

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

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## HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Sweet as spirit as the flowers,  
Gentle as the woodland dove,  
He has filled life's golden hours,  
With the music of his love;  
He has brought us pictures fair,  
From the history of the past,  
And their beauty rich and rare,  
Are enchantment round us cast!

All his life was one sweet song,  
With its cadent rise and fall,  
Like a stream that purrs along  
Where the birds trill out and call;  
Where the roses bud and bloom,  
In enjoyment pure and free,  
Or in mists of silent gloom  
One can hear the solemn seal!

Books he loved with scholar's pride;  
Lands he loved where art abounds;  
And an angel at his side  
Taught him skill of all sweet sounds:  
Nothing was alone of sense;  
'Twas the mingling of the skies—  
Gave to him his eminence,  
And proclaimed his spirit wise!

Death to him was like the cloud  
That God's sunshine drives away,  
And beyond the grave and shroud  
Was the spirit's endless day;  
Life was life to smile at death,  
Death was death for life to prove,  
But it is what spirit saith  
Which is voice of God's deep love!

Sweet as flowers after snow,  
Sweet as sun that follows rain,  
We his murmured music know—  
From the castled hills of Spain;  
Like the steady evening star,  
When the sunset fades away  
From the sky, serene and far,  
Beams upon us his white ray!

William Brunton.

## The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whiting.

"With Sodom apples fill thy harvest bin;  
Barter heart's wealth for gold in  
Fashion's mart;  
Traverse rough seas some distant point to  
win,  
Without a chart;

"Fray the fine cord of Love until it break;  
Launch thy pirogue before the storm  
abate;  
Tease the prone, sleeping Peril till it  
wake;  
Then rail at Fate."

Danske Dandridge.

It is entirely possible to achieve a certain transformation of life, now and here, that enables one to live in the rose and flame of radiance and of beauty. One may as well live in the ethereal as in the ordinary atmosphere. The ethereal atmosphere is an ever-present environment as is that of the air. The ether and the air are interpenetrated and science itself has thus opened the gateway of actual knowledge of the conditions of the next higher phase of life. We are surrounded by beauty which one has only to open his eyes and see. In a private letter to a friend Mrs. Sara A. Underwood writes from Quincy, Ill.: "Such lovely sunrises and sunsets as we have had in Quincy this year! They are perfectly gorgeous. They have been a great comfort to us here. You have been privileged to behold the Italian skies, but I do not see how they could be grander than this year's skies here; all the colors of the rainbow interblended, in all conceivable fashions. And still many people go by morning and night without ever lifting their heads to take in all or any part of the grandeur."

Emerson is wholly right when he says: "Life should be an ecstasy. Every touch should thrill." The splendor of the morning should enfold one all day in "the glory and the freshness of a dream." The marvelous blow of the sunset may steep the hours in music and magic. Now if one desires to realize, now and here, the absolute and ever-present reality of the spiritual life he must, as an initial step, come into harmony with its environment. The ethereal realm is the environment of those who have passed out of the physical body. But it is also the environment, the native atmosphere, of the spiritual man who is still clothed upon with the physical body; who still possesses that physical mechanism which serves as his instrument by means of which he can act upon the physical world, and he can step aside, as it were, from the denser and cruder life, to live in the finer,

the more exalted, the ethereal. Emerson was so organized as to be in touch with all this intenser life of the finer conditions. His mind was like a sensitized plate that records the most delicate vibrations. When he replied to the Second Adventist who announced the end of the world, that he could get along very well without it, he merely stated the actual truth. His essential life was in the ethereal.

The simple words of St. Paul, "If we live in the Spirit we must walk in the Spirit," embody the most practical truth. It is a daily, an hourly, achievement. "We live in the sun and on the surface, a thin, plausible, superficial existence, and talk of muse and prophet, of art and creation," said Emerson. "But out of our shallow and frivolous way of life, how can greatness grow? Let us live in corners, and do chores and suffer, and weep and drudge, with eyes and hearts that love the Lord. Fatal is display,—the seeming that unmakes our being. The richest romance,—the noblest fiction that was ever woven,—the heart and soul of beauty,—lies enclosed in human life. Itself of surpassing value, it is also the richest material for his creations. How shall he know its secrets of tenderness, of terror, of will, and of fate? How can he catch and keep the strain of upper music that peals from it? Its laws are concealed under the details of daily action. All action is an experiment upon them. He must bear his share of the common load. He must work with men in houses, and not with their names in books. His needs, appetites, talents, affections, accomplishments, are keys that open to him the beautiful museum of human life. Why should he read it as an Arabian tale, and not know, in his own beating bosom, its sweet and smart?"

In the common daily life we see the secret of the spiritual significance of life. It is not a fantastic thing of phenomena; not an experience to be translated into a jargon, but our everyday relations to everyday affairs. As Emerson well says: "Out of love and hatred, out of earnings and borrowings, and lendings and losses; out of sickness and pain; out of wooing and worshipping; out of traveling, and voting, and watching, and caring; out of disgrace and contempt, comes our tuition in the serene and beautiful laws. Let him not slur his lesson; let him learn it by heart. Let him endeavor, exactly, bravely, and cheerfully, to solve the problem of that life which is set before him. And this, by punctual action, and not by promises or dreams. Believing, as in God, in the presence and favor of the grandest influences, let him deserve that favor, and learn how to receive and use it, by fidelity also to the lower observances."

But how shall the life submerged in self-consciousness and self-interests; steeped in jealousies and rivalries and vulgar self-assertion and self-flaunting; how shall such a life know of the transcendent sweetness of the life of the spirit which is only achieved through the outer expression and the deep realization of spiritual qualities? As the poet above quoted suggests, with subtle sarcasm:—

"Traverse rough seas some distant point to  
win  
Without a chart;  
Fray the fine cord of love until it break.  
Then rail at Fate."

If we would live in the spirit—if we would hold life serene, harmonious, uplifting, we must "walk in the spirit,"—there is no other way. Nor is the way a via dolorosa. On the contrary, it is the way of joy and exaltation and radiance. We live encompassed round about by the cloud of witnesses. It is along the lines of insight and sympathy that divine resources pass. Life, itself—any existence worth calling life—is simply spiritual force. It is only out of this force that any achievement is wrought. Even the work of the day laborer must be performed by this force. Withdraw the spirit and what is there? Simply a lifeless body.

The ethereal realm is, then, the realm of more intense energies. Through the hand of a psychic this portrayal of the life just beyond was written.

"There is just as much business carried on here as on earth. God has business for us all. We help manipulate the business on earth through different avenues by a corresponding business here,—manipulated in a

very different way and much further advanced.

"No heavy material, no clanging machinery, no hard, but we all have occupations. We have our tools to work with, our materials to manufacture and put in use. We have our station houses where we go for information and instruction. This work I speak of is on the higher plane of heavenly existence, after we have worked out our soul's salvation.

"Labor is performed without fatigue or weariness. If one should take a microscope and hold it over a glass of water he would see millions of living things. Heaven cannot be illustrated in that way, but one may realize that there are means of discovering the invisible. One knows that heaven is all around, but, created as we are, we cannot see behind the veil, unless it is lifted. There is between the mind of man and man, darting backward and forward with the speed of lightning, an attractive force, an electric current, which, if united at both ends, creates a circle.

"All space is peopled with spiritual beings. When you leave the body you enter this space (as you call it), but which is more solid than a million earths, and all the planets of the universe are but a pebble in comparison. Earth has a great work yet to perform. Every plan, every movement, is directed from this side. All the discoveries, all the new inventions, are projected from persons here. Our surroundings are adapted to our uses. We have homes, real houses, and gardens, and streets; but there are mysteries here beyond your power to comprehend. As one rises from realm to realm all things become grander and more beautiful."

In the records made by Kate Field of the writing that came to her through Planchette, there is one passage where she has asked that question (which must constantly be recurring to every investigator) as to why the replies are not always correct? Regarding this Miss Field has thus recorded the answer made through Planchette:

"My dear child, remember that I am conveying my ideas through your mind, and the consequence is that the combination thus formed cannot always be correct."

"Mrs. H. asked: 'If spirits can communicate with us, why have they not done so before?'"

"The time was not ripe. Why was not the Atlantic cable laid years ago?"

"Another lady present asked: 'Are we to be swayed by what Planchette says?'"

"Not by any means. God forbid!"

"Are we to heed it?"

"In a measure; but for heaven's sake, do not relinquish your own judgment. If advice be good according to your conscience and conviction, take it; if not, put it aside."

"I see no good to arise from what is called Spiritualism," remarked one present, to which Planchette replied:

"It will bring heaven and earth nearer together; it will revive the old belief in spiritual communication, and will force the sceptical to believe in a future existence, besides bringing immense comfort to those who lose their friends."

Regarding America this assertion seems almost prophetic:

"America is a combination of all the world's forces, allied to the greatest freedom of thought."

Miss Field continues:

"We asked Planchette whether any poetry was written in the other world. This question was put after we had been told that Poe was present, and Planchette wrote: 'We think in this existence. No writing. Poetry is thought, conceived, communicated, but not written.'"

It is evident that the life beyond is as natural as the life here; and that those who are in the ethereal environment can approach the more closely to those who live, even while here, the higher life of love, sweetness, tenderness and faith, which develop the spiritual faculties and render the companionship more intimate and more near. The "other world" is not, as Kant declares, "another place, but another view."

Anna Kingsford, perhaps the most wonderful of all the modern mystics, wrote (in that marvelous book, "Clothed with the Sun") these words:

"The will of God is the alchemic crucible, and the dross which is cast therein is matter."

"And the dross shall become pure gold, seven times refined, even perfect spirit."

"It shall leave behind it nothing, but shall be transformed into the divine image."

"For it is not a new substance, but its alchemic polarity is changed and it is converted."

"But except it were gold in its true nature it could not be resumed into the aspect of gold."

"And except matter were spirit it could not revert to spirit."

"To make gold, the alchemist must have gold."

"But he knows that to be gold which others take to be dross."

"Cast thyself into the will of God, and thou shalt become as God."

"For thou art God if thy will be the Divine will."

"This is the great secret; it is the mystery of redemption."

Here then is the key to life in the ethereal realm even while still in the physical environment. "Cast thyself into the will of God." Here alone is the key to abiding peace. For in the will of God is that crucible where the alembic of spiritual force shall be distilled. Let one absolutely banish from his life any semblance of an evil or inharmonious thought; let him close the door to any possible feeling of envy, unkindness, detraction, or self-love; let him resolutely bar out resentment toward any human being, no matter what the cause or the conditions; let him hold his life in this perfect harmony and glad receptivity to the divine will and he thus holds the key to that state which shall transform earth to heaven and bring to his life the lilies of eternal peace.

"Pure lilies of eternal peace  
Whose odors haunt my dreams."

The Brunswick, Boston.

## The Poet Longfellow.

The poet of the heart, the one very dear to the people in New England and far away, is Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The 27th of February is the red-letter day of his birth, and it is getting to be a custom in some way to keep such pleasant facts in mind. Our poets give us the beauty-seeing eye, and they make the home-scenery and surroundings the dearer to us. They give their peace to the home and in every way help us, so that we are only repaying the golden coin they gave us, when we return kindness with kindness, and love with love. It does us good to remember that such as these have lived and died.

Without question, Longfellow is the most popular poet we have had in glory with us. His friend Whittier steps close upon his heels—but Longfellow keeps the lead. And yet he is of the literary, supremely. He is of books, of letters, the ripe scholar, the one with the golden key of language to unlock the store-house of many lands. He has the open sesame to the poetry of Spain and Italy, of France, Germany and the far North. It is the wealth he shows us which is one of the enchantments of his poems. The sentiments expressed are not startling or very new, but the drapery of them, the purple and the fine linen and the golden chains, make us believe we have to do with royalty in the land of song. We are proud of the appeal he makes to us, and we respond to him with all our hearts.

Naturally the music of his verse catches the young. It is deceptively easy and flowing, it seems nature, when it is educational finish of perfection after its kind. There is another kind, but this appeals to the maiden by the brookside of the years, to the young man going out to the plowing and sowing of the fields in spring, to the young scholar who would like to be refined, and pure, and gentle and wise with the lore of the ages, like this man endowed so completely and wonderfully.

He has a noble influence with him. It is that of innocence. He is always in Paradise and the serpent and its temptation have not come. The world is yet the world beautiful, loved by little children, and the white Christ moves among men, savage or civilized, to heal and bless them. Some call this a lack, but to the pure all things are pure and dark Egyptian wisdom hardly seems worth seeking in the presence of such lily thought.

There is much that might be said on this without very much improving it. We know that when we begin to think on the best things and to hold to them in the years, we form the habit of mind which has only use for the sane and sweet. The dealer in gems has no room for pebbles and dirt among the rare and lovely. Longfellow has not a single line that is not as pure as water and sweet as the rose.

The simple pieces like the Rainy Day, the Psalm of Life, The Reaper and the Flowers—and a long list of beautiful things like them—readily come to mind. Their popularity is their bane. It is funny and easy to parody them, and some like to advertise their cheap-jack affairs on the walls of the

garden of the king. All the same these songs have been the help and inspiration of millions of hearts, the world over. There is something so true and consoling in them, so full of sympathy along with the note of sorrow—that we feel we have the helm of Gilead for the aches and pains of life. He has the mother quality of soothing and sustaining.

He was always eager to be at his singing. To put on the white robe of the bard, to take his harp in hand, and from his tent-door, while spring was in bloom, to sing; this was the passion of his days. To be at college work or detained by aught, when he knew the music was by him, was the regret of the days and the years. O, what would he not do if he had all the leisure he wanted!

And we should account him a most fortunate man that his prayer was answered. His lines were cast to him in pleasant places in spite of the fact that loss and death came to him at it comes to all of woman born. At Cambridge was the ideal home, with its historic memories. He had a circle of friends like Sumner, Lowell, Holmes and others—as fine as time has produced. They were factors in his success. His rendering of Dante had Norton and Lowell to perfect it. He had the praise and the counsel of these best of men. They stood by each other, and Poe and Margaret Fuller might snarl and criticize—but in the serenity and assurance of the brotherhood near him, he could quietly and calmly continue on his way.

His fame had suffered from the detraction of the good critics—so called—the Pharisees of the temple of fame. But what they say, taken with a good pinch of salt, may go, and no harm be done. Poets have their days of triumph, but do not necessarily cease to be, after the noise, the shouting and the tumult are over. He has sweetened the whole round of our daily living by his songs.

And then death is made tender and sweet by him.

"Dust thou art, to dust returneth,  
Was not spoken of the soul."

He makes you feel there is an angel world, close to this earth of ours. It is not defined or localized, but it is a reality and it is full of loveliness for every moment of our existence. In the charm of the home circle, ere the lamps are lighted, and we are expectant,

"Then the forms of the departed,  
Enter at the open door:  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more."

It is all so saintly and sweet and true. We feel the glory of it in its divine witchery. It is pure poetry and the poetry of it is the fact that it is a fact and not a mere thought or dream.

"Angels of Life and Death alike are his;  
Without his leave they pass no threshold  
o'er;

Who, then, would wish or dare, believing  
this,  
Against his messengers, to shut the  
door?"

## Lincoln the Story Teller.

A TIMELY WORD.

In the March chapters of Frederick Trevor Hill's Century study of "Lincoln, the Lawyer," Mr. Hill takes pains to defend Lincoln at some length from the charges which would make it seem "that most of his life on the circuit was spent in retailing dubious stories to gaping circles." "Nothing can be more absurd than to picture Lincoln as a combination of buffoon and drummer," one of his surviving contemporaries is quoted by Mr. Hill as saying while discussing the subject with him. "He was frequently the life of our little company, keeping us good natured, making us see the funny side of things, and generally entertaining us; but to create the impression that the circuit was a circus of which Lincoln was the clown is ridiculous. He was a lawyer engaged in serious and dignified work, and a man who felt his responsibility keenly."

And Mr. James Ewing, a member of the Illinois bar, whose father kept the old National Hotel in Bloomington, where all the lawyers used to stop while on the circuit, and at whose house Lincoln boarded after the hotel was closed, Mr. Hill also quotes as saying to him: "In all my experience I never heard Mr. Lincoln tell a story for its own sake or simply to raise a laugh. He used stories to illustrate a point, but the idea that he sat around and matched yarns like a commercial traveler is utterly false."



## CONFESSIONS OF A VOLUPTUARY.

Voluptuary, I! at dawn's first flash,  
While wretched thousands are con-  
demned to sleep,  
I rise, and in luxurious coolness splash,—  
Then on my silent courser joyous leap  
To seek the hilltop or the woodland stream,  
Or watch the lighthouse as its pales its  
beam,  
The robin and the bobolink and I  
Have kindred passion for the morning  
sky.

When toil begins, and comrades fret and  
shirk,  
I freshen labor with the spirit's test.  
Imagination never hindered work.  
In perfect product is completest rest.  
I take pleasure as I go along,  
And try to make my daily toil my song.  
Through half a hemisphere or half a mile,  
The load pulls easiest harnessed with a  
smile.

A Golden Age? I'm in it even now!  
For, wanting little, I have some for  
others.  
(If any, hungry, at my feast would bow,  
My morn or evening's richness is my  
brother's.)

My fond desire is that the world may see  
Earth gives enough for all humanity.  
Men only need a willingness to share,  
And all the world would breathe am-  
brosial air.

'Tis true I little have of what men prize,  
And often like the saint who shuns  
garb,  
But having mirthfulness and open eyes  
I bind with velvet his metallic barb—  
Holding contentment, though in wooden  
walls.  
Better than selfishness in tinsel halls—  
While earth's rich Saturnalia still is mine,  
I shall not fail of spirit's oil and wine.

I would not change my modest daily lot  
For any wealth that brought with it a  
care.  
I love my ease too well to wish to blot  
My freedom of the sky and sea and air.  
I sink myself in soul and sense each day,  
And in voluptuous shamelessness grow  
gray.  
Nay!—sink myself in joy each hour that's  
rune.  
And grow each year voluptuously young.  
James H. West in the Tufts College  
Graduate.

Reasonable Views of Mediumship  
Contrasted with Popular Fall-  
acies Concerning It.

Report of Lecture by W. J. Colville deliv-  
ered in "Banner of Light" Hall.

The reader of current literature dealing  
with psychic questions in general must be  
very much confused on account of the be-  
wilderingly divergent views expressed by  
different writers who attempt to deal with  
the intricate question of human sensitiv-  
ness by recourse to a single strained hy-  
pothesis. These hypotheses of different  
theorists are often gravely set forth as final  
and authoritative, in consequence whereof  
many superficial readers, who are easily  
captivated by pretentious claims, commit  
themselves without any first hand investi-  
gation to whatever theory is put forth by  
some author whose opinions they chance to  
favor.

Since the publication of Hudson's "Law  
of Psychic Phenomena" a number of writ-  
ers and lecturers have arisen who, on the  
basis of Hudson's famous theory of "Two  
Minds," have undertaken to explain away  
all Spiritualistic evidences by calling upon  
the "subjective mind" to account for every-  
thing that could not be explained by trick-  
ery. Given a theory which admits of no  
limitation and a resolute determination to  
explain everything by means of it and the  
way is at once clear for the demolition of  
every evidence which may be in conflict  
therewith. Hudson has written many good  
things and his contribution to the literature  
of modern psychology is decidedly valuable,  
but his views on Spiritualism border upon  
the absurd and they are certainly not en-  
dorsed by any truly scientific men who  
have conducted independent investigations.  
Hudson's most ridiculous conclusions,  
which are not warranted by his original  
premises, are endorsed by Henry Frank  
and many other popular speakers who make  
statements with great enthusiasm, in public  
addresses and through the press, which,  
when submitted to impartial examination,  
are found to be so utterly one-sided that  
they possess very little philosophic value.

Suppose we accept as true the hypothesis  
of a dual mind, which is by no means un-  
reasonable, even if we use Hudson's ter-  
minology and insist upon "objective" and  
"subjective" as terms to be universally em-  
ployed, there is no solid ground whatever  
for denying spirit-communication or speaking  
adversely concerning mediumship.

Hudson's second popular book is entitled  
"A Scientific Demonstration of the Future  
Life." In that volume he has endeavored  
to prove that the "subjective mind" is the  
seat of the telepathic faculty and that its  
chief field of functioning is in the life be-  
yond death. Accepting this statement at  
full value it lends no support to any denial  
of spirit-communication, for no author has  
vouched for the facts of telepathy more val-  
iantly than Hudson. Granting that two  
"subjective minds" are in rapport so that  
one can communicate intelligibly with the  
other while both are still associated with  
"objective minds" prior to physical disso-  
lution, there is no reason for supposing  
that the same "subjective" communion can-  
not continue after the "objective mind" in  
the case of one of the communicating par-  
ties has passed away.

Though the word "mediumship" is placed  
under the ban and treated by many au-  
thors, who indulge in sweeping assertions,  
as allied with insanity and all manner of  
pathological and even criminal conditions,  
a sane consideration of its true nature and  
real import will enable every rational stu-  
dent of psychology to discriminate without  
much difficulty between healthy and un-  
healthy symptoms. We will admit that  
highly sensitive persons are usually of high-  
strung, nervous temperament and if sub-

jected to unpleasant and unwholesome sur-  
roundings are apt to be afflicted with dis-  
tempers common to their type, but such an  
admission only counsels to caution; it  
never logically leads to condemnation of  
mediumship in its entirety. If we can sift  
out the kernels of wheat from the mass of  
chaff and eliminate the wholesome grain  
from the enormous growth of tare or cockle  
which we find in such books as "The Great  
Psychological Crime" which Henry Frank  
pronounced authoritative (Banner of Light,  
Jan. 13, 1906). We shall find that the basis  
of all outcry against mediumship is that it  
exposes the medium to control and coer-  
sion from an unseen and often an unknown  
source, and that such submission of one  
will to another is detrimental to health and  
character. That there is reason in such a  
statement no reasonable person will deny,  
but we are prepared to refute the insinua-  
tion that mediumship is necessarily any-  
thing other than a voluntary sensitiveness  
enabling two or more friends to enjoy com-  
munion with each other.

Accepting the phenomena of telepathy as  
legitimate and neither Hudson nor his fol-  
lowers ever seem to condemn it, it logically  
follows that simple mediumship involves no  
more than the practice of telepathy ex-  
tended into the post-mortem state which, if  
Hudson's theory be correct, is only the  
survival of the "subjective mind" which is  
always involved in every telepathic transac-  
tion. It seems impossible for some people  
to get anything like a clear idea of what the  
so-called "next" or "future" state of man  
can be and because a crude theory is in-  
vented, which has no foundation in fact or  
reason, that some marvelous and inconceiv-  
able change occurs at the instant of phys-  
ical transition we are either told that it is  
extremely dangerous or wrong to commune  
with out of body who have left their earthly  
bodies or else that it is impossible for us  
to do so. Neither F. W. H. Myers in his  
monumental work "Human Personality, Its  
Survival of Bodily Death," Minot J. Savage  
in his "Life Beyond Death," and "Can  
Telepathy Explain?" or Prof. Hyslop in his  
"Science and Future Life" have fallen into  
any such error, and we advise a careful per-  
usal of the books mentioned on the part of  
all who desire to read the sober utterances  
of unprejudiced men of high ability who  
have not allowed prejudice to warp their  
judgment.

That a word of caution should be given  
to excitable and unreflecting dabblers in  
psychic experimentation we fully admit, but  
words of caution need to be cautiously  
uttered and they must be voiced without  
prejudice if they are to prove salutary.  
Mediumship intelligently viewed presents  
two distinct phases or aspects which are,  
in a sense, diametrically opposed, and we  
suppose it must be with only one of these  
that opponents of mediumship are ac-  
quainted. The objectionable or undesirable  
aspect of the question borders upon what  
Dr. J. M. Peebles and many other influen-  
tial Spiritualists designate "obsession,"  
which means that one mind is so far under  
the dominion of another, and that other a  
very crude or distorted one, that individual  
mental liberty is impossible until the "ob-  
sessing" influence has been removed. Mis-  
cellaneous public circles in which people  
gather with all sorts of mixed motives and  
in all varieties of moral, mental, and phys-  
ical conditions are sources of grave danger  
to highly sensitive people who are of weak  
and yielding disposition and have not de-  
veloped around them a protective aura.  
We can also conscientiously inveigh against  
all attempts to exercise any psychic gift or  
faculty for any other than a noble purpose,  
and mere condemnation of mediumship or  
mediumistic practices directed solely  
against pernicious customs we should heartily  
endorse even to anathema. But we must  
not permit ourselves to confound the  
innocent with the vicious or the helpful with  
the harmful, though that is exactly what is  
done by sensational declaimers against me-  
diumship at large. Very much good is  
accomplished through clairvoyance and by  
means of clairsentience and oftentimes a  
spirit-message conveyed through an en-  
raptured medium brings comfort to the sor-  
row-stricken and needed instruction to the  
perplexed. Home circles properly con-  
ducted in a pure atmosphere and where as-  
pirations are noble are productive of excel-  
lent results, and it is abundantly shown  
that mediumship exercised in such sur-  
roundings conduces to enlarged health and  
increased mental and ethical development.  
The real distinction which should always be  
emphasized between a sort of sensitiveness  
which may be a kind of relic of the past  
and a totally different variety which fore-  
glimmers a higher condition for the future  
is that the former is always voluntary or  
sub-volitional though not invariably harm-  
ful, while the latter is always voluntary or  
volitional. Sensitiveness needs to be regu-  
lated and controlled. We should never  
permit ourselves to be governed by it. It  
is high time that intelligent Spiritualists  
take a firm stand on this question and in  
view of the immense amount of controversy  
still raging around the pros and cons of  
mediumship it ought to be feasible to pub-  
lish some moderately tempered manual set-  
tling forth what is and what is not desir-  
able along the path of mediumistic develop-  
ment. It seems difficult to reach a happy  
middle path between two extremes, as most  
people are influenced by emotion rather  
than by logic; the work, however, needs to  
be done and we must bring to the task of  
doing it no other temper than that of  
utterly impartial openmindedness. Where-  
ever we witness signs of disease and de-  
generacy accompanying the exercise of me-  
diumship we should search fearlessly for  
the cause and not blindly fling a sweeping  
accusation against mediumship in its sim-  
plicity because certain aberrant accompani-  
ments are sometimes found attending it.

Had we, as a people at large, less dispo-  
sition to yield to fashions and submit to  
customs and conventionalities, no matter  
how foolish or harmful such may be, we  
should soon behold a soul-cheering dimi-  
nution of those abnormalities which do in-  
deed sometimes accompany mediumship,  
but are in no true sense its legitimate or  
necessary offspring. Control or coercion  
may well be warned against, but willing  
susceptibility to communion with spirit  
friends and helpers is no sign of de-  
generacy and no step in the direction of in-  
sanity. Though notes of reasonable warn-

ing need often to be raised, warnings must  
be directed against abuses only; they are  
senseless and miss their mark whenever they  
take the form of wholesale denunciation.  
Mediumship itself is good, only its abuse is  
evil.

## Gethsemane.

Kate R. Stiles.

Who is there that has not, in some "Geth-  
semane," sweat, as it were, great  
drops of blood, until in agony of soul he  
has cried out, "Let this cup pass from me."  
But, grievous as are the afflictions of  
life, they nevertheless develop within us  
the peaceable fruits of the spirit.

Sorrow is the chisel with which the Great  
Sculptor fashions the soul into more per-  
fect grace and symmetry.

Much of our suffering arises from our  
narrow conceptions of life. We suffer be-  
cause of our selfishness. We make our-  
selves the subject, or object, of sympathy,  
instead of being the sympathetic object.

We seek our own happiness, instead of  
happily seeking the good of others.

We build our castles in the air and fill  
them with our selfish plans and aspirations,  
and, lo! they fall before our eyes, and our  
fond hopes lie buried beneath the ruins.  
We enshrine idols within our hearts, and  
endow them with all the virtues and graces,  
and while we gaze upon them with admira-  
tion, the garments with which our fond  
fancy had clothed them are suddenly rent  
asunder, and where, but a moment before,  
we saw only beauty and grace, we now  
discern lines of imperfection; and we grieve  
—not so much over the imperfections, but  
because of our disappointment. We mourn  
over our fallen castles and our shattered  
idols because they were ours. Thus do we  
make self the pivotal centre, around which  
all things revolve, and only through dis-  
appointment and sorrow is the soul lifted  
out of its self-seeking to a more universal  
plane of thought and of action, where alone  
can be found an abiding peace.

## Review of Passing Events.

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

## SOURCE OF THE PSALMS.

Dr. James Henry Breasted, Professor of  
Egyptology in the University of Chicago,  
has written a book entitled "A History  
of Egypt from the Earliest Times to the  
Persian Conquest" to which he brings the  
light of the translation of the hieroglyphs  
made possible by the last twenty years' ad-  
vance in their study.

The one feature of this remarkable book,  
to which I would call attention, is the  
conclusive evidence it gives of the Egyp-  
tian origin of portions of the Bible. The  
translation of the Psalms of Ikhnaton,  
"the first prophet" show how remarkably  
the Psalms of the Bible copied this writer  
of songs to God. In the Bible Psalms  
there is nothing of the loving fatherhood  
of Jehovah. It is his terrible might and  
wrath; His constant demand for adoration.  
Ikhnaton sings of his goodness and father-  
hood, anticipating that thought supposed  
to have been first enunciated by Christ  
by nearly, if not quite, two thousand years.

This great prophet flourished in the reign  
of Amenhotep IV., when Egypt was at  
the full tide of her greatness.

The CIV. Psalm is considered a master-  
piece of inspiration. How closely it copies  
the work of the Egyptian prophet may be  
seen by the following quotations: Psalms:  
"Thou makest darkness and it is night,  
wherein all the beasts of the field do creep  
forth." The young lions roar after their  
prey, they seek their meat from God."

Ikhnaton writes: "When thou settest  
in the western horizon of heaven, the world  
is in darkness of the dead. They sleep in  
their chambers, their heads are wrapped up,  
their nostrils are stopped up and none  
seeketh the other. Every lion cometh forth  
from his den, all serpents they sting. Dark-  
ness reigns. The world is in silence. Him  
that made them has gone to sleep in his  
horizon."

Again the Psalms: The sun riseth, they  
get them away, and lay them down in their  
beds. Man goeth forth with his work and  
to his labor until the evening."

Ikhnaton says: "Bright is the earth when  
thou riseth in thy horizon. When thou  
shinest as Aton by day, the darkness is  
banished. When thou sendest forth thy  
rays, the two lands (Egypt) are in daily  
fertility, awake and standing on their feet,  
for thou hast raised them up."

Again the Psalms: "O Lord, how mani-  
fold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou  
made them all; the earth is full of thy  
creatures."

Ikhnaton: "How manifold are thy  
works! They are hidden from before us.  
O thou sole God, whose power none other  
possesseth. Thou didst create the world  
according to thy desire." "Thou art in my  
heart." "By thee man liveth." "The  
world is in thy hand."

The study of this subject has only just  
begun on the present lines of impartial  
criticism and unbiased scholarship. Dr.  
Breasted brings not only unequalled knowl-  
edge, but that freedom from theological in-  
fluence which is quite as essential for the  
reception of the truth and its interpreta-  
tion.

The Christian religion has been held as  
absolutely distinct from any and all pre-  
ceding systems of the pagan world; a crea-  
tion without affiliation with a past, and  
when facts indicated that it had roots in  
preceding paganism, they have been rig-  
orously denied or ignored. The impolitic  
student who put forward such ideas was  
battered into silence.

The researches into the archives of Egypt  
and Assyria have confirmed what history,  
rightly understood, has taught, that Chris-  
tianity is a continuity of the pagan wor-  
ship through the Jewish stock. The line  
of demarcation between the two, paganism  
and Christianity, is difficult to determine,  
but may be placed in the reign of Con-  
stantine the Great, and not at the begin-  
ning of the Christian era.

## A HOPEFUL SIGN.

When ministers in high-standing in their  
respective churches come boldly out against  
the methods of the evangelists, and erotic  
excitement of "revivals," it indicates a

notable and healthy advance in religious  
thought. Revivals have been believed in,  
and the hysteria excited by the lurid lan-  
guage of the evangelist been accepted as a  
downpouring of the Holy Ghost. Weak  
and failing churches have employed revival  
preachers to increase their membership and  
this kind of preacher has become a dis-  
tinct class.

They are usually ignorant enthusiasts or  
cunning knaves, with free use of language,  
depending on exciting the emotions. To  
be successful they must be magnetic and  
employ every well known means to hyp-  
notize their converts.

What is called the Holy Ghost is this  
hypnotic influence. Their language is  
coarse, their rhetoric lurid with hell, devil  
and damnation, their ideas such as humanity  
would gladly relegate to the past.

The leaders in the churches feel the dis-  
grace of this method and would gladly free  
themselves from its shame. The Rev. Mor-  
gon of the M. E. Church voices this fact  
in his comment on a recent revival in  
which he is joined by distinguished minis-  
ters of other churches. He said: "Evan-  
gelism is not new. It is the same old  
thing. We have it in our church, but never  
allow it in the edifice, as I never have  
approved of the system. It is medieval.  
It has had its uses and is played out. I  
cannot see how I can with consistency or  
decency join the movement. There is al-  
ways a great reaction, and the experience  
is singularly unhappy. I think some of  
those brought in had better have remained  
where they were until they gained more  
common sense and ability. But the on-  
slaught on popular amusements (by the  
evangelists) is medieval. For a man to  
condemn harmless amusements struck me  
as a terrible anachronism. Some of the  
stories told were old chestnuts. The ser-  
mon, preached, not edifying to me. Some  
of the stories told were questionable, and  
I would hesitate to tell them at my din-  
ner table with women present."

Rev. Morgan thinks revivals not good  
enough to be allowed in his church edifice!  
The souls "saved" had better have re-  
mained where they were in momentary  
danger of damnation, than to bring shame  
on the church by joining and then back-  
sliding! In short, revivalism "is played  
out"! In all these centuries, ministers and  
laymen have been deceived. They thought  
when assemblies became crazed with ex-  
citement, shouted, fainted and, with horror  
for their sins, kneeled at the altar, plead-  
ing for mercy, it was the spirit of God  
while it was hypnotism! When this influ-  
ence was withdrawn, when the subject  
passed from under the control, he became  
his own self, subject to his old desires and  
passions. In fact, he returned the worse  
for the excitement, and more easily influ-  
enced by suggestion. When revivals of-  
fered opportunity, he was first to go for-  
ward to the anxious seat.

## MESSAGES FROM THE UNSEEN.

In regard to the Hodgson affair, the edi-  
tor of the Boston Globe made some wild  
and unsupportable statements, which at  
least require a passing notice. Of the com-  
munication purporting to have been re-  
ceived from Dr. Hodgson in spirit life, the  
editor says: "Like all other alleged com-  
munications from the unseen world it was  
pitiable, uninteresting and insignificant."

Again this is affirmed of communications  
in general: "In the complete mass of re-  
ported statements from the denizens of the  
spirit world during the whole period of  
human record, there is not one sentence  
of real information, and few that evidence  
what we regard as average intellectual in-  
terest."

Does not this convey an erroneous view  
of the vast amount of material which is  
gathered under the vague term of psychic  
phenomena? We all are, or should be, as  
"little children," awaiting the truth. If  
there is no spirit existence, if there is no  
evidence of a life beyond, we must bow  
to the inevitable. If there is, if this life  
is only the beginning of an infinite here-  
after, it is the most consequential and  
priceless fact in human existence.

Those who have most earnestly studied  
this subject, will know the difficulties of  
receiving a perfect communication. The  
first messages by wireless telegraphy were  
imperfect, or attempts to send them failed.  
The transmitter and receiver were not per-  
fectly attuned, and the best form of cur-  
rent had experimentally to be found. So  
in the transmission of a spirit message,  
the medium—the receiving instrument—  
must be attuned, or in harmony with the  
spirit—the transmitting instrument, who  
wishes to send the communication. If this  
condition is not fulfilled, the message can-  
not be sent, or will prove weak and un-  
satisfactory.

As to failure or success of Dr. Hodgson  
to communicate from spirit life, interest-  
ing as it may be, it is only one of count-  
less similar instances, and whether it is a  
failure or not, it is scarcely logical to draw  
a final conclusion therefrom.

That satisfactory messages have been re-  
ceived is proven by the fact that there are  
more than three millions of persons in  
the United States, and as many more in  
Europe, who have been convinced thereby  
of their spiritual origin. These are not the  
ignorant, but almost without exception, of  
the superior and thinking class.

If the message from Dr. Hodgson is not  
satisfactory, it counts for little against the  
numerous successes.

There is strong evidence against the af-  
firmation made by the editor of the Globe,  
that "During the whole period of human  
record, there is not one instance of real in-  
formation and few that evidence what we  
regard as average intellectual interest."

This sentence covers the span of history,  
and embraces the Bible, which in its vital  
part is a record of spirit communion.  
The Bible makes spirits and angels equal  
and the same. Luke xx: 36, says of spir-  
its: "Neither can they die any more, for  
they are equal to the angels," etc. "Are  
they not all ministering spirits?" Heb. i:14.  
In short the Bible contains examples of  
every phase of manifestation known to mod-  
ern Spiritualism. To Christians, surely these  
spiritual evidences must be regarded with  
even more than "average intellectual in-  
terest," for they form the very foundation  
of their faith.

The manifestations of today cannot be

eliminated without carrying with them the  
spiritual records, sacred and profane, of  
all the past.

## Karma and Shintoism in Japan.

When Admiral Togo, after his successive  
victories, took occasion to thank, in the  
most formal way, the spirits of the dead  
for their assistance in the war in which  
they had laid down their earthly lives, to  
most Americans it seemed an act of East-  
ern barbarism, strangely injected into mod-  
ern life.

How could a great naval captain like  
Togo be so superstitious, so ignorant?  
It is, however, not strange that one  
reared, as is every Japanese, in the Shinto  
philosophy, should take occasion, as a  
thank offering, to recognize one of the most  
prevalent of Japanese ideas.

The Japanese is reared not only upon the  
doctrine of Shinto, which is peculiar to  
his people, but the Buddhist doctrines of  
pre-existence and Karma enter equally into  
the make-up of his religious life. We in  
the West have but an indistinct idea of pre-  
existence. Theosophists maintain the doc-  
trine, but the ordinary Christian, especially  
those reared in Calvinism, have spent all  
their religious lives in an effort to save  
their own individual souls from a hereafter  
which is represented to be so horrible that  
escape from it is the one "consummation  
devoutly to be wished."

But the Oriental philosophy takes care  
of all this sort of thing in an entirely dif-  
ferent way, a way which is almost inex-  
plorable to the self-seeking Occidental.

"In the first place," says the Jap, "my own  
soul is not a single thing. It is a term of  
reproach to me when one tells me derisively,  
'I can see that you have but one soul.' My  
soul cannot exist for an eternity here-  
after unless it has already existed for an  
eternity before this life."

"Eternity is an endless thing. Nothing  
can be endless if it have a beginning. The  
Occidental talks of a life in the future  
which has no end. Then it can have had  
no beginning; for an endless thing with one  
end is endless. I must, therefore, have ex-  
isted from all eternity if I am to live to  
all eternity."

Therefore, I know that my soul, in its  
pre-existent states, has passed through  
many earth-lives, has had all the experiences  
which those pre-existing lives imply. It  
is not, cannot be a single thing, one soul.  
It is a composite of all the experiences of  
all past eternities through which it has  
lived. In me today exist consciously the  
souls of all my, kindred by heredity, and  
no small part of those other lives with which  
I have lived and by contact have partaken  
of. Hence, my ancestors, being those to  
whom I owe, not my existence alone, but  
all those attributes which make my soul  
what it is, are certainly worthy of my highest  
regard and worship.

"Not only this" (and here comes in the  
Spiritualistic idea), "but these ancestors, as  
is natural, take in me and my living, the  
deepest interest. They surround my daily  
pathway, seeking in every way they can  
to enhance for me the good and to ward  
off the bad. What is more natural for the  
parent who dies than to maintain his in-  
terest in his child? You western Christians  
believe in a heaven to which a dying father  
goes and shuts from his knowledge every-  
thing in which, two minutes before he  
breathed his last, he was most deeply con-  
cerned; or if you believe that he still has  
knowledge of the lives of his children, he  
is yet powerless to affect those lives for  
good or ill. This is still worse than total  
ignorance. For what is more devilish, what  
could be a greater Hell, than to be com-  
pelled to sit supinely by and see the tor-  
tures of a child and be powerless to aid?  
We know better than this. When we die  
and glough off the flesh, we do not change.  
We still love, and love implies aid. We  
still hover near and help bear the bur-  
den or share the joy of our children, mak-  
ing it greater by the sharing."

"So, while we worship our ancestors, we  
know they are worthy of worship. Do you  
Occidentals still wish an angry God to  
punish sin? He does punish it, not as one  
angry, but as one who is just. Sin is not  
like the naughtiness of a child, to be pun-  
ished by a slipper. It is a breaking of  
God's laws, which breaking always bears its  
own consequences. If I violate the law of  
gravitation and walk off the roof of the  
house, I fall, not as a punishment for vi-  
olating the law, but because a violation of  
the law entails its own consequences."

"So if I do wrong, I suffer. No pardon,  
no repentance avails to wash away the sin.  
It entails its own punishment, leaves for-  
ever its own scar. Thereby I am taught  
not to sin."

"But the consequence of my violation of  
God's law is that the scar remains. I may  
not work out my own redemption, until  
death has seized me. The consequences of  
that wrong go on just the same, and when  
next my undying soul seeks physical embod-  
iment, the stain of my sin is still on it;  
the law is still operative and justice still  
demands of me the working out of my own  
redemption. The 'sins of the fathers are  
visited upon the children' is true, not as  
a punishment; but as a simple, just work-  
ing-out of the rule of the law. This is  
Karma. Evil in my life I know is just, not  
for what I have done in this embodiment,  
but for what I did in another body. Joy  
is mine, not always for my own merits, but  
for the good I did when here before. Is  
not this justice? Is not this right? Does  
not this explain why life is as it is? Is  
not this a good and sufficient reason for my  
ancestor worship?"

This is why the Japanese see so little that  
is attractive in Christianity. This is why  
they are Spiritualists. This is why Shinto-  
ism and Buddhism are to them the living  
forces that they are.

This is why this life, seeming such a  
trifling part of the real life, is with so little  
hesitation thrown away by a Japanese in  
batting for a good cause.

If Western civilization could take a leaf  
from the book of the little yellow men of  
the islands, creeds might suffer, but the real  
life of Christ would be more purely lived  
and then indeed would "death be swallowed  
up in victory," being no longer the "King  
of Terrors."

Mime Inness.



## The Literary World.

CONDUCTED BY

LILIAN WHITING.

"The world of books is still the world."

## "James Gillespie Blaine."

Never in all the literature of biography was there a more impressive drama than that of the life of Secretary Blaine. It was a tissue of destiny. It was a most wonderful illustration of the Greek idea of fate. Yet it was not a series of events and conditions blindly occurring in sequence, but, instead, that which we call a thread of destiny is, in reality, the divine purpose running through all the outer framework of circumstance.

"Who knows how a life at the last may show?"

The reincarnation theory has many illustrations even during the life on earth. There are often a series of lives—each definite and distinct in itself, which are lived during the sojourn of the spiritual man in his physical body. "Men talk of 'another life,'" said the Princess Halm-Eberstein to her son, Daniel Deronda, in George Eliot's greatest novel. "Men talk of 'another life' as if it only began on the other side of the grave. I have long since entered on another life." This assertion embodies a very wide experience. All great lives have been a series of states, of conditions which, in retrospect, are singularly like a number of definite and separate incarnations.

"From one state of our being to the next we pass unconscious, o'er a slender bridge. The momentary work of unseen hands, Which crumbles down behind us; looking back

And truly does the poet say:—

"We call our sorrows Destiny, but ought Rather to name our high successes so."

"For destiny is but the breath of God Still moving in us."

In the life of James G. Blaine the observer on the watch-tower may surely recognize Destiny as the "breath of God" moving through that wonderful panorama. For, although Mr. Blaine never achieved the highest ambition of his life, and although this highest ambition was very largely the desire for mere personal pre-eminence, yet it remains forever true that his was a nature in which there was a never-failing and a perpetually increasing quality of supreme nobleness. To a very perceptible degree Mr. Blaine was the statesman, rather than the politician, the party leader. His most active period of life was in the time of the nation's storm and drang. It was a time of intense feeling, a time when hatreds and enmities and rivalries contended with each other and one in which the higher spiritual illumination on life that has dawned upon the world within the past twenty-five years had then hardly shone. Mr. Blaine was in the thick of the fray for more than thirty years of active and intense life. He entered on public life in the great crisis year of 1860, and two years later, receiving his first nomination for Congress, he announced with impressive earnestness: "If I am called to a seat in Congress, I shall go there with a determination to stand heartily and unreservedly by the administration of Abraham Lincoln."

Mr. Blaine's instincts were always noble. If he ever fell below his own intuitive standard, his own innate ideals of life, it was only a temporary lapse, from which he recovered himself. His was an exalted and a noble spirit. His generosity to a foe, his liberal and tender sympathies for the poor, the oppressed, the unfortunate; his exquisite and unfeigned courtesy shown to the humblest as well as to the greatest; his lofty mind with its incessant scholarly activity; his intense intellectual energy; his grasp of great questions, and his marvelous power brought to bear on the problems of his day, all reveal to the student of his life that in James G. Blaine was one of the most exceptional of American political leaders. No man, in public life, can entirely rise above the average level of his time. He is a part of it; and its forces, such as they are, are the forces he must use. It takes time for that spiritual evolution of a nation to advance to the point where it is logically recognized that the divine ideal of life is none too good for daily living; that the divine ideal of life is even the most practical and practically beneficial as a working model. Whether we are now beginning to realize this truth or not, it certainly had inspired no universal recognition in the days of Mr. Blaine's activities.

The biography of Mr. Blaine, written by Edward Stanwood, is as interesting as a romance. Of Scotch-Irish ancestry, born in Pennsylvania, Jan. 31, 1830; graduating from Washington College, in that state, in 1847; a year later entering (at the age of eighteen) on the duties of an instructor in Latin, Greek and Geometry in the Western Military Institute at Georgetown, Virginia, and married (to Miss Harriet Stanwood, of Augusta, Maine) soon after his twentieth birthday. Mr. Blaine made, indeed, a very early start in life. In his first youth he came under the strong influence of Henry Clay, whom he greatly admired, though he pointed out mistakes made by Mr. Clay.

"Near the close of the year 1854 there was an abrupt change in the life of Mr. Blaine," writes Mr. Stanwood, "and in all his plans and purposes. His career as a teacher of youth came to an end; he abandoned his intention to become a lawyer. He entered a new profession in a new home, and took up an occupation which opened before him an unobstructed path to the most conspicuous and honorable place in public affairs."

This is but another illustration of the leading in life which is often called fate and destiny, but which is really the divine guidance. Circumstances combined to place Mr. Blaine in Augusta, Maine, as one of the editors of the Journal of that city—a work on which he entered in the autumn of 1854. Mr. Stanwood says:—

"The position which Mr. Blaine now undertook to fill was exactly suited to his tastes and talents. From boyhood he had shown a leaning toward political discussion, and whether or not we suppose him to have been already stirred with ambition to enter public life, he had certainly stored his mind with such information regarding men and events, issues and policies as was likely to be most useful in conducting a party paper. He had the ardent nature which develops a strong party man and had already formed convictions and contracted associations to which a young man adheres more tenaciously than does one who, in mature age, has acquired the mental poise that enables him to revise his own opinions. He was able to adapt himself easily to the modes of life and thought of the new community into which he was entering, but young as he was, he opened before that community a wider horizon, and gave it a more extended vision than it had before. A facile pen, a wonderful memory, a tendency to intellectual combativeness, and a social disposition so fascinating that it made his political antagonists his personal friends,—all combined to make him an ideal editor for the time and the place."

Four years later, Mr. Blaine first entered political life as a member of the Maine legislature, to which he was re-elected three times, and, in 1861, was made the Speaker, in which office, his biographer notes, "he showed the quick grasp of public measures, the familiarity with parliamentary law, and the ability to dispatch business rapidly which he afterwards displayed so conspicuously in the office of Speaker at Washington."

In 1862 he received the first of his seven consecutive unanimous nominations as a member of Congress, and in his speech of acceptance Mr. Blaine made this impressive statement:—

"I deem it my duty to say that if I am called to a seat in Congress, I shall go there with a determination to stand heartily and unreservedly by the administration of Abraham Lincoln. In the success of that administration, under the good Providence of God, rests, I solemnly believe, the fate of the American Union. If we cannot subdue the Rebellion through the agency of the administration, there is no other power given under Heaven among men to which we can appeal."

From 1863 to 1880 Mr. Blaine was in Congress,—the last four years of which were passed in the Senate. From this point this review of the great and significant years of his life will be continued next week. It is a period of the most supreme interest,—not only as history, but as offering an illumination on the interweaving of life between the Seen and the Unseen forces. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.)

## The Magazines.

The February Harper's.

Harper's for this month is a book if not a library in itself,—with science, art, travel, poetry and fiction admirably mingled. Professor Pickering of Harvard contributes a brilliant paper on comets, the distinguished archaeologist, Mr. Flinders Petrie, narrates the discovery of the most ancient Egyptian sculptures at Sinai, which reveal the fact that the oldest form of Semitic worship must have been used then. Then there are short stories, poems and a critical paper by Professor Lounsbury of Yale on language. (New York: Harper and Brothers.)

In the March Century.

"Art in the Street," a subject that should be of wide popular interest, is the title of an article by Sylvester Baxter, to appear in the March Century, in which he urges that civic art has for its chief end the making of utility the vehicle of beauty. In illustration of what has been already accomplished along these lines, pictures are shown and descriptions given of the historic drinking fountain at Lexington, Mass.; of the Dewey Square drinking fountain, the Cheney memorial fountain in Boston; and the Kilbon memorial fountain at Lee, Mass.

The February Atlantic.

The Atlantic for February is one of the ablest numbers of this great and unique monthly. In the avancements of the illustrated magazines, where the letter-press is hardly more than a running accompaniment to the pictures, an accompanying feature anyone's type-writer may grind out,—one as well as another,—and which have no more claim to being literature than have street advertisements to being art, it is refreshing to find one monthly still left which pre-supposes on the part of its readers the ability to interpret English without the aid of pictorial effects. "Milk is good and water is good," observed Gail Hamilton, "but don't put the milk pail under the pump." This is precisely what most of the magazines of the day apparently regard as the first duty of an editor. Prof. Shaker of Harvard opens this number with a deeply interesting paper on "Exploration," in which he intimates that there are other fields beside that of the North Pole, for instance, and says: "If an ideal be no higher than the pleasure to be had from striving and success, we know that the reward of a Newton or a Pasteur or any of the great host who explore the vast wildernesses of the realm is greater than awaits the man who discovered a continent." Dr. William Everett discusses the Senate; Maarten Maartens contributes a bit of biography of Israel, and Dr. Andrew D. White opens a series of papers on "The Statesmanship of Turgot," whom he regards as one of the three greatest statesmen "who fought unreason in France between the close of the Middle Ages and the outbreak of the French Revolution," the other two being Louis XI. and Richelieu. Mr. Frederick Guernsey's most interesting and valuable paper on "The Year in Mexico," an inimitable story entitled "The Blue Girdle," and various other articles make up a delightful number. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

## A Reminiscence of Boston.

A CHAPTER IN MEDICAL LEGISLATION.

In January, 1896, being then a resident of Boston and chairman of the Legislative Committee of the American Health Club, I prepared a bill and got Representative Douglass to introduce it in the General Court. That bill read as follows: "Be it enacted, That all citizens of Massachusetts, of sound mind, and who are not under conviction for crime, shall be, and they are hereby declared to be, entitled to the right and privilege to select their own physician, to employ the same and to compensate them for their services."

"Sec. 2. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed."

That bill had three days' hearing before the joint committee on public health, the last being held in the House of Representatives, which was filled with friends of the bill, Secretary Harvey of the State Board of Medical Examiners being also present. Arguments in favor of the bill were presented by Dr. Clark, dean of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Boston; Dr. Kidder, formerly health officer of Lincoln, Mass., and quite a number of other physicians, beside myself, while no argument was presented against it. At the last hearing was about to close, the chairman of the committee said: "Dr. Harvey, if you desire to be heard on this bill now is your time, as this is the last hearing." Rising to his feet, Dr. Harvey said: "As there has been no arguments made in favor of the bill, I have nothing to reply to. I think the committee understands us, and we understand the committee. Having delivered himself thus he took his seat. This public boast that the committee had already been fixed was a surprise to even those who knew the character of the man who has tyrannized over the physicians and the people of Massachusetts since the passage in 1894 of the Medical Practice Act, which he prepared and lobbied through the General Court, by the aid of the then Governor, who had entered into a covenant to recommend the bill in his inaugural message."

In his speech Dr. Clark said: "I favor the passage of this bill because it would wipe out the one-horse state diploma mill. I speak advisedly in calling the State Board of Registration a diploma mill, for I know of first course students in our college getting license to practice from it, and a license is a diploma, and a diploma is a license."

During his speech, Dr. Kidder said: "Dr. Harvey, there is my card. It has M. D. on it. I am not registered, as you know. I would not insult my Alma Mater by accepting a diploma from you. Under your unconstitutional and contemptible act I am liable to a fine of five hundred dollars and three months' imprisonment. I dare you to prosecute me."

T. A. Bland, M. D.  
231 Hoyne Ave., Chicago.

Mr. Edward Howard Griggs is to reap-pear upon the Chautauqua platform during the coming season of 1906 at Chautauqua, New York, giving five popular lectures, the Recognition Day address, the Convocation talks before the united Summer Schools for one week, and presenting two regular courses for two weeks during the second half of the Summer Schools. Mr. Griggs' notable prominence as a lecturer is still increasing, and large audiences are constantly flocking to hear him in all parts of the country. The opportunity to hear him in these various ways during a continued period of two weeks is probably not duplicated elsewhere in the country.

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We miss our boys at home.

Mother's beautiful hands.

There's a day of triumph coming.

Open wide the golden portals.

Dear by one the old friends.

I know that they march on.

Some Mother dear, oh! meet me there.

Our darling Nannie.

The poor man's glad release.

I'm never growing old.

Only a glimpse of the face I am seeking.

We are journeying home to-day.

Sweet voices at twilight.

The meek midnight.

Rings waiting there for me.

Aspiration.

Rings waiting there for me.

On when shall we ever get there.

Rings waiting there for me.

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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 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.

March 12, 1851.

As I was going to college this afternoon, I met a boy bringing a telegraphic despatch from Portland. My heart failed me at the sight and foretold its contents. They were "Your mother died today, suddenly." In a few minutes I was on my way to Portland, where I arrived before midnight. In the chamber where I last took leave of her lay my mother, to welcome and take leave of me no more. I sat all that night alone with her, without terror, almost without sorrow, so tranquil had been her death. A sense of peace came over me, as if there had been no shock or jar in nature, but a harmonious close to a long life.—Longfellow's Journal.

It seems strange that in the presence of the immediate good of life we should think that death can make any difference in the good. It is like fearing in winter that the spring might not be such a benefit after all.

It is indeed true that many hearts go through time in daily hunger. They may have what circumstance can give in the way of food, shelter and the rest—but for the real feeling that the heart craves—something there does not seem a supply. This should arouse the spirit to cultivate that side by giving it to those near. They doubtless have the same demands but are unconscious of their lack. The springs sometimes find their way to the surface because of the rain falling over them.

In looking out on the universe, it is true that we cannot think of any addition to its completeness. It must ever, to our thought, have been the perfectness of power and good it is—and it must to infinity remain the same. Then of our lives we are immediately made to wonder how stages could be necessary to them as souls. They start, live and proceed in the perfect—but with what differences, as we estimate things. It is a wonder ever fronting us and giving challenge to our best and strongest reason.

To live our lives in sweetness without quarrel with conditions or folks, is the solution of many practical questions and philosophical queries.

Poetry is the mysterious wonder of life expressed in words of sweetness and light—which as we read do not draw our attention, so vital are they to the sentiment, and they seem to melt away into thin air and leave us alone with the beauty they, by poet skill were made to express.

Love learns in its loving—that is to say if it is love it is unfolding, all the time into some higher trust and companionship of soul. The felicity of this is unknown to the one who thinks of it as a fact of married life and has no further interest in the matter. It is that intimate closeness of

spirit that we think is not given us—and we often refuse it when it is because we are afraid it means something else.

We are informed that Mrs. Rebecca Reed is near the end of her generous life. While it has not been the privilege of the present editor of the "Banner" to know Mrs. Reed personally, the magnificent support to Liberal Thought which she and her husband, Mr. Gideon Reed, gave in many channels, notably in the financial support given "The Arena" when it commenced its career, makes the name dear to us and we send to her our tenderest thoughts in loving appreciation, if perchance the spirit of Mr. Reed find in these expressions a point for contact in these last hours.

Unless you are willing to have your religious teachers put under the stigma of a license fee and their qualities determined by a police officer or selectman, you had better find some way to protest against the bills proposed for this purpose (House Bills No. 801, 802), which are set for a hearing at 10.30 a. m., March 6, in Probate and Chancery Committee Room, at the State House. The Mass. Spiritualist Association has donated the services of its president, Dr. George A. Fuller, to lead a strong and warranted opposition to these bills. He is the proper man. Give him any support you can command—a well considered argument or a dignified attendance in respectful silence, as best suits his plan of attack, 10.30 a. m., Tuesday, March 6.

Our sympathy for Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, whose dear mother, Sarah P. Andrews, passed on suddenly about 8 a. m. February 19.

### Calling Names.

Unluckily for those who determinedly oppose Spiritualism, they find when they call its believers "fools," "dupes," and "lunatics," they are conferring these dignified titles upon their own fathers, mothers and nearest friends; even the very children of their own household, for so prevalent has the belief come that scarce a dozen families exist in any community that have not in their circle one who is, publicly or privately, a Spiritualist.—Banner of Light, May 14, 1857.

### "An Act Relative to Licensing Clairvoyants and Others."

Again legislation to license clairvoyants and mediums raises its head, this year, in House Bills No. 672 and 801. A license must be obtained and \$50 paid therefor before anyone, if either of these bills becomes a law, can act as a clairvoyant or a medium.

The absurdity of such legislation is apparent to every thinking person. No tribunal, which the Legislature can provide, would be capable of determining which clairvoyant or medium is genuine and which false. To give this power to the police, or to the political governing body of a town or city, is simple folly. Besides this, it is clear that the bill will put a premium on fraud, for it is the fraud who produces on demand, the wished for marvels, and makes the money, not the genuine medium. So the good would be driven out by such legislation, not the bad.

Each of these bills is an infringement of the religious liberty of the people. The constitutional safeguards now thrown about the religious life of the citizen are no mere forms of words. They mean something. They are the historical successors of those religious persecutions which constitute the greatest blot upon the good name of our Commonwealth. Persecution in the name of religion is as old as Christianity. Protestant has burned Catholic no less than Catholic has burned Protestant. These things seem barbarous to us in this twentieth century. But if we pass this legislation, speak, ye wise law-makers, how much more advanced will then be the Massachusetts of 1906 than was the Massachusetts which hanged witches and slew Quakers?

And the principle is the same, precisely the same.

In our state today are thousands and thousands of people, honest, good citizens, thinking men and women, many of them living lives as truly consecrated to the good of their fellow men as any which have blessed this footstool, to whom the message from the beyond is a means of their religion; whose church meetings are always accompanied by messages of comfort and affection from the friends "over there"; whose revelation comes daily and hourly from the Over Soul of men, through consecrated agents, as truly genuine as was ever the forecast of Hebrew prophet. To these people it is sacrilege, it is unlawful, it is outrage, to impose a tax upon the means of their religious inspiration. The voice of every free man and the voice of history alike condemn every attempt to make criminals of these ministers of hope, unless they pay tribute to the state. If you tax those whose voices, as we believe,

proclaim the truth, then tax equally your bishops and your priests, your ministers and your clergymen, and all who hold holy office in every denomination. The buildings dedicated to religion rear aloft their pinnacles untouched by the tax gatherer. Then how dare you tax the inspired teachers of a religion which before the law is as holy as the holiest and as true as the truest? Look well to your constitution and regard the rights of all citizens alike, as ye are honest men.

### The M. D.'s Latest Move.

Look out for the next move of the Board of Registration in Medicine, Dr. Harvey, chairman. House Bill No. 882, not yet set for hearing (but may be any day), is more bold than anything presented yet.

The present law has it that whoever "holds himself out as a practitioner of medicine, or practices or attempts to practice medicine in any of its branches" unless "registered," i. e., having passed the examination of the Board of Registration in Medicine, "for each offence shall be punished by a fine of from \$100 to \$500, or by imprisonment for three months or both."

Inasmuch as no person able to transmit real healing power as a Clairvoyant, Mental Healer, Osteopath, Christian Scientist or Magnetic Healer would consider in his treatment the poisonous drugs the M. D.'s consider "medicine," it has been felt that the restrictions provided for in the present law could not be enforced against these safe and natural healers.

Now comes this proposed bill No. 882, providing that "any person shall be regarded as practicing medicine who is engaged in the work of treating and attempting to cure disease, whether by the use of drugs or otherwise." This will include Massagists, Magnetic Healers, Osteopaths, Clairvoyants, Mental Scientists, Christian Scientists, "or persons employing other methods of treatment," as the proposed bill has it.

Are you ready to have the knot fastened? If this bill becomes a law every time you have any assistance outside the M. D. you make the healer who helps you a criminal and yourself a party to the crime. Do you like it? If not what are you prepared to offer to fight this treacherous, scheming band of marauders?

### The Nation's Wedding Day.

Soft were the skies, and sweet was the air, and the glory of the sunshine fell about the waiting people.

It was the Wedding Day of the "daughter of the nation," and all over the world the story of her betrothal and the details of her marriage had been read and repeated until a sort of personal interest and affection had grown up in the hearts of those at home and many over sea.

She was so young, so vivacious, so untiring and enthusiastic that one, half unconsciously, wished her lover to be big and strong of spirit, brave of heart and steady of purpose, to hold the life she gave into his keeping as a precious, precious trust.

Up through the splendor and magnificence of a wedding such as a nation seldom sees, two bright eyes look out to him, and a woman's heart sings the song the old world loves the best.

All that wealth could give was laid at the feet of these two. Rare gifts and tributes of priceless value spoke of lavish devotion.

And now the day is over.

The life of reality, made sweet and sacred by the daily, hourly expression of undying love, is here.

Ah, what may they not do, these two, with their youth, their position, their splendid opportunities, their rare endowments, with love shining like a star to guide them when the shadows fall, or when the spirit falters!

To them as immortal spirits we speed our tenderest wishes.

May no glitter of gold, no false ambitions, no wicked delusions ever lead them from the path where love makes every joy blessed and every sorrow sanctified.

### Frauds.

It is one of the unpleasant experiences of good folks to be taken in by spurious money. It may be only a quarter or a half dollar, but to have it passed over the counter to you, and to be told it is no good, is a disconcerting surprise. We feel foolish and chagrined, and hardly know what to make of it—as it was passed on us as the real article. It is not pleasant to be taken in by a fraud.

Neither is it pleasant to find you have accepted say a Canadian quarter, which looks very much like ours, but which some storekeepers will not accept and others only take at a discount. We don't like it.

But we are outraged if we have palmed off on us so-called Spiritual manifestations that are not real, but tricks—or that are real, but have to be in any way discounted. We want sincerity and reality here. As Spiritualists we have no use for the pretender, and we utterly renounce any forbearance with such as profanely and

wickedly try to pass their base coin upon us. They have reached the limit of meanness, and they are the swine that trample our pearls under their feet. God knows such must be hard put for a living when they will play with the sacred and fine feelings of souls, and all for the filthy lucre they grasp.

Spiritualism is like the beam of sunshine that comes to the flower and makes it grow; it may pass in the narrow, dirty alley where the thief abides—but it would come out pure. The gold coin is gold and good though by fraud it is imitated and some accept it.

"A good workman is not known by the chips on his shoulder."—Brander Matthews.

### Prof. Charles H. Webber to Prof. Edward S. Morse, of the Peabody Museum.

"CAN MAN COMMUNICATE WITH THE WORLD OF SPIRITS?"

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I would be pleased to answer at length in your journal the opinion expressed in the Boston Globe of Feb. 11, 1906, by Prof. Edward S. Morse, director of the Peabody Museum of Salem, upon the query, "Can man communicate with the world of spirits?"

His argument is headed "An Absurd Contention," to which I agree, but the absurdity is not all on one side of the question, as Prof. Morse would have us believe. What is there that the Peabody Academy of Science, the East India Museum, the Essex Institute, the Historical and Natural History Societies, the Peabody Museum, or any of the eminent scientific societies of Salem, or the colleges of Harvard or of Yale, ever done to demonstrate the fact that man can or cannot communicate with the world of spirits, or that astrology is unworthy of belief?

There was a time when in Salem I could have passed upon the larger portion of the above question, and I would not have been deemed altogether devoid of intelligence. Why not now, after a quarter of a century of further study as deep in my line and as honest and as conscientious and as untiring as any efforts made by Prof. Morse in his particular lines of study?

My studies of Bowditch's Navigator and similar works were inspired by the surrounding atmosphere of the above institutions, and a close familiarity with many of the world-famed intellectual lights of the above institutions, and their products.

Prof. Morse is a scholar and a gentleman; one whose word on any of his lines of investigation I would never for a moment doubt. He was the first man outside of myself who ever seemed to recognize the fact that my "Wonder Wheel" corresponds with Ezekiel's Wheel of the Bible. Is it to this unpolished, but nobly simple prophet, Ezekiel, that Prof. Morse refers, when he speaks of molecules that may have been transmitted, "whose potency overrides common sense" (sic), in this age? Then God be praised that some men, indeed, are able to rise above common sense which is shared alike by man and beast. Are not the institutions above named supposed to inspire the mind of man above the grade of common sense?

From the book department, then in the East India Marine Hall, Salem, I obtained my first copy of Newton's Principia. Does it not require a slight overriding of "common sense" to digest such a work, to say nothing of the condition of the mind that produced it? Did Prof. Morse have Newton in mind when he (Morse) wrote, "In no other way can we explain why there are in our midst men, otherwise intelligent, who fully believe in astrology?"

Prof. Morse would most assuredly scout at the presumption of any man attempting to pass judgment upon scientific facts in his lines of study derogatory to his own demonstrations, if such man had given but superficial attention to evidences possessed by himself. Yet, making no claim to any study along the lines of Spiritualism, he says of an "eminent Englishman," "with the blandness of an insane person this eminent Spiritualist received, without reservation, the messages of these humbugs."

Can Prof. Morse recall the time when, for a week or more, a "Prof. Brown," filled Mechanics Hall with exhibitions of mind reading, in which the committee men upon the stage for investigation were largely of the leading lights of the Essex Institute and of the Peabody Academy?

I made newspaper reports of that affair which are still in evidence. I also made the first correct explanation of Brown's methods and was laughed at then by lights of the scientific institutions of Salem. My explanation was later confirmed by Brown in Washington. In all my life of 60 odd years I was but once deceived into the endorsement of a fraud. That fraud held forth for a week or more in what was then "Central Hall." With the smartest of the scientific lights of Salem, as investigating committees, this fraud was not discovered until the father of the late mayor of Salem was called by chance upon the committee. Job Peterson was not supposed to be of a scientific trend of mind. With all their powers of common sense, the scientists of Salem were not able to penetrate the fraud.

Mr. Peterson overrode common sense, and with "all the blandness of an insane person," as Prof. Morse might say, penetrated beyond the plane of common sense, as possessed by those who considered themselves his superiors intellectually, scholastically and scientifically, and brought light out of darkness.

"The world loves darkness better than light," and when the ancient teacher spoke these words he did not exclude Harvard graduates, Peabody Museum directors, church divines nor psychic investigators. He intimated, however, that there is a class of people in this world whom he

termed "the very elect," and even they, under some circumstances, may be deceived. In this great world of ours, who receives, without judge or jury, the most vindictive condemnation and persecution? Is it not those who are bold enough to personally condemn fraud, existing in their own class, when the rest of the same class has not had the limelight thrown upon the fraud? Are there not frauds in all walks of life? Is it scientific to denounce any form of belief or knowledge from evidences secured from frauds, who "use the livery of heaven to serve the devil?"

Shall we denounce the good old city of Salem because of its witchcraft waywardness, or because of the many slanderers that have blasted the homes and the life hopes of their neighbors and their betters? Even common sense among the animals almost forbid that. It is the individual frauds that should be denounced, and Spiritualism, astrology, orthodoxy and civil politics will never have a chance to demonstrate the good in each until the pulpit, the press and the higher sense of the people are honest enough and bold enough to denounce individual frauds, not by backbitings, slander, innuendoes of insanity and privileged opportunities, which are denied to those who are slandered—but by trial in court by their peers.

I am an authority on what is termed Phenomenal Spiritualism. I have given it years of study and there are evidences of my findings in the Essex Institute archives. I have never seen any occasion to change my views from those that I expressed publicly thirty years ago. I am an authority as to whether man can communicate with the world of spirits, in the manner in which such a question is usually considered, but I make bold to say that after nearly half a century, having made a conscientious study of everything obtainable pro and con along the lines of occultism, if I am not as good authority as people educated to stand diametrically opposed to such matters, then I would ask of what use is the effort of study to man? Is it merely to conform to the sacerdotal, collegiate, commercial and political "common" sense tenets of the day and the times, in contradiction to the urgency of the above faculties to follow the example of those of the past who were crucified for overriding common sense?

Common sense causes the press to ask people to decide upon a question that they have been opposed to ever since they vacated their swaddling clothes. Might as well ask a hen if swimming in the duck pond is conducive to longevity. Higher sense, which transcends the idolatry of the world, in that pure field of thought, which is a resident of the soul, would know better, but the gallery gods are not played to alone in the fields known as Spiritualism and astrology. The gallery gods imagine that college graduates and men of the cloth have been given a patent right to every form of knowledge from A to Z, and the press know the weakness of the people and cater to it. Prof. Morse is A1 in his respected lines, but I have met men in my travels of an equally pronounced calibre, who could not put a button on a chamber door.

I am an astrologer. It is the only title that I lay claim to, and, furthermore, I claim the right of a professorship under that title, because no college has advanced to a stage of knowledge in that science that enables it to confer such a title.

Prof. Morse says, "It is as utterly impossible to convince people thus afflicted as it would be to argue with inmates of an insane asylum." I respect Prof. Morse and I have written tons of astrological evidences, and as much of it as any other man in this country. If Prof. Morse will state wherein astrology is wrong and prove it as clearly as I will prove that it is right, I will renounce it and denounce it, and with the deepest penitence, I will declare it to have been the only willfully wrong act that I ever committed.

President Eliot has endorsed a feature in palmistry known as the "Finger Prints," showing a difference in at least 60,000,000 of cases. Why does he not emulate the example of Bishop Butler of England and "take a few lines of reading on this subject" (astrology) instead of ranking it as Prof. Morse does, with "omens, portents, dreams, warnings," etc. If he could then summon the courage of an Ezekiel or a Butler, one line of endorsement from him would give greater immortality to his name than the presidency of Harvard for an hundred years.

Relative to the transmission of molecules from age to age, with the dust of our ancestors blowing through keyholes, as suggested by Shakespeare and now proclaimed by Prof. Morse, it would be a harder matter to prove than the claims of the Spiritualists. This same flying dust would be as liable to enter the nostrils of a college-bred as of those of an idiot. If not blowing about, but potentially transmitted in the ever changing blood, then surely the potency of these insane molecules should be credited with greater tenacity in "following" in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessors than those that are termed to be sane.

As each age considers the preceding age of science in error until the heavens in their turnings bring back the wisdom of the past, wherein shall we draw the line between sanity and insanity, on Prof. Morse's molecular theory?

One hundred and fifty to two hundred years ago and the great and general mass of our ancestry was of an illiterate type. For any knowledge above the plane of common horse sense they were obliged to depend upon the favored few, who, having traveled overland by lumbering coach for a few hundreds of miles, to Harvard College, there received no more than what is now a common school education. They were taught to say, "Hoeabus, agnabus, blunderbus," to the wonderment of their neighbors, who could only reply, "B'gosh! By the Great Horn's Spoon."

Molecules from such recent ancestry may yet have potency in the memory of the masses of the present day, and on that account the press is commercially shrewd enough to apply to hens in order to prove whether or not the duck pond is a good place to scratch for gravel.

C. H. Webber.





## Love Does Not Forget Its Own.

J. FRANK BAXTER, Transmittal February 28, 1904.

There is nothing that so forcibly reminds us of the absence, from the mortal, of friends whose home was not in our own household, as the reading over of letters written by hands that have laid down the pen forever; they were so much a part of those who wrote them; breathe to us so much of the past, remind us in every line of the old days, the pleasant hours spent together, and the pleasure of receiving the written message when separated. All this is borne in upon me by recently reading over letters which prompt these lines in loving memory of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter.

As one after another of the tried and true workers pass on to the higher life, we hear it said, "Who will fill their places?" No one can fill another's place, be that place a public or a private position, since each must do his own individual work.

J. Frank Baxter's place can never be filled in the field of lecture and song, no more than in the heart of his daughter, and in the home where his cheery voice and quick, firm step can be no more heard. No other one individual has accomplished so much for Spiritualism in its best and highest sense, as did Mr. Baxter in his twenty-seven years of continuous labor, as none other possessed the several gifts, in all of which he excelled.

Added to this was the example of his beautiful home life, and of his sterling character, being the soul of honor and uprightness in every detail of life.

Having the privilege of a close friendship and correspondence with Mrs. Baxter for many years, I have intimate knowledge of the home life, and also of the sacrifice made by both in giving up his life to the work that took him so much from the home he loved, and which he filled with sunshine for the invalid wife and loving daughter.

In those days when the way of the public speaker and medium was anything but a path of roses, his loyal, sensitive heart was often deeply wounded—how deeply, none but his family and intimate friends were allowed to know—by the unjust attacks of public and press; but he never faltered or wavered in his clear-cut, scholarly presentation of the truth, and denunciation of error and superstition.

In the letters from my beloved friend, Mrs. Baxter, which I count among my treasures of by-gone days, there is con-

tained, in the pleasant confidences regarding her home and loved ones, a record of patient sacrifice to the Cause, of which the world had no knowledge; a sacrifice uncompromisingly made, for the sweet, brave face was always calm and smiling, ever striving to hide all traces of physical suffering and bid a cheerful goodbye as the loved one left for a trip, bearing the separation by writing him daily all details of the home life, and—as she often told me—"always following him mentally on his journey, knowing just when he reached each given point," being comforted by letters and reports of his successes, and the hour of his return was an hour of rejoicing in the household.

In one letter to me is a description of the meeting held by the committee, in the early days of Mr. Baxter's lecture work, to force him to relinquish either his position as teacher or his advocacy of Spiritualism. From the moment that his clear voice rang out the one word, "Never!" in response to the direct question, "would he publicly renounce his belief in Spiritualism and retain his position," to the morning when she bade him a cheerful goodbye with the assurance that she was better, calling him back as he passed the window to wish him "Happy New Year," and gently closing her eyes to earthly scenes before his return, not a murmur of complaint ever left her lips, and never a thought of turning back from the work before him was entertained by either, though the rush of travel often left him but an hour's time in the home.

Dear loyal, true-hearted friends; for us the sorrow and the tears that we can no more hear the loved voices in friendly greeting; in lecture and in song, or be cheered by the written message; for them the joyful reunion "over there."

Florence A. Sampson.  
"The Elms," Worthington, Mass.

\*Mr. Editor: As the second anniversary of the death of Mr. Baxter is near at hand, I feel any words of praise of him and his work, and of the sweet, patient life of his invalid wife will be kindly received by Banner readers, and by the many friends who have been pleasantly associated with them in their home city, and at Lake Pleasant, in the happy days gone by, therefore I send it to you at this time.

Respectfully, F. A. S.

### Announcements.

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

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

First Spiritual Temple, Exeter St. Lecture at 10:45 a. m. and 2:30 p. m., through the mediumship of Mrs. N. J. Willis; school at 12 m. Sunday evening, Feb. 25, at 7:30, Mrs. Coggeshall will give a seance for the benefit of our flower fund. Reserved seats, 25 cents. Wednesday evening conference at 8. All are welcome.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor, holds its services every Sunday at America Hall, 724 Washington St., up two flights. Carrie D. Chapman, H. W. F. chairman. Conference, 11 a. m.; services at 3 and 7:30 p. m. All welcome.

First Spiritual Science Church, M. A. Wilkinson, pastor, Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St.—Services, 11 a. m., 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Tuesday, 3 p. m., Indian Healing Circle. Thursday, 3 p. m., Psychometry. Next Sunday morning, mass meeting relating to State House bill, 672.

Public Spiritual Circle every Friday afternoon, 446 Tremont St., Nellie Carleton Grover, conductor. Silver collection.

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont St.—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.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Sunday, February 25, 2:30 and 7:30. Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, lecturer and test medium. Circles from 4 to 5, song service and concert, 6:30. First-class vocalists and dramatic readers.

A testimonial benefit will be tendered Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, Friday evening, Feb. 23, at Pilgrim Hall, 694 Washington St. An excellent program has been arranged and the tickets have been placed at the low price of 25 cents. Take a friend and go along and pass an enjoyable evening and help swell the proceeds.

The Biblical Spiritual Meeting, Eagle Hall, 767 Westminster St., Providence, R. I., every Sunday evening at 7:30. Madam Zinn-Mosier, conductress.

"Yes, we are proud to say that we are a British family," boasted the retired pork packer.

"But you were born in Chicago," protested the reporter.

"O, what's the difference? Our bulldog and butler came from London."—Selected.

Each evening to myself I say:  
"My soul, what hast thou learned today,  
Thy labors how bestowed?  
What hast thou rightly said or done,  
What grace attained, or knowledge won,  
In following after God?"

Selected.

### Movements of Platform Workers.

J. Clegg Wright will be at Lily Dale. Those who have listened to this remarkable genius will be pleased again to have a chance to hear him, as well as others who have been anxious to have an opportunity. He will deliver his opening address on Saturday, July 14, and for three weeks will conduct classes daily at the Auditorium at 10:30 a. m. Among the subjects he will discuss will be: "The formative principle of all life," "The unfoldment of the physical ego," "The projection of the soul into physical expression," "The faculties of consciousness," "Nature of instinct," "The chemical properties of mind," "The new form of coming spirit," "The absolute cause," "Spiritualism and its relation to human improvement and needs," "The eternal unit of being," "Woman as wife, mother, preacher, carrying the social burden and educator of the world," "Mediumship and how best developed." Questions sent to the chairman will be answered and subjects proposed will be discussed. Rev. Cora L. Richmond will follow Mr. Wright with her very superior class instructions, after his course is finished.

G. W. Kates and wife will hold meetings in Conneaut, Ohio, March 1 and 2, and in Cleveland, Ohio, during the month.

Take Piso's Cure for Consumption. It will cure your cough. All druggists. 25 cents.

### Southern Cassadaga Camp.

Feb. 1, 2 and 3 brought quite a large number to our camp, among whom were Prof. W. F. Peck and his niece, Miss Grace Hawten of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. Peck to fill his engagement as speaker and Miss Hawten as soloist and Mrs. Duncan as organist. Mrs. M. E. Clark, a speaker from Syracuse, N. Y., and Mrs. Carrie Curren of Toledo, Ohio, and husband, have apartments in the Emerson Bedell. Mrs. Curren is well known as former president of the Ohio State Spiritualist Association. Mrs. Colleen of Jacksonville, a well known writer on psychic subjects, Mrs. L. M. Hulbert, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Marston, Miss Gertrude Marston and L. F. Farrel of Elyria, Ohio, J. W. Potter of Fredonia, N. Y., J. O. and T. J. Robinson of Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. L. I. Bennett of Newark, N. J., Charles M. Ruggles, Wattertown, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. D. Ramke of Orlando, Fla., W. H. Harrington of Le-noir, N. C., are at Hotel Cassadaga. Late arrivals at the Spencer are Walter McClane of Marion, O., Mrs. Ireland of Tampa, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Bishop of Edwardsburg, Mich., and their niece, Miss Maud Edwards of Gray Lake, Mich., are domiciled in the Kellogg cottage, Bond St.

Captain Elmer E. Smith of Springfield, Mass., and F. S. Barber of Hinsdale, Mass., were visitors for a few days. In a former letter your correspondent made the mistake of writing the name of Mrs. Fanny Spaulding of Norwich, Conn., as Ida. Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth of Montgomery, Ala., were obliged to return home because of the serious indisposition of Mrs. Woodworth.

On the evening of February 3, Mesdames Bartholomew and Norman tendered the Ladies' Auxiliary a benefit in the form of a "Popcorn" social, which was a great success. February 4, opening day, was a day to be remembered. Nature was abloom. Mrs. Alger and her assistants decorated the auditorium with roses, jasmine, palmetto and pine, and the flags of all nations, and the harmony of color and beauty of the surroundings made one think of the word "Rest." Some weeks ago, Mrs. D. J. Mat-tones of Buffalo, N. Y., had sent to your correspondent a vase nearly three feet in height, the work of her own hands, to be presented opening day to the association, through President Hilligoss. Your scribe spoke of the little woman in the "Queen City of the Lakes," who, unlearned in medicine, a student of no school save that of the spirit, had healed thousands of the ill of the body, and who, unlearned in art, had planned and executed a "Mosaic" that will delight the eye when the hands that created it are dust. Dr. Hilligoss responded, thanking her in the name of the association, and expressing the hope that we may again see her at the camp.

After congregational singing, Mrs. Spaulding of Norwich offered an invocation. The morning hour was devoted to short speeches. Ex-Vice-President Bond spoke of his interest in the camp.

Our new vice-president, H. S. Kellogg, said he "could not talk, but he could work." Remarks were made by Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. Twing, Mr. Peck and Hon. Alonzo Hubbard of Vermont. The afternoon service consisted of an invocation by Mrs. Laura G. Fien, a duet by Prof. Peck and Miss Hawten, after which J. Clegg Wright was introduced and spoke eloquently and ably on the subject, "Faith is the Substance for Things Hoped For." "I have faith, that beyond the limits of time and sense, that beyond the reach of human understanding exists an Infinite Intelligence guiding and directing the mighty universe, shaping and moulding the lives and destinies of men and nations toward some wise and beneficent purpose, but I do not know."

On Tuesday afternoon, Prof. W. F. Peck took for his text, "Mr. Stevenson's Remarkable Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," as conveying a striking lesson of the conflict between the angel and the demon in man's nature. Mr. Peck sighted a number of well authenticated instances of double and antagonistic personalities occupying the same body and said the question of individual responsibility was a most difficult problem. The germ of a human being doubtless contains a record of generation past and gone and the promise and potency of generations to come, yet no one without the aid of the most powerful glass could distinguish the germ of a man from that of an oyster. To attract the angelic influences and repel the demonic forces should be the aim of everyone.

On Wednesday, the 7th, Mrs. Bartholomew gave the seance, which was very satisfactory. We have conferences on Monday and Friday afternoons, seance every Wednesday afternoon, lectures Tuesday and

# RENEWAL OF MAGNIFICENT OFFER FROM Banner of Light FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

## BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

All Orders BEARING POSTMARK of any date in FEBRUARY, 1906, will be honored by us on this proposition.

For a long time we have been ambitious to give our readers a larger scope in the topics considered than seemed feasible for a publication like the BANNER OF LIGHT, with its special message. We have arranged to take a limited number of subscriptions from other standard publications which will enable us to meet this demand for general reading through the publications of our allies.

## OUR EXTRAORDINARY OFFER!

As noted above, we have secured a limited number of combination subscriptions to *Cosmopolitan*, *Woman's Home Companion*, and *Review of Reviews*, which we offer with a year's subscription to BANNER OF LIGHT, as follows:

Banner of Light,	-	-	one year, \$2.00
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If you wish only the BANNER OF LIGHT, \$2.00, the *Cosmopolitan*, \$1.00, and the *Review of Reviews*, \$3.00, (\$6.00 regular price for the three), send us \$3.50, we will send you all three to any address you name for one year.

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If you will remit \$2.25 we will send the BANNER OF LIGHT \$2.00 and *Cosmopolitan*, \$1.00, one year, to any address you name.

Now, IF YOU DO READ, here is an offer for you. We cannot agree to keep this proposition open for any length of time. Never before was such an offer given to the public, and it is safe to say never will it be made again. This year several magazines have increased their subscription price, which shows how much greater this offer really is. Only a limited number will be sold at this price, therefore we advise everyone to accept this without delay. When we have received a certain number, we shall withdraw the offer. Make all remittances payable to

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For Sale by the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Thursday, services at the "Indian Village" every Saturday afternoon, social functions Monday evening, progressive euchar Tuesday evenings, camp dance Wednesday, dramatic entertainments under the management of Prof. Peck Friday evening.

The masquerade ball of last Friday evening netted the association the sum of \$55. This is a Spiritualist organization and it is the fact of Spiritualism we desire to demonstrate and emphasize. But it is a necessity to have amusements for the young and to add financial aid to those who for years have striven so strenuously to place the association on a strong financial basis. Carrie E. S. Twing, Cor.

### New Edition. Just Out.

With a beautiful portrait of Pearl, the Spirit  
crystal.



## In the World Celestial

BY  
DR. F. A. BLAND.

Is a wonderful book, being the personal experience of one man whose dead sweetheart, after appearing to him many times, etherealized, materialized and through trance mediumship, has been put into a hypnotic trance by spirit mediums and held in that condition for ten days, which time she spends with her in the celestial sphere, and then returns to earth with perfect recollection of what he saw and heard in that realm of the so-called dead. He tells his wonderful story in his friend who gives it to the world in his best style. This friend is Dr. F. A. Bland, the well-known author, scientist and reformer.

This book has a brilliant introduction by that distinguished preacher, Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., president of the American Congress of Liberal Religions, who gives it the weight of his unqualified endorsement.

He says: "This beautiful book will give us courage to pass through the shadow of death to the health of the world celestial."

Rev. M. J. Savage says: "It is intensely interesting and gives a picture of the future life that one cannot help wishing may be true."

The Medical Observer says: "It lifts the reader into a new world of reality, and leaves a sweet taste in his consciousness."

The new edition has a full page photo of the deceased, Pearl, from a spirit portrait obtained through the mediumship of the Bangs Society in the presence of Dr. Bland and his wife.

This book is now being printed for \$1.00. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOK STORE, 204 Dartmouth Street.



## Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY

MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

## KNOWN OF OLD.

James H. West.

Where walks he—my companion known of old,  
Star bright, with whom I wandered arm in arm?  
Each shielded each at the approach of harm,  
Each counseled each with loving wisdom bold.  
He vanished, and the summer lane grew cold.  
For him, for me, life, death, knew no alarm;  
No less, on hill, and by the river farm,  
I walk alone, while he the Way of God.  
Where now he treads what sunrise-glories burn?  
I dream in vain his pathway through the sun,  
Yet feel 'tis on and on, through endless mile.  
And doth he wait for me at some fair turn,  
With eager eye expecting me in view?  
Be mine to make the meeting worth the while!

## A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH WILL DIS-  
SIPATE THE DARKNESS OF DEATH.

Did you read the tribute which Hudson Tuttle paid to the memory of his much-loved daughter Rosa, and did your tears fall and the pain in your heart burst forth in a sob as you thought of the night and the dying year and the dear ones gathered around the bed as her sweet spirit slipped into the Great Beyond?

We did, and in love we stretched our hands across the spaces and became a sharer in their sorrow.

Over and over again we whispered our consolations and hopes to these friends, whom we know only afar off, and over and over again we sent a message of love to the released sufferer and a thousand wishes for her peace in the new life.

Then the father wrote again and we felt that the message from his child was not only to those near and dear in the home life, but to the whole sorrowing, doubting world, and we were glad that he let us become a witness to that most sacred and beautiful expression between Rosa and her family.

Could there be any more telling and expressive bit of sentiment than was revealed by Rosa as she whispered her knowledge of the letters and the little hepatica leaf hidden away by the hand of love to bear her body company to its last resting place?

Rosebuds have rested by pulseless hands, violets have pressed pale, marble cheeks, wreaths have graced the hated casket in thousands of homes before, but this little leaf, immortalized by a sister's devotion, fulfilled its heavenly mission when it became the evidence of a knowledge of the life and action of loved ones here by a dweller in the life beyond.

Another story was told to us, too, as we read this chapter from the family life of two people who have never been identified with any religious movement except Spiritualism.

They have lived the free, untrammelled life of Spiritualism in the midst of the family, and have made the manifestations and teachings acceptable and worthy in the eyes of the darlings of their hearts.

No other explanation could account for the simple, trustful way in which the letters were written and the answers given.

Death is the great tester. The fine phrases and striking arguments sink into the dark corners when sorrow comes and the plain, ungarmented truth steps out to bear us company.

Not the words we have been preaching or the boasts we have been making sustain us in that awful hour when first we bow our heads to the inevitable law of death, but the truth which has been revealed and accepted by our hearts is the staff on which we lean.

Too often a professed love of God and a willingness to abide by His decree is seemingly turned to hate and rebellion when death stalks into the chamber and binds the idol in icy chains till breath is stilled.

It was a prating and a profession with the lips that had never taken deep roots in the soul.

There may be professed Spiritualists who, in time of sorrow and death, might hasten to condemn or propitiate the law, but that has nothing at all to do with the earnest and devoted advocates of our Cause, who make so real and understandable the truth of spirit communion that the child adopts it as a part of the code of life, and is never thrown into the bondage of the fear of death, but simply and sincerely, in the very presence of death and separation, plans for the future communication.

It is refreshing and inspiring to hear above the wail of despair about the gross infidelity of the Spiritualists to the children, this clear note of triumph from the very center of our ranks.

That truly strong and sympathetic relationship which it is beautiful to see between parent and child can only be established when every word and act is perfectly true and sincere. When a child discovers in the act the slightest deviation from the words spoken by the lips, the faith and confidence will flutter and fail, and at last fade out of the consciousness.

If we want our children, our friends, our acquaintances, our neighbors and townspeople to believe that we have had a wonderful truth revealed to us we may do so only in so far as we live in the reality and beauty of that truth.

We may not dare their closest scrutiny as we wring our hands in anguish, like those who have no knowledge.

While even our tears are falling as we look at the empty chair or walk through silent halls, the precious joy that our knowledge tells us of the days of spirit communion will shine through the mists and make rainbows span our skies.

M. M. S.

## The Photograph.

Frank H. Sweet.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

The door of his cabin stood open, and a shaft of light stole in over his shoulder as though to examine the fireplace, and the pans and kettles hung picturesquely about the walls, and the two or three extra bunks for possible visitors, and the floor and quaintly carved stools—all as bright and immaculate as though presided over by a woman; and another shaft came down through the foliage and rested upon the bowed, whitening head, and upon the rough, knotted fingers that were unconsciously betraying the longings of a repressed soul to the familiar, responsive strings of his violin.

A boat came noisily up the river and was fastened to the bank below the cabin; then two men hurried up the slope, leaving a third to follow more leisurely. But still Bat Pinaud played on, unmindful, unconscious.

"Oh, I say," called one of the men, impatiently, "that's awful fine, but will you please stop just a minute?"

The bow poised in the air and then flashed a final staccato across the strings. "Are you Bat Pinaud?"

"Oui, and M'sieur?"

"Oh, I'm Doc Willets, and my friend here is Colonel Case. We and Jack Phillips down there have been camping on the big lake for the past two months. What we want with you is this," lowering his voice and glancing over his shoulder to see that their companion was still beyond hearing, "we're up for a day's fishing in the river, and Case and I have each bet a hundred dollars with Phillips that we'll get the biggest creel. Now, we understand that you're intimate with every fish in the Penobscot, and what we want is for you to place us on the river tomorrow, so our bets will be sure. See?"

Yes, Bat saw—perhaps more than they intended, or would have liked. He had heard of Doc Willets and Colonel Case, and of reckless, good-natured Jack Phillips, who allowed the sharpers to bleed him on every possible pretext, and in a way that was patent to everybody but himself. Oui, surement, he saw.

"Everything all right?" asked Jack Phillips, as he joined the group. "Supper and breakfast, accommodations for the night and all that sort of thing?"

"Haven't had time to ask yet, you followed us up so close," rejoined Doc Willets, tipping a wink of secrecy to Bat, and at the same time jingling some coins in his pockets, "but I suppose there'll be no trouble, eh, guide?"

Bat rose slowly and carried his fiddle into the cabin. When he came out he was again the obliging, matter-of-fact trapper and guide.

"I s'pose maybe I fix up all those things," he said, graciously. "Now, you go in cabin or sit down under the trees, whatever you like best. Soon's I bring things up from the boat we'll have supper."

It was dark before supper had been prepared and eaten; and then, at their request, Bat took them down to a deer-run to try their luck at flashlight.

The next morning they were out with the day, and after a hasty eating of breakfast and a careful preparation of lines, they followed Bat a mile or so up the river to where he said the fishing was good. As they paused on the bank, Doc Willets and Colonel Case tried to catch Bat's eye and again audibly fingered the coins in their pockets. Bat looked up and down the river critically.

"I s'pose maybe Mr. Willets better go to that little cove there and fish from the point back to the big white rock," he said at length. "I've caught more fish there than I could carry. Mr. Case I will take up round the bend. Plenty fish there. And Mr. Phillips," looking at him as though somewhat in doubt, "maybe I'd best show him beyond the rapids. I catch fish there sometimes, and sometimes not. Maybe he'll do better. That suit?"

"Oh, yes, that's just the thing," cried Doc Willets, and "Just the thing," echoed Colonel Case. Then they both rubbed their hands and looked at Bat approvingly. Jack Phillips did not even hear. He was gazing gloomily across the river, his thoughts evidently elsewhere.

An hour or so later, as Bat was circling from one to another, watching and giving bits of advice from his own experiences, he came upon Jack Phillips beyond the rapids. The young man had drawn something from his pocket, and was looking at it hungrily, oblivious of everything around. His rod and line lay upon the bank unnoticed. As Bat turned to steal away he heard Phillips utter a stifled groan of renunciation and despair, and saw the object cast into the underbrush. Then Phillips caught up his rod and went crashing through the bushes along the river. When he was beyond a few Bat went to the place where he had been standing and found the photograph of a beautiful young girl, whose eyes looked up at him wistfully—appealingly. Bat thought. He gazed at the picture for some moments, his face whitening; then he nodded reassurance to the eyes.

When darkness brought them together it was found that Jack Phillips, in spite of his desultory fishing above the rapids, had caught more than both of the others.

"Well, I suppose it's all luck," Doc Willets grumbled, despondently. "Deuced bad luck, though, I think." Then, "Say, Jack, old man; you'll have to wait a week or two for your money. I'm broke."

"Me, too," Colonel Case admitted, gloomily. "I was counting on this to—to—" He flushed recollectingly and was silent.

Jack Phillips smiled satirically but said nothing. Presently he turned to Bat.

"Pretty lonesome life here in the winter, isn't it?" he asked, "when snow shuts you away from everything? Still, I suppose you have already been used to it."

"Folks can get used to anything and like it," Bat replied shortly.

But a little later, when Phillips moved down to the river, he followed.

"No, I haven't always been used to it," he said, abruptly. "I lived in a city until I was over twenty, then I got mad and played the fool and came off here. The girl waited a year, and married another man."

"Why do you call yourself a fool?" asked

Phillips, looking at him curiously.

"Because I am one," harshly. "I didn't think so for a year, until I heard she was married, then I knew. And I have been living in the woods for thirty years, and knowing it more positively every day. I have never spoken of it before."

"Why do you tell me?"

Bat looked him squarely in the face. "I found a photograph in the bushes to-day, up above the rapids," he said, his voice softening. "I saw you throw it away. There is nothing but goodness in that face, and the girl's soul is in her eyes. I am an old man and you are young and hasty. One fool in the world is enough. Here is the picture. The girl's eyes are looking for somebody, and you and I both know who it is. Go back to her."

Jack Phillips hesitated, then held out his hand.

"Give it to me," he said, his voice trembling. "I have been trying to convince myself for a month that I wasn't a fool, but it has been a losing fight. I am sorry—for you."

Bat Pinaud stood on the bank as they pulled away, then went back up the slope to his cabin. And as the moon rose up from the far bank of the river, sending its spiritual light into the under spaces of the forest, the music of his fiddle rose and swelled out through the swaying aisles, and across the waters of the river, bearing on its plaintive tide the past of the bowed figure whose gray head was bent close, close to the responsive instrument, as though listening to its own heart throbs there.

Poem received through the mediumship of Mrs. G. B. Clarke to A. D. Blanchard, Oneonta, N. Y., from his spirit daughter, Edith, who passed out of this life after five short weeks in the mortal:

All my soul is filled with gladness,

All my life is one of peace.

And I chant sweet hallelujahs

That my soul did find release.

Ere the shadows born of earthland

Woven through my being were.

Ere that which is known as evil

Could my being's pulses stir.

Joy and gladness cometh ever

Like a pure inflowing tide.

For the shadows linger never

In the land where I abide.

In the land where I shall wait thee

Pilgrim on a foreign shore;

In the land where I shall greet thee.

To go out never more.

Of my thoughts to earthland wander

To the loved in Shadowland.

And I long through mists that gather

To reach forth my guiding hand.

Long to speak in tones assuring.

That would rest each waiting heart.

And turn all life's hours to morning

Till the shadows fall apart.

To reveal the undimmed glory

That awaits the tried and true

In the land where peace-like rivers

Flow 'neath skies forever blue.

Oh! my father in the valley,

Falter not; the way is bright

And the path you tread winds under

Arches of unfading light:

'Tis the glory of the Father

From the far-off seas of gold.

And the halo will fall over you

As a mantle doth unfold.

Falter not, the light will reach you

In the pilgrim path you tread.

Blended with the tender voices

Of the living, not the dead,

I will listen, often listen

'Mid the valley's rush and roar

For the thought-words of my Father,

Echoed on the earthland shore.

And I'll whisper in the valley

Words of love and hope and cheer.

That will tint each cloud of earthland

Till life's morning doth appear.

When, with heart all filled with gladness,

I shall watch the shadows flee.

And shall see your tired eyes turning

Towards the homeland shores and me.

Oh! the dawning of that morning,

And the joy each hour will hold.

Will outweigh earth's jeweled treasures.

Will outglow its shining gold.

And amid the grand forever

That will stretch out and away.

Beneath time's unbending arches

And forever more be day.

You will wander, glad and joyous.

As a child once more at home;

Who has stood beneath the halo

Of the White Celestial Dome.

All my soul is filled with triumph

Such as earth can never bring.

And the song my soul is chanting

Hearts on earth can never sing:

For it's born of grand redemption.

In which wind no cords that bind,

Holding shadows dull and dreary

That enshroud immortal mind.

You will chant your triumph with me

When earth's hours have all been told;

When the shadows of the valley

Are forever backward rolled.

Till then dwell in peace, my father,

Such as cometh from above.

And is born in hearts illumined

With the Father's holy love.

And the shadows that may gather

'Twixt the now and time unborn

Will be lighter with the glory

Of the new and fadeless morn.

I'll be with you in the twilight.

In the valley's hush I'll stand,

And you'll know the voice that greets you—

Know the long, long missing hand—

That you thought was long since folded

'Neath the daisy-dotted green.

When the shadows fell about you

Till but dimly could be seen

Where the hand of justice lingered,

Where the hand of love yet led,

That would point when years were counted

To the living, not the dead.

Gird your soul with holy purpose,

Sense the light of God within.

## The Child in the Glass.

The child who lives in the looking-glass  
Is always waiting to see me pass;  
She never seems to run and play,  
But watches there for me all day.  
For every time I go and see,  
I find her peeping round at me.  
One day when I was cross and cried,  
She stretched her mouth so very wide,  
I had to laugh—then she did too;  
She likes to do just what I do.

Mary Sigbee Kerr, in St. Nicholas.

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

MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

## In Explanation.

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

## To Our Readers.

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

## INVOCATION.

With the glorious sunshine all about us,  
The joy of life in our hearts, the knowledge of the truth making us free from fear of death and separation, we come into this little circle this morning to give something of the abundant joy that is ours to those who are seeking the light. These dear spirits who yearn to give expression of their love, who are seeking to make known their identity to their friends, who wait and listen and watch for their coming, are our friends and gladly we take them by the hand, and would give them of our strength and our confidences that they may make their message clear and plain their personal evidence. May such a wealth of love and confidence be ours, may so much of power come through us that the whole world shall feel a dancing of a sunbeam to the darkest corners and the remotest conditions. We lift our hearts to those who understand, we raise our voices in prayer to the spirit of all good, all life, all truth and would have our hearts open to the inflowing of all good that may come to us. Amen.

## MESSAGES.

Ernest Clement, Ottawa, Can.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a young man about seventeen years old. He is light, brown hair and blue eyes, and a very pale complexion. He says that his name is Ernest Clement, and that he lived in Ottawa, Canada. He seems so delicate as if he never had any particular strength, and he just slipped out into the spirit like a flower that had lost its life and wilted away. He says: "Will you please take a message for me to my mother, whose name is Mary B. Clement, and tell her that I am near her so often and am so anxious to have her know that I am all right and that I can come to her. She was so lonely when I first went away and cried so much that I was very unhappy, and I tried so hard to have her realize that I was near her, but she was alone so much and seemed to dwell on my death so much that I couldn't get any other idea to reach her. My grandmother is with me, and she says to tell Ma that for a long time she has been trying to make some manifestation to her, and now that I am with her we hope to be able to do it. I have seen so many that I didn't know were any relation to me until I came over, here and they are all so anxious to do something to help mother that I told them that if I came I would tell her there was a great company of us who love her and are anxious to make her know about it. Uncle Charlie is about the strongest one, and he is sometimes able to swing back the doors or make a tap on one of them, but he says that is nothing to what we will do by and by. Of course, my mother knows that I am trying to find out all I can about the place where I live and that I will tell her, when I get a chance, how beautiful it is. I often take flowers to her; they are so lovely, and she likes them so much that, even though she cannot see them, it pleases me to take them to her. Thank you."

Stephen Wood, Weehawken, N. Y.

There is a spirit of a man, I should think he was about fifty-eight or fifty-nine years old. He is rather short and rather strongly built, with keen, sharp, blue eyes and a full gray beard and he is bald on the very top of his head. He says that his name is Stephen Wood. "Yes, my name is Stephen Wood. This is an entirely new experience for me. I don't suppose you have any notion of how unusual it seems to a man who never paid any attention to these things to talk about spirits and the spirit life in a natural and familiar way. I lived in Weehawken, N. J. I have some friends there. Nobody ever expected to hear from me after I was dead. Nobody had any notion that I would ever speak or communicate, but I felt after I got here and found how different everything was from what I expected that perhaps it would be a good idea to give a little evidence to my friends that I was conscious. A man cannot die and feel at ease, I think that is out of the question. I don't know that I have ever met a spirit who didn't feel that there were a good many things they would have liked to have said and a good many things they would have liked to have done, and immediately when they discover that there is a possibility of picking up some of the odd jobs they have left undone, they keep to work until they have made some sort of an impression on the people they have left. I have a boy. He is a good boy, does what he ought to do and is getting along pretty

well, but I sort of feel that if I could talk with him that I could help him a good many times in his life. The particular thing that brings me today is the sickness of my wife; she is afraid that she has got to die too, and doesn't want to. I have come to tell her if she will stop fretting about it I am sure she will get well. Abby is with me and she is very strong and beautiful and has taught me a good many things about this spirit life. I cannot cease to wonder at it, because it is so real. I would like to see everybody make an effort to get a communication as soon as their friends die, but I suppose it will be a long time before that sort of thing becomes general, but whatever I can do to advance the idea and the popularity of it, I shall do, because I not only think it is pleasant but helpful. Thank you."

Lillie Williams, Louisburg, N. Y.

There is a spirit of a little girl, I should think she was about eight years old. She has dark eyes and hair and the prettiest little round, chubby face and she says that her name is Lily Williams. Her father's name is Frank and he lives in Louisburg, N. Y. She says, "My mamma is a medium and she has seen me, but she has got some Indians too and they help me to come. I think it is nice to come. I like it very much and I would like to tell my little brother that I can come and play with him. I go to school and I like my teacher very much. I don't have any Sunday School. I can see a lot of flowers and birds and little children all playing together and whenever any other children come here where we are, we try to make them have a good time. Some of them cry and want to go home, but we try to make them happy with us. "Blue-bell" is one of the Indians who goes to my mother and she is real pretty I think. My mother wants to do some new kind of work and I guess she will for some other people in the spirit land are talking about helping her to do it. I send her forty hugs and a whole lot of kisses. That is all."

George Dunning, Georgetown.

(Name of state not taken by stenographer.)

There is a man here now I should think about forty years old. He is pretty nearly six feet tall. His hair is as black as a coal and his eyes are dark and full of fire and life. He is very active and almost restless in his manner. His name is James Dunning and he wants to reach Louis Dunning and he says, "We lived in Georgetown. I died very suddenly. I don't know whether that was easier than to have lived long enough to know what was going to happen, but the shock was something inconceivable. You can say that people get over it, but the shock that comes to the spirit is not a slight one and in my case I was hardly able to grasp any idea or conception of the condition. I am not afraid of anything that I can understand and I could have faced death if I had known about it with any amount of courage. But I was so bewildered over the seeming contradiction of death and life and separation and meeting. My wife was dazed and for weeks she could see me everywhere she went. Her friends were afraid that she would go insane. I knew that she was really seeing me and I tried to speak to her, but every time I tried my voice seemed to lose itself before it got to her. Of course when they took her away and made her change all the old conditions in order to help her to forget, it broke my line of connection and I have never been able to make myself seen by her since. She tried to forget me and







# Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1906.

## Societary News.

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

### Topic for the Progressive Lyceum.

For Sunday, March 4, 1906—Look for the Good.

Gem of Thought—Think kindly, speak cheerfully and act helpfully; you will discover good all along the way.

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.

Dwight Hall, Feb. 14, the Lyceum Union. Business meeting was held in the afternoon and a salad supper was served at 6.30. Those attending the supper received a valentine as a memento. Feb. 21 there will be a Martha Washington supper and entertainment by the children from the Lyceum. After the social hour Mrs. Butler introduced the following speakers and mediums: Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. Butler then gave communications from the friends in spirit land, giving many clear and convincing messages.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society held its weekly meeting Friday, Feb. 16, at 9 Appleton street. Mrs. Carrie Hatch, vice-president, presided. After music from the pianist, Mrs. Lovering, Mrs. Waterhouse opened the meeting, followed by addresses and communications from Mrs. Stiles, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Carrie Hatch, Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Helyett. Supper, 6.15. All welcome.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, held its regular session in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, at 11.30 a. m. The subject for the lesson was "Washington and Lincoln." After the march, Wilhelmina Hope gave a piano solo, Baby Vinto, Olive Sharp, George Fogg, Caroline Neiss and Gladys Hale gave readings. Mrs. M. J. Butler gave a short address; then the circle was formed. Mrs. Brady gave some very fine messages, as did also several of the young mediums.

The Ladies' Spiritual Industrial Society, Mrs. Belcher president, 514 Tremont street, had a good attendance at the supper and evening exercises. The speakers of the evening were Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Dix, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. Kellogg and the president, who gave some communications. February 22 is the regular monthly dance and will be a "Martha Washington party." Thursday, March 1, Mrs. Whitlock, the former president, will be with this society.

First Spiritual Science Church, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, pastor, Commercial Hall, 604 Washington street: Morning mass meeting relating to the State House bill. Afternoon and evening, regular services. Mediums of the day: Mr. Privoe, Dr. Lindsey, Mrs. Nutter, Dr. Blackden, Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. Hicks, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Brewer, Prof. Clarke-Smith, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. May Millan, Mrs. Peake-Johnson, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. White, Mrs. Izette Sears-Hill, Mrs. Nellie Thomas, Mrs. Fox, Mr. Tuttle, Prof. Mohamet. Poems, "Forgive and Forget," by Mr. Greenwood; "Laugh and the World Laughs with You," by Mrs. Curtis. Piano selections by Prof. Peake, Mrs. May Lewis and Mrs. Nellie Catleton-Grover.

The Brighton Psychic Society held a social Wednesday evening, February 14, in place of the regular meeting. Wednesday evening, February 28, Mrs. Fannie Marriener of Roxbury will devote the entire evening to readings and questions. An evening spent with this society will not be spent in vain. 14 Kendrick street, off 147 Foster.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong pastor. "Hope" was the subject of the morning. President Walter I. Mason spoke with power and ease; Jenny Rhind followed, giving some of her visions and prophecies. Mrs. Moore spoke with earnestness and Mrs. Bolton, Mrs. Morgan and Miss Strong gave messages from spirit life. "Our Religion: Its Dangers," was the subject of Mr. Mason in the afternoon. The pastor spoke and no uncertain sound was given, relative to the present danger which clouds the horizon. Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Bolton, Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Bondreau, Mrs. Bemis and the pastor all voiced messages from the spirit loved ones. A solo was sung by Mrs. Lewis. In the evening Mr. Mason and the pastor spoke earnestly. Communications were given by Miss Strong, followed by Mr. Baker. A recitation was given by Mrs. Caird. Messages by Mrs. Morgan and the pastor followed.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, Mrs. Alice M. Whall, president. February 15, Thursday evening, Mrs. Whall being absent, Mrs. O'Neil presided. The circle opened with a praise service, Mrs. O'Neil offering the invocation. Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Crocker and Mrs. Morton gave messages. Sunday, 2.00 p. m., Children's Lyceum. Opened with singing and invocation. Group subjects, "Charity," "Kindness," "Confidence" and "George Washington." The general subject was, "What is the best method to promote true Spiritualism?" Mr. Patch made interesting remarks. Piano solo by Miss Costin; 3.30 p. m., Afternoon Circle, Mr. V. J. Matthews presided. Mrs. Andrews at the piano. The circle opened with a praise service. Dr. George Fuller read a poem entitled "From Earth to

the Infinite." After another hymn, Dr. Fuller was introduced and spoke on "Spiritualism, the Gospel of Mankind." He gave a very able address, soul inspiring and elevating. Mr. Oliver Thomas Newcomb followed with a short address and messages; 7.30 p. m., evening meeting. Mrs. Whall presided; Mrs. Andrews at the piano. The meeting opened with a praise service. Dr. Fuller was introduced and presented for his subject, "He that Followeth Me shall have perfect life." His lecture was able and scholarly. Mrs. Whall gave messages. Madam Bruce of Boston will occupy the platform next Sunday, February 25.

American Psychical Research Society, Harvey Redding, president. The Thursday evening meeting was held at the home of the president. A very interesting one it was, the first half hour being devoted to healing. Mrs. Emma Wells read an inspired poem and also rendered choice piano selections. Mr. Redding gave delineations, as did other mediums, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Osgood F. Stiles, Mrs. Pearce of Dorchester and Mrs. M. E. Dean, who answered mental questions.

The Sunday evening meeting opened with song service and an inspirational invocation by the president, followed by a piano selection by Mrs. Frank Vickery. Mr. Redding delivered a stirring address on the "Kingdom of God." Mr. and Mrs. Osgood F. Stiles delighted those present with names and messages from loved ones. A very interesting talk was given by Mrs. Abbie Burdham. Mr. Redding gave delineations. There was a good audience. The meeting closed with benediction. Next social, February 23, at the home of the president, 202 Main street, Everett.

The Cambridge Spiritual Industrial Society held its regular meeting February 14. Mrs. Minnie M. Soule gave a lecture, followed by messages. Although the weather was bad, a good audience came out. The supper was under the management of Mrs. Mabel Merritt. Valentine souvenirs were presented to the guests.

February 28 a sale will be held, also a short entertainment. Ice cream will be served.

### New England States.

The Spiritual Harmony Society of New Bedford, Mass., is still progressing favorably, having had large audiences during January. The speakers for that month were Helen M. Putney, Mrs. Anna M. Coggeshall, both of Lowell, J. S. Scarlett of Cambridgeport and Annie M. Foley of Haverhill, all of whom gave great satisfaction. All speakers have appreciated the singing by the choir. The society has organized a Lyceum, for the benefit of which a baked bean supper and dance was given, which proved a great success. The hit of the evening was when the past president, Mayor Thompson, was stepping onto the rostrum, a little tot of 3 or 4 years looked up at him and said, "Hello, Tommy." The mayor remarked on it, and said, "That came from the heart. I would rather hear that than a few of the insincere 'Your Honors.'" Mr. Ridings, late of Methuen, is the leader of the Lyceum. Another feature is the formation of a Ladies' Aid and Sewing Circle, for the direct benefit of the society. A supper will be held Thursday, February 22, also anniversary services will be held on Wednesday, March 28. The speakers engaged at present are Mrs. Anna M. Coggeshall of Lowell and Mrs. Maud M. Litch of Lynn. The local mediums will give their services. Afternoon session at 2.30; evening at 7.30. Supper will be provided in the hall from 5 to 7. A cordial welcome is extended to all friends from the neighboring cities and towns.

Providence, R. I., Sunday, February 11. Mrs. Ruth Swift gave very interesting talk and messages both afternoon and evening. February 18, Edgar Emerson was greeted by a large audience. His lecture and messages were unusually good. New members are being added to the association and the interest is growing in its work. The Helping Hand Society held another interesting meeting last Wednesday evening at Mrs. Linn's, 63 Winter street, about forty being present. The president, Mrs. Mary Jones, gave many loving messages, as did also Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Bradford and Mrs. Sprague. A business meeting of the Helping Hand was held recently to prepare for the fifty-eighth anniversary, the 25th of March. Much interest is being manifested in this new movement. This auxiliary now numbers forty-six and its value can only be realized when it is known that the treasurer and president are authorized to see that funds sufficient to pay all of the association's indebtedness at the close of each Sunday is in the hands of the association's treasurer. This is a great improvement in the work that has long been needed in Providence.

First Spiritual Society, Portland, Me., is still working for the truth. Well attended and interesting meetings are held each Sunday. There has been marked increase in attendance in the past three months. February 18 Madame Kineade, one of the best local mediums, gave a short address and messages, which were all recognized. The male members of the society will give an oyster supper and entertainment in Mystic Hall on the 27th of February. A number of local mediums will form circles. On the first and third Tuesdays of the month the society holds a social for the advancement of the good Cause.

Providence, R. I. The Ladies' Progressive Aid Society of Providence held its regular circle on Tuesday evening, February 13, with hardly standing room left. Mrs. Brown, president, gave messages, also Professor B. F. Manierre, Mrs. R. Wilkinson, Mr. H. L. Stackpole and others. The society has started a building fund, which is growing fast, and expects to have a home of its own in the near future.

Norwich Spiritual Union, Norwich, Conn. On Thursday evening, February 15, the male members of the Helping Hands gave a chicken pie and oyster supper, of which over 150 guests partook. The supper room was profusely decorated with yachting pennants and miniature flags of all nations, with large American flags draping the walls.

After supper an entertainment was given in the auditorium of the church, consisting of original poems by Mr. Henry Bellows and Mrs. Jennie E. Burdick, recitations by Master Harlow Bogue, Emma Maples, Lola Edgerton, John Rush, R. E. Mowry, Eugene Carroll and Mrs. Alice Charon. Mr. R. E. Mowry gave selections upon the zither and Mrs. Edith LeJeune upon the piano.

The Lyceum continues to grow splendidly, interesting sessions being held every Sunday. The auxiliary to the union, the Helping Hands, is in an excellent financial condition, and has nearly doubled its membership this season. The Sunday services continue to draw large audiences, the finances of the union are in good shape, and all feel that the experiment of having a settled speaker has been a decided success. Mr. Blinn's lectures have been along educational lines and have received favorable comment in the daily press; some being given in full by a leading daily. Last Sunday the subjects were "God's Bible" and "What and where is Heaven?" Thursday evening, March 1, a "Pink Supper."

Washington, D. C., February 17, 1906. Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly of Lynn, Mass., was the speaker for the First Association of Spiritualists, assisted by Mr. Emil Nobbe, with messages, after the lecture. Mr. Edgerly meets with the auxiliary every Thursday evening. He gives messages and teachings to large audiences, assisted by local mediums. Mrs. Mary T. Longley, secretary N. S. A., will be the speaker for the month of March. Miss Susie Clark, the well known author, will deliver a lecture one Sunday at the Masonic Temple for the First Spiritualist Society.

Fitchburg, Mass. The First Spiritualist Society had the usual large attendance at both services Sunday. The speaker was Ruth A. Swift of Haverhill. The subjects taken were "The Fact of Spirit Return" and "Humanity's Needs," were supplemented by convincing evidences, demonstrating that there is no death. The medium's circle and song service was largely attended. Several piano selections were rendered by Miss Howe, Mrs. M. A. Bonney of Boston, test medium, will address the society next Sunday.

The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell, on the 18th, enjoyed Mrs. A. J. Pettengill of Malden, who occupied the platform. Her lectures, both afternoon and evening, full of facts and practical common sense, were listened to with great pleasure. Her messages gave the best of satisfaction. On Saturday evening, February 17, the regular baked bean and cold meat supper was held and about two hundred and fifty guests were served. After the supper an entertainment was given, after which dancing and games. Mrs. Hattie Fletcher was chairman of committee on entertainment. Mrs. R. E. Harvey chairman of kitchen and A. E. Jordan chairman of dining room.

### Field at Large.

The Philadelphia Society of Spiritualists is having splendid prosperity. Samuel Wheeler, the newly elected president, is giving good Executive energy to the work. A great loss is felt in the retirement from office of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Locke, who faithfully served for twelve years, and successfully built the society. They were presented with a loving cup at the evening service on Sunday, February 11. The addresses were made by Mr. and Mrs. Kates and Mr. Wheeler. The recipients were surely astonished to receive such a manifest token of esteem.

The society has prospered splendidly under the ministrations of Mr. and Mrs. Kates during January and February. Their lectures have been excellent and the spirit messages given by Mrs. Kates have astonished even the old friends by their accuracy and importance. These workers instituted a meeting for members only, and it proved a great success. The members need such a meeting for personal acquaintance and esprit. Many new members are joining in consequence. A great religious revival is going on in the city and the society seems to be catching its share. Mr. and Mrs. Bledsoe will occupy the rostrum during March. "May the good work continue."

The First Church of Progressive Spiritualists of New York held its annual meeting at Arabula Hall, 120 W. 13th street, February 10, just one year since its incorporation, with all the power and privileges that the statutes of the state can give. The Sunday meetings and mid-week classes (commonly called seances) are under the auspices of the general counsel of the church, and anyone violating the rules or in any way disturbing the services or mid-week classes can be arrested and we can demand protection under the law.

The general council and trustees met on the above date and elected the following officers for the year 1906: Rev. Hugh R. Moore and Rev. Cora H. Moore, pastors and demonstrators; Christian Peterson, president; Titus Merritt, secretary; Cora H. Moore, treasurer; Frederick D'Ath, trustee; Benjamin F. Austin, trustee, two years.

Sunday meetings commencing February 12, 1906, were held at Arabula Hall (where "Divine Guests" assemble), 120 W. 13th street, until September, then the guides urged a bold attempt to hire a larger hall.

Berkeley Lyceum Theatre, 19 W. 44th street, was leased for Sunday evening services, February 18, the second session incurring an expense of \$1,000, \$50 per week. Pastors do not ask or receive any compensation for their services. They are prompted by a love of duty to the glorious Cause of Spiritualism and less than \$100 advanced by them for rental will liquidate the entire indebtedness. Owing to Mr. Moore's absence for a few weeks, Mr. Joseph F. Snipes consented to occupy the platform on the 11th inst. and he gave great satisfaction to a large audience.

The Pennsylvania Spiritualists hope to hold a convention in Philadelphia some time during May for the purpose of organizing a state association.

"If thou wouldst have aught of good, have it from thyself."

# WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

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## 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 they are general, the same for all the world. This table is individual, and applicable to

Birth Nos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Feb. 23-24	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K	-	B
25-26-27	B	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K	-
28	-	B	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K
March 1	-	B	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K
2-3-4	K	-	B	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E	-
5-6	-	K	-	B	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E
7-8	E	-	K	-	B	-	F	-	G	-	M	-
9-10-11	-	E	-	K	-	B	-	F	-	G	-	M
12-13	M	-	E	-	K	-	B	-	F	-	G	-
14-15	-	M	-	E	-	K	-	B	-	F	-	G
16-17	G	-	M	-	E	-	K	-	B	-	F	-
18-19	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K	-	B	-	F
20-21	F	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K	-	B	-

the different people, according to their Birth-Number. A day may be very good 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.

## Chats on Wonder Wheel Science.

### SOUL THOUGHT AND MENTAL IDEAS.

"The Soul is Oneness, Wholeness, Wholesomeness, a complete circle, so fortified in all of its parts that it cannot be crushed. It is Positiveness and Negativeness combined. It is Spirit and Matter in perfect agreement. It is Action and Reaction in equipoise such as in the swinging of the pendulum. It is light and darkness equally balanced, as at the vernal equinox. It is perfect health, every atom being equal in power with every other atom. It is the combination of all colors into one grand mass, so beautifully blended that no one color is discernible above another, as in Pure White and Ebony Black, and yet, each color is performing its own work in its own God given way. It is good and evil so paralyzed that each is good in its own hemisphere, while vibrations from either polarity playing independently into the centre, produce an All Good, like unto the Sun, or Sol, the Shining One who represents the Visible Soul of the Solar System."

"The Soul is the Harp of Ten Thousand Strings, upon which the Spirits of the Universe create harmony out of discord. The soul is the throne around which the twenty-four elders are continually shouting in perfect happiness and accord, Hallelujah! to the Highest, for each and all are the highest, because united as One. The soul is All in All. The soul is omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, enjoying alike its most insignificant mathematical particle, reckoned as the notillionth part, as well as its wholeness, reckoned by the insignificant mathematical One."

"The soul of the Universe is its Ego. The Ego of the Universe is God. The soul of the world is its Ego. The ego of the world is Imagination, and of a dual nature, because the world is an yet but an undigested portion of the Universal Ego, in which the process of digestion is going on."

"The dual parts of Imagination are Ideas and Thoughts. Ideas are resident in the animal life of the world, but Thought can reside only in the thinking life. Thinking man is the spirit man, and is the medium between the seen and the unseen world. The man with ideas and uncertain thought is the material man. His ideas are able to adopt ways and means to ends on the material plane of life, just as beavers, or ants, or bees, or any other animal, are able to adopt ways and means according to their sphere of life, or the construction of their body. The man of ideas is a little above the beast and a little below the angel. The Thinking Man is the angel, and in Thought he can instantaneously fly to the remotest realm of space and there enjoy the fullness of his imagination. The Thinking Man in no manner despises imagination nor egotism, because he, by virtue of thinking, is a moral man; on the spirit side of life, and he can keep his imagination and his egoism under control and free from pandemoniac or uncertain thought. The Thinking Man may benefit morally by going in to the silence. The man of ideas benefits objectively by going into the silence. The man of ideas has hard work to rise above the animal plane of life. Like a dog, he would be loath to make any advance for fear of losing his bone. The Thinking Man can draw inspiration from the spiritual side of imagination and apply it to the material side, but is always loath to do so, because it burdens him with material interests which interfere with his spiritual flights. Pure thought is the reflection or product of purely digested matter. Impure thought is the reflection of indigestion, or the process of digestion in suspension. Ideas are the reflection or product of hunger like unto the idea of Esau to part with his birthright of advanced thought for a mess of pottage. Thought and ideas are nothing but imagination. Thought is imagination is the wealth of the spiritual side of the mind. Ideal imagination is the wealth of the material mind. Thought uses morals as its currency of exchange with fellow mortals. Ideas use dollars and cents as the currency of exchange. Morals and dollars and cents are but the imaginary products of the world's ego, or soul. The world's soul is as yet undeveloped. War is going on between Thought and Idea, between the animal and the spirit man. No thought of man is at peace, nor in harmony with the world. No idea of man is at peace nor in harmony with the world. Morality and greed are yet at war, and have been for ages. First morality is in the ascendancy and then greed. Each play their part for awhile and then are overthrown by ma-

The ruling people of the world during the term of this table are those born under No. 12. In this term of ruling, Secret Enmities will be active, and Self Detriments will be strong in all walks of life. This is the time of the year mythically typified by the Christ buried in the darkness of the tomb, with the frost of winter as his shroud. Thirty days later and the Natural world will resurrect itself once more from the grave winter. Most people are guided by the Artificial world, and look for success to the fads and fancies of their idolatry. They flourish like weeds and thorns about a cesspool, but soon the Reaper appears and mows them down. Their end is not in the store house, but on the dump heap.

Fifteen days, either side of Feb. 6, is the time when the mind of man for highest good should think carefully, restfully, uprightly and honorably, and affability and kindness should everywhere abound.

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.

majority or minority rulings. The soul of the world is not lost, but it is suffering with disease. Harmony, agreement, union of thought and of idea, with diversified action of each atom according to its own appointed place in nature would carry the soul of the world above nature into the elysium of super-nature. The government of the world, in which all truth should reside as the central representative of the world's ego, or soul, is in an undigested, rotten condition, with spiritual thought and material ideas organized into factions for the purpose, not of harmonizing for general good, but to fight each other for unbalanced gain. The soul of the world is sick and allopathic, homeopathic, eclectic and independent physicians are contending with each other for the patent right to cure, each claiming to possess the panacea for all ills, when it is morally well known that the same remedy will not apply to all parts of an organized body, nor the same clothing nor the same food supply the necessary requirements of all men. Individual independence of each atom in its own appointed place, with universal law of oneness for each and all, is the acme of delight which the general world has been striving to secure through methods for ages tried, in kingdoms, empires, monarchies and republics, but each and all to the present time have failed, from two causes of imperfection, in both the thinking and the ideal sides of the paradise of imagination, which is the only reality that ever did or ever will exist except in the wholeness or oneness of the Divine Ego of the universe, in which man could have no dwelling place except in the repose of oblivion. As in the general world, so, too, in the general government of each nation according to its place on earth. As in the general government of the nation, so, too, in each individual's government of his own body. Thought and ideas, animal and spiritual possessions, temperaments, good and evil, God and the devil, are ever at war, for the predominant control of the nation, the personal body, and all their acts and products. The soul of individual man is diseased. It is sick and physicians of every school, in church, in state and in every social circle, are at war with each other for the possession of the seamless garment of the soul of the individual crucified ones.

"Like wolves, snarling and biting and crowding and overturning each other to devour a carcass which would nauseate them if they should overload, the world, under the misnomer 'Humanity,' struggles to conceal itself in one man's pocket, like the greedy boy with every pocket so full of green apples that he is unable to walk, and yet, green apples in abundance on every tree by the wayside.

"The soul of the world, of the nation and of the individual will never be saved, until the ego, the non-ego, the angel, the animal, thought, idea, matter, spirit, church, state, sense, nonsense, wise man and fool, are so equalized by independence and power in their own appointed place and nature, and so civilized that they can take their own appointed places at the table of God's Divine gifts and be properly served in order and decorum by volunteered writers, the highest of the lowest (if such distinction should be agreeably made) being ever ready to serve each other with the necessities of life, as at a well ordered banquet of a loyal reunion. Then would lion and lamb be so securely freed from disease that they might contentedly lie down together and even a child might lead them, for the lion's stomach would have no room, nor desire for disturbance of the physically or mentally weaker ones.

"And this is the lesson that Jesus of Nazareth endeavored to teach and was crucified therefor, and the same crucifixion is going on today, in opposition to such teaching by idealists and impure thinking, devoid of rational reason, in church, state, social and even private walks of life.

"Thus have I endeavored to answer the query of a correspondent as to 'What is the soul?' My answer is not guided by my personal mode of thinking, nor by my personal ideas, but by a free use of the pen, actuated by a conscientious study of the laws of the heavens, as illustrated in the circle known as the 'Wonder Wheel,' which is an artistic representative of the universal realm of imagination—the acme of reality—as it has been recognized by the wisdom of all the ages, and termed in its perfection, as 'Universe, Eternity, Soul, Ego, Lord and God,' either in world, nation or individual. For each part is an image of the whole."