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NO. 2

THE WAY OF LIFE.

William Brewster.

Our life below has this as measuring rod—
The view we have from infancy to age,
The slow advance from stage to higher stage;
It comes to us as flower in springtime sod,
We see it there in bloom of beauty nod;
And then as tree it does our thought engage,
'Neath summer's peace or in the winter's rage;
And then somehow we dream it reaches God!
It in itself so wondrous is and sweet,
With meaning in its onward, upward reach;
The moments grow so golden, though so fleet;
And from the better comes the best, they preach;
And as the spirit does this province sway,
We feel the soul must grandly keep this way!

The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whiting.

"God the ultimate fact and spirit the sure foundation on which all things rest. 'God has nothing but Himself out of which to make His children. They are spirit because He is spirit. They live because He lives. They inherit into His love, His wisdom, His eternity. There is only one mind and they share it; only one life, and in that life they live; only one spirit, and they are spirit. Verily, then, 'In Him we live and move and have our being.'"

The final ideal of Spiritualism must be spirituality, and spirituality is a life, not merely a method of thought. Spirituality is the universal and is therefore higher than even religion. Religions are many. When James Freeman Clarke wrote his notable book on "The Ten Great Religions of the World," he recognized that, although the spirit is one, the forms are many. The spirit of religion is life, even eternal life, and it persists through a series of evolutionary aspects. Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, one of the greatest college presidents the world has ever known; a man whose fine balance of profound intellectual power, scholarly equipment, and moral force renders him one of the most luminous thinkers of the day,—has recently collected in one volume under the title of "What is Religion?" a group of his addresses to students made from time to time; a group of papers that no one can read without feeling their clarion call to higher purposes. It is a great factor in contemporary life to have in it a man whose mind and heart express so nobly as in these words of President Pritchett. It is in the line of the apostolic succession of the great and the good who have made this City of Boston what it is—the City of Beautiful Ideals. The rush and stress of latter-day activities may sweep over it; our municipal government, our social life may be defective, inconsequential, shallow, selfish, superficial; yet these are but eddies in the tide of onward and irresistible progress. Boston is still the city of great thought, of noble purposes. It is still the city of those whose feet have trodden its paths and left them holy ground,—the City of Emerson, of Garrison, of Lydia Maria Child, of Wendell Phillips, of Lucy Stone and Mary Livermore; the City, too, of the poets and the prophets,—of Longfellow and Whittier and Holmes and Lowell; of Edward Everett Hale and Phillips Brooks and Charles Gordon Ames. To these sceptred spirits of the past and the present Dr. Pritchett stands in direct relation. His words may well arrest the attention, not only of students, but of that larger public to whom the printed word appeals. "If religion is a life," we find Dr. Pritchett saying, "it is a life springing up in the individual soul. Christianity . . . is the expression of the advancing conscience of the race. . . Darwin and Spencer and Tyndall have helped to mould the church of today no less truly than Luther and Wesley." To these names may well be added those of Alfred Russel Wallace, of Sir William Crookes, of Frederic W. H. Myers. Dr. Pritchett points out that mere theology is no more religion than botany is a flower, or than astronomy is a star. And now, after this rather too long survey of conditions, let us get down to realities,—even to that profoundest reality of all,—"God the ultimate fact, and Spirit the sure foundation on which all things

rest." Here is our one sure point of departure. Spirit is the sure foundation on which all things rest. "Space is seen to be, in very truth, the actual presence of God," asserts a latter day scientist. Here is one affirmation of the deepest importance. If space is but the divine presence; if the ether is simply spiritual substance (and this is precisely what the latest word of science gives authority to postulate), then is there not, in this conception, the absolute and clear and perfectly comprehensible explanation of communication between the Seen and the Unseen? For this space is all magnetically charged and instinct with life. It is the perfect media of communication. That those who, as Stephen Phillips phrases it: "Shed their bodies and upward flattered to freedom," can approach those who are still clad in the physical body, is just as scientifically evident as it is that electricity can run along the wire that conducts it. The occurrence ceases to be phenomenal. It is, at most, merely supernatural, and the supernatural is just as legitimate a part of our two-fold life as is the normal. We live, now and here, in the two worlds. A spiritual being in a temporary physical body, (thus enabling this spiritual being to come into touch with a transient physical environment), the real world to which this being belongs is, of course, the higher realm of spirit. There is his real life. The conditions of the physical world claim a certain amount of our time and energy. Nor are these, indeed, alien and foreign to us, but are, rather, the material, by means of which we express our forces and our ideas. It is the material God gives, in this present stage of evolution, and instead of despising it the true way is to use it, wisely and well, for beneficent ends. To build a railroad across the Continent is no mere physical fact; it is a great spiritual enterprise,—making possible new centers of population, new and great advance of education and development; the opening of new and hitherto unknown resources. And this is typical of all great physical enterprises. Can one, for an instant, contemplate the sublime fact of the discovery of the new world by Columbus, and not see in it a spiritual leading to undreamed of greatness of results? In all great tasks the worker finds

"A hand is stretched to him from out the dark,
Which, grasping without question, he is led
Where there is work which he must do for God."

Are there any words that can sufficiently emphasize the truth of this perpetual inweaving of life between the Seen and the Unseen,—this constant co-operation, whose highest results depend upon our recognition of the unseen presences?

Spiritualism announced itself and the world of science denied it, and the religious world utterly derided it. The clergyman, fresh from a sermon in which he had discussed the appearance of Jesus among His disciples after his physical death on the Cross, was horror-stricken at the claim that one of his own beloved and nearer circle might approach him from the unseen world. Now the essential and the larger truths of Spiritualism are becoming the leaven that enters into all church teachings; and science has inevitably—not intentionally, but inevitably,—demonstrated the conditions by means of which spirit communication ceases to be a singular or an unaccountable thing, and becomes one of the natural events of daily life. In Spiritualism itself the phenomenal occurrences have almost totally ceased. It was at first necessary to resort to somewhat crude phenomena in order to arrest the attention of mankind. It is no longer necessary to raise a piano to the ceiling, without visible touch, or to rap on tables and walls. We recognize the more subtle agencies. Telegraphy is as much an accepted fact as is telegraphy. The invisible, but very clearly defined guidance in all the daily affairs of life; the promptings and the suggestions, all these are proofs of presences and companionships that the spirit recognizes by its own more developed spiritual powers. It is no longer necessary to appeal solely to the senses. Beyond this the individual who holds true to his higher convictions will find: First, that he can assert and can draw on his own spiritual resources to an extent that finds no limit. The more he draws upon this

spiritual energy, the greater it becomes. And why? Because he has thereby established a link with the infinite energy of the universe. It is like tapping a limitless reservoir,—because, and here we return to the one supreme truth,—"God is the ultimate fact; and spirit the sure foundation on which all things rest."

Nor is this truth merely one of the grand but abstract affirmations of philosophy, or of philosophical ethics. If it were, one would be illy justified in asking for its expansion so much space of the "Banner" as this paper covers. No, it is the most intimate, the most personal, the most individually applicable truth in all the universe. The Divine presence is here and now—and in it we truly live and move and have our being. This Divine presence includes all those personal presences dearest and nearest and most essential to our daily endurance and achievement. Every call of the spirit is answered with a sympathy, a tenderness, and a power far greater than is possible from the friends still on earth. There is no separation. There is no break in the continuity of love and care. There is no lack of guidance and of counsel. Spiritualism is the faith that unites the highest and the most profound religious truth and the latest truths of science. Let us not be afraid of the name. If it has ever seemed to fall into disrepute, let it be redeemed by the earnestness, the sincerity, the generous courtesy, the thoughtful kindness and the love that should characterize every life and invest it with daily increasing radiance. Misconception of one's faith does not matter in the long run. The only thing that would matter would be in not living true to it. "If you want your neighbors to see what Christ can do for them, let them see what He has done for you," said Henry Ward Beecher. And so,—let the faith of Spiritualism stand for the divinest personal life of which one is capable: let it stand for harmony, generosity, for perpetual recognition of the unseen companionship, for communion with the Holy Spirit, for love to man and for the most vital and immediate faith in God.

The Brunswick, Boston.

The White Soul in the Garden of God.

William Brewster.

This may be only a dream—I cannot tell—for it seemed real in its hour and was so beautiful withal. The White Soul found itself with a strange delight in the garden of God. It had no knowledge how it came there, though questioning for a moment that particular. It flashed across it that it must have escaped from the body, but when how it could not tell, and the thought was pushed on one side by the sweetness of the fact that it was there, and the wonder of it was exquisite like sweet music. The soul was in rapture in the possession of itself as a soul. It was a revelation to it of hidden delight. It had discovered itself and was aware that felicity was in it and of it, and there was nothing but felicity in its nature.

What a surprise that was. It reverted to the time when it was in the body, and that seemed as if it had been a seed and buried in the earth, but now it was a flower and had come to the sunshine. It seemed as if it had then been a bird enclosed in a shell, and now the shell was broken and it was free to sing and soar. The experience was a rapture, a great exaltation and sense of freedom. Previously it was sure it had really known nothing of life saving the rudiments of joy and their provocation. Now it was happiness and that without anything apparently to call it out saving that it was in the garden—and it was free to the fullness of the glory of it.

But it was in no hurry to see. It had the joy of itself to master. It seemed as if he were a lily and the whiteness was, in every part of him—and the perfume. He had never complained of his body because it was the gift of time and allowed expressions of pleasure, which were gratifying indeed. It had befriended him, for many years, and allowed him to do much work and learn many things. It had always seemed a good thing to have had such a noble servant and faithful and willing. It

had borne much patiently and had complained of abuse only when the limit was reached. All the same, he could see now that it was no loss to lose it. The right hour had come, the body was gone, and there he was as a soul and clothed in the white garment of gladness. There was not the least spot upon the pure joy, and the things of time rolled away as mists from the mountains pass before the strength of the sun.

It was coming to a sense of all this, and I was marveling at it. I was so exalted that I moved with the lightness of a feather. I had no weight that will did not easily overcome, so that I went along without wings and without feet. I was borne like a white cloud, in a sky of bliss—and I was a soul—that was the rapture; I was the living fire of existence that burns without blaze and that diminishes not in heat or power. It flashed through me again and again that to come to this had made the earth-life well worth the while, and that now seemed a happiness as leading up to and giving me this. I thought that all the years of it now seemed as but a moment of time, and it mattered not what they had been of success or failure as I had counted things—at last I was here and the bud of life had opened and it was all beauty and sweetness.

I had known that I should enjoy the freedom of death, and I had charged my life to watch its own transition as if it were making a journey in a lovely country. I had said again and again that death would be the sweetest of all, and the dearest—and now I knew it and had proved it, and it was exquisitely beyond my best dreaming. Oh, I was wild with the satisfaction of the peace and the power and the pleasure which were mine. I turned to look at the place, and all I knew was that it was passing fair,—a garden, and the tall flowers pressed against me, and rose above me and were beautiful. And they seemed to be endless in their reach, so that I said, I can wander on and on and I shall still be in the garden of God. And that was wonderful and that was sweet,—and I know no more, because a shadow seemed to come from below as a cloud and to take it from my sight, and once more I was in the ways of men, but my soul has been there in the garden of God, and could never forget the bliss and beauty of it.

Shall We Study Spiritualism?

Prof. Charles Richet, President of the British Society for Psychic Research, has recently spoken on this subject. His address has been reported in full in succeeding numbers of the "Revue du Spiritualisme Moderne." The final instalment appears in the January number.

When science claims that Spiritualistic assertions are absurd, Richet calls the attention of the world to the fact that the old sciences, chemistry and physics themselves, contain equal absurdities. He reminds scientists (and he himself is a scientist, and therefore speaks by the card) that this science of Spiritualism is new and that it is the facts which this new science presents that are important, not its reasons or hypotheses.

He remembers that science claims, as a fact, the existence of ether, and yet it has no proof of its existence to offer; and that some of its claims are as ridiculous and absurd as "any postulate of Spiritualism" can be.

Physics and chemistry claim ether to be matter and yet absolutely without weight. Physics and chemistry claim the atom to exist also without weight, and it is the atom which of all substance is the only thing which is indivisible, incapable of being made smaller. Every material thing, whether it be the ether or a rock, is made up of atoms. How is it then that this atom which has no weight, can in one instance make up an imponderable thing like ether, and in another instance make up a ponderable thing like a rock? This is as absurd, a proposition as any claimed by Spiritualists.

This neat tu quoque argument is turned upon science by a scientist himself. M. Richet says he is no Spiritualist.

The Professor considers the question of

fraudulent mediums in a frank and fair-minded way which deserve quotation.

"It is a fact that a certain number of mediums have been convicted of imposture. Now, experimenting with impostors is difficult, and any conclusions which may be drawn are very weak. Let us imagine a prestidigitateur skillfully performing his tricks in the dark before an audience who believe in the genuineness of everything he does. There would certainly be given many things far more marvelous than those of spiritism."

That is to say, if the fraudulent medium were really fraudulent and wished to astonish, he would produce greater marvels than he does.

The Professor continues: "This objection would be formidable if all mediums had been convicted of imposture. But there are some who, in spite of investigations which were very severe and prolonged, have not been found at fault."

To paraphrase him still further: there is a great stir made over some one medium who is caught deceiving. But what is this one case when compared with the very great number of perfectly sincere mediums whom we all know? The professional mediums are too few to be compared with the others.

The seriousness of the matter he does not deny, nor the difficulties which surround investigation; but he asks "Should the problem be abandoned because it is difficult?" That is not the scientific spirit. He continues: "To speak the truth, the objection (of fraudulent mediums) is rather theoretical than real, for when one is experimenting with a medium, one always takes precautions, multiplied precautions, against fraud."

Some one said one day with great naivete to a friend of mine who was recounting an experience which brought out some astonishing facts. "Have you thought that you might have been deceived?" In reality, in one of these experiences, one thinks of nothing else. It is one's perpetual care; one suspects the medium, the assistants, even one's self. I do not say one is never deceived; one sometimes has been, and will often be again; but there are cases where deception has had no place and in every case it is very difficult, often impossible, sometimes impossible, or nearly so."

And again:

"I only wish to remark, first, that all mediums cannot be deceivers; second, that even with mediums capable of fraud and convicted of fraud, some phenomena have been obtained which fraud cannot explain; and, third, one cannot admit a priori the bad faith of a medium until the latter has been caught in the very act." The scientific searcher for facts appears in the following:

"There always remains a certain number of well authenticated cases from which all fraud has been eliminated and where the observation was the most rigorously careful. These cases and perhaps these only should be submitted to a methodical criticism. But methodical criticism is not silence and neglect."

"To sum up then I will say, that, in spite of all that has been said or written about the trickery of mediums,

"1st. There are some who have never deceived.

"2nd. There are many who, while they have been suspected, have never been taken in the act and convicted of fraud deliberately planned.

"3rd. One can always provide experiments in which any fraud is impossible."

Prof. Richet's conclusion is as follows: It is certainly judicial, calm, careful and truly scientific. "Instead of appearing to ignore Spiritualism, a wise man should study it. Physicians, chemists, physiologists, philosophers ought to take pains to put themselves in touch with the facts affirmed by spirits. Long and laborious study is necessary. It will certainly be fruitful; for the weakness of theories should not destroy the reality of the facts."

"Now if there are many errors and illusions in the affirmation of the spirits, there are probably, yes certainly, many truths which to us are still great mysteries. These truths, when they are better known, will profoundly modify the primitive ideas we have today about man and the Universe."

IT WAS ONLY A LITTLE LEAF.

It was only a little leaf
That hung for while on its bough.
It danced and fluttered, but life was brief,
And its place is vacant now.

It was only a little leaf.
Did it pay to live at all?
The sun smiled on it, the cold rains came;
And then it was doomed to fall.

It was only a little leaf,
But on it did shine the sun.
The winds did caress it, the birds did sing,
And it lived till its life was done.

It was only a little leaf,
But it took its gladdest part
In the great earth's life; and at the last
Earth clasped it to her heart.

Selected.

Craving for the Faith of Boyhood Days.

A correspondent of the "Outlook" writes pathetically, to the Editor, after describing his course, from "believing everything in the Bible," out through the alluring rhetoric of Ingersoll, the pompous yet stately Gibbon, the materialism of Darwin, Huxley and the rest, to a "belief that their conclusions completely upset and destroyed all reality in revelation and took away all remaining faith in the Bible, Jesus Christ or God." After thus describing the way by which he came out, he says:

"I was still unsatisfied; and after groping in the dark for two or three years, I finally became convinced that I was wrong. I believe the Bible to be the Word of God, but not with the warmth and feeling with which I used to believe it. I believe in Jesus Christ, but he is to me merely a historical personage, who means but little more to me than Plato or Aristotle. I believe in the existence of God, but this belief is purely intellectual.

"My mind, from reading works of science, has become so analytical and dissecting, even in matters of faith, that I even criticize the grammar and logic of prayers. All this I regard as a misfortune. I crave for the faith of my boyhood days; I have struggled for it; on my knees I have begged and implored for it, but it has not come."

The Editor's reply seems so healthy and is so suggestive of his own path as he toiled up the more rugged heights of Truth from the sunny valleys of intellectual ease, where his associates, content to remain in indolent self complacency, urged him (not always courteously) to remain, of such value seems his word that we submit it to the "Banner" readers.

This pathetic letter portrays a common experience. But the longing it expresses can never be satisfied. It is but the old cry in a new form, "I would I were a boy again," and the man can never be a boy again. We cannot go back; we must go forward. It is as impossible to recover the lost faith of one's childhood as to recover the lost joys and hopes and loves.

The joys of childhood can never return to the mature man. In the Christmas just passed the father and mother had their Christmas joy no less than did their children; but it was not the same. The eager expectation, the bubbling merriment, the ecstasy of delight in the new possession—these were impossible to the onlookers.—There was both a quieter and a deeper joy, in which were strangely mingled with the reflected gaiety of the children the sorrows and joys of the years that are gone. The grandfather who sat down on the floor beside the baby and showed her how to put her new doll to sleep had a deeper joy in the child's possession than she had in her own; but it was not the same.

The hopes of childhood never can return to the mature man. He also has hopes, but they are not a child's hopes. The one flash and fade with brilliant but evanescent glory like the aurora borealis; the other glow with growing light like the dawn. The one is born of inexperience that has known no trouble and expects none. Stevenson has well interpreted this childhood hope:

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

The other is born of experience; an experience that has met trouble, vanquished it, and made it a minister to a joy and peace that childhood cannot know. Paul has expressed this manhood hope: "We glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope."

The love of youth can never return to the mature man. Youth has its love, and old age has its love, but they are not the same. There is a glory of the spring and a glory of the autumn; for season differeth from season in glory. There is in man's life but one honeymoon. The orange-tree sometimes bears blossoms and fruit at the same time but in life the blossoms fall before the fruit comes; the blossoms will turn to fruit; but never the fruit to blossoms. Youth and age have each its song of love; but not the same song. From the ample treasures of song we select one interpretation of youthful love, the closing verses of Coleridge's "Genevieve":

"Her bosom heaved,—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she slept,—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept."

"She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And, bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face."

"'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart."

"I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beautiful Bride."

Compare with this the well-known verse of Burns's "John Anderson, my jo, John:"

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither."

"Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo."

The love of old age, the love that goes down the hill that the two climbed together in youth, is not less sacred, and to our thinking not less full of deep and divine joy, than that of the youthful lover in the first rapture of the newly discovered love. But they are not the same; and it would be as idle for John Anderson to attempt to recover the rapture of youthful love as for Genevieve's lover to anticipate the peacefulness of the love of old age.

What is true of joy and hope and love is true of faith. The faith of childhood once lost can never be recovered. It is sometimes kept, but at too great a sacrifice. For he who boasts of a childhood faith simply bears witness against himself that, while he has grown in muscular strength, in nerve power, in intellectual capacity, in executive energy, he has not grown in his religious experience. A childhood faith is beautiful in a child; it is a dwarfed and stunted faculty in a mature man or woman. The faith of childhood is born of the child's imagination. It is an unquestioning and therefore an unreasoning faith. He makes no distinction in his own mind between what he has seen and what he has imagined. The perplexed mother need not be perplexed at his nursery tales told with such serious assurance that it is "true, mamma." To him what he has imagined is "true." He is as ready to believe in Santa Claus as in Jesus Christ, in the Arabian Nights as in the miracles of the New Testament. The reindeer and the sleigh-bells are as real to him as the Wise Men and the Shepherds. Do not undecieve him. Life will undecieve him in due time.

But do not envy him. Do not try to go back and recapture that nursery experience. The faith of manhood is of a different sort. It is not an unquestioning but a questioned faith. It is not founded on reason; but it dares submit itself to all the tests to which reason can subject it. The crucibles never yet created gold; but it tries the gold and rejects the dross. Reason never yet created faith; but it separates the true from the false. After the crucible appears but little gold, but it is pure. After the reason there appears a shorter creed, but it is vital. Credulity has done the world more harm than scepticism. The only way to know anything is to dare to question everything.

We look back across the years and recall our childhood piety. Heaven was close at hand, just above the clouds, which were its draperies, or just above the starry dome, which was its floor. In heaven was the great white throne, and the great God, awful or benignant as our fancy happened to paint him, and to him we addressed our childish petitions, sometimes wondering how he heard them, sometimes audaciously wondering whether he heard them at all. This vision of our childhood imagination is gone. It were as easy to reconstruct the castellated glory of the sunrise after the sun has reached the meridian as to rebuild this faded heaven of our childhood faith. Some try to retain it, and seek in an imaginary world, which they know has no existence, a refuge from a real world of which they are too painfully aware. Some abandon their faith with the imagination with which it was connected, and live as best they can, ruled by conscience but not inspired by faith. But some look back without regret, because the faith of their early fancy has given place to the stronger and more inspiring faith of their manhood. To them God has become the Perpetual Presence: the One who is "never so far as even to be near;" the Great All and in all. Their childhood faith in a Celestial God has grown into the Hebrew psalmist's faith in the Ever-Present God:

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there;
If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there;
If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me."

The vision of a celestial city and a sceptered and enthroned God has faded and will never return; but in its place has come Whitier's spiritual vision:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fringed palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Such souls would not exchange the faith of their manhood for their childhood faith. This manhood faith is indefinable because it is infinite; it is mystical because it is spiritual; it is real because it is unseasoned.

If one's education has been almost exclusively in courses which have whetted his analytical faculties to exceeding sharpness and left his spiritual nature atrophied, he cannot undo the mischief by endeavoring to retrace his steps and go back to his childhood experiences, nor yet by turning from natural science to theological science, that is, by undertaking a new and enlarged course in argumentative literature. He will best find his way to a real, a manly faith, by mingling in literature and in life with men of faith, and by always being obedient to such heavenly vision as is afforded to him. So doing, he will find the light within him, which neglect has dimmed but not wholly extinguished, gradually, and to him almost unconsciously, reviving to illumine his life.

One man lives in a house which is illuminated with electricity. It gives light to all who are in the house, and is cheer for friends going by. This is just what a life religious life does for the world. It carries brightness and beauty with it.

From Mental to Spiritual Therapy.

Dr. Ellen Goodell Smith.

Mental Therapy occupied an important place in remote ages, and has through all history been a healing power. Knowing that one's physician is above reproach, inspired with confidence in him and his methods, recovery will be almost sure. The credulity of people in all ages has been largely developed, but as far as the mental part of therapy extended it appears to have been merely the letter of the law of mind over matter, while the real animus, the living, energetic soul was ignored or left behind to await the time for its recognition and development. But the age of credulity is passing away, and educated intelligence, intuitive spirituality, stands in its place, or rather like all truth, has created an imperishable place for itself.

That matter controls matter, both organized and unorganized, is an undisputed fact, and we cannot say that there may be organization and life without the intervention directly or indirectly of mind.

But when and where does this wonderful substance begin to have an existence, and exert its power? When make itself a controlling force in the physical organism? As human bodies are organized for human souls, and not souls for bodies, we cannot fail to see that the soul itself is the controlling force in the organization of physical life from its inception, and creates its habitation from the elements and environments supplied to it through material and spiritual power during its period of gestation. The brain and nervous system, that "harp of a thousand strings," the foundation substance of life, being possessed of, or impressed with, sufficient intelligence to become the architect of its material home from its earliest beginnings, what power may it not yet develop? Is there any limit to its possibilities?

We all know that the soul is capable of making the body sick or well; of destroying or restoring it just according to the intensity of this force exercised upon it. As it displayed sufficient intelligence to build, in like manner can it prolong or destroy the existence of its habitation.

It is being daily proven that the sick may be healed by words written or spoken. That thoughts sent out over invisible wires convey healing vibrations to the afflicted in body and mind. This healing substance broadens out until it touches material things, building up and vitalizing business and morals, mental and physical labor, invention, art and science. Indeed this wonderful power, the highest of all and the least understood, with its invisible presence, permeates with living, vibrating substance everything to a greater or less extent. We cannot reach out and imprison this mighty force if we would. We cannot stop these invisible wheels that are contained in the Life of all Life, and the therapeutics evolved from their vibrations are for the benefit of all those who are able to come into harmony with the laws controlling these invisible forces. The power inherent in this unseen substance seems almost boundless in its educational capacity.

None will dispute that inspiration is the higher education that marches onward with the cycles of time, and from where comes it except from the invisible. True, therapy is not only healing, but inspirational, educational, awakening the soul to its grandest possibilities. There is no avenue or channel into which this mighty power cannot penetrate, and in the coming days the light that now but faintly glimmers over many unsolved problems will burst forth and illumine the way. Nothing shall escape its magic touch and what we now call death will be forgotten for life is all in all. But we must become receptive to superior power and wisdom else we may live in it and not be of it.

Recognizing ourselves as a part of this spiritual, universal life, we become as "the angels in heaven," but otherwise we are still in prison groping our way beneath the light where we shall remain until we open the door to all truth in and out of the visible universe, and accept it as taught and made practical through tangible methods.

Out of the crudeness of the ages, and the necessities of the race, has developed the refined, invisible therapy that is being slowly recognized by the popular systems of medicine. No one thing has created such a revolution in medical practice, and the end is not yet. As we all progress onward we depart farther away from the cumbersome methods that involve so much of time, labor and money as applied to the temple in which dwells the ever helpful soul. As the soul is awakened, we begin to realize that its power is less and less restricted, and we also begin to perceive the meaning of "Go and sin no more." We now more clearly recognize that "I and my body are two," and that I must have the co-operation of the most perfect body possible to accomplish my purpose in life in the most satisfactory manner. We are unable to discern the law of true therapy, except through the recognition of the I to be and do. Within ourselves lies the power to aid and call to our aid that which shall prove the real therapy not only for ourselves, but for all discordant conditions outside of ourselves.

Life is then invested with a new meaning. It opens broader fields, discovers hidden treasures within ourselves that await development. Slowly the tidal wave moves onward, washing away the debris of the ages that has been in our way, and what has obscured our vision passes, and in the new light we shall perceive a spiritual law inherent in each principle of life, and that to fulfil the law we must develop and use each faculty of our dual nature.

The beloved poetess, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who understood the power within herself, and was thus able to live above physical conditions, tells us that:

"Natural things are spiritual, who separates these two.
In art, in morals, or the social drift,
Tears up the bond of nature and brings death.
Paints futile pictures, writes unreal verse,
Leads vulgar days, deals ignorantly with
Is wrong, in short, at all points."

Then should not we become acquainted with all natural things and learn to recognize their spiritual side? Let us reach out for truth and then brighter and clearer becomes the outlook. The real self begins to brush away the dust of ages in which we have been smothered and having discovered a little truth we begin to utilize it.

"Seek and ye shall find" yourself. As we advance along the line of higher unfoldment, ever reaching for the attainment of more harmonious and perfect ideals, we find ourselves growing into a seemingly new world of objective surroundings, or the old arrayed in more beautiful and attractive garments. No one can live to himself alone, neither can we discard our present environments all at once. This is an educational process, and requires the understanding of inspirational thought, the development of more than our recognized five senses. Other senses are developing in the race and we may recognize them when we adjust our thoughts in the right direction, and take cognizance of the emanations to and from our lives that have failed to become spiritualized into harmony. And when we understand this thought that bears such significance and has so impressed the human race, we shall no longer marvel over the inharmonies by which we are surrounded in the material and spiritual life. Inharmonies that confront us with such tremendous force that it often seems as though all past labor and effort has been almost worthless.

Mental therapy in its primitive crudeness was administered through magical incantations and ceremonies. Traveling onward its marvelous powers were developed, leaving their influence with the people in all ages of the world's history. In the accepted ancient lore of the race, prophets and seers were engaged in dealing with the subtle powers of mind down to the days of the revered and beloved Christ. But he stands not alone; Christs endowed with similar powers preceded him. But we are only familiar with the one Christ who is called the Savior of the world. Were he among us today thousands of his followers would need a special introduction to his personality, so utterly have they failed to render practical the simple yet powerful messages delivered to his disciples centuries ago. His parables they have learned parrot-like to repeat. His works they ignore except as marvels belonging to himself and his age, and a gift of special favor for him and his immediate disciples.

(Concluded next week.)

Reason and Intuition.

David A. Letch.

In days gone by, more than in the present day, a sharp line of demarcation was drawn between the intuitionist and the reasoner. Intuition was usually considered by the practical, scientific demonstrator of tangible facts, as something hazy, impracticable and beyond the sphere of physical realities. To the materialistic scientist reasoning from the plane of visible things and demonstrated facts intuition was considered an unreliable phantasm and accordingly it was given "a wide berth." In this article these two schools of acquired knowledge by different methods can be reconciled and their relative values be duly set forth, then this article will have served its purpose. Between these two very important factors in the acquisition of knowledge, there exists the closest relationship and when properly understood are found to be harmonious in their decisions regarding the innumerable facts of life. Intuition might be termed the feminine inner or subjective principle of conscious life, denoting the receptive, passive condition of mind which, attuned and responsive, vibrates on the inner planes of being and receives from such sources accordingly. Intuition does not reason, but it knows spontaneously and instantaneously the answer to some of the most perplexing problems of life.

All life is dual and man possesses a dual capacity to acquire knowledge. Intuition might be called the feminine principle of life which, being responsive to the very nature of being, enters by swift and unnumbered channels straight to the very heart of deity and from thence receives its answers. Many a time the mother's intuition watching lovingly over the bed of a sick child, has been of far more value than all the acquired knowledge of the skilled physician. The flash of inspiration for the moment has revealed what for weeks was hidden from the mind of the trained medical man. Does this undervalue medical skill or is a premium on intuition placed in comparison over medical skill? Not so, it only serves to show that there is a plane of positive knowledge which can be and is frequently sensed in dire and extreme moments through the power of intuition. That this faculty has been given to mankind to help him in moments of despair and darkness should be the cause of devout thankfulness on the part of all men.

The darkness of human knowledge is lit up often into beacon fires of brightness and illumination through these brilliant meteor flashes of intuition, which descend at times through the brains of receptive minds. Intuition has come as an angel guide, a bright morning star to lead mankind "amidst the encircling gloom" to the clear, sparkling fountain of truth. Intuition is a means not an end and should never be made the guide, in place of reason; it comes as an assistance to reason not as an usurper.

King reason should be on the throne with its consort Queen Intuition to assist as companion and collaborator in solving the problems of life. Reason might be termed the positive masculine objective principle of life, the externalized divinity which correlates and tabulates the facts of existence from experience and demonstrated facts. It works in the outer realm of causes and effects and demands its answer from what it can see, handle, and understand of the various manifestations of life.

Reason may have to go through many tortuous paths to reach its destination, but such is its nature and the masculinity of its temper that it loves the hard roads of knowledge, but it need not go alone except it is too crusty to seek the companionship of its mate, intuition. Intuition when made

the companion of reason along the rough paths of scientific research becomes a sweet helper and a gracious inspiration to all who court her company. She lightens the burden, cheers the forlorn spirit and brings illumination to the mind when all is dark and the reason befooled.

Many a brave thinker in the way of knowledge has floundered in the morass and slime of dangerous bypaths because he has rejected the divine consort of his mind intuition. Yet all that intuition gives if true must be capable of scientific demonstration, for nothing coming through its divine source will be incompatible with the highest reasoning of the true thinker, but only comes in the vanguard of truth to spur his lagging soul to fresh achievements. It may take years of patient study and investigation to demonstrate the scientific value of some intuitional fact received, but time and patience will prove its worth and reason will set its seal upon it as an accredited truth for all ages.

Many an uneducated and untutored mind is capable of receiving through its intuition valuable truths which, when duly appreciated and understood, become incalculable factors in moulding the lives of mankind. It is not for the thinking, educated, reasoning individuals to scoff at such revelations of truth, but to use their reasoning faculties to demonstrate and prove by scientific methods the exactitude of the knowledge received.

Bias and prejudice are alas too often by-paths which side track many noble thinkers and keep them out of the promised land of true discovery. To be exact thinkers, men require to be broad and liberal in their treatment of any subject. Intolerance, bigotry and narrowness in one's attitude towards the solution of life's problems, makes the grave in which they must finally bury the results of their life's labor, from which there can be no hope of a resurrection.

A clear headed and all sided view of life comes as the resultant of the cultivation of a non sectarian, broad and liberal spirit, freed from racial and insular prejudices, with opened and receptive mind, ready to catch the smallest whisper of the Infinite which speaks in all manifestations of life.

"Without Money and Without Price."

According to the record, the disciples of Jesus were directed to go out to all the world and preach to every creature the good news given them. They were to do this under the inspiration of love. The holy spirit was to be a power with them, giving them voice and guiding them in all their ways. This in the morning of the new faith. This with the brightness of the sun shining in their hearts. It made them glad to do and dare. The courage of their convictions was with them; the beauty of their faith was upon them. It was a time of hardship, but it was their day of glory, and the world is proud to have seen it. It appealed with its enthusiastic delight to men.

The thing is different now. We all know that the day of simplicity is past. The ministers of the church have their pay like other folks, and commercialism is not all outside the sacred portals. A fine building and furnishings are considered to be in order, and if the preacher is popular, he demands to be paid accordingly. The day of imparting spiritual grace in the church for nothing has gone by. The Friends or Quakers may keep up the appearance of it, but it does not obtain in the Christian church or in some of the cults who claim to belong to it. Indeed, among some "on the Road to Wealth," is the war cry with them.

Now we have it as a reproach that mediums accept compensation for their services as mediums. They do, but it is no reproach, as they are obliged to have bread and butter and clothing and shelter like the rest of folks, and if they are to surrender themselves to this work, then they must at least have, as recompense, what will permit them to keep in the body. To talk about mediums making money is pure nonsense, as we are unacquainted with any who are in any sort-rich, or approaching it. We judge, from our knowledge of things, that most of them give of their lives in the way that makes their mission no sinecure. Indeed, from the money side of the question, it is totally discouraging, and no profit to the prophet.

But if the medium is true, he or she is well worth rewarding with money in proper form as a sign of gratitude for service rendered. It would not militate against the message received to think that one with means had given five or ten or twenty dollars to the medium for hearing from the heavenly ones. A lawyer, doctor, minister, or any workman wants this recognition, and we call it pretty close shaving to trim on the part of one receiving good. It would be an act of gratitude and justice to give to the medium for the willingness on his or her part to permit the word to be spoken.

We say, "We would give the world to hear from our unseen friends," and then we fear we have been too generous if we have given a dollar to the medium. A little common sense here sprinkled over our prejudice would make it more palatable. We want mediums to be pure and sweet and enthusiastic, but we don't want them to sit and report from heaven to mean, selfish, miserly people, who wish to drink of the water of life and for the use of a crystal cup would not pay ten cents. This cry is too humorous for anything.

The Literary World.

CONDUCTED BY
LILIAN WHITING.

"The world of books is still the world."

"James Gillespie Blaine."

(Concluded.)

Never was there a more impressive illustration of the truth that we really create our lives than is revealed by a close scrutiny of the entire panorama of the life of Mr. Blaine. His early studies of history and of the forces that determine national progress; his grasp of public questions; his keen and comprehensive methods of thought, his intense energy of purpose, all combined to singularly fit him for one of the most eminent political leaders the world has known. "It was Mr. Blaine's singular good fortune during his whole public life, up to the time when he was a candidate before a national convention, never to have had a contest for a nomination and never to have been in serious danger of defeat at the polls. In the speaker's chair in the Legislature of Maine he showed the quick grasp of public measures, the familiarity with parliamentary law and the ability to dispatch business rapidly which he afterward displayed so conspicuously in the office of Speaker at Washington."

Mr. Stanwood admirably discriminates between the political leader—such as was Mr. Blaine—and the mere party "boss." Whether Mr. Blaine was enabled to carry out personal plans and preferences or not, it "made no difference in the energy which he put into the ensuing campaign. Neither as a political chieftain in Maine, nor in a national canvass, was he ever known to sulk in his tent, however greatly his plans might have been disarranged, no matter how grievous his personal disappointment might have been." In this characteristic, alone, even, is revealed the innate nobleness of Mr. Blaine. He was no selfish egoist, no self-advertising figure whose only ambition was the vulgar one of being in the center of the stage. He was a strong power and he could not but be conscious of his forces. He brought these forces to bear upon the events of the day. He had an almost unrivaled power to shape and, to some extent, to create conditions. If he had personal ambitions, he had at heart, also, public interests and the national welfare; and in the clearer light of retrospective vision the nation cannot but recognize more entirely the royal qualities—the generous nobleness, the princely magnanimity of James G. Blaine. In his "Twenty Years in Congress," Mr. Blaine tells the story of that dramatic period. In March of 1869 he was elected Speaker of the Forty-first Congress, and he was subsequently chosen for the two succeeding sessions. "These six years of his Speakership constituted, in the opinion of his biographer, the happiest period of his life. Mr. Stanwood says: "Perhaps no man ever experienced a prolonged season of uninterrupted and unclouded happiness. But certainly, at no other period of Mr. Blaine's life, were his tastes and wishes and aspirations so nearly satisfied as they were then. He had reached the height of his early ambition, and occupied a station absolutely congenial to him. He could not help being conscious that he discharged the duties of his office with distinction, to the universal acceptance of political friends and foes, and with an easy mastery of the difficulties of the position. His faculty of making friends and of enlisting their services in his behalf had turned the scale in his favor when the Speakership was sought by two men of conspicuous ability; the place itself enlarged his opportunity to extend his acquaintance and to increase his influence over men and upon public affairs. Leadership was a passion with him; the consciousness of power gave him the keenest pleasure, and he was wise enough to retain his power without abusing it."

"Not only as a public man did he have ample reason to be contented with his situation. His home was always a delight to him and at no time was his home life more delightful to him than then. Upon his election as Speaker, he bought a house in Washington. He was then enabled to have his family always with him, and no public cares were permitted to interrupt his close and affectionate companionship with his wife and his interesting family of growing sons and daughters. Nor did he allow those cares to interfere with his abundant hospitality. He knew how to choose guests and to constitute parties made up of persons mutually congenial. His house was a resort of the brilliant men and women of whom so many are attracted to Washington during the sessions of Congress. He enjoyed his social success, but he enjoyed still more entertainment for his own sake, and the society of those whom he could assemble under his roof. He became one of the most popular public men in Washington, and manifestations of the esteem, the admiration and the affection he inspired, of which he was conscious, yet at which he often modestly expressed his wonder, rounded out the happiness and contentment that marked this period of his life beyond all others."

Mr. Stanwood pictures vividly the succeeding periods of Mr. Blaine's public life,—as Senator, as Secretary of State under the Garfield and the Harrison administrations; as candidate, enthusiastically supported, although defeated, for the presidency. Mr. Stanwood thus sums up Mr. Blaine's character:

"Blaine's influence was of a broader and more far-reaching character than can be measured by a consideration of the public acts in which he bore a part. It was an influence upon the general tendency of the political thought of his countrymen. When the time is ripe for the inquiry how the public sentiment of the American people was led to accept joyfully and enthusiastically the functions, duties and obligations resulting from expansions beyond the continental limits, it will be found that the first and strongest impulse in that direction was due to the national self-assertions contained in Mr. Blaine's diplomatic correspondence and action."

This life of Mr. Blaine is published in the second of the "American Statesmen"

series. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.)

The Reviewer.

Personal Influence By William A. Barnes. 5 by 8 in.; 128 pages. Foreign Language Press Co., Boston. Paper, 50 cts.

This is one of those books written to advertise the author and his calling. As such it requires no review. It does quite successfully what it was intended to do.

As It May Be. By Bessie Story Rogers. 5 1/2 by 7 1/2 in.; 83 pages. Richard G. Badger, Boston. Price \$1.00.

This little booklet is the author's contribution to the present day "literature of the future." In it she gives us her idea of what living on this earth will be in the year 2005, ten centuries hence.

The picture drawn is not unpleasing and speaks as much for the heart of the author as for her imagination. All these books of the future are personal ideas, all are more or less impossible. They should all be labeled, "What I would like to see done in certain things."

It is clear that the author is guided by a good heart and that she is a friend of mankind. Mime Inness.

The Past Revealed. By E. C. Gaffield. 5 by 8 in.; 309 pages. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

The author modestly styles himself the recorder of the ideas expressed in this book and dedicates it to "those intelligences who have so graciously assisted me in its production." This stamps the book as the work of a Spiritualist and a medium. That the publishing house should imprint appears upon the title page should have issued such a work, is surely a sign of the times and a most enlightening one.

That spirits can communicate only such messages as the capacity of the communicating medium will permit, seems to be a well established law. It is not unusual to see some medium with powers far too limited for his aspirations, attempting to give utterance to truths whose immensity is utterly beyond him. The result is unfortunate. The agent often is unaware of his deficiencies and struggles under the load. One can but believe, in such cases, that the spirits have mistaken their conduit, which is always a source of regret.

But in the case of this book the author (or recorder) should feel himself complimented. No such error as that alluded to above has occurred. The intelligences are indeed lofty, and they have correctly chosen their medium of communication.

The book is a Spiritualistic exegesis of the Old Testament and as such is worthy of careful study. It is not the work of a novice, as is evident upon every page. Although the flavor of theosophy is not absent, yet the book, to every Spiritualist, carries evidence of the indicia of his faith. The theologians of the future, in their exegetical considerations of the Bible and its more interior significance, can ill afford to disregard such interpretations of its books as are imparted by the scholars on the other side of life.

It was at one time the habit of some of the older Spiritualists to deride the Bible, to look at its pages with a purely material method of interpretation and to ridicule its policy and its allegory. Swedenborg was to them simply an insane man. That there was to this collection of ancient literature a spiritual significance was absurd. We know better now. Now we know that the Spiritualist, through the means he alone possesses, is the only true interpreter of the Bible; that Swedenborg, far from being an insane person, was a mighty seer, with an unusual illumination; that the spiritual significance of the Old Testament as well as the New, is opened only to him who reads it with the eye of the spirit, and that to him who is illumined with the light which shines from the throne into those who are prepared to receive it, the spirit teaches that the Bible is still the Book of Books. It is, indeed, a vastly human book, the greatest human document the world possesses; and it is divine because it is so human; and, as humanity is but one expression of spirit, the real meaning of this mighty book is that which is hidden from the material religionist and revealed only to the spirit. This book, the oldest in the world, can thus, and thus only, explain its persistence through the ages in spite of attacks from all sorts of enemies. Thus only can its mighty, all-pervading, worldwide and age-long influence over humanity be explained. It is the voice of God, just as man is the voice of God, all nature is the voice of God, and the universe itself the voice of God. Mime Inness.

"Tempest in a Teapot."

The High Street (Baptist) Church of Lynn was made to look so vulgar by the current report that it was to have its Sunday School children present a burlesque on the Roosevelt-Longworth nuptials, that we are glad to publish the facts as furnished by the pastor:

"The entertainment is in no sense a 'mock-Roosevelt wedding.' It is not an imitation, or burlesque, or travesty of that event. It is a reproduction of the familiar children's entertainment, 'The Tom Thumb Wedding,' published nearly twenty years ago by Walter Baker & Company of Boston, and used since that time by the children of thousands of Sunday schools all over the United States. It has been given several times recently in Lynn and has met the approval of the large audiences who witnessed it."

"In this entertainment, the committee, perhaps unwisely, proposed to substitute for the names Tom Thumb and Jennie June, those of Nicholas and Alice, but aside from this one thing nothing was planned that could suggest the Washington wedding in any detail, costumes, features, names, service or otherwise."

"Slight as could be the influence of a children's entertainment on the great subject of marriage, this influence is said by those who have seen it to be beneficial, emphasizing the beauty and importance of marriage."

phasizing the beauty and importance of marriage.

The N. S. A. committee appointed to prepare a plan to secure and apply a fund for erecting temples throughout the United States, is working on the plan of an incorporated auxiliary society to handle the funds. This seems to be in the right direction to secure confidence and activity. If each Spiritualist would pay one dollar per year there could soon be erected a temple in each locality. And with a temple home each society would have an esprit heretofore unknown. Holding meetings in halls, with only temporary use, is not so conducive of growth as would be the case if the society were domiciled in its own home and could hold meetings at will. All earnest Spiritualists should aid such a worthy enterprise as the one proposed by the N. S. A.

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THE VILLAGE CONVICT'S RETURN.

Salvadora.

(Written for Banner of Light.)

FOR RECITATION.

It was Bill Brach, Jim Wiltshire's cousin, who spoke out and plainly said: "I am asking for the Vengeance, which my Friendship owes the Dead. Society should help no man, or raise him up again."

If he's served within a prison cell, or wore a felon's chain.

No matter what the Scriptures say: when a man makes his mistake.

That man should be shut out from man, henceforth, for Virtue's sake.

Though a man has served his sentence, the sentence is no pretext

Why the man should be forgiven, in this world or in the next."

Tom York, the Convict answered: "Bill, I was falsely guided by my Soul:

For the Love I had for my Susan hurried Reason beyond control.

If I hadn't loved so deeply I should never have got so mad;

Love, you know, lifts some to Heaven, and some it sinks to the Bad.

I'm back to the dear old village, Bill, for I've served out my sentenced time;

You all know I shot Jim Wiltshire, thirty years ago in my prime;

For I caught Jim courting my Susan, so—I—shot him through the head;

I'm not a man to be trifled with—so I shot him—shot him dead!"

Yes, I shot poor Jim for Susan's sake, and told her so in a note;

And I covered Jim's body with Roses, and laid him out in my Sunday coat."

Then Dick Cerus, the Hicksite Quaker, who had heard the Convict's plea,

Cried: "Why the Quaker freed the Negro convicts, and the Quaker can save thee!"

When Society gets so social it can't redeem its social wrecks,

It's because there are Christless Captains pacing its social look-out decks."

"O, I repented after I shot him," the Convict rambled on, "and I fixed out his feet;

I closed his eyes with tears, and covered the corpse with a clean white sheet.

Then for years I prayed on my bended knees, to the God of all Convict men,

To have mercy on those whose honest love had landed them in the pen.

Ah! I used to see Jim's spirit, as it came to me in the night;

My pulses would gallop like horses, and my hair would stand up in fright;

I would hear Jim's voice whisper to me, as if it came from the ground:

"I was guilty in courting Susan," and his voice had a dying sound.

Then my legs would totter beneath me, and I'd stand paralyzed with fear

Until I'd hear a rooster crow, when the spirit would disappear.

Yet it's only a few years longer, and I'll be with my Susan and Jim;

I'm the sheep that strayed on the hills away, as they say in the Sunday hymn.

One night in jail came Susan's voice, in a lonely, pitiful cry:

"I was guilty in courting Jim," she said, as her voice melted into the sky.

For they tell me poor Susan consumed, soon after I entered the pen;

That she's doing her time in Heaven, where I hope to meet her again.

My sympathy for them both got bigger, by the agony I've passed through,

And my tears come quicker, and faster, than they ever used to do."

Then the Hicksite, whole-souled Quaker said: "Come and forget thy crime,

For here is work and money, and an easier, happier time."

I have seen thy Soul's salvation in the flowing of thy tears,

Try and forget thy tragedy, and bury it with the years.

Thy heart's been burdened with Sorrow, as the skies are filled with rain;

For thy Soul's been drinking Wormwood, and is purified by pain."

So Dick Cerus, the white-haired Hicksite, kindly put his arm around the man,

As he led him away to his Quaker home, and his tears in torrents ran.

"Here's one o' God's children," he smiled to his wife and daughter "Beck."

As the sweet child ran to the Convict, with her arms about his neck.

"Whilst mother is peeling apples, try to make thyself at home;

Childhood's heart is like a streamlet, it must have its field to roam.

Her inner light is brighter than the outer light of the book,

As the mountain stream is sweeter than the muddy flow of the brook.

Aye, within the outer light of all things, is the inner light that dwells,

And flames in the fields of clover, and the stems of the daffodils.

Those who follow outside lights seem to get nowhere at all.

Though my cow knoweth her pasture, and the horse he knoweth his stall.

And though Society, afore it takes thee, wants to know just who ye are,

The Hicksite seeks the fallen as his bright, particular star."

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 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.

Congratulations to Ralph Waldo Trine.
In Ralph Waldo Trine, Jr., he has cause to
add another bar to the remarkable inspira-
tion of his "In Tune with the Infinite."

We sincerely hope for rapid recuperation
for the Rev. Minot J. Savage, who, we are
informed has gone to California for "much
needed rest." They tell us he is sixty-three
years old. Why that is no explanation, to
a man of his spirit sixty-three years barely
bring him middle life—more likely he has
been pulling the load and the rest of the
team too often.

Theodore Roosevelt to John Mitchell:
"A strike such as is threatened on April 1st
is a menace to the peace and general well-
fare of the country. I urge you to make a
further effort to avoid such a calamity."

John Mitchell's reply to Theodore Roose-
velt and the world:—A call for another con-
ference to this end.

Mitchell has a difficult problem without
a doubt. May President Roosevelt's kind
services serve.

With testimony unanimous as to the
Congo atrocities and Secretary Root's
declaration that the United States has no
right to interfere with the governing of the
Congo, the world does not seem so near.

An awakened humanity generally finds a
way. The earnest work of the Congo Re-
form Association will crack this nut yet, if
technicalities are all that stand as guard
against the demand for Justice, Liberty and
Humanity.

Football at the universities has received
its call-down. It is to rusticate a while,
and if permitted to come back, it will have
to assume a little of the virtue of fairness
and civilization, and have a touch of the
student about it, which is decent.

The women and children on board the
Valencia, wrecked on the rocks of Van-
couver, were not saved. Forty males were.

The owner and manager of the Iroquois
Theatre, Chicago, after two years, are to
be brought to trial for involuntary man-
slaughter. Shakespeare spoke of the law's
delays, for the rich man it still delays, but
if justice is now done no one will begrudge
the time.

Dublin seems as though it might have a
parliament of its own in the near future.
It would be for home rule, and no more
antagonistic, necessarily to London, than
Boston is to Washington.

Purified by fire, was a sad lesson for Rut-
land, Vt., as it is for any city, but it rises
to the occasion, and is preparing to rebuild
with modern improvements.

In eight years the Standard Oil Com-
pany has paid to its shareholders \$332,000-
000, or more than thrice the par value of
its capital. Poor things!

Whittier—The People's Poet.

The name of John Greenleaf-Whittier
is very dear to the people of New Eng-
land. He is the poet who represents New
England life as Burns pictured and glorified
the common life of Scotland. The man
who does this is the friend of the people,
and he becomes very dear to them. He
has helped out the dignity of man with
the charm of manhood. He has made the
every-day life divine, and he has given all
that was sacred to Palestine to our own
soil. This is one of the blessings that the
Quaker poet has conferred upon us.

The fact that he was a Friend or Quaker
is striking, because they have eliminated
the frills and pomp of life from their liv-
ing as far as possible. One good thing is
that nature puts a limit to this process
and insists on the original composition of
man as holding for all good uses. Man
was made to have the full, free play of his
powers, and he cannot be denied them in
any particular for any length of time. The
boy heard the birds and they pleased him,
and the breeze and the brook, but a copy
of the songs of Burns coming into his
hands, his heart took fire and had to sing.

The Quaker home of Haverhill was not
so bad after all. It was that of the farmer
with straightened means, but there was a
noble, religious spirit—narrow indeed, but
sincere and intense. And there was moral
purpose.

And so Whittier became the prophet of
the anti-slavery cause. In this field his in-
fluence was great. He was strong as the
Hebrew bards in his indignation at un-
righteousness. He could rouse to service,
he could sustain and cheer the workers of
those times. The sword of the spirit did
powerful work for justice in our poet. Dis-
tinctly he will be remembered for this,
though only a few of the songs may en-
dure as they were written for the occasions
without any care as to polish and finish.
He was in dead earnest and had no time
for other than the plain truth. And the
ruggedness and unsparing fierceness of
speech are the things we admire.

We like to draw attention to our sing-
ers because they meet our needs on so
many sides, and Whittier might be called
the poet of the Future Life. He came to
his faith in immortality by the sea. It
was the inheritance of the ages, and it was
the beautiful word of the New Testament.

Whittier had a growing mind, not speedy,
and it did not spread out in many direc-
tions, but it grew to tolerance and love of
other than Quakerism. He came to Uni-
versalism in the Two Angels, and his peo-
ple were not slow to see it and bring him
to account. This was one of the best
things they could possibly have done. It
brought out his reply to The Eternal Good-
ness, one of the finest things in literature.
It is worth reading many times. And in
it we have his expression of faith concern-
ing immortality. We all know the lines:

"I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

"And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break.
But strengthen and sustain.

"And so, beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore."

This is the modern note of trust in the
Cosmic power, the sense that life is for joy
and right and blessedness. It is a grand
thing that he has voiced this, for it is com-
fort and strength to tens of thousands, and
fills the mind with beatific visions, that
seem like music for the days and the years.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fringed palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Medical Legislation in Massachu- setts.

Its History as Bearing on House Bills,
Nos. 882 and 883 for 1906.

If Medicine were an exact science, the ef-
forts of certain interested physicians to nar-
row the limits of its practice within hard
and fast lines might be excusable.

As no one, even the most bigoted of its
votaries, has ever claimed it to be an exact
science, the efforts of legislation in this
state to keep its growth within the limits,
practically, of the so-called Old School, is
worse than wrong; it is a blunder.

Medicine, as ordinarily practiced by the
dominant seat of doctors, is a series of ex-
periments,—laymen would call them
guesses,—from which, from time to time,
changes in treatment are introduced.

These changes are supposed to be for
the better. That they sometimes are not
and that the science advances from blunder
to blunder, at the expense of the patients,
is too patent to require elucidation.

That in the nineteenth and twentieth cen-
turies the so-called quacks have taught the
"regulars" some things which they did not
know, is proven by the fact that many
things now regarded with favor in the pro-
fession were not recognized at all a few
years ago. The little doses of the Homeo-
paths were the laughing stock of the Regu-
lars within the memory of men still young;
the drugs the Homeopaths gave were re-
garded as quack's stuff, but are now regu-
larly prescribed; massage once dubbed
"rubbing," is now in good and regular
standing. Mesmerism was relegated to the
use of quacks only, but, dignified under the
name of hypnosis, it is now not only re-
spectable, but is used by those regulars who
know enough to use it; and so the list goes
on and on almost ad infinitum.

There is scarcely a drug or a method of
practice "in good form" a hundred years
ago, which is not now wholly or partially
discarded. Bleeding, which, among other
victim, claimed the Father of his country,
is now a barbarity.

All this, the Regulars claim, is evidence
of the progress of the profession. True,
it is. The profession needs it. But as the
path of the profession lies over a road
paved with the skulls of its victims, it seems
peculiarly impudent that that school which
has been capable of learning only through
its blunders, should seek legislation which
attempts to condemn the whole body polit-
ic to pay the cost of its instruction. The
Legislature is elected to safeguard the
rights of the people, not to compel the peo-
ple to commit crime in order to escape be-
ing the victims of a confessedly ignorant,
blundering body of experimenters.

In 1894 a doctor out of practice in every-
thing but political manipulation, sat in our
Legislature. His legislative life was about
to expire. The need of a positive emolu-
ment was becoming painful. Nothing in
sight furnished the desired emolument.
Something must be created. And a crea-
tor he became. The Massachusetts Board
of Registration in Medicine" was the re-
sult; and the legislative medico-politician
became its guiding spirit and secretary.
The problem was solved.

In order to pass this legislation so for-
eign to the spirit of freedom, it was neces-
sary to rush it through one branch at least
of the Legislature during the absence of its
leading opponent. Such legislation shuns
honest and honorable methods.

The act of 1894, the first medical regis-
tration act, was bitterly opposed by many,
was favored by very few (but that few were
very active), and was regarded as of very
doubtful expediency by the great body of
regular physicians. To overcome the opo-
sition of the doctors who were established
practitioners, for the sum of one dollar
only, registration was granted to two
classes: First, every "graduate of a legally
chartered medical college or university hav-
ing power to confer degrees in medicine";
and second, "Every person who had been
a practitioner of medicine in this Com-
monwealth continuously for a period of
three years next prior to the passage of
the act."

Under this act the only crime was adver-
tising or holding one's self out as a physi-
cian or surgeon by using the letters "M.
D." or the title of "doctor." The practicing
was not a crime. It was advertising or
holding one's self out by using the letters
M. D. or the word doctor.

It is worthy of note, also that under this
act, the veriest "quack" on earth could prac-
tice medicine, and was even entitled to regis-
tration, as one of the truly good, pro-
vided he had been a "quack" for three years
next preceding the passage of the act.
Section 3 gave the power to register an old
"quack," and the new quack under this act
might practice upon the people, provided
he did not call himself a Doctor or an
M. D.

The first tightening of the screws oc-
curred in 1895. The law had been in force
one year. The secretary had secured his
position and his chair had grown warm.
The innocuous bill of 1894 had accom-
plished its purpose, viz.: to give the secre-
tary a job. Now he began to accomplish
his purpose, viz.: to drive out of practice
everybody who did not believe as he did
as to the practice of medicine.

Apparently the change made by the act
of 1895 was merely changing "appending"
to "appends." It was much more. It was
a simple change, but its ingenuity was
noteworthy.

By the act of 1895, the holding one's self
out as a physician or surgeon by any
method, whatever became a crime and the
using the letters M. D. or the word doctor
became also a crime, whether the use
was made to hold one's self out or not.
Under it anyone could be convicted if he
said to a neighbor, "I can cure you," and
any physician, retired from practice and re-
fusing to act in any case or to answer
any call, could be convicted because he was
called doctor or signed his name as an
M. D. to a private letter.

By a slight change in phraseology an act
in 1896 cut off all three-year practitioners
and all graduates of medical colleges. Un-
der the act of 1894 you will remember two
classes were exempt from examination,

graduates and three-year-olds. By this act
(1896) to escape examination one must be
both a graduate and a ten-year-old.

Thus the law stood until 1901. Then the
whole trap was sprung and for the first
time it became a crime to "practice or
attempt to practice medicine in any of its
branches. The mask was off. The day
of the "regular" blunderer had come in.
The examination, too, which by the act of
1894 was to be of an "elementary and
practical character" and "sufficiently strict
to test the qualifications of the candidate
as a practitioner of medicine," had in 1901
become "scientific and practical" and "suf-
ficiently thorough to test the applicant's
fitness to practice medicine." In the one
case (1894) his qualifications were tested,
but in 1901 his "fitness" was required and
"fitness" presupposes the Board must de-
cide if he is fit, no matter what his qualifi-
cations are.

But the worst piece of deceit about the
whole thing is the proviso which appears
in Section 4 of the act of 1901, which ap-
parently exempts these who do not "prac-
tice healing" by the "regular" methods. In
the early act this proviso was harmless.

But in the later acts it became a piece
of deception, because it appeared to ex-
empt the irregulars from the now more
stringent act, while as a matter of fact it
did not.

In plain English, the act says, "You are
exempted from this act, provided you do
not violate it." This statement exposes the
deception which the involved legal language
of the statute conceals.

In fact, the only-good Harvey has ad-
mitted the inefficacy of this exception to
except.

Thus stood the law when the codifica-
tion of our statutes resulted in the book
called "The Revised Laws of Massachu-
setts," and thus it stands today.

And now two new bills seek to narrow
still further the limits on the practice of
medicine in our State. They are known as
House Bills, Nos. 882 and 883.

By 882 the practice of medicine is so de-
fined that if one rubs a friend's head to
cure the headache, and is given a grateful
cigar therefor, he becomes at once liable
to a fine of not less than \$100 or impris-
onment for three months, or both!

By 883 no one who is not "a graduate
of a Medical College in good standing as
may be determined by the Board," can be
registered!

Thus does the Board, having made itself
the means of booming the practice of the
"Regulars," now takes on a new duty and
booms such medical colleges as it may de-
termine.

Truly has Massachusetts by its Commis-
sions become a laughing stock.

For all this wickedness under the name
of reform the salary of the Secretary, which
was \$10 per day with but three meetings a
year has now grown to \$2500 per year; and
his last annual report asks for more. Shall
he be dubbed the Torquemada of his pro-
fession, or is it more fitting to style him
the Oliver Twist of Medicine?

If the reader has followed us, he has found
a definite purpose running through this
legislation on the subject of medical prac-
tice. What seemed in the beginning only
an attempt to control the use of the title
"M. D." or "Dr.," so that wherever found
it should mean that the one using it was
committed to the use of drugs, as pre-
scribed by the allopathic schools of medi-
cine, was really the beginning of a move-
ment toward complete monopoly of the
healing art.

The proposed bill for 1906 makes this
plain. It reads: "Any person shall be re-
garded as practicing medicine who is en-
gaged in the work of treating and attempt-
ing to cure disease whether by the use of
drugs or otherwise."

Now it is an incontrovertible fact that,
after all the means known to the M. D.
have failed, and these same authorities (?)
on healing, who have the audacity to pre-
sent such legislation as this asked for in
bill 882, have pronounced the patient "be-
yond help" and "further treatment useless,"
after they have reckoned the patient as
beyond the reach of their skill, then, again
and again, these very means of healing, that
this bill, added to the present law would
make a crime, if practiced, have prevailed,
—and what they have pronounced "incura-
ble," Spirit Healing, by clairvoyance or
Mental Treatment or Christian Science, has
cured, and the cured continue for years as
living witnesses to the fallibility of the M.
D. (who seeks by this bill to have the ex-
clusive right to heal in Massachusetts),—
and also witnesses to means, beyond the M.
D., that do heal.

We cannot believe that the Legislature of
1906 will put itself on record as limiting
the citizens of this Commonwealth in their
right to seek such aid for healing as in
their own judgment seems best.

If we had not witnessed the carelessness
with which committees have considered
other bills, we would not believe it possi-
ble that such a bill could live beyond the
Committee.

We trust sufficient care will be given to
this bill by the Committee of 1906 to pre-
vent its getting beyond it, but if it should

be allowed to pass on for consideration in
the House, every Representative must be so
enlightened on the measure that he will be
obliged to act knowingly.
Reader, what can you do?

Bill Relative to Licensing Clair- voyants.

Tuesday, March 6, 10.30 a. m., in Pro-
bate and Chancery Committee Room, at
the State House, Massachusetts puts her
legislative machinery at work on the propo-
sition to compel all clairvoyants, mediums,
astrologers, etc., to buy a license before
engaging in work along their respective
lines. House Bill No. 801 provides for this
measure and is to be heard at the time and
place named above.

As Mr. George A. Fuller, as President of
the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association,
has been furnished by this Association to
lead the opposition to the measure, we
would suggest that anyone wishing to speak
against the measure furnish Dr. Fuller with
his name, so that the work of opposi-
tion may go on orderly and with more
telling effect than would be the case did
every one work by himself. It is to be
hoped that the desire to be heard person-
ally will not permit anyone to crowd for
this privilege, but rather leave it to Dr.
Fuller as leader to make his own choice
of speakers and apportion the time. We
understand that stirring Spiritualist, Mayor
Thompson of New Bedford, has volun-
teered his services on this work.

Let every one interested go calmly and
steadily to the hearing, determined to be
the best appearing representative of his re-
ligion it is possible for him to be. Then if
called upon to give his argument against
the measure, do so without abuse or bit-
ter words against anyone or any body; if
he finds to keep from discussion himself
appears to be of more use, refrain, and help
those giving the argument, by careful at-
tention and well-centered thought.

Now is the time to resist this attempt
while it is green—no one can tell what labor
may be necessary to remove it if once it
becomes a law.

Belief in Spiritualism Not Evidence of Insanity. — A Court Ruling.

The contest by the relatives of the late
Mrs. Elizabeth S. Cundy of this city, for
her little estate of some \$6,000, seems to
deserve more than passing notice by the
ruling of Judge Grant, with reference to
Mrs. Cundy's belief in Spiritualism.

The contestants of the will seem confined
to two sisters, Caroline G. White and
Amanda O. Simes, also of this city.

For so long has it been safe to argue in
these cases that a Spiritualist, by virtue of
his faith, is "of unsound mind," that these
worthy ladies seemed willing to place their
deceased sister on record as being "irre-
sponsible," and to this end proceeded to
disport themselves with testimony to the
effect that their sister had visits from her
deceased father and mother. And that the
spirit of her husband came and talked with
her, the language of the communication be-
ing sworn to in some cases.

It is to be hoped that the willingness of
these ladies to write, their sister down as
"unbalanced" was born of their fine sense
of justice rather than an inordinate desire
for the \$6,000. Be that as it may, after the
attempt had been made and her visions and
communication had been thrown into the court
records, Judge Grant, before whom the
will was being contested, took a hand.

Judge Grant held that
"The fact that the deceased believed in
Spiritualism is not ground for disallowing
her will."

"Many persons who believe in Spiritual-
ism are perfectly sane."

"From the evidence it appears that Mrs.
Cundy was of a determined character and
had been perfectly capable of managing her
own estate, and it appears that she had suf-
ficient mental capacity to dispose of her
property by will as she saw fit."

He allowed the will.

A few decisions without reference to the
approval or disapproval of orthodox com-
munities, and interested relatives, will do
much toward breaking the bigoted ruling
of some years back that held, "The fact of
a person holding to a belief in Spiritualism
is prima facie evidence of insanity." Now
that the force of this precedent is again
broken, such undignified narrowness ought
never again to be exhibited by a Massa-
chusetts court.

The broader minded for many years have
smarted under the humiliation of this par-
tisan ruling and they should salute with
gratitude Judge Grant, whose broader in-
terpretation will go far toward wiping out
this disgrace for broader Massachusetts.

True Indeed.

You are responsible, to a great extent,
for the success or the non-success of your
sitting. You may put up a barrier that will
prevent any medium from penetrating your
aura. Therefore go to a medium with an
open receptive feeling, praying for the best,
and you will be more likely of success.

Sunflower.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

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

MRS. SARAH POTTER ANDREWS.

Mrs. Sarah Potter Andrews, on the morning of February the nineteenth passed suddenly to the spiritual world. She was about seventy-five years of age, and as young woman, wife, mother, neighbor and friend endeared herself to all who knew her, by her highly valued deeds. Her husband, Mr. Francis M. Andrews, had taken his journey a few years before to the spirit land. Three children survive her, two sons and a daughter, well-known to all Banner readers, Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock, who for years has been a true and faithful worker for the cause of Spiritualism.

The funeral services were held at Mrs. Andrews' late residence, 27 Atlantic avenue, Providence, R. I., Thursday morning, February twenty-second, and were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Selleck of the Universalist Church of that city and the Rev. F. A. Wiggins, pastor of Unity Church, Boston. Three selections of songs were most feelingly and artistically rendered. The floral contributions were numerous and were but highly fitting symbols of Mrs. Andrews' life. A good woman has gone to her spirit-home. The world is better and brighter because she has lived in it.

F. A. Wiggins.

In Memory of Rebecca Reed.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dear Sir—Noticing in your issue dated Feb. 24, a kindly mention of that noble woman and devoted philanthropist, Mrs. Gideon Reed, who passed from her mortal body Feb. 20, I trust you will permit me as an old friend of our ardent sister and one who received through a series of years many distinguished kindnesses at her generous hands, to offer publicly through your columns a word of heartfelt tribute.

In the very early days of my public work in Boston when I daringly assumed the entire responsibility for a large and onerous work, involving the renting of Berkeley Hall for regular Sunday meetings and a large house on Pembroke street for all sorts of work connected with the society, I had succeeded in calling together, Mr. and Mrs. Reed were among my first—most liberal and most constant friends and helpers. When good Mr. Reed was called away from his earthly tenement, and it was my high privilege, though sad duty, to officiate at funeral rites, I found in his equally benevolent widow a friend to whom for many years I was expected to look for help of every kind in the conduct of the arduous mission it has been my life work to fulfill. Mrs. Reed's kindly presence and substantial financial aid constituted a large factor in the success of the continuous work in which I was engaged in Boston for many succeeding years and to her I owe a deep debt of gratitude for timely aid in publishing many of the books which have made my reputation as an author. In the beautiful home, 10 Boylston street, Jamaica Plain, I was always a welcome and honored guest, and many are the pleasant functions I have discharged within its walls. After my world-wide travels, on a return to Boston it was always a rare privilege to go to visit dear, faithful Mrs. Reed until the very last visit I made, when the noble spirit had so nearly left the body that she had ceased to receive her friends. When filling an engagement in Cleveland I received several telegrams from a trusty friend of our kind sister, urging me to come to Boston to conduct the funeral service. To my deep regret, owing to distance, the imperative nature of my public work with a society which had announced my lectures very extensively, and the very short interval which elapsed between transition and burial, I was most reluctantly compelled to decline the honor. At the ripe age of (I believe) eighty-six years, this venerable philanthropic woman passed to rejoin a host of friends and benefactors in the spiritual spheres. Truly can we say farewell to our beloved translated sister who has left behind her friends innumerable to mourn her earthly absence, but has gone on to a larger life and fuller freedom in the Great Beyond. Mrs. Reed was a true Spiritualist, and one who never disguised her faith or faltered in her allegiance to whatever to her was truth.

W. J. Colville.

William R. McGlenn, Treasurer of Parkland Heights Spiritualist Association, Pa.

At the regular monthly meeting of Parkland Heights Spiritualists' Home and Campmeeting Association held in Philadelphia last Saturday evening, at the residence of Mrs. Augusta C. Volk, 1513 N. 6th Street, the following resolutions were offered by the Secretary and unanimously adopted by the society in recognition of the high esteem in which we held our ardent friend:

MEMORIAL.

In the passing to the higher life on the first day of February, A. D., 1906, of our dear friend and coworker, William R. McGlenn, Treasurer of Parkland Heights Spiritualists' Home and Campmeeting Association, the officers and members feel that

the Society has sustained a great loss. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we unite in expressing our appreciation of the true worth of this good and noble man, who was so faithful in the discharge of his official duties.

Resolved, That we are deeply grieved that we shall no more have amongst us his mortal presence to help, sustain and encourage in the great work we have undertaken of building up a campmeeting at Parkland, Pa., a work in which he was among the first to join with heart and hand.

Resolved, While recognizing the fact that he will be sadly missed in many ways in many places, we realize that the saddest loss of all is felt in his home. Therefore be it

Resolved, That our love and sympathy be tendered to his bereaved family, and may they be sustained by the higher influences through this trying ordeal; and have the cheering realization of his continued companionship.

Resolved, That we can honor the memory of our ardent friend and coworker in no better way than by striving to exemplify in our own lives the principles of Spiritualism—the religion of Humanity—through the recognition of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man; that we consecrate our lives to the upbuilding of Parkland, that it may become a centre of high spiritual thought that shall radiate its Light of Truth far and near; that in this work we shall continue to have the co-operation of our ardent brother. Be it also

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the spiritual press. Also, that two copies be framed in oak, one to be given to his dear wife, Ida V. McGlenn, the other hung upon the wall at the place of our public services.

Elizabeth M. Fish, sec.

Floral Heights, Parkland Eden P. O., Pa.

An Evening at Waverley.

Waverley Home, Feb. 20, 1906.

A party of enthusiastic Spiritualists and friends, numbering some thirty or more, from Waltham and vicinity, made a sudden descent upon the Home, and took possession of it for the entire evening; each member entered the Home with smiles and words of good cheer, they also bore packages of all kinds of goodies in their hands, and none of them seemed to be the least worried over our boycott in China or as to whether we are to have a "lock" or "sea level" canal in Panama or no; even the "Weather Man" contributed to our pleasure by giving us a warm and beautiful evening. Through the activity of Mrs. Swan, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Field and Mrs. Morton, entertainment committee, tables were brought in and a bountiful supper was partaken of by all, after which speaking, singing and dancing followed in succession until some one shouted, "Just eight minutes to catch the last car," and so one more happy evening is registered in our memory. I would that there were more.

J. H. Lewis.

Notes from Cleveland, Ohio.

W. J. Colville has been lecturing during February to large and appreciative audiences in the Spiritualist Temple, Fullerton avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. The attendance has steadily increased from the opening occasion, Feb. 4, and now that farewell lectures are being given, almost every chair in the large auditorium is occupied at the evening functions. Washington's Birthday was very finely celebrated. Mr. Colville lectured at three and eight p. m. Supper was served to crowded tables in the Lyceum room at six p. m. Mr. Sollinger (Secretary of the Ohio State Association) gave a very fine address in German at 7.30 p. m. Beautiful flowers adorned the platform. Weather was propitious, and everyone seemed to heartily enjoy the patriotic festival. Mrs. Prindle (Secretary of the Society) has been indefatigable in her constant efforts to make the meetings a success. A large company of ladies are working industriously for a bazaar to be held a few weeks hence, when a fine variety of useful articles will be on sale to reduce the debt on the building, which is happily growing rapidly less. Owing to co-operative arrangements between the Temple Committee and the lecturer, Mr. Colville's visit has been a means of adding a substantial sum to the treasury. A valued member of the congregation, Mr. Cooper of 82 Yonge street, passed recently to spirit-life at seventy-one years of age. W. J. Colville conducted the service of memorial on Tuesday, Feb. 20, in the presence of the large surviving family and a host of sympathizing friends. Mr. Cooper was widely known and highly esteemed as a man of spotless integrity and of very kindly nature; he was a true Spiritualist and liberal in all his views, winning thereby the respect and esteem of all who knew him. During March the Temple will be served by Mr. and Mrs. Kates.

An Easy Way to Make Money.

I resolved New Year's that I would turn over a new leaf and do all in my power to assist others, and write you my experience, hoping many may be benefited as I have been. I have made \$380 in 80 days, selling dishwashers. I did my housework at the same time. I do not canvass, people come or send for the dishwashers. They're lovely to sell. The machine washes and dries the dishes perfectly in three minutes, without putting the hands in water. Every lady who sees it wants one, as they only cost \$5.00. I think any person can do as well as I have. Write to the Mound City Dishwasher Co., St. Louis, Mo., Department 61, and they will give you instructions and start you in the business. Dishwashers sell to everybody—dishes must be washed three times a day. It will not be long before dishwashers are more numerous than sewing machines, as they are cheaper and used so much more frequently.

Mrs. W. B.

"What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me."

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The New Thought Convention.

Boston, Feb. 22 and 23.

The convention held by our New Thought friends was a great success in every way, if we are to judge by the large numbers attending, the spirit exhibited by the teachers and the audiences. On Feb. 22 two sessions were held, morning and afternoon, with a reception in the beautiful rooms of the Metaphysical Club in Huntington Chambers, in the evening. On Feb. 23, afternoon and evening sessions in Chickering Hall.

Among those noted at the reception were distinguished guests from New York, Philadelphia, Indianapolis, Washington, Minneapolis, Providence and other cities. Added to the earnest men and women in Boston, who are devoting their lives to the study, practice and teaching of New Thought principles, were several clergymen in denominational lines who openly manifested their sympathy and co-operation with the New Thought workers.

One of the most successful workers on the line of healing is Mr. M. Woodbury Sawyer, President of Boston's Metaphysical Club. We have invited him to give a word on the New Thought movement and the work of the convention for the "Banner" columns: this he has kindly done as follows:

"What does the New Thought stand for?" First and foremost the New Thought movement stands for the reiteration of those principles taught and practiced by Jesus the Christ. That "new commandment" which He gave to the world, "that ye love one another," is the fundamental basis of our teaching. Upon this law of love we found our principles of the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man. We believe that we are—even now, spiritual beings, even though clothed in a fleshly tabernacle; that we are spirit, since there is but one spirit, and "we are His offspring." We teach that divinity lies enfolded within every child of earth—so-called—no matter how crude the present spiritual manifestation may be; and that, sometime, somewhere, that perfect pattern which was in the mind of God when He said, "Let us make man in our own image," will be unfolded and that image stand forth complete. We believe that sovereign power and love direct each craft set afloat upon life's turbulent sea, and that every wind and wave, every cloud and storm, all brilliant sunlight and dense shadow, alike work out the safe passage of the voyager, and that all "shall arrive" at the desired haven.

Another special teaching is that, since Christ is our great exemplar, and since he went about doing good, preaching deliverance to the captive (in all forms of captivity), and healing all manner of diseases; teaching and commanding His disciples to do the same, both in connection with His own work, and to continue the same after He had been "lifted up," that we are fulfilling His commandment when we work "in His Name" to these same ends.

We place great emphasis upon the power of thought, believing, yes, knowing, that thought is creative. That "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." No one can closely observe the faces and demeanor of those with whom he is brought in contact without realizing the truth of this statement.

These, in brief, are some of the salient features of New Thought teaching. We do not claim that these thoughts, or principles, are new, but that, during recent years, there has been an awakening as to their value, and an earnest attempt to make a new, practical application of them.

To attempt, in this hasty review of our recent Convention, to give an adequate idea of the work done in those two days would be impracticable. We may truthfully state, however, that each of the four sessions held was full of interest, not one dull hour passed. The number of speakers, from our own field in Boston, and from many other cities, who promptly responded to the invitation to be present and address the Convention, was so great that it became necessary to limit each speaker to twelve or fifteen minutes. Thus great diversity was achieved. Charles Brodie Patterson, of New York, editor of "Mind," was chairman of the Convention Committee. Dr. J. W. Winkley, of Boston, editor of the New England New Thought Magazine, "Practical Ideals," was assistant chairman. Mr. Henry Wood, who is pre-eminently the author and prophet of New Thought teaching, spoke most effectively upon "The Present Transition of Thought." The speakers, both men and women, each came with a distinctive message, and delivered it with such spirit and originality as to form a very completely rounded course of instruction upon New Thought aims and achievements. Various resident musicians

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contributed their aid to the enjoyment of all.

The result of the Convention was the organization of what has been named "The New Thought Metaphysical Alliance." Rev. Heber Newton, of New York, was elected President of this Alliance. It is proposed to hold conventions in different cities of our country each year. All who are in sympathy with the movement are eligible to membership on the payment of one dollar. Literature upon these lines will be forwarded to members from time to time.

M. Woodbury Sawyer.

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Is a wonderful book, being the personal experiences of a man whose dead sweetheart, after appearing to him many times, eventually materialized and through trance mediumship, lay him out late a hypnotic trance by spirit mediums, and held in that position for ten days, which time he spent with her in the celestial spheres, and then returned to earth with perfect recollection of what he saw and heard in that realm of the so-called dead. He tells the wonderful story in his life and who gives it to the world in this best style. This is the first book of the kind ever known, and is a most interesting and valuable work. This book has a brilliant introduction by that distinguished president, Rev. H. P. Thompson, D. D., president of the American Congress of Liberal Religion, who gives the weight of his high qualified endorsement. He says: "This beautiful book will give us an insight into the world of the dead, and will be a great help to the living. The new edition has a full page photo of the beautiful Pearl, from a spirit portrait obtained through the mediumship of the Bland Sisters in the presence of Dr. Bland and his wife." This book is best sold through the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOK STORE, 204 Dartmouth Street, Boston.

Our Game Circle.

MINNIE HENRY SOULE.

THE UNKNOWN CITY.

There is a city, somewhere out of ken,
Where dwell our loved ones. Silently
they fare
Over the river to the fields of air,
And we may never speak them here again.
But, oh! how dear they make that other
where.

That Unknown City, to the hearts of men!
James Buckham.

He of Patmos saw the sight
Of the city built by God,
Where, in glory of delight,
Souls the ways of beauty trod;
There was day and only day,
With no need of star or sun,
Death and pain had passed away,
Victory of Life was won!

There were heroes of old times,
Who for faith had bled and died;
They had suffered for men's crimes,
Hunted, been and crucified;
These in triumph homeward came,
Like the soldier saints of old,
Passing from the sword and flame
To the city built of gold!

Not a sorrow there was known,
No remembrance there of pain,
Life in beauty's self was shown,
So forever to remain;
Joy was like a river strong,
Hope was summer in its sweep,
Faith was one unceasing song,
Past the shadow of our sleep!

So the heart for ages dreamed,
Held to purpose high and great,
All of blessedness it seemed—
Thus to conquer fear and fate;
Still the dreaming is of man,
Hoping, somehow to be shown,
How in God's majestic plan,
It no longer be unknown!

Hints are given full and free,
Signs to us are often sent,
They with us must surely be,
Giving power, peace, content;
They are not so far away,
But like breath of roses fair,
In the burning heat of day,
Perfumed breezes cool our care!

And the heart itself can feel,
More than speech of ours can tell,
How through silent spaces steal
Evidence that all is well;
They are with us for the fight,
This as truth is ever shown;
All about us built of light,
Is the city called Unknown!

William Brunton.

A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.

GIVE THE SPIRIT A CHANCE TO EXPRESS.

Hidden away in an old, old farmhouse, in the year 1824, was a tall, shy boy of seventeen years. Not an awkward youth, but a lad of grace and fine perceptions, whose brilliant eyes bespoke the love and interest in wise men and wiser themes even at that early day when his literary horizon was the schoolmaster's collection of books.

John Greenleaf Whittier at that age gave no outward show of the wonderful power which he possessed as a fearless reformer and a brave soldier of Truth and Freedom. His sweet soul peeped out into life and caught glimpses of the bees and the brooks, the feathery snow-flakes and the quivering poplar trees and loved them for their beauty and their tireless hymns of praise.

Like the true-hearted lover he was, he spoke his love in rhythmic measure and all the kinship which his soul acknowledged found expression in a song.

Under the shadow of Job's Hill he grew into those close and intimate relations with Nature as she smiles and weeps, shivers or slumbers under the touch of the Infinite Hand, which colors and individualizes his most exquisite work.

His poetry was as spontaneous as the bubbling brook which burst forth from the very heart of the hills and poured itself out in a living spring and wound in and out and over and under thorny bush or purple violet bed with music in its every movement and refreshing in its sparkling beauty. It was with a feeling of deepest reverence that we walked one day up the dusty country road, past the bridge post made familiar by many readings of the beloved "Snow-Bound," and knocked at the door for admittance to the early home of Whittier. It was a simple matter to shut out the life of the day and imagine him, there with his heart full of songs, just ready to drop from the tips of his slender fingers on to whatever they might find most convenient.

We know the room with the wide fireplace, and in fancy we sat beside the mother as she worked at her wheel through the long winter evenings, while the schoolmaster read from his books and the lad was introduced to the poets whose names were elsewhere household words.

'Twas to his sister, Mary, that the future poet owed his first great joy.

She, too, had the soul of song and her musical ear and sisterly love made her keen to the beauty of the productions which her brother scrawled upon the mother's spinning wheel, or wrote with care for Elizabeth's approval.

William Lloyd Garrison had just started the "Free Press," a weekly paper published in Newburyport, and Mary sent a poem entitled "The Exile's Departure" to him for publication without her brother's knowledge. It appeared promptly and when the young poet opened the paper and saw his own verses his delight can only be understood by those who have for the first time had the assurance that what they wrote was something more than stuff and nonsense because a real editor had passed upon it and called it worthy.

Yes, this was the house where a great

soul was born and through those windows he had watched the red die out of the sky at night and the golden glow of the dawn come dancing over the hills at break of day.

Who shall say that the golden gleams of the sunrise and the fiery darts of the sun-setting at night did not pierce through his armor of flesh and sense, and kindle within the immortal fires?

Ah, truly, every bit of woodland and of sky was made luminous by the light which shone from his soul and every blade of grass or pebble in the crystal stream took on an individuality as the fires of his being illumined them for us.

That was the boy, Whittier. And then he went away. Out into the world of men and women and large affairs. Nor did he leave his soul hiding 'neath the daffodils and bathing in the dewdrops to wait his return from the battle with these mighty forces.

It may be that under the whispering poplars he caught the cry of need floating up from his brothers in bondage.

Perhaps the hills still hold the secrets which he bade them keep as he breathed his farewells to them and rode away to a life so new, so full, so wonderful.

The stars come nightly now as then and peer into the little windows of the house on the hill, but he is not there.

He went away. As responsive as the poplars, as steady as the hills, as faithful as the stars was he, as he took his place among men.

His songs and prayers unceasingly rose above the din of clanking chain and sobbing breath.

Like a living flame he burned his way through rank and file of accustomed evil to unaccustomed good. That a thought was new or untried was of no moment to him, for he ever took counsel of his soul and one question only did he seek answer to: "Is it for the good of all?"

Through his kinship with every growing thing and his interest in bee and bird or purling brook, he had enlarged his capacity for loving and for serving until his great throbbing heart responded to the need of every heart in the universe.

Is there not some way that we may help our little people to grow into just such blessed companionship with all the expressions of the Infinite Father?

Are we reminded by the very lowly way by which he came to very loftiest estate that the values of life lie within, and must be brought out?

We who know that these bodies which we see are chambers where the soul sits waiting for experience, must be encouraged by the remarkable exemplification of our knowledge.

Just as a body needs to have exercise and air and an opportunity for a free expression of its power to unfold to its full and complete capacity so the spirit must have a chance to free itself from the purely physical life and grow into strong and beautiful and wonderful equipment for service.

Let the spirit out of its prison house. Don't stifle it by close confinement; don't smother it with worldly excess; don't load it with burdens of much goods, but let it be free as a bird to find its way to every other spiritual expression in woodland or goodness will shine in life.

M. M. S.

Mother's Lullaby.

Come to my arms, my darling;
Come, for the nightfall is near;
Come, and thy mother shall send thee
To dreamland with never a fear.

Come, and thy mother shall sing thee
A lullaby softly and low—
Sing thee to rest and to dreamland
Ere darker the day doth grow.

And as thou sleepest, my dear one,
Visions will come to her eyes—
Visions of thee, strong in manhood,
Noble and gentle and wise.

Her heart will glow at the picture,
Thrilling with joy and with pride,
Yet the tears sadly fall as she presses
Thee close, little one to her side.

And she knows that always at twilight
Wherever, wherever thou art,
The same little lullaby, darling,
She'll sing to thee down in her heart.

Home Monthly.

A Borrowed Bicy.

Sydney Dayre.

"There 'tis!"
Hugh, riding his bicycle, rode slower as he came near a pleasant house alongside of which ran a vine-draped trellis.

"Right behind there, just where it always is. And there it will stay all the morning. Mr. Ralph never uses it until the afternoon. I wonder—yes, I do—why things are fixed as they are—why Mr. Ralph can ride such a bang-up fine wheel, with all the new contrivances, and I have to stomp along on this rusty old thing that I have to pump up about every fifteen minutes."

Thoughts crowded fast on Hugh's mind as, just outside the spot where the shining wheel stood, he stopped for another pumping up.

"It wouldn't take more than an hour for me to spin there and back on such a wheel as that. I wouldn't do it a bit of harm. Nobody would know."

Hugh knew that no one was on this side of the house. With a cautious step over the gravel he wheeled in his own bicycle and set it in the place of the one which he presently mounted, and went off swift as the wind. But, as he sped on, he caught a glimpse of difficulties which, in his swift impulsive change, had not occurred to him.

"Every boy I know will wonder why I am riding this, and want to stop me to ask questions. Well, I'll go by the willow road. It's longer, but there are no boys along there. I'll ride faster to make it up."

But, as he rounded a curve, he caught sight of a few of his boy friends with fishing rods on their shoulders. If he could have stopped himself and turned back he would have done so but the speed with which he was going made this impossible. With a laugh, as if making a joke of it, he would have passed them; but they rushed before him, and he was obliged to stop.

"Where are you going?"

"And why this fine wheel?"

"It's Mr. Ralph's, isn't it?"

"Did he lend it to you?"

"Good of him," said another, as Hugh did not know what to reply. "I'm going to ask him to lend it to me. He'll do it for me if he would for you, Hugh."

"How long did he say you might keep it?"

"Now, I'm in a hurry," said Hugh. And as they let him go, he went on with unpleasant reflections as to what Mr. Ralph might think if other boys asked to borrow his wheel because he had lent it to him.

"O, my dear boy, stop just a moment!" An old lady, very well known to Hugh and his mother, stood at the gate of a cottage just as Hugh was turning into the main road.

"I see you have such a beautiful bicycle, my dear—a new one, isn't it? Your father bought it for you? Well, Hugh, my dear, I've got a message. I want to send round to my niece, Hannah Brown. Quite a little way there, and I wouldn't think of asking you if it were not that you can go so fast. Distance doesn't mean much to boys nowadays," with an admiring look at the wheel. "Here—just this little package. You can easily tie it on."

Delay, delay. Hugh could not refuse, yet with every moment he was more and more conscious of the one desire to be rid of the borrowed wheel. There was more lost time, as Hannah Brown insisted on Hugh's waiting until she examined the parcel to make sure that it contained what she wanted, with a suggestion that in case it did not she might ask him to go back to her aunt for it.

"Because it would take you no time at all on that fine, new wheel of yours. Do you know what your father paid for it? No? It's all right."

And with a bow Hugh was off without appearing to hear the question.

"Now, to leave this letter for father—That won't take long. Twenty minutes to get back, and then, if I ever again borrow a wheel without leave, my name isn't Hugh Rayne. I did it so quickly I didn't stop to think how mean I'd feel—how many things might happen to make me feel meaner and meaner."

"Fun? Well it may be fun alive for a boy to skim along on a wheel like this, but all the same I don't want any more of this kind of fun. Now, what's that? Something for me to keep out of the way of by the looks."

A cloud of dust appeared ahead of him, more of a cloud than should belong with a properly moving horse and carriage.

"And what's that just this side?" Hugh held his breath as his own pace and the pace of a pair of horses brought them near in a very few seconds. The road was narrow and the carriage had recently turned a corner into it, and Hugh's attention was soon diverted from the swift-moving carriage to a small object which loomed up between it and himself.

"That's Billy Lee, on that wobbly little velocipede of his. And," Hugh had slowed down, "he's getting rattled!"

In all his later life Hugh will probably never see a time in which so much will be compressed into so few moments. The small boy had been keeping the middle of the road, but, on seeing the sudden approach of the rushing horses, had evidently lost his head. He turned uncertainly to one side, the other, then threw up his hands in helpless terror. The horses, evidently running away, were near; but Hugh had set the pedals of that perfect machine at work and now bore down in the last possible moment. There was just time to grasp the boy and fling him and himself beyond reach of those cruel, trampling hoofs.

The driver had also seen the small object in danger, and, making desperate efforts to stop the horses, had now succeeded in turning them into the fence. But it would have been too late for Billy's safety, as Hugh realized, when, a little dazed after rolling over and over with the boy, he at length recovered his footing and turned to gaze on the tangle of shining wires which was nearly all that was left of the splendid "borrowed" bicycle.

The people in the carriage, whom Hugh slightly knew, were profuse in their praise of his bravery and presence of mind.

"You did that finely. But it's too bad about your wheel—a blank ruin. And you have a hurt?"

"Only a trifle," said Hugh, as he found he could not set his right foot to the ground without great pain.

He was helped into the carriage and taken home, the remains of the bicycle also going and being deposited on a porch. Inside Hugh was settled on a couch, through the door getting a glimpse of the wreck.

"Well," he groaned to himself, as soon as his injury had been bandaged, "I'm now to brace myself for the hardest thing I've ever done. Harry," he called to a younger brother, "you go and ask Mr. Ralph to step over for a moment."

Mr. Ralph came, looking rather curiously at the remains of the wheel.

"You wouldn't know that for yours, would you?" asked Hugh, miserably. "But it is." He made his best haste in telling the sorry story. Mr. Ralph looked kindly at the bound-up foot and the boy's distressed face.

"A little hard on you, wasn't it?" he said, with a smile. "You didn't expect so much outcome to a little escapade."

"I didn't," said Hugh, with a rueful shake of his head. "I've been paid up well for it."

"Well," Mr. Ralph spoke gravely, "it seems to me rather difficult to say which way we ought to look at it. If you hadn't run away with my wheel there is no telling what would have become of Billy. It is not often that a young fellow of your age has an opportunity of saving a life."

"I suppose that might have been managed some other way."

"But, as it was arranged this way there is no need of saying any more about it."

When Hugh's father went to see about replacing Mr. Ralph's bicycle, he found that Billy Lee's father had already done so. And, by the time Hugh's foot was in good pedaling order, one of the same sort was waiting for him. He regarded it gravely, as he said to himself:

"I hope the next good thing that comes to me will not be mixed up with a flavor of wrong-doing."—Christian Register.

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.

Once again, we come into this little circle hallowed and sanctified through its purpose to serve and with all that we have of strength or love we give to those in need. It is so little that we may do at the most and so great are the needs of the sad world that sometimes we are overwhelmed and wish for a thousand voices to sing out the glad truth that has made us free, but whatever one heart or one voice or one consecrated spirit may be able to do, there may we always be found to do that service the best we can. May these spirits who are seeking to send messages to their friends who are in need or who are watching for some word from them be strong and steady. May love make their voices clear and may faith give them confidence to speak exactly what they want to say. May the hearts to which these messages are sent be so strengthened and helped that they, too, may receive a blessing of light and life and love, and may they go on serving some other who is in need because they themselves have been blessed by the inflowing of truth. Amen.

MESSAGES.

John Anderson, Castleton, Ind.

The first spirit that comes to me this afternoon is a man I should think about six feet tall; he is very slender and seems to have been very feeble before he left the body. His name is John Anderson, and he lived in Castleton, Ind. He says, "O, I wish you would send a message to Margaret. It has been some years since I came over here, but I have been very anxious to communicate with my friends. I never could understand how I could send a message, although I have often heard it talked about and knew that there was some way by which communication was established. Margaret is very sick and they fear that she is going to die, but she will not and I want her to have this word from her father, that he will ever be near in all her trials and her struggles. With me today is Robert, and he has grown so big and so strong that he is quite as much a help to me as I am to him. What I want is not so much the credit for being able to be of some use, but to get better established lines so that I may be of more use. This is not much that I have said, but my whole heart is in the matter, and if you help me to send the message along it will mean more than I can tell you."

Sarah Cole, Hyannis, Mass.

Here is a woman here, I should think she was about forty or forty-two years old. She is medium height, not very stout, rather well built, dark hair, dark blue eyes. She says her name is Sarah Cole, and that she lived in Hyannis, Mass. She says, "What a strange thing this is to have it all so true and yet not to know anything about it until one dies. I have been back to my old home. I lived on the main street. I had very many friends, perhaps acquaintances would be a better word for I was very outspoken and independent, and never tried to be very polite, so my friends were fewer perhaps than if I had tried to cater to them. For a long time, I lived with my mother, then she died and I lived alone and got along as best I could. When I went back to the old home the last time I found strangers in it, and not very much to encourage my coming again. I don't want to give any sermon on this philosophy and I don't know that I want to say anything to anyone except those who were nearest to me and those who helped me in the last weeks of my sickness. I have been helped by some people who have lately come into a knowledge of Spiritualism, and I have been to their circles and have tried to give some manifestations. I was very fond of flowers, and I am now. Everybody who knew me knew that I would do anything to keep some blossoms in the house through the winter. I would like to send my love to Annie and to Carrie, and I thank you very much for helping me to come."

Augusta Stanwood.

There is a spirit of a woman here. I should think she was about forty-five years old. Her hair is jet black and is parted and shows the white line across the top of her head like a white thread. Her eyes are as black as black can be, and she says that her name is Augusta Stanwood, and she says: "Why, I think I must have been a medium, but I didn't know it. I often saw people walking about the room and knew they were spirits, but I supposed everybody saw them just the same as I did, and when

they told me they didn't I thought I must be crazy, and I had been sick so long and had had so many experiences that were uncertain and unsatisfactory that I didn't dare to say anything more about the people around me. I had a sister, Lizzie, and she was so scared about these strange things that I talked about that she used to hush me up every time that I attempted to say anything about them. If I had kept at it I think they would have put me in an asylum, and I might as well have been in one as to have lived the life I did for the last few years. I want Fred, and he lives in Brooklyn, to understand that he has nothing to fear. There have been so many reports of the danger that awaited him that I felt I must come in spite of everything and tell him it is all nonsense and there is not the slightest use in his being disturbed. I have seen so many people that I had forgotten, they had died and passed out of my recollection and I had taken up new associations, and so they had slipped out of my mind, but they are so cordial and seem so ready to take my hand and help me. There seems to be but one law over here, and that is the law of serving each other. Some people who have been over here many years and who have found no way of returning to their friends just drop that part of life out of their minds and seem to be very happy doing something for friends they make over here. I was a church member and believed that it was good for me to try and live the life of Christ and forget worldly things. I supposed that I would see Christ as soon as I came over here, but I haven't seen Him yet, and strangely enough, I haven't the same old desire to see Him. If you will give my love to Fred and Nellie I shall be greatly pleased, and thank you very much."

Harold Moore, Pittsburg, Pa.

Here is a spirit of a boy about twenty-two or three years old. I call him a boy because he is so boyish looking. His hair is quite light and curly. His eyes are blue and his skin is very fair. His name is Harold Moore, and he says: "Ha, this is new to me. I don't think I ever thought ten consecutive minutes on the subject of death. I am from Pittsburg, Pa. I was killed by an accident and I didn't have the least time to make any explanations or say any farewells. It was a skirmish; the boys didn't mean to do it, but they did it just the same. I don't know what I should have done if I had been in their place, but I don't think I would have been so much afraid of the circumstances. I had a great dog. His name was Bruno, and I have been wishing ever since I have been here that I had him with me, and the other day he came. My father cherished that dog just because he was mine, but I am glad that he is with me now. I wasn't quite sure that I could have him, but here he is, just as big and brown and fat as when I left him. I have seen the boys and I have seen my grandfather, who came over here a little while before I did, and he is making quite an effort to have me reconciled to the change. I am reconciled all right. I don't know, but I think I am nearer settled down to real living than I ever was before. I want to send my love to May, tell her that she must not cry about me so much, but must remember that I am near her and that I will bring her comfort and joy if I can. Thank you very much for helping me to come."

Charles Mason, Dallas, Texas.

The next spirit that comes to me is a man, I should think about sixty-five years old, with a full gray beard, blue eyes, gray hair and a very strong and energetic bearing. He says that he is from Dallas, Texas, and that his name is Mason, Charles Mason, and he says: "H'm, this is new business for me. I want to go to Lucindy. I haven't been over here so long that I have forgotten everything that I knew. I seem to have remembered some things that I thought I had forgotten. I wasn't a particularly fortunate man. I got along fairly well, but I didn't make any great fortune, didn't have any great gifts and just kept along in an ordinary sort of way, but I meant just as much to my family as if I had left them \$1,000,000, and when I died I want you to know that it was pretty hard for them. It wasn't only hard for them, but it was hard for me. I couldn't stand around and not have any feeling about it when I saw them needing me and wishing that I was there, and I made up my mind right then and there that there was altogether too much said about death and too little effort made to find out what was after death. I want Isabel to keep right on with her studies, and I want her to teach Birdie the things that she ought to know. I cannot see how I can be the same kind of help that I was before I died, but perhaps I can be better, perhaps influence is better than money and love better than lands, and if that is so, I will make my friends rich in influence and love. Thank you very much."

Singing thro' the silence,
Soundless voices call me;
Smiling thro' the darkness,
Unseen eyes enthrall me;
Naught I see—naught I hear—
With the outward eye and ear,
Yet I know my own are near.

I, alone? O, never!
Me no doubt shall prison.
Over Death's dark river,
Lo, a star has risen,
And to me its light hath shown,
Spite of Death, I have my own,
And I ne'er can be alone!

Mary Norton Bradford.

Lullaby.

Birdies are sleeping,
All now, but mine!
Shadows are creeping;
Stars will soon shine,
Stars without number,
To watch o'er thy slumber—
Sleep!

Stars they are many,
Angels are more!
Sleep nor shall any
Evil, averse,
Touch thee while, over
Thee, heavenly hosts hover—
Sleep!

M. N. B.

204 Dartmouth St., Boston.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1906.

Society News.

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

Topic for the Progressive Lyceum.

For Sunday, 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.

L. S. I. S. Mrs. Belcher, Pres., Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street, Feb. 22, 1906, had a large attendance at supper and the Martha Washington Party in the evening was also well attended, proving to be one of the largest of the season. Mrs. Whitlock will not be with this Society on March 1 as announced last week, as her mother passed to the higher life this present week. Mrs. Moore and other good speakers will serve on that evening.

Dwight Hall, Feb. 21. The Ladies' Lyceum Union business meeting was held in the afternoon with an old-fashioned supper served at 6.30. After the social hour, Mrs. Butler introduced Florence Thompson for a reading. Mrs. Annie Chapman, messages; Caroline Cousins, a song; Mrs. Morgan, messages; Mrs. Stoven, solo. Mrs. Butler also gave messages.

American Psychical Research Society, Inc., Harvey Redding, President, Everett, Mass. The Thursday evening circle was held at the home of the president. First half hour was devoted to healing. There was a very large attendance. Harvey Redding, Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Pearce gave evidences of the continuity of life. Mrs. Emma Wells read an inspired poem, and also rendered selections on the piano. Mrs. M. E. Dean answered mental questions.

The monthly social was held at the home of the president Friday evening. There was excellent piano music by Mrs. Frank Vickery and Mr. Frank Bell. Mrs. Emma Wells read an inspirational poem dedicated to the occasion. Mrs. Lizzie Rollins, exercised her gift as a "tea cup reader," and caused much merriment. Mrs. E. F. Coote sang impressively. Little Blanche Beatrice Green recited very prettily. The Vice President, Mrs. Abbie Burnham, related amusing experiences of her travels in the past. There was a large number present.

Sunday evening services opened at 7.30 with song and an invocation by the president. Mrs. Emma Wells read a poem written under inspiration. Mrs. E. F. Coote sang beautifully. Miss Nellie Lowe presided at the piano. A strong lesson was given by Mr. Redding on "A Sinful Man," and he was listened to with great interest. Mr. Osgood F. Stiles and his guide gave messages. Mrs. Abbie Burnham gave an earnest address on "What Do We Believe?" Mrs. Osgood F. Stiles gave messages in her usual happy manner. Mr. Redding gave delineations. Meeting closed with hymn and benediction.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society held its weekly meeting Friday, Feb. 23, at 9 Appleton street, Mrs. Waterhouse presiding. Miss Grace Abbott gave a whistling solo, accompanied on the piano by her sister, which was heartily enjoyed. The mediums for the evening were Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. Shirley. Friday, March 9, Mrs. Helyett gives the Aid a benefit.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, Mrs. Alice M. Whall, President. Thursday evening meeting, Feb. 22, Mrs. Whall presided. Mrs. Andrews at the piano. The meeting opened with a praise service, Mr. Wiggins offering the invocation. After another hymn, Rev. F. A. Wiggins of Unity Church, Boston, was introduced. He took for his subject, "The Universal Interest in Spiritualism by the General Public." After a very interesting address, he read many ballots.

Sunday, Feb. 25, 2 p. m., Children's Lyceum. E. J. Patch, Conductor; V. J. Matthews, Assistant Conductor. The Lyceum opened at 2.10. The group subjects and the general subject were discussed with interest. General subject for next Sunday, "What Has Spiritualism Done for the World?" 3.30 p. m., Afternoon Circle. The Circle opened with Praise service; Mrs. O'Neil offering the invocation. Mrs. Whall thanked the audience for their good thoughts and uniform kindness during her illness. Mr. Hall of the Brighton Psychic Research Society made interesting remarks. Mrs. Maggie Vaughan recited a poem. Mrs. Whall gave messages. Mr. Spaulding spoke on the work in England and America. Mrs. Eaton and Mrs. Crocker gave messages. 7.30 p. m., evening meeting. The meeting opened with a Praise service, Madam Bruce offering the invocation. Madam Bruce, after making a brief address, gave messages, many very beautiful ones. Mrs. Nellie Holt-Hardine will occupy the platform next Sunday, March 4.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor. The twenty-third Psalm was the subject of the morning and after "George" had spoken all were delighted to hear the pastor. Mr. Newhall spoke, and was followed by Mr. Chase of Lynn. Messages were given by Mr. Bibber and Mrs. Bolton. After a few remarks by Mr. Hucksins, the service was closed. "Our Conflicts" was "George's" subject of the afternoon. Mr. Adams, Mr. Chase and

Mrs. Bolton spoke. Too much cannot be said of the fine messages voiced by Mrs. Johnson. After a solo by Mr. Peak, Dr. Blackden spoke, and messages were given by Miss Strong. "Little Things" was the subject of the evening, and "George" spoke with his accustomed power, followed by Mrs. Chapman. Messages were given by the pastor. Mr. Hicks spoke, and many messages were given.

First Spiritual Science Church Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, pastor, Commercial Hall, 694 Washington street. Morning Mass Meeting in relation to State House Bill. Afternoon and evening, messages and readings. Mediums of the day, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. Privoe, Mr. Scott, Mrs. Sears-Hill, Prof. Mahomet, Dr. Blackden, Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. Chipman, Mr. Baxter, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Millan, Prof. Clark-Smith, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Cunningham, Dr. Lindsay, Nellie Thomas, Mrs. Gough, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Peak Johnson. Musical selections, Prof. F. Peak, Mrs. Nellie Carleton-Grover.

New England States.

Norwich Spiritual Union, Norwich, Conn. The past two weeks have been busy ones for this society. On Wednesday evening, Feb. 21, the young people gave a play entitled "Mr. Bob," in a creditable manner.

A good sized audience was present and a nice little sum was realized. Those taking part were Mrs. Chas. E. Burdick, Mrs. Chas. H. Charon, Mrs. A. P. Blinn, Miss Mamie Bateson, Miss Emma Mowry, Eugene J. Carroll, Reuben E. Mowry and Albert P. Blinn. Mr. Henry Blackstone, accompanied by Mrs. Edith B. Le Jenne, rendered a solo between the acts, and Mrs. Charon sang a laughing song that was the hit of the evening. The work of Messrs. Carroll and Mowry and Mrs. Burdick was particularly good, and Mrs. Blinn gave excellent expression to her part.

On Thursday evening the Helping Hand gave a Pink Supper that was a success. The decorations were attractive and the appearance of the tables was novel and tasteful.

Mr. Blinn will be with the Society Sunday, March 4, but will serve societies in Massachusetts during the balance of March. On Sundays, March 11 and 25, the well-known speaker and test medium, Mrs. A. J. Pettengill, will speak and give spirit messages forenoon and evening.

During April Mr. Blinn will resume his permanent work.

Salem, Mass. The Spiritual Research Society, W. H. Toit, President, had as their speaker and medium on Feb. 5, Walter H. Rollins; on Feb. 12, Mrs. M. A. Bemis, she of the heart to heart talks; Feb. 19-20, Miss Annie M. Foley. The past month has been the most successful this season. Next month Mrs. Mamie A. Helyett of Boston will occupy the rostrum.

The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell held two very interesting services on Sunday, Mrs. Annie R. Chapman of Brighton being the medium. For her lectures, subjects were taken from the audience and were treated in a very pleasing manner. Her messages were many, and were all recognized. Next Sunday Mrs. Anna M. Coggeshall of Lowell will occupy the platform.

Fitchburg, Mass., Feb. 25. Mrs. M. A. Bonney of Boston spoke for the First Spiritualist Society. Large audiences greeted the speaker at both services. The subjects presented held the closest attention of all present, and were followed by many evidences, demonstrating the fact of spirit return. The Mediums' Circle and Song Service was well attended. Miss Howe, pianist, rendered several selections. James Lucas of Fall River, test medium, will address the Society next Sunday.

The Ladies' Progressive Aid Society of Providence, Mrs. Brown, president, held its regular supper and Circle in Oriental Hall, Feb. 19, with a large attendance. It is progressing very rapidly. Communications were given by the president, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. Harcourt, Mrs. Butterworth, Mr. Chase and Mr. H. L. Stackpole of Providence, Mrs. Mack, Mrs. Brackett and Professor Maniere of Pawtucket. The mediums are considered of the best. The next circle will be held Tuesday evening, Feb. 27, at Mrs. Tourtellot's home at 43 Gilmore street, a public circle; all are welcome.

The Sunapee Lake Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association Business Committee met at Concord, N. H., Feb. 15, 1906. They had a harmonious meeting and planned their work for the next annual Campmeeting at Blodgett's Landing, N. H., commencing July 29, 1906, and continuing four weeks five Sundays; closing Aug. 26, 1906.

The First Spiritual Society of Portland, Maine, held a social meeting Sunday, Feb. 25. Afternoon session, Mrs. Bryant of Worcester and Mr. Bradish of Portland gave short addresses and messages. Evening meeting, Mr. John M. Todd, the veteran Spiritualist of Portland, gave a very interesting discourse, followed by Mr. Bradish of Portland and Mrs. Bryant of Worcester; Mr. Graham of Boston with address and messages. On Sunday, March 4, Mrs. Annie Jones of Lowell will occupy the platform.

Newburyport, Mass. Again has the First Spiritualist Association had beautiful winter weather, faithful workers and good audiences during the month of February. Mrs. Helyett of Boston was the first on Feb. 4, devoting most of the time to messages, given to large audiences, who acknowledged their correctness. Mrs. Pye of Wakefield served on the 18th. She devoted the most of the time to message work and many were reached by her. She was also the faithful worker of the 21st, when the monthly public supper was held. A heavy rain interfered with the attendance, but it was much enjoyed by those present. Feb. 18 brought Dr. William A. Hale of Boston. Audiences at both services were large, attentive and appreciative. His poems, "Hope" and "The Beyond," furnished the subjects for his lectures, after which he gave delineations and messages, also an-

swered mental questions in a convincing manner. Feb. 25 the worker was Mrs. A. J. Pettengill of Malden. Her poem in the afternoon was "They," from which she drew many lessons. After each lecture she gave readings and messages, giving much satisfaction. The speakers engaged for March are Mrs. Bonney, Mrs. Litch, Mrs. Pye, Mrs. Swift.

Announcements.

The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Minnie Meserve Soule, pastor, holds services every Sunday evening at 7.45 in the Banner of Light building, 204 Dartmouth St., Boston.

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

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

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont St.—Bible Spiritualist Society, Mrs. Gutierrez, president, holds meetings every Sunday. Circle, 11 a. m. Evidences, 2.30 and 7 p. m. Circle, 4 to 5.

First Spiritualist Church, 280 Broadway, Chelsea. Meetings, Sundays, Friday, 2.30, 7.30. Mrs. Nutter, pastor.

American Psychical Research Society, Inc., Odd Fellows' Hall, Malden Square, Malden, Mass. Sunday evening, 7.30, Harvey Redding, President. Special music, Miss Nellie Lowe. Mr. and Mrs. Osgood F. Stiles, Mrs. Abbie Burnham, speakers. Seats free. Circle, Thursday evening, at the home of the President, 202 Main St., Everett.

Lynn Spiritualist Association, Cadet Hall, Sunday, March 4th, 2.30 and 7.30. Dr. George A. Fuller. Circles from 4 to 5; song service and concert, 6.30. Good vocalists and dramatic readers. Supper served at 5. Ladies' Social Union meets every Wednesday, afternoon and evening.

First Spiritual Temple, Exeter St. Lecture at 10.45 a. m. and 2.30 p. m., through the mediumship of Mrs. N. J. Willis. School at 12 m. Wednesday evening, March 7, Hygienic Vegetarian Supper at 6.30, followed by the usual conference.

The Brighton Psychic Society, 14 Kenrick (off 147 Foster St.) will have for its speaker and message bearer, Wednesday evening, March 7, Mrs. Ida M. Pye, of Wakefield. Mrs. C. Dearborn and "Pat" will assist. Musical selections, Mrs. H. E. Hall and daughters. 8 o'clock; collection 15 cents.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc. Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor, holds services every Sunday at America Hall, 724 Washington street, up two flights. Walter I. Mason, President, will be present. Carrie D. Chapman, Chairman. Conference at 11 a. m. Services at 3 and 7.30 p. m. Mrs. Matilda Traub Boynton will sing, afternoon and evening. All are welcome.

First Spiritual Science Church, M. A. Wilkinson, pastor, Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St. Services, Sundays, 11 a. m., 2.30 and 7.30 p. m. Tuesday, 3 p. m. Indian Healing Circle. Thursday, 3 p. m. Psychometry. Indian Peace Council, Wednesday evening, March 7.

Movements of Platform Workers.

Dr. Geo. B. Warne will lecture at Lily Dale on Sunday, July 15th. Subject, "Aspiration." July 17th he will speak on "Telepathy," and the 19th on "The Victors Vanquished." Dr. Warne's lectures are gems of thought; he is intensely earnest, a rousing speaker, skilful in appealing to the deepest feelings; a superb orator; he gradually lifts his audience onto high planes and holds them there. Saturday, July 21, will be National Spiritualists' Association Day, in charge of Dr. Warne and Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, both members of the National Board.

Dr. George A. Fuller will lecture at Lynn, Mass., March 4; at Foxboro, March 9; at Providence, R. I., the 11th; at Worcester, the 18th and 25th; at the Anniversary of the Massachusetts State Association, Berkeley Hall, Boston, the 27th; at Brockton, the 28th, and at Onset, the 30th. He has May 13th and the Sundays of June unengaged. Address, Onset, Mass.

Edgar W. Emerson has the following engagements: March 4, Manchester, N. H.; March 8, Stoneham, Mass.; March 9, Marlboro, Mass.; March 11, Methuen, Mass.; March 18-25, Providence, R. I.; March 23, Foxboro.

Mrs. Sadie L. Hand has March 4, and May 19 and 26 open for engagement, and is also making engagements for 1906 and 1907. She speaks in Providence, R. I., Feb. 25 and April 1; Greenfield, Mass., March 11 and 18; Brockton, Mass., March 25; Manchester, N. H., April 8, 15, 22; Lowell, April 29; Lancaster, Pa., May 6 and 13. She may be engaged for mid-week meetings in nearby towns, on reasonable terms, for hall or parlor work. Address all letters to P. O. Box 2083 E. Side, Bridgeport, Conn. Mr. Hand's business taking them to this city, she expects soon to establish a "Truth Seeker's" center similar to the one which she conducted in Springfield, Mass.

A Notre Dame Lady.

I will send free with full instructions, some of this simple preparation for the cure of Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Filling of the Womb, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, Hot Flashes, Desire to Cry, Greeping Feeling up the Spine, Pain in the Back, and all Female Troubles, at all sending address. To mothers of suffering daughters I will explain a Successful Home Treatment. If you decide to continue it will only cost about 12 cents a week to guarantee a cure. Tell other sufferers of it, that is all I ask. If you are interested write now and tell your suffering friends of it. Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 237, Notre Dame, Ind.

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

(July 20, Copyrighted, 1904, by C. E. Webster.)

Side Lights on Wonder Wheel Science.

Daily Guidance for All, by Birth Numbers.

By Professor Henry.

In various magazines and almanacs, Astrologic Birthday Influences are given, but they are general, the same for all the world. This table is individual, and applicable to

Birth No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Feb. 23-24	F	G	N	E	K	B						
25-26-27	B	F	G	N	E	K						
28	B	F	G	N	E	K						
March 1	B	F	G	N	E	K						
2-3-4	K	B	F	G	N	E						
5-6	K	B	F	G	N	E						
7-8	E	K	B	F	G	N						
9-10-11	E	K	B	F	G	N						
12-13	N	E	K	B	F	G						
14-15	N	E	K	B	F	G						
16-17	G	N	E	K	B	F						
18-19	G	N	E	K	B	F						
20-21	F	G	N	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.

"THE HEAVENS DO RULE."

"The 'Chase Will,' so called, by which Mrs. Jennie P. Chase, of Swampscott, Mass., left her entire fortune to an adopted son, has been disallowed by Judge Harmon, before whom it was tried in the Essex County Court.

"This will was drawn up by the late Oliver Ames Gould, an astrologer, under the Astrologic laws known as 'Elections.' Relative to such elections, in an epistle of Peter, 1:10, the astrologic advice is, 'Make your calling and your election sure, for if ye do these things ye shall not fall.' (Revised ed. St. James' Bible) or, 'By good works you make sure your vocation and election; for doing these things ye shall not sin at any time.' (Duay Bible.)

"Sin means to err, through human judgments. 'Sinn' was the name of the Moon, in ancient days. 'Eros' is a name allied to the Moon, on the human plane of love. Hence, 'sin, error, dis-ease, lunacy and ignorance are but the fatalities of judgment on the sensual, or sentient plane of life action, in disregard of superior forces.

"When this will case first entered the courts, I obtained the data on which Gould made his election and drafted the will. I called attention to this affair in 'Banner' of Jan. 6. Gould drew up that will, with Sun in Gemini with Neptune, and squared by Saturn, opposed by Mars, with nothing to assist the Sun but the trine of a weak Jupiter in Aquarius, and in square to the Moon, Neptune, Jupiter, Mercury, Sun, Mars and Venus all in parallel.

"In the overthrowing of this will, was Astrology wrong, or was it the astrologer? The Bible intimates that when that which is declared is wrong, it is not prophecy that errs, but the prophet, for the prophet has failed to 'do good work, and has failed to make his vocation and his election sure.

"Wherein did Gould fail? He was the publisher of Wilson's Dictionary (reprint) and he worked mainly by the Lilly method of Horoscopes, or—Horary astrology. This method is in Wilson, under the head 'Election.'

"By that method there were good laws on that day for Gould to work by, and it is quite evident that he employed them, and no doubt performed some very accurate mathematic problems in the interest of the disposal of such a large amount of money; but where were his astrologic wits, with Neptune in conjunction, denoting seditious operations, Mars in opposition denoting a law suit sure, and Saturn denoting by his square a failure, and Moon in square with Jupiter denoting expenditures greater than the receipts. He was too much wedded to the superficialities of the Horoscope, even though every work on Astrology declares that 'inferior forces can never overcome superiors.'

"The able counsel on the plaintiff's side went out of his way, in his plea, to defame God's laws, in a tirade against Astrology. There are but two excuses for such an act: "1. That he does not know the difference between the Astrology of the heavens, and the many forms of so-called 'Astrology' advertised in the daily papers.

2. That he is paid for his pleading and is supposed to tear everything to pieces presented by the other side, regardless of law and gospel, in order to impress the jury.

"If the counsel had derided the work of Mr. Gould, in this particular case, as he might have done had the will been drawn by one of his own profession—no more honorable as a class than true astrologers,—his plea would have stood in ages to come as an evidence of wisdom in advance of his time. As it is, the ages to come will point at his tirade as a sample of the mental darkness of the leading popular lights of the present age.

"The heavens do not lie, and I stated in 'Banner' of Jan. 6 that 'the true record of the affair' (drawing of the will) 'is written in the heavens more clearly than court witnesses can reveal it.'

"I did not wait until the court had decided before I stated this fact. As some might say, 'after the matter was over, to excuse Astrology.'

"Before 1894, when the world was at peace, I stated the warfares that were on the docket.

"Before the Sullivan and Kilrain fight I made known the victor, by Astrology.

"Before the election of Cleveland I made known the fact by Astrology.

"Before the ending of the Fall River murder case I made known its probable issue, by Astrology.

The ruling people of the world during the term of this table are those born under No. 12. In this term of ruling, Secret Enemies 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.

"When McKinley defeated Cleveland, I made known by Astrology the probable sad ending.

"When Roosevelt became president, I made known by Astrology what his administration would be.

"When the heir to Russia was born I made known its effects upon Russia. We have yet to see the truth therein.

"Such matters I deal with only in an effort to call public attention to the value of Astrology. Yet, with such proofs of the science as may be mathematically demonstrated, such able minds as Prof. E. S. Morse says: 'It is as utterly impossible to convince an astrologer that he is wrong as to argue with inmates of an insane asylum.'

"A lady who was promised the property of an old man, at his death, mentioned the fact to me. I naturally asked if she had legal papers to that effect. She said 'No.' I laughed at the idea and told her the promise would be no good when heirs came forward to claim the old man's money after death. I told her she ought to go to a lawyer and get a legal document drawn, and have the old man sign it, with witnesses and a proper recording of the document. She was timid of lawyers and she asked me to draw up a paper. I told her I was not a lawyer; that a paper should be drawn in regular form to obviate dispute, but she insisted that I write out what the old man ought to say. In an offhand, careless manner, I wrote certain things, and she took my paper to the old man, who declared it was just what he wanted to say. He took my paper to a Notary Public and my paper, without altering a word, was copied into a legal blank, signed, witnessed and recorded.

"This act of mine was not done for business; nor to interfere with lawyer's operations, but merely to gratify the lady, who falsely imagined that I must be able to do most anything. I was not dealing astrologically with the lady, but after the act was done, I looked at the heavenly testimonies, and found that I had drawn that paper under the strongest of influences for good to the lady. When I learned that the paper had not been altered by the Notary, I was convinced that, in spite of the irregularity of my crude writing of it, it would not be broken. I told a lawyer so, two years later when the old man died and the heirs brought the matter into court. He laughed.

"The lawyers for the heirs tried in every way to cast odium upon the affair, and called it the bungling work of an astrologer ignorant of the prescribed forms of legal documents. As I had no personal interest in the matter, I merely laughed at the lawyers. I said: 'That document is ruled by the laws of the heavens, and I care not if it is written upside down, you cannot break it.' At least a dozen lawyers got interested in it, all trying to get their fingers gilded with bits of the property, and one of them boldly declare if he "could only get that astrologer on to the witness stand he would just tear him all up the back." The astrologer kindly consented to accommodate him, and when they got him before the court, they soon learned that they were not examining a card-reader, nor a fortune-teller. The astrologer's back was not as much ruffled as the lawyer's, under the examination. At the close of the court, the lawyer very generously said to the astrologer, 'Well, you are a bird.' Just what he meant by my being a 'bird,' I have not yet learned. There may be some special meaning in the legal code of terms, but the will, or whatever the paper was that was drawn up by the astrologer, passed through all the courts from lowest to the highest, and it stood unbroken as the heavens declared it would be. The case is on record.

"In this narration I am not advocating astrologers as substitutes for lawyers. Let every man attend to his own business and do his own will. I am advocating the value of astrology—true astrology—as something that stands higher than all the civil laws of this country, and the sooner the legal lights, the political lights, the ecclesiastical lights and the leaders of society acknowledge the fact, the better it will be for them individually and for the world in general.

"In my dealings with astrology I am not catering to servant-girl hodge-podge, nor playing to the 'gallery gods.' I am on higher lines, and, in spite of my offhand crude methods of presentation of philosophic, psychologic and scientific suggestions, I am inviting attention from people who are gifted with the power of thought, not weighted down by the ideals, or idolatry, of the commercial world."