not
even go to school, much less go to a party.

So there she sat on the steps and wished
and wished so many things.

She wished her mamma were well. She
wished her papa were rich so if her mamma
must be lame she could have someone to
take care of her; she wished she didn't have
a baby brother that had to be held and
played with; yes, she wished that just a
minute and then, when she thought how
much she loved him, she "took it all back"
and kissed him till he screamed with de-
light.

She didn't have time to wish any more,
for coming down the street was a merry
company of children with a big hoop of
flowers and a May Queen walking demurely
under it. With wreaths on their heads and
paper sashes flying in the wind the boys
and girls looked "too beautiful for any-
thing," Milly thought, and with a rush she
and the baby landed in the sitting room
where she could see them as they passed
and not have to tell them that she could not
go.

Suddenly the gay marauders stopped and
such a tittering and whispering as was heard
on the steps was quite enough to excite
Milly's curiosity and make her creep cau-
tiously toward the door. "I do believe
they're on our steps," she said to her moth-
er, under her breath.

"They are, they are," in an excited under-
tone; "oh they're coming in," and before
anyone realized what had happened the
whispering, laughing, happy party was all
inside the house. It was a surprise party
for Milly.

And such fun as they had!
Goldie brought a big box filled with pa-
per roses and everybody took a hand in
decorating Milly until she looked no more like
the forlorn little maiden who sat on the
steps with the baby an hour ago, than a
rose looks like a grass blade.

The baby had to be dressed up, too, and
he insisted on pulling the flowers off his
dress and stuffing them into his mouth un-
til they decided to call his pink cheeks a
bunch of roses, his yellow hair a bit of sun-
shine, his eyes forgetmenots, and make
believe he had all those flowers on his little
body.

Aunt Nellie came over after awhile and
helped the children arrange a lunch. The
baskets were arranged like a horse-shoe on
the floor and when they were opened and
the sandwiches and cakes were placed
around them on some gorgeous paper nap-
kins, it looked like a feast for fairies, and
then when all the boys and girls marched
around Milly's mother's chair and each one
pinned a flower on her dress or dropped one
on her head it was the proudest moment of
Milly's young life.

Aunt Nellie said it was the prettiest sight
she had ever seen at last they were all
seated on the floor, eating and talking and
making believe they were under the trees
and calling each other all sorts of pretty
flower names.

Then Milly's mamma took the tired baby
in her lap and soon he was fast asleep, nest-
ling in a bed of paper roses that completely
hid the tender arms that held him.

The fun was not over until after four
o'clock, for out in the yard the boys played
a May Pole and dancing in and out the chil-
dren wound and unwound the streamers of
red, white and blue, until they were tired.

They chose a new queen for the coming
year and about this matter there was as
much secrecy and fuss as at a state election.

Fred wanted Aunt Nellie; Marion Carter
wanted Gracie Leland, and George Dunbar
said he thought that his sister was the
prettiest girl there and that they ought to
have a pretty queen.

At last they all declared that they would
let Milly decide the important question, as
it was her surprise party.

She grew very red and looked so fright-
ened that they all thought she wanted to be
queen herself.

But she found her voice at last and, hold-
ing fast to Goldie's hand, said that she did
wish they would make her mamma queen
because then she could be sure of going to
the party.

"Hurrah!" shouted the boys, "Goodie,
goodie," called the girls, and they all rushed
in and Milly gently placed the crown on her
invalid mamma's head.

Just as the last visitor kissed the new
queen goodnight, the baby woke up and the
children pelted him with flowers as Milly
stood on the steps holding him in her arms.

"That was the best May Party in the
world, I know it was," whispered Goldie to
Fred that night.

"We wouldn't have been a bit happy with
Milly shut up in the house all day and now
everybody feels good and, besides, I think
Milly's mother looks ever so much more
like a real queen than we well people do."

M. M. S.

The Land of Story Books.

At evening, when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit,
They sit at home, and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my stately solitudes,
And there the river, by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse come in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Story Books.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

SPRIT Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM-
SHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE K. SOULE.

In Explanation.

The following communications are given
by Mrs. Soule while under the control of
her own guides for the good of the indi-
vidual spirits seeking to reach their friends
on earth. The messages are reported sten-
ographically 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 be-
lieve may verify them. Many of them are
not Spiritualists or subscribers to the "Ban-
ner of Light," so may we ask each of you
to become a missionary for your particular
locality?

INVOCATION.

On wings of aspiration we would rise to
the heights of purity and wisdom. Into the
vast universe of truth we would send our
spirit to be bathed and baptized that so
strengthened and glorified we may live the
life for which we yearn and to which our
souls aspire. Yet not selfishly would we
strive to achieve something unusual, more
beautiful or with less of the actual demand
of necessity and pain than the rest of the
world may know, but made strong by the
inflowing of God's love, we too may be
strong to suffer every step of the way and
yet know that the path leads up and out.
And with strong arms of faith and tender-
ness and love we would hold all the souls
that reach to us for something like help or
strength or service. Though we sometimes
may be weary and oftentimes may be dis-
couraged, yet through every wearisome
hour and outside every discouraging mo-
ment the bright light of knowledge shines
in and makes clearer the way, so that no
step we take, we would retrace, but ever go
on and up. For these dear hearts seeking
to send a message to their loved ones
who walk in the shadow of a great grief,
O, we pray that we may be instrumental in
making the union complete and sweet and
true. May every word that is spoken be a
proof and help and breathe deeply of that
devotion which survives death. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Eddie Gordon, Bennington, Vt.

There is a spirit of a little boy I should
think about nine years old. He says that
his name is Eddie Gordon and he says that
"I want to tell my papa, who lives in Ben-
nington, Vt., that I love him. His name is
Charles Edward, and I was named Eddie
for him. My mamma has such headaches
that it seems as though she couldn't live,
but I know it is because we are so close to
her, because I see a lot of Indians around
her and when they put their hands on her
head she has a headache. I guess if she
would sit alone in the dark that she would
see me and then she would feel better.
They had a picture made of me, and my
mamma likes it, but papa doesn't. Papa
doesn't like the big collar, he says I look
too much dressed up, but I don't care
whether I look dressed up or not. I want
them just to know that I am there and
that is all. You tell my mamma that I am
talking so fast you can hardly take it down
and she will say that is just the way I used
to do. I send all the love that I can
think of, I don't know whether to call it a
bushel or a barrel, but it is a whole lot and
I have a lot of fun over here with a lot of
other boys that haven't got any mothers
over here with them. It is kind of like
going to college when you're little. I
guess that will do for me. Thank you."

Matilda Jones, Pawtucket, R. I.

There is a spirit of a woman who comes
to me now and the first thing she says is,
"My name is Matilda Jones. I am from
Pawtucket, R. I. This is my first attempt
to send a communication of any kind to
my friends. It seems very strange and odd.
I feel as if I were talking away off some-
where trying to make my mother and my
husband and my children hear me. I
passed away so suddenly that no one was
prepared for it. They called it heart dis-
ease. I, myself, don't know what it was.
I only know that all at once, I felt so
strange and everything grew dark and then
the next I knew, they were putting my body
away. My father, who had been dead a
good many years, stood beside me and I
asked him what it meant and he told me
that I had died. Like many, many others,
my first thought was of the Judgment Day
and I expected that I would be ushered
into the presence of God. I have not found
Him. The world is so like the world I left
that even today it is hard for me to realize
that I have left it. I am not unhappy. I
know that my people will eventually come
to me, but I don't feel settled or as if I
were living, yet. So I thought if I could
just communicate that it might help me to get
my adjustment. Tell Bennie that I came
because I shall feel better to have him
know that I know all he has done and that
I need him and want to be near him and
want him to know it. Please don't let him
infer that this is the only way I can come,

for I am sure that I can come in the home
and speak to them there. Thank you."

Willie Cameron, Manchester, N. H.

The next spirit that comes to me is a
man, I think thirty-two or three years old.
He has brown eyes and brown wavy hair
and a very bright, happy face and he comes
with such a light hearted manner, as if he
took sunshine wherever he went and he
says, "My name is Willie Cameron. I am a
Manchester boy, Manchester, N. H. Why,
I wouldn't have believed that Spiritualism
was such a sensible kind of belief as it is.
I suppose that I thought it was a good
thing for old folks, but I didn't think it
was anything for young folks and I didn't
make any effort to find out anything about
it and now here I am and I have been to
a medium in Manchester only a week or so
ago and I find myself fascinated with the
idea of sending messages. I suppose I had
better find a medium of my own, then I
might find some people I could help and
be of some good. I have got lots of
friends. I don't know just how to make
them sure that I come unless they go some-
where where I can have a talk with them.
This is a sort of an Information Bureau,
isn't it? Spirits can come here and leave
their names and make inquiries for their
friends and get into communication with
them. Fred is in need of a lift from some-
body. He doesn't seem to have the courage
that he ought and I didn't feel that if I
came and told him that I had felt see any-
thing very alarming in his path and that I
did see that he would be able to make his
plans and settle down as he wants to, that
perhaps that would help him. So I have
come to do it, and having said that, I guess
that is enough and I am much obliged."

Amy Gould, Marblehead, Mass.

There is a spirit of a girl just as different
from the one who just spoke as can be.
She is like a fairy in her light, bright,
happy manner. She has eyes as dark as
night and cheeks that are red and hair that
is black and such a brisk little laugh, as if
it is so quick to come that it seems as if
it couldn't be held in anyway. She says
that her name is Gould and right after she
says "Gould," she says, "Amy, Amy
Gould," she says, "I lived near here.
I knew quite a lot about Boston, for I
lived in Marblehead and I passed out of
life so quickly that there wasn't any ill
effect left and no struggle. Nothing that
kept me back. My mother and father have
both felt that if they could have realized
before I was so sick, what the matter was,
that they would have saved me, but there
was no way to realize it until I got sick
enough to realize it. I gave up as soon as
I felt very bad. I don't know that I would
want to come back for anything except to
be near my friends. The music that I am
learning comes so easy to me, I don't have
to pound away and pound away as I did
and my voice is getting strong so that when
you come over, mamma, you will be sur-
prised to see how beautifully I shall sing to
you. There is no shutting the door against
me. I am inside; I am not out where you
put the flowers, never stay there a minute;
I hate a burying ground, I always did and
I don't know any reason why I should stay
there. I suppose it is a help to my mother
to know that her lot is not neglected like
some she knows of, but I don't care if I
saw nothing but weeds there. I would
think that it was forgetting an unpleasant
event. I kiss my mother so many times
on her forehead just as I used to when I
was there and I tell my father that he is
too giddy for an old man and he will laugh
just as he used to. I have lots of friends
that I didn't know and some that I did. I
wish that I could do something for you
people who have helped me so much.
Thank you."

An Eloquent Epitaph.

Epitaph on gravestone of Major Abbott
Walker in Old Andover Cemetery:

"Died Aug. 2d, 1843, Aged 61 years.
"He was—but words are wanting to
say what he was—
Ask what a man should be, and he
was all that."
Selected.

We may never be Lincolns, but we can
develop the manliness, undying energy, the
courage, the liberal mindedness and all
those other elements that made Lincoln
possible in the position in which he was
placed. To us may be given no oppor-
tunity to lead millions of soldiers to glory
and slaughter, to win a name that will
speak only of omnipotence in war, of su-
preme power of men, but we can all be
Napoleons in miniature if we cultivate his
self-control, his unity of purpose, his
strength, his command of himself. He
conquered the world because he developed
that within which made him conquer him-
self—conquer himself, so far as he needed
—to conquer the world.

The developments that in him were seen
in the splendor of fighting Europe as a
background may be seen in us only in
quicker power and command in our little
circle of life and effort. This is how we
should look at the work of all who seem
our superiors; not to dishearten us from
effort, but by showing what is possible
to give greater clearness to our vision,
greater faith in our work, greater individual
confidence.—The Search-Light.

The Congregationalist says: "The atti-
tude of the wage-earner in this country is
becoming increasingly hostile or indifferent
to institutional forms of religion. Nothing
can be more disastrous to the future of the
church than to have this tendency work
out its logical results."

Gleaning from the Broom.

Through the faithful hand of M. Lizzie Beals, Secretary of the Worcester Association of Spiritualists, we are able to give our readers an abstract from an address given through the mediumship of Mrs. Kate R. Stiles before this Society, on the topic of "Spiritualism, Its Promoters and Its Critics."

Mr. President and Friends:

The time is near at hand for your annual Festival to commemorate the birth of Modern Spiritualism. These occasions awaken a renewed interest in the Cause; a wave of enthusiasm sweeps over the land, which strengthens the movement on every hand. The world is hungry for the truth you possess; Spiritualism is not declining, the world's greatest thinkers are with you. While the movement itself may seem to be in a state of unrest there never was a time in its history when Spiritualism, per se, aroused the interest and attention of the thinking minds as in the present.

It is a blessed privilege to be able to say, I know I am immortal; to know there are no doors barred and bolted between the two worlds; to know there is only one immortal life; it is a beautiful thing, this knowledge you possess, for you have a Truth that shall one day revolutionize the world. Could I have possessed this knowledge while dwelling in the material world, how different life would have been for me! While in your midst I preached the doctrine of "vicarious atonement," it mattered not if a man had led a noble, upright life, it was of little avail, unless he accepted the man Jesus as the Savior of the world. Today, as a incarnate spirit, dwelling in the world of souls, I say unto you I believe that old doctrine of vicarious atonement has been productive of much of the so-called evil that exists in our land. Away with the old effete Theologies of the past, they have had their day. As I come in touch with many of your preachers to-day, I find them reaching out for this great truth you possess. I could reveal many secrets, but I do not wish to force them to acknowledge the truth to the world until they are ready and willing to do so. My friends, it is a blessed privilege to stand as a mouth-piece between the two worlds; to voice the thoughts of those who have advanced a little farther along the pathway, but if there are any within sound of my voice who are seeking to unfold their mediumship, we would say, be careful; do not try to force it, but let it unfold like the flower, naturally; and never seek to unfold your psychic gift for the purpose of making money, for at that moment mediumship receives its death blow. You may say "the laborer is worthy of his hire," true, but the thought of remuneration should never be uppermost in the mind of the medium, for then he will surely attract, I will not say evil spirits, but the evil thoughts, the thoughts of greed, of selfishness, which emanate from the minds of undeveloped spirits, both embodied and dis-embodied. Many a beautiful instrument has been destroyed in this way. On the other hand a person visits a medium, perhaps receives a message from a sainted mother, and replies, "I did not come here for anything of this kind, I came to inquire the condition of the stock market." Away with it, my friends, it is not the purpose of mediumship to better our condition financially, but to help us to unfold spiritually, and no money, not even millions, can ever compensate a medium who has given one message of truth to the world. Again I repeat Spiritualism is not declining. The Truth will never die. It is unchangeable, illimitable, from everlasting to everlasting; and to you who are the promoters of this great truth, it is in your power to present it to the world in an intelligent and attractive manner. The world is hungry for the truth you possess and is ready and willing to receive it.

Program of the City of Light Assembly, LILY DALE, N. Y., July 18 to September 2, 1906.

John T. Lillie, Chairman.

Abby Louise Pettengill, President.
Mrs. Geo. L. Humphrey, Pres. pro tem.
Mrs. F. E. Evstaphiev, Sec.

JULY LECTURES 2.30 P. M.

13. Mrs. A. J. Pettengill, Opening Address.
14. J. Clegg Wright.
15. Dr. Geo. B. Warne, "Aspiration."
16. Conference.
17. Dr. Geo. B. Warne, "Telepathy."
18. Dr. S. L. Krebs, "Marvels and Mysteries of Mind."
19. Dr. Geo. B. Warne, "The Victors Vanquished."
20. Dr. S. L. Krebs, "Wonders of the World Within."
21. Dr. Warne and Carrie E. S. Twing, Nat. Spir. Assn. Day.
22. Mrs. R. S. Lillie.
23. Conference.
24. J. Clegg Wright.
25. Prof. S. P. Leland, Ph. D., LL. D., "World Making."
26. Wilson Fritch, "Spiritualism Metaphysically."
27. Prof. S. P. Leland, Ph. D., LL. D., "The World We Live On."
28. Wilson Fritch, "Self Realization."
29. Rev. Frederick A. Wiggins.
30. Conference.
31. Rev. Frederick A. Wiggins.

AUGUST LECTURES 2.30 P. M.

1. Rev. C. L. Herald, Ph. D., "Life on a Man-o-war."
2. Rev. Frederick A. Wiggins.
3. Rev. Chas. Laying Herald, Ph. D., "That Man."

4. Rev. Thos. P. Byrnes, "Nature's Masterpiece."
5. J. Clegg Wright.
6. Conference.
7. Miss Susie C. Clark.
8. Mrs. Annette J. Pettengill.
9. Miss Susie C. Clark.
10. Mrs. Annette J. Pettengill.
11. Miss Susie C. Clark.
12. Mrs. Helen L. P. Russeque.
13. Conference.
14. Mrs. Helen L. P. Russeque.
15. Miss Marie C. Brehm, Woman's Day.
16. Marie C. Brehm, "The Little Swiss Republic."
17. Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, "Municipal Ownership."
18. Marie C. Brehm, Temperance Day.
19. Marie C. Brehm and Helen M. Gougar, Peace Day.
20. Conference.
21. Hon. Noah Webster Cooper, "Back to Eden."
22. Oscar A. Edgerly.
23. Hon. N. W. Cooper, "Human Honey Bees."
24. Oscar A. Edgerly.
25. Mrs. R. S. Lillie.
26. Oscar A. Edgerly.
27. Conference.
28. Mrs. R. S. Lillie.
29. Rev. Cora L. V. Richmond.
30. H. W. Richardson, Carrie Twing, N. Y. St. Sp. As. Day.
31. Rev. Cora L. V. Richmond.

SEPTEMBER LECTURES 2.30 P. M.

1. Carrie E. S. Twing, Lyman C. Howe, Pioneer Day.
 2. Rev. Cora L. V. Richmond, Closing.
- Special Classes at 10.30 a. m.
- July 13 to Aug. 5. J. Clegg Wright.
- Aug. 28 to Sept. 2. Rev. Cora L. V. Richmond.

SPECIAL EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

- July 20-22. Frank Caldwell, "2,000 Miles on the Yukon River." Stereopticon Views.
- July 24. Wilson Fritch, Reading, "Ulysses."
- July 26, 27. Prof. W. B. Patty, Demonstration with Radium, Liquid Air and Wireless Telegraphy.
- July 31, Aug. 3. Frances Carter, Shakespearean Readings.
- Aug. 5. Ladies' Schubert Quartet, Concert.
- Aug. 7-9. A. T. Kempton, "Hiawatha and Evangeline," Illustrated.
- Aug. 12-23. Miss Alice Ethel Bennett, Book Recitals.
- Aug. 14-16. Prof. E. B. Swift, Microscope and Telescope Entertainment.
- Aug. 19. Ladies' Schubert Quartet, Concert.
- Aug. 28. The Lilies, Entertainment.

Among the Mediums engaged are: Mrs. A. J. Pettengill, Oscar Edgerly, F. A. Wiggins and Dr. W. O. Knowles.

Forest Temple meetings daily at 9.30 a. m., 4 and 6.30 p. m. Mrs. D. Devereaux, Leader.

German meetings every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday at 4 p. m. in Library Hall, Mrs. Eliza Stumpf, Leader.

Children's Lyceum daily, except Sunday, at 9.30 a. m. Demonstrations of Unseen Forces daily at 7 p. m. in Library Hall.

Band Concerts daily at 9.30 a. m., 1.30 and 7 p. m.

Progressive Euchre every Monday evening in the Auditorium.

Dance every Wednesday and Saturday evening in the Auditorium.

Sociable every Thursday evening in the Auditorium.

The Ladies' Schubert Quartet of Boston has been engaged from July 29 and the Northwestern Orchestra of Meadville, Pa., for the entire season.

We are preparing a great feast for you, with an interesting and varied program, low transportation and good hotel accommodations at moderate prices.

Arrange to spend your vacation at Lily Dale, invite your friends and come prepared to receive great spiritual knowledge and upliftment.

For further information, programs, etc., address Laura G. Fixen, 1047 Carmen Ave., Chicago, General Manager.

A Notre Dame Lady's Appeal.

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbago, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these troubles. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof, address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 237, Notre Dame, Ind.

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The Advertiser's Handy Guide, Volume XVII has just been issued by the Morse International Agency, whose reputation in the advertising field is world wide. It is a standard work of reference, indispensable to advertisers large and small, and as important to the buyer of space as a "price current" is to a buyer of goods. If any evidence were needed that this work has permanently taken the lead in its class, it will be found in the fact that the Morse International Agency has received a very large number of commendatory letters from the leading advertisers in both the United States and Europe.

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contracts for advertising in the towns along his route. It is thoroughly up-to-date and in addition to the general list of Daily and Weekly newspapers, are special lists of class publications grouped under the following heads: Magazines, Medical Journals, Agricultural and Religious papers and those in foreign languages.

It may be obtained from the publishers—Morse International Agency, 38 Park Row, New York, on receipt of the price, \$2.00.

Mark-Twain gives us this from his life as a Mississippi pilot: One afternoon a thick fog settled down and the boat had to tie up to the bank for the night. One of the passengers said to the captain: "It is too bad we are going to be late, captain." "We ain't going to be late," replied the captain. "But I thought," said the passenger, "we were going to tie up here all night." "So we are, but that ain't going to make us late. We don't run so close to time as all that."

The Hindu Spiritual Magazine.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 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.

Sunday, May 13, 1906. Take care of the little things.

Gem of Thought:—

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand,"
Little thoughts of courage, little words of love,
Makes a world of beauty, fills with flowers each hand,
Earth is all aglow, with the light above.

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.

Ladies' Spiritual Industrial Society, Mrs. Belcher, president, 514 Tremont St.—May 3d had a good attendance at the business meeting, also at the evening meeting. Mrs. Litch of Lynn opened the exercises with an invocation, followed by remarks and spirit messages. Mrs. Wilkinson also entertained by allowing her little control, Sally, to take possession of her. Mr. Shaw, too, spoke, expressing some fine thoughts and related some very interesting experiences. Thursday, May 10th, some fine test mediums are expected.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. Allbe, president, held its regular meeting May 4th in Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton St. The meeting opened with a duet by Mrs. Mason and Mrs. Lovering, followed by remarks and messages from Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. Mason, Mr. Packard, Mr. Shaw and Mrs. Dix. May party Friday, May 18. Society will hold memorial services Friday, May 25. The following talent have been invited to be present: Mrs. Alice Waterhouse, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Willis and daughter, Mrs. Abbott and the Misses Abbott, Nettie Holt Harding, Carrie Loring, F. A. Wiggins, A. P. Blinn, Mrs. Whall, Mrs. Haida Hall, Jennie C. Henderson, C. Fannie Allyn, Mrs. Whitlock, Mrs. Belcher, Maude Litch, Annie Chapman, Mrs. Zwalen, S. C. Cunningham and others.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, held its regular session in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., Sunday, May 6, at 11.30 a. m. After the discussion of the lesson and march, Hazel Vinto and Queenie Knowles gave readings: Olive Sharp, Pauline Wagner and Elsie Curtis sang; Mrs. Belcher made some very interesting remarks and Mr. Packard spoke briefly. At one o'clock the circle was opened by a stranger who proved very interesting. It is hoped the interest in the Lyceum will continue to grow and all interested in Lyceum work will become members. Mrs. Belcher remained and joined the circle. On Sunday, May 20, 1906, there will be a concert for the benefit of the Lyceum. A cordial invitation is given to all to join.

First Spiritual Science Church, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, pastor, Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St.—At the morning circle messages were given through Mr. Prevoe, Mrs. Blanchard, Prof. Matook and Dr. Blackden. Afternoon, mass meeting, 3 p. m. Opening speaker A. F. Hill, followed by Dr. De Boss, A. N. Halcombe, Mr. Rowley, Prof. Clark Smith. Four p. m., Spiritual services, with the following mediums: Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. Stone, Prof. Matook and Prof. Mahomet. Evening. After opening exercises, poem by Mrs. Dr. Wildes; Earthquakes: Causes and Effects, by Prof. Holland, also astrological demonstrations. Readings by Mrs. Kemp, Prof. Clark Smith, Dr. Combs, Mrs. May Lewis; solos by Mrs. Lou Rockwell, Mrs. May Lewis and Mrs. Nellie Carleton-Grover.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society (Inc.), Mrs. Alice M. Whall, president.—Thursday evening, May 3: one of the largest circles in the history of the society greeted the talented young president, who is working hard and succeeding well in building up one of the finest and cleanest societies in New England. Dr. Franks spoke briefly and used the balance of the evening in giving beautiful messages. Sunday, May 6, Children's Lyceum opened by singing and invocation. The general subject, "Influence," was treated in an interesting and instructive manner. So much interest was manifested that the subject was continued for next Sunday. Afternoon circle opened with a praise service and invocation. Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Crocker and Mrs. Eaton gave many messages. 7.30 p. m., the meeting opened with a praise service. Mrs. Eva Hiltz rendered a vocal solo in a pleasing manner. Mrs. A. J. Pettengill was then introduced and made a beautiful address on the old theme, "Spiritualism," and devoted the rest of the evening in giving beautiful messages. The regular monthly supper will occur on Thursday evening, May 10, and Mrs. Kate Ham of Haverhill will be present. Madam Bruce will serve the society on Sunday evening, May 13.

American Psychological Research Society, Harvey Redding, president.—Services began with singing and invocation, followed

with solos by Miss Lottie Abramsen, beautifully rendered. "Cyprus, the Persian," gave an address through the mediumship of the president, subject, "Wisdom is Justified by all Her Children." He was listened to with great interest. Mr. Osgood F. Stiles gave fine messages. Piano selection by Mrs. Frank Vickery. Mrs. Osgood F. Stiles and her guide gave remarkable tests. Mr. Redding gave delineations which were most satisfactory. There was a good attendance. Mid-week meeting was held at the home of the president, 202 Main St., Everett. There was a large attendance. The first half hour was devoted to healing, followed by delineations by Mr. Redding. Some remarkably fine tests were given by the following mediums: Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Stiles, Mrs. Pierce. Mrs. Abbie Burnham made a few remarks, interesting, and to the point. Mrs. M. E. Dean answered mental questions.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor.—Isaiah 55 formed the subject of the president, Mr. Walter I. Mason, at the morning service. Messrs. Chase and Newhall followed later in the service with remarks. Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Jackson and others gave messages. Words of encouragement were given by Mr. Huggins. Psalm 112 was the theme of the afternoon, after which the pastor and Mr. Chase spoke. Solo by Ernest Murray. Messages were given by Mrs. Bolton, Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Chapman, after which classes were formed and all enjoyed the messages. Solo by Mr. Gibbs. Ephesians iv. was the president's message for the evening. The pastor added new thoughts to these remarks. Mr. Chase carried the same thoughts. Inspired poem was given by Mrs. Bolton. Messages were given by Mrs. Nickerson, Mrs. Johnson, the clerk and the pastor. A strawberry festival and entertainment will be held at 724 Washington St. on Wednesday evening, May 23. Refreshments will be served.

Cadet Hall Society, Lynn, Mass.—The general attendance during the past month has been very encouraging. Miss Nellie M. Putney of Lowell, Dr. George A. Fuller and Prof. R. A. Macurda all proved most efficient workers. The society has been in one way unfortunate in having two of the speakers fail, but very fortunate in having as a resident of the city Prof. Macurda, who in both instances stepped in and filled the vacancy most acceptably, with good addresses and most satisfactory message work. Dr. Fuller's work always tells for the good of the Cause and Miss Putney gives very convincing proofs of spirit return. All deeply regret the departure of Dr. Alex. Caird for Chicago. The assistance he has rendered, not only this society, but the Cause in general, during the past five years, cannot be overestimated, and the most abundant success, wherever he may locate, is wished for him. The speakers for the present month are Dr. Fuller, Mrs. A. J. Pettengill on the 13th, and Mrs. S. C. Cunningham on the 20th and 27th, June 3. dedication of the new auditorium at Unity Camp, to which all mediums, Spiritualists and investigators are invited.

Dwight Hall, May 2.—The Ladies' Lyceum Union met for its business meeting in the afternoon. Arrangements were made for closing the meetings May 23d with banquet and entertainment in the evening. The election of officers for next year will be May 16, in the afternoon. After supper and the social hour, Mrs. Butler introduced the following speakers and mediums: Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Dix, Mr. Shaw. Mrs. Butler gave messages at the close of the meeting.

New England States.

Lawrence, Mass.—Mrs. Nellie E. Abbott, president of the Pemberton Hall Spiritualist Society, announces the speakers for that society for the month of May. The first two Sundays Mrs. S. C. Cunningham will occupy the platform; May 20, Mrs. Maude Litch of Lynn is engaged and May 27 Mrs. N. E. Abbott will serve the society.

Portland, Me.—The First Spiritual Research Society, M. A. Graham, president, held two very successful meetings, afternoon and evening, with Mrs. May Lewis of Boston as speaker and medium. Her beautiful songs and messages did good and will long be remembered by the people of Portland.

Providence, R. I.—The Ladies' Progressive Aid Society, Mrs. Brown, president, held its regular circle Tuesday evening, May 1, with a large attendance and many strangers. The mediums who gave messages were Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. Butterworth and Mr. Stackpole, who is a healing medium. At the circle on April 24 Mr. Stackpole brought back the hearing to a gentleman who had not been able to hear since the War. This was witnessed by fifty people. He is at all of the Aid Circles. The next circle will be at Mr. Prouty's, 1492 Westminster St., on Tuesday evening, May 15. The circles are public and all are welcome.

Norwich, Conn.—First Spiritual Union. Last Sunday Mr. Blinn lectured in the morning to a good audience upon the subject, "Success," and in the evening his lecture upon "Facts and Fallacies" was very instructive. Mr. R. F. Churchill, president of the Greenfield (Mass.) Spiritualists' Society, assisted at both services. In the morning he gave an invocation of a deeply inspiring nature and in the evening his address was eloquent and uplifting. It was a great pleasure to have this well-known worker present and the Greenfield workers are to be congratulated in the possession of such an able speaker. Mr. Churchill's presence at the Lyceum and his talk and his interest in the young people was an inspiration to all. The meetings will be discontinued at the end of this month. At the business meeting of the union held last week eight new members were admitted.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society of Springfield, Mass., 535 1/2 Main St., McKinney Building.—Sunday, April 1. Mrs. Carrie S. Thomas of Brooklyn, N. Y., was

the speaker. Large audiences greeted her. April 8, Mrs. Ruth Swift of Haverhill, Mass., greeted her many friends and did excellent work. April 15, Mrs. E. D. Butler of Lynn, Mass., was the medium; Mrs. Butler has served many times and her work is well liked. The 22d and 29th Mrs. S. C. Cunningham of Cambridge, Mass., filled the platform, and her work was more than satisfactory. This closes the work for the season and it can truly be said that it has been a year of great progress, materially and spiritually, for this society.

Providence, R. I.—The association had as speaker on Sunday Mr. Edgar Emerson of Manchester, N. H., whose work gave the same satisfaction as in the past. The following speakers and mediums are coming for the month of May: Sunday the 13th, Mrs. Kate Stiles of Onset, Mass.; Sunday, May 20, Nettie Holt-Harding of Somerville, Mass.; May 27, which is Memorial Sunday, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn. If the weather is fine a large gathering of Slocum Post, G. A. R., and Ladies' Relief Corps is expected to be in attendance. The five o'clock circles instituted by the new president, W. F. Briggs, are having a good patronage and last Sunday was one of the best. Many delineations were given by Mrs. Kendall, also by a sister co-worker from New Bedford, Madam Isherwood. Her work gave excellent satisfaction; her messages were all recognized. May 6, the following mediums gave most excellent communications: Mrs. Kendall, Mrs. Jones and Mr. Butterworth. The Helping Hand Society held its weekly meeting Friday evening at the home of Mrs. Jones, and there was a good attendance and many messages were given by Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Kendall. The next circle will be held at Mrs. Jones, 363 Lockwood St., Friday evening.

Lawrence, Mass.—Perhaps it will be interesting to the readers of the "Banner" to know what the Pemberton Hall Spiritualist Society of Lawrence has accomplished. Every year, in Lawrence, the first day of May, a breakfast is given in the City Hall for the benefit of the Old People's Home, every church having a table. Last year, as there was no vacancy, this society helped on the flower table; this year they were given a table and recognition with the churches. Much praise was given for the display of the food, and the amount supplied by the Pemberton Hall Spiritualists. Fourteen other churches were allotted tables. Mrs. Nellie E. Abbott is president of this society and much credit is due her for the long and faithful service she has rendered the Cause. By her patient and unselfish spirit she has interested many, many people and some of them have found the light in the sanctuary of her home. Mrs. Abbott has, for three consecutive seasons, carried on meetings with growing interest. This last year her platform has been occupied by some of the best New England speakers. To such service the Spiritualistic cause must look for the promulgation of its truths.

Queen City Park, Vermont.—Bright prospects for Queen City Park Spiritualist Campmeeting the coming season, which commences July 29 and continues until Sept. 3. The park is located on a bluff two miles south of the city of Burlington on the shores of the beautiful Shelburne Bay. Here are the finest sunsets in America; lovely walks and drives; four passenger trains daily with mails. Electric cars every twenty minutes, post-office, telephone, store and restaurant connected with hotel. A fine list of speakers has been secured: Rev. B. F. Austin, Mrs. Helen P. Russeque, Mrs. Effie I. Chapman, Mr. Jacobs, Mrs. Emma Paul, Mrs. Abbie Crosssett, Alonzo F. Hubbard, Dr. S. N. Gould and other noted speakers and mediums are expected. Good music will be furnished by the accomplished singers, Mrs. Minnie J. Wood and Miss Lula Allen. Spirit message sessions will be held nearly every day during the meeting by Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Jacobs. Entertainments will be held often in the Pavilion. The Ladies' Annual Fair will be held about the 20th of August. This season the hotel is under new management. Fred M. Hunt, the proprietor, will spare no pains to cater to the welfare of his guests. He, with a corps of help, is putting the hotel and grounds in first-class condition for the opening. June 1st, for city guests, camp-boarders and the guests of the coming campmeeting. A good restaurant in connection with hotel where food is served by the meal or day or week, also cooked supplies for campers. For particulars in regard to hotel, address Fred M. Hunt, Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt. Circulars will soon be issued giving full details of the coming campmeeting. For circulars address Effie I. Chapman, secretary, Cambridge, Vt.; A. F. Hubbard, president, Tyson, Vt.; Dr. S. N. Gould, vice-president, Randolph, Vt.; Fred M. Hunt, Queen City Park, Vt.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.—The circulars for this year are ready for distribution. In writing for them please enclose stamp. We have a splendid array of talent. The campmeeting will open Sunday, July 29, and continue till Monday, Aug. 27. Our speakers and mediums are Hon. A. H. Dailey, Miss Elizabeth Harlow, Mrs. Kate M. Ham, Rev. Wilson Fritch, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Albert P. Blinn, Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, Mrs. Carrie S. Thomas, J. Clegg Wright, Miss Victoria C. Moore and Rev. May S. Pepper. The Beethoven Quartet of Boston will sing at all services. If sufficient funds are raised, the electric lights will be put in operation during the entire months of July and August. Funds are being solicited from campers and friends for this purpose, and if each lot owner would subscribe \$1.00 this could easily be done.—Albert P. Blinn, sec., 8 Grove Place, Norwich, Conn.

Rev. S. P. Cadman, D. D., of Brooklyn, says: "The absence of the working classes from the churches most democratic in theory is a problem attracting the anxious thought of Brooklyn ministers."

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

(July 26, Copyrighted, 1906, by G. E. Webster.)

Side Lights on Wonder Wheel Science.

Daily Guidance for All, by Birth Numbers.

By Professor Henry.

In various magazines and almanacs, Astrologic Birthday Influences are given, but

Birth No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Apr. 21-23	B	F	G	H	E	K						
24-26	B	F	G	H	E	K						
27-29	K	B	F	G	H	E						
30-32	K	B	F	G	H	E						
May 1-3	E	K	B	F	G	H						
4-6	E	K	B	F	G	H						
7-9	H	E	K	B	F	G						
10-12	G	H	E	K	B	F						
13-15	G	H	E	K	B	F						
16-18	F	G	H	E	K	B						
19-21	F	G	H	E	K	B						
22-24	B	F	G	H	E	K						

they are general, the same for all the world. This table is individual, and applicable to the different people, according to their Birth Number. A day may be very good

Chats on Wonder Wheel Science.

THINK ON THIS, SERIOUSLY.

It is not Individual People that are wrong in the world. It is the erroneous system which people are hypnotized to follow that causes all troubles.

The earth moves through space. Each year the particular circle of space occupied by earth is filled with different forces, or vibrations, or spirit powers, which differently actuate individual minds.

Teachers hold too strongly to impulses of the past, which humanity has outgrown, because the earth has passed out of that portion of space in which those impulses were valuable.

Impulses affecting the General World do not come from Sun, Moon or planets, but from Fixed Stars, or Distant Suns, surrounding the Solar System. The entire Solar System moves swiftly—gradually to us—into different relationship with those Fixed Stars. We are made aware of the effects only by what we term "changing conditions in the general world," but these changes are regulated by Progressive laws. These progressive changes affect the whole Solar System, of which our Earth is a part, and, as the earth is affected, individual minds are affected, according to their sensitiveness.

Higher Minds respond to the far distant causes, Lower Minds respond to causes apparently less remote, yet the closest cause is but a vibration from the Farthest (or Father).

Moon's vibrations (Lunar) are the nearest, yet all centre in the all absorbing vibration of the Prince of Light, called "Sun." The planets are but a Solar Brotherhood of Solar Subjects, and through our Solar Sun the Solar System is affected by a Brotherhood of Suns, with whom our System is constantly changing its attitude, drawing nearer to some and separating from others. All are in ceaseless motion, united in triple bonds, termed "Father, Son and Holy Ghost," or, Spirit, Intelligence and Matter.

North, South, East and West form the Cardinal Cross, beneath the Zenith and above the Nadir, on which we all suffer our crucifixion from those who endeavor to prevent us from advancing beyond the outgrown impulses to which they have fastened themselves by creedologic chains. These chains are seldom broken except by the revolutionary spirit of a long suffering people, who have awakened from the hypnosis of their immediate ancestry.

Teachers, consciously or unconsciously, yet mainly instigated by love of worldly reward, become almost maniacally cruel in denouncing anything not endorsed by themselves, yet, at same time, knowing that the laws of the Sun, Moon and stars are inflexible laws of the God whom they extoll, and that it rains alike upon whom they term "the just and the unjust."

With these laws in perpetual operation, our Solar System is approaching a new Sun to us, which "sits in the clouds" of night, and one so great that our Sun will dwindle into a condition like the Moon of today. As we near the New Sun, the earth, by Spiritual Vibrations, becomes, mentally expressed, a "new earth," in a new portion of the heavens; its inhabitants more ethereal, under the increasing heat of the new Sun, and its adjuncts.

Heat departs from the body through mental energy, and moves towards the New Sun, as far as its volume of quality permits. Life is that ever continuous something which exists in everything. Material-life-thought follows the law of gravitation towards the centre of material darkness. Spiritual-life-thought follows the law of energy towards the centre of the greatest light. The line of equilibrium—the Christ, or mediatorial principle—leads thought in the temperate zone of the universe, under the rays of its most powerfully attracting Sun. Thought is Spirit-Man.

As earth progresses it overtakes such spirits as have gone on before, at such points as their accumulated spirit power enabled them to advance, unhindered by the material law of gravitation which held them to the joys of earth and its sufferings.

When overtaken, these spirits manifest their powers through the rays of the solar bodies, in harmony or at discord with the minds of the spirits dwelling on earth in mortal bodies, and, consciously or unconsciously, every mortal is impressed for worldly good or evil, according to the mental calibre of the mortal, who cannot

for a husband and very bad for his wife, or vice versa. The table should be followed continually for greatest good, and not now and then.

The ruling people of the world during the term of this table are those born under No. 2. In this term of ruling, a large amount of Determination will be displayed. The Spirit of the General world, during this period of days, will be favorable to Birth Numbers, 4, 6, 10 and 12. It is the time of even number rulings, the negative or feminine forces of the world. Spring bonnets, house cleanings, repairs, etc., etc. One Judas, or opposing force in every circle. The opposing force and unfavored will be No. 8, and Nos. 5 and 11 will also be unfavored.

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

be understandingly impressed by any advanced spirit, beyond his mental ability to comprehend, or, to favor.

All manifestations, whether or not comprehended, are in strict accord with the relative locations of the celestial bodies in space, to our earth, primarily through the Sun, secondarily through the Moon, individually, yet, in general through the Fixed Stars or Suns. When possible these advanced spirits re-incarnate and become once again mortal, and become spiritually or materially minded in the new-earth life as circumstances permit.

Thus, geniuses are born from previous mortal conditions, yet are too often led away from their natural gifts by the system, tyrannically made popular by "moss-back" teachers of custom and morality.

By this scientific elucidation, as clearly as it can be stated in brief, it will be seen that the most advanced spiritual minds at time of departure from the body do not linger in the nearby path of the onward moving earth, but take more distant flight towards the new sun.

The more prepared a departing spirit is to advance before the earth, the longer it takes the earth to reach the resting point in space of that spirit, and the more difficult for the mortal mind to comprehendingly reach out, en rapport with that spirit.

Spirits such as, Jesus of Nazareth, Buddha, Swedenborg and other highly etherealized minds, would necessarily be further advanced than the spirits of minds thoroughly impregnated with material desires, lacking ethereal buoyancy and a shorter rest from worldly labor.

The most ethereal mortal minds today are better able to operate in harmony with the most advanced minds of departed spirits, because they catch the vibrations of the more distant spiritual waves. Gross, Material Minds are chained to "muck rake" interests and catch vibrations only from spirits, previously advanced to present earth conditions, or else from those of recent departure who are not able to get outside the atmosphere of earth.

On this principle, then, it will be seen that mediums are graded, and are only able to truthfully harmonize with spiritual vibrations of the same calibre as their present mind—irrespective of scholastic ability, and no mortal is able to strike a note on the spiritual harp of ten thousand strings, except when momentarily in harmony with that note, while in an otherwise undisturbed train of thought, or mental impression.

Even a murderer, by reason of an eleventh hour conscious-stricken impulse, may suddenly be put en rapport with an advanced spirit influence, and behold visions of relief and joy from his previous depraved condition. "Imagination," paugh! Imagination is the Highest Mental or Spiritual Gift of God. It may be for good or evil.

These conditions in every case are marked in the heavens, corresponding to the true attitude of each particular mind, in relation to Sun, Moon or some distant fixed star.

This principle differs from the ordinarily accepted ideas of Spiritualism, only in the fact that it implies that Advanced Spirits do not come back, but that earth moves on to their advanced places, or that advanced mortal minds expand in thought desire towards their advanced sphere, ahead of the popular ideas of the ordinary world.

Science declares that everything moves forward by progressive laws. Even comets are moving forward when the earth meets a view of their onward cyclic paths.

It is rationally conceivable that spirit moves forward under the universal law of all movements, as far in advance as the spiritual heat or energy permits, and no farther than the material law of gravitation will permit the lingering materiality of their mind to proceed.

Jesus taught that an eleventh hour conversion is as buoyant as one of the first hour provided its intensity is equal.

Dr. Hodgson's mind was intensely spiritualized. It is not likely that the earth will immediately catch up to the particular point to which he has been permitted to advance, nor that a mortal mind can come en rapport with his advanced mind, until the mortal mind becomes of equal calibre.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Knicker—I thought you were going abroad?

Mrs. Bocker—So I was; but my doctor offered me such a lovely bargain in appendicitis—only \$1000.—Harpur's Bazar.