

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

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NO. 3

## THIS WORLD OF OURS.

William Brewster.

This world of ours hung in the sky,  
And keeping all the stars in view,  
As nightly they in bliss go by,  
Swift sailing in the seas of blue;  
This lovely world all made for man,  
With thousand creatures at his side,  
Is part and parcel of the plan  
The good, great God has glorified!

He called it out of listening space,  
And wrought it of white fire of thought;  
The circling ages gave it grace,  
And flowers and man were to it brought;  
O wondrous is the beauty here,  
And wondrous is the human heart;  
And wondrous that we find it dear,  
And love so well to do our part!

We feel the cosmic purpose thrill,  
And burn like fire within our veins;  
We would the perfectness of hope fulfil,  
That spirit in its wisdom gains;  
We feel in sooth a task is ours—  
To work and win faith's manhood high,—  
Or else why beauty of the flowers?  
Or else why planets in the sky?

O if the Power such splendor brings,  
To brighten emptiness of space,  
O like a bird that sweetly sings,  
I hear a word of higher grace,—  
He'll call new beauty to the mind,  
To give o'er life its sweet control;  
And all the joy this earth can find,  
Shall have its Eden in the soul!

## The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whitting.

"O Love and Summer! you are in the  
dreams and in me!"

Walt Whitman.

All beauty and joy and loveliness are on  
the air, and in the world.

"Whoever you are, motion and reflection  
are especially for you!  
The divine ship sails the divine sea for  
you."

One has only to take his passage on the  
divine ship that sails the divine sea and  
enter into the rose and gold of radiant  
days, for life, like wireless telegraphy, is  
only a process of selectivity and the choice  
is in one's own hands. Not the choice of  
events. There seems to be a certain destiny  
about events that are not (directly, at  
least), connected with one's own acts or  
conduct.

"Events come upon us in the dark," says  
George Eliot. Just what magnetic currents  
our own thoughts, deeds, dreams and visions  
set in motion, who may know? But  
surely this is logically true; if we by some  
subtle and complex processes of inner life,  
draw to us given events, then by other men-  
tal processes we may change those events  
and deflect their course. Or we may bring  
to bear mental processes which will in-  
tensify and crystallize them into the texture  
of life.

Life is the more complex in that it is  
constantly two-fold; always woven of the  
mingled forces of the Seen and of the Un-  
seen; always the co-operation of those in  
the ethereal world with those here. Many  
of the strongest evidences of the com-  
panionship and the influence or aid of  
friends in the Unseen are so subtle and de-  
licate in their nature as only to be among  
those spiritual things which must be spir-  
itually discerned. Research and investiga-  
tion have their place and are contributing  
to the establishment of the deepest, and  
most important truth in all spiritual life;  
but they cannot reveal the more delicate  
and indefinable processes wrought by sym-  
pathy and insight.

There is one very obvious and inelud-  
ible difficulty with which those who are  
attempting to in any way interpret psychic  
truth, have to contend, and this is the dif-  
ficulty inherent in the very nature of the  
subject—that the entire truth gained can  
never be publicly presented. There are two  
great facts to be made manifest; that of the  
persistence of life, and the other that of  
the persistence of communication between  
those in the physical and those in the  
ethereal worlds. This communication is  
sometimes one of great difficulty, and these  
difficulties are strikingly illustrated to any  
student of wireless telegraphy, which also  
has the realm of the ether for its opera-  
tion.

"What do you do when you start a  
message by the wireless?" was asked of a  
scientist.

"We shake the ether," was the reply.

That is to say, a vibration is set up in  
the ether. But this is what thought does.  
Thought can be so projected as to set up  
vibration in the ether. And when it does,  
and when its vibrations are received, we call  
the process telepathy. In the wireless  
telegraphy the tall poles are fitted up with  
wires to receive and register the vibrations  
sent out in the ether. But the human or-  
ganism is a far higher and finer and more  
subtle receiver and registrator of thought  
vibrations. The mind is both a receiver and  
a transmitter.

When the vibrations are sent out from  
a "wireless" station they move in ever  
widening circles, like those produced when  
a stone is thrown into the water. These  
vibrations register themselves at every sta-  
tion within their radius which is tuned to  
the same key of receptivity. The same re-  
sult is, unquestionably, seen in the world  
of mind. Let a thought be in the air, and  
every brain which is impressible and tuned  
to the same key of receptivity receives it,  
and this may account for the fact that in-  
ventions, almost identical, will be made by  
two or three or more persons at the same  
time. The thought is in the ether, and the  
minds attuned to that key receive and an-  
nounce it. In just this fact that so many  
stations may register the same message has  
been one of the great defects of the wire-  
less. It is this defect that the Stone sys-  
tem, which has stations in Boston, at the  
Charlestown Navy Yard, in Portsmouth,  
Brooklyn, and other points,—it is this de-  
fect that Mr. Stone claims to eliminate by  
his system of selectivity.

But, again, what analogy is here? Only  
those stations, tuned to the same key, re-  
ceive this message that is in the ether.  
Likewise, only those minds in accord, and  
in the same key with given messages, will  
receive them. This truth effectually an-  
swers the objection to spiritual communi-  
cations, frequently made, that one thus  
opens the door to evil spirits. They can-  
not come save where there is the same key  
of vibration. The tall white poles of the  
wireless telegraph system register no mes-  
sage save that with whose vibration they  
are in tune.

The wonder with which humanity looks  
out on the marvels of life is imaged by  
Bishop Brooks in this passage:

"Two men alike are in the spirit of their  
time; they both are men of wonder; they  
both confess their ignorance; they both  
stand marveling at the quick changes which  
are flashing all around them, and at the dim  
mysterious infinity into which the simplest  
things around them stretch away and where  
their sight is lost. So far they are alike.  
But now to one of those men it has been  
shown, flashed from some sudden lightning  
which has blazed out of the cloud, or dawn-  
ing slowly to him out of the very substance  
of the cloud itself, out of something in the  
very bosom of the mystery which met the  
mystery in his own heart and spoke to it in  
some way; it has been shown to one of  
them that there is a Mind which knows  
what he is so hopelessly powerless to know;  
there is a God to whom this strange  
bewilderment is not strange. Somewhere  
there is an eye which looks on all this and  
feels no wonder because it looks it through  
and through and sees its first principles and  
final causes clear as daylight. The other  
man knows nothing of all this. To him the  
wonder that his own mind feels runs every-  
where. The world is a great snarl and mys-  
tery not merely to him but to every intelli-  
gence which he conceives of. He is like a  
sailor on a ship that has no captain. Not  
merely he does not know where the ship is  
going; nobody knows; at least nobody  
knows whom he knows. Is it not clear how  
vast the difference must be? To the one  
man the darkness is all palpitating with  
light, the light of a knowledge behind it,  
the light of God, in whom is no darkness  
at all."

The agnostic is, indeed, "like a sailor on  
a ship that has no captain. Not merely he  
does not know where a ship is going; no-  
body knows." While, to one who has faith  
and insight, "The darkness is all palpitat-  
ing with light, the light of knowledge be-  
hind it, the light of God in whom is no  
darkness at all." Certainly to the Spiritu-  
alist "the darkness palpitates with light."  
The messages are clearly recognizable.

A little record made by a mother whose  
daughter (a girl of some eight or nine  
years) was accidentally drowned—a private  
paper, never printed—comes into my hands,  
and offers some beautiful illustrations of the  
truth. While they were bringing the body

of the little girl the mother heard her voice,  
close at hand, saying: "Mamma, I'm all  
right." She recorded her strong force of  
conviction that the child was "truly living,"  
and wrote: "I would not fail her now, but  
keep that vision of her soul open that the  
way may be clear between this world and  
the spirit-world; that no sense of separation  
may cloud her new life. . . . That night her  
face was full of wonder and I seemed to see  
her being led along in heavenly places and  
seeing all around her new and beautiful  
things. All through the summer the sense  
of her nearness never left me. I turned  
from grief and tears lest it cloud my spir-  
itual vision, but far more than that—lest  
the sense of companionship be dimmed and  
she miss her mother's love."

The record from which I venture to quote  
these few lines covers many pages and is  
full of radiant truth. The recognition that  
sorrow and tears cloud the way between  
the two realms is one to commend itself to  
all. Grief makes itself a barrier, and gives  
pain to those in the ethereal realm whose  
lives 'may be saddened, or gladdened, by  
friends here, just as on earth. The gates  
of opportunity to still give love, thought,  
devotion, do not close with death. The  
privilege is, indeed, only intensified, and  
made more possible.

For "The darkness palpitates with light.  
—the light of a knowledge behind it."  
Love and summer illumine all the dream;  
and illumine the spirit, un fading and im-  
mortal.

"O Love and Summer, you are in the  
dreams and in me!"

The Brunswick, Boston.

## Immortality.

Annie Knouton Homan.

The struggles of the poor, the avarice of  
the rich, the ambition of the politician, the  
insane folly of the voluptuary and butterfly  
of fashion, afford little time for serious con-  
sideration of the great problem of soul life.  
This reckless living seems strange when we  
know that life's brief span on earth  
must end soon or late.

The verdant fields of yesterday are barren  
today. The flowers that bloom today will  
be dead tomorrow. The Voices of Nature  
in all their varied moods forever and un-  
ceasingly chant the requiem of the dying  
world.

Death is ever present and deeply con-  
cerns each one of us. The king, the peasant,  
the rich, the poor, the wise, the ignorant,  
the young, the old, all are embraced in the  
universal decree of death. But we  
would speak to you of the consoling assur-  
ance of immortality, embodied in Spiritu-  
alism; of a future happiness, boundless in ex-  
tent, and endless in duration. Our philoso-  
phy which proves the continuity of life,  
and spirit return. These are consolations  
that will enable us to breast the most tem-  
pestuous waves of life, strong in the knowl-  
edge that there is no death; what seems so  
is transition.

The skeptic may say, this theory of the  
continuity of life and spirit return is beau-  
tiful and consoling, but I cannot under-  
stand it and therefore I will not believe it.  
How does the skeptic explain his own ex-  
istence? How does he explain the wonder-  
ful faculties of the human mind, of the  
marvelous functions of the human body?  
How does he explain the stupendous work  
of creation, the magnificent perfection of  
nature, and the majestic grandeur, beauty  
and harmony of the universe?

All of these things exist and are mani-  
fest to our consciousness, yet we cannot  
explain one of them. We cannot explain  
the growth or development of a single  
blade of grass, and yet we know that blades  
of grass do grow.

And so we may conclude that our inabil-  
ity to comprehend is not a proof of the  
falsity of the theories embodied in Spiritu-  
alism. Indeed it requires but little inves-  
tigation to prove it the most sublime faith  
bequeathed to mortals.

A belief in the Continuity of Life has  
been and is the common property of man-  
kind. It is an ancient belief.

Study of the laws, literatures and reli-  
gions of the various nations of the world,  
and investigations into the customs and  
moral ideas of all savage tribes of history,  
afford evidence of a universality of belief

in immortality, and the march of civiliza-  
tion strengthens and perfects the belief. A  
conviction concerning a moral or religious  
truth which has always prevailed, and  
strengthens with age, is not due to an acci-  
dental cause, but must have a reason as  
sound and as universal as the belief itself.  
The reason can be no other than our com-  
mon human nature and is the heritage of  
our common humanity.

If the statements of Spiritualists seem  
improbable, then let the Christian turn to  
his Bible, where he will find repeated and  
startling confirmations, not only of the con-  
tinuity of life, but of Spirit Return.

The Bible proves the continuity of life in  
these words: "Harp of gold are played by  
angel fingers in Heaven." If the skeptic  
would ridicule the Spiritualists' idea of food  
in heaven, then let him read how "the  
wives of old gathered manna from heaven."

Does the Spiritualists' idea of books in  
heaven seem absurd? Then read in the  
Bible how "the Recording Angel writes  
against every one's name in the book."

Spiritualists talk of homes in the future  
life and are laughed at, but the skeptic has  
forgotten that the Bible says, "In my  
father's house are many mansions." Now  
let the believer and the unbeliever go on  
their ways rejoicing, never forgetting that  
no one man or body of men can hold all  
of truth.

## The Webs We Weave.

Mary K. Price.

DECEIT.

"O what a tangled web we weave  
When first we practice to deceive!"

Who can remember the spotless purity of  
early childhood, when no lie had sullied the  
soul?

Sometimes one almost wonders if it is  
possible, in our complicated existence, to  
live a life of absolute truth. So much of  
our striving is for appearance.

The question we often ask ourselves is  
not, "What we are," but "What do we  
appear to be?"

Seemingly the greatest temptation of  
every day is to deceive, or at least to de-  
viate to some extent from the truth. We fre-  
quently feel that in the interest of human-  
ity we are obliged to lie. Perhaps this is  
stating it too strongly, but we have all  
known instances where substituting a no for  
a yes seemed the least of two evils.

Poor Harry, the harrassed mother  
says, "has not yet come home. Have you  
seen him?"

Can you tell her that you just passed him,  
drunk, and reeling on the street?

To save another pain, to hide the mis-  
deeds of your own, to keep our individual  
miseries from the prying eyes of the world,  
surely these are virtues, but virtues in  
whose practice the cost must be counted,  
and each must settle with his own con-  
science, whether they ever demand a lie.  
But this is one thing, while deceiving for  
our own gain, deliberate hypocrisy is quite  
another; and of all the blots besmirching  
character this seems most foul.

The pretending to be what we are not,  
wearing a mantle of charity, so-called, to  
hide our meanness. Giving a few dollars  
to the heathen, or the poor, while planning  
to cheat our neighbor out of a few hundred.

Posing as aesthetic or artistic while we  
delight in coarseness; like a certain man  
who assumed to be the embodiment of re-  
finement, always quoting poetry, and raving  
over art, to observe the least lapse of  
table etiquette in any one dining with him  
nearly caused him to faint, and for one to  
talk of the anatomy of the human frame or  
mention the digestive apparatus in his pres-  
ence was to incur his displeasure ever after,  
so delicately refined (?) was he. But when  
a prize fight took place in a neighboring  
city he drove a horse so hard, in order to  
be there in time to see it, that it never could  
be driven again, and he watched the dis-  
gusting spectacle with keen enjoyment  
through seventeen rounds of brutality. Yet  
his case is mild, compared to the hypocrite  
who uses his religion as a cloak, or the man  
who takes for his motto the David Harum  
rule for trading horses, "Do the others,  
and do 'em first," or the crafty man who  
under the guise of friendship plies his trade  
of cheat, like the spider, luring his victim  
into his web.

We are told that in business constant  
lying and deceit are practiced, that no mer-  
chant ever sells as he so often advertises  
to do—"for less than cost." We know how  
hard it is to obtain pure food. We also  
know that many men have one conscience  
for Sunday and another for the rest of the  
week; that some of those who are crying  
hard against "Sabbath desecration" are  
"sanding their sugar," misrepresenting the  
value of real estate and coveting their  
neighbor's wives; that some of those who  
pray loudest are working their brains over  
time concocting schemes to defraud.

As we recount the misdeeds of others in  
this direction, can we say that we are guilt-  
less? Does the shoe pinch our own foot?  
If so, take it off.

One is not required to proclaim his sin  
and meanness from the house tops; they  
are generally discovered without; and it is  
commendable to try to appear at our best;  
but let it be our best, and because that is  
what we honestly wish to be, instead of  
wearing virtue as a mask to hide the vice  
in which we revel.

Lying and hypocrisy. Dropped stitches  
and broken threads in the fabric we weave.  
Snarls and traps to decoy those who love  
and trust us.

"In our searching and our seeking,  
Spying out another's sin,  
Let's not forget our own souls reeking,  
Let us turn our eyes within."

## Commander Darget.

This up-to-date leader in French Spiritu-  
alist circles was born at Pauillac,  
France, in 1847. At 18 he left the Lyceum  
and enlisted, fought Prussia at Metz, was  
made prisoner and escaped.

In 1871 he was a sub-lieutenant at Ven-  
dome and learned of many cures made by  
magnetism.

This brought him no good luck. He  
passed successfully an examination for the  
Gendarmerie but his Colonel wrote the  
Minister of War the sub-lieutenant ought  
not to be admitted to this arm of the ser-  
vice.

After he had been thirty years in the  
service, he was able by his good record to  
prove to his superiors that Spiritualism was  
not a cause for retirement.

He was made Lieutenant of Instruction  
at the Cavalry School at Saumur and re-  
ceived the mark of "well done" when he  
left there.

For services rendered in correcting  
the map of France, three times he has re-  
ceived letters of great praise from the  
Minister of War.

All this shows that when one has a strong  
character it counts wherever one is.

Commander Darget has proved that his  
will is a creative force, a physically cre-  
ative force. He has created upon a photo-  
graphic plate at which he was looking,  
the images of the objects of which he  
was thinking. He has photographed his  
thoughts.

During the exposition at Paris in 1900,  
he held three conferences upon these  
photographs which are related in detail  
in the account of the Spirit Congress.

He has shown photographs of human  
emanations, of thoughts, of illnesses, the  
aura of animals and plants and minerals  
whose color prove the kind of aura of  
different people when thrown upon a photo-  
graphic plate.

He has obtained spirit photographs with-  
out apparatus and writing by merely putting  
his hands upon a photographic plate.

He has shown us that we cannot bury  
people in a catalepsy, thinking them dead;  
for a plate placed upon the heart or the  
forehead will show marks of vibrations if  
they are still living.

He has told us that the carrier pigeon  
follows a conducting fluidic thread, one end  
of which is in his dove-cote, winding it up  
just as a spider winds within himself his  
white web, and even a hunting dog follows  
a fluidic trail left by the game, although  
we suppose that he follows a scent.

It was in 1882, he says, that he first con-  
ceived the idea that the magnetic fluid was  
photographically possible, and he was the  
first to succeed in so photographing these  
things without the aid of electricity.  
"From Journal du Magnetisme," Trans-  
lated by Mme Inness.



## SMALL THINGS.

"The tiny grain of sand arrests the wheel;  
The note that falsely rings spoils all the air;  
The drop of poison, through the draught will steal,  
And leave its work of hidden murder there."

"The erring touch, the perfect picture blurs;  
The careless smile, may sting a hope to death;  
A pebble flung, the lake's whole surface stirs;  
The troubled waters crush a root beneath."

"And a rash-written word, or spoken jest,  
May stop affection's fountain at its source,  
Or kill a love that warmed a human breast,  
And in its stead leave the grim ache—remorse!"

Selected.

## From Mental to Spiritual Therapy.

Dr. Eliza Goodall Smith.

(Concluded from last week.)

When Christ put forth his hand in blessing and healing it meant peace, purity and love, health, strength, life, and all the higher, nobler qualities that are a part of humanity. His blessing either absent, or present, never meant anything that we call impure or harmful even to "the least of these little ones." The power sent forth from the divinity and most sacred inspiration, never meant aught but the grand uplifting force that will make of the race all that creative wisdom designed it should become.

"Work out your own salvation," be your own saviors, never meant to be your own destroyers. "Be ye healed;" wash and be clean; "go and sin no more;" "take up thy bed and walk;" never meant from the inspired lips of the Nazarene to be healed, go out from his presence and resume the former conditions. But its meaning was and is today to walk uprightly, to be pure, clean, and whole in every part of the human temple, and learn how to remain so. To cast aside the old as a useless garment, then clothed with the power of the awakened soul and whole garments, to so bear ourselves in all the relations of life that nothing could possibly reach us to our injury. In every expression, in every word and tone of his voice, came forth that marvelous power so gentle that children loved him; so intense that it penetrated the souls of his hearers and set in motion the spiritual vibrations of life! And when he said to the unclean and invisible demons, "depart, disturb us no more," and to the boiling, surging sea, "peace be still," even the unseen hosts and the material elements obeyed his will. Not his will alone, for "I and my Father are one," and combined they had power to do "mighty works" and summon to their aid hosts of "ministering angels" for their work and their protection. And therein lies the secret of successful, invisible therapy. Not a miracle-producing wonder to prey upon the credulous, but a developer and promulgator of the grandest truths in the universe. Yet nothing new but a revival, not of man-created religion, but a revelation or reincarnation of the deepest sciences of the soul.

And when the soul has served its purpose in the present habitation it should be able to open the door of its new birth and step forth, not in a state of ignorant invalidism, and spiritual imbecility, but having rounded out its life to the utmost limit as a spiritual being in the flesh, it is fully prepared to go higher, instead of lingering in a half dead condition, lost for ages, maybe, to the glory of the real life, of which this is the mere shadow of imperishable substance.

Then why have the glorious truths spoken, and the work made practical by Christ been so utterly ignored and so contemptuously treated upon their manifestation through those who seem endowed with gifts like unto Christ? Why have we closed the door and said, "depart, we will have none of it?" This is the age of reason and intuition and we should apply these tests and be able to say we know. There is nothing uncertain in the operation of spiritual law. It has for its base the solid rock that nothing can overturn, and the advance guard of humanity will not fail to investigate and say we know, not that we merely "think it may be true." Mental therapeutics were apparently in their infancy a half century ago and have not yet reached the evolution that merges into spiritual therapeutics, which are in their infancy going onward at amazing pace.

Spiritual Science, prominent and unrestricted in its practical application in the day and time of Christ, are we going backward when we revert to his teachings and his practice? Is it a backward step when we study and endeavor to put in practice the real meaning of the prophetic words, "greater things than these shall ye do?" And yet for nearly two thousand years we have been blind and lived more in the letter than in the spirit of his words. But there are those who are recognizing and making available and practical the refined spiritual substance that lies at the foundation of the ego, and with enlightened understanding and intelligent manipulation that which once seemed impossible, has not only become possible but true. We may add theory to theory, we may evolve whatever we can from the laws of mind, call it by whatever name we will, only truth will remain when the crucial test is applied. But to be successful in the manipulation of subtle forces requires an education that comprehends the laws of matter and spirit, and then they may be wisely applied for the relief and upbuilding of humanity in every direction.

Let us travel no longer in the depths of doubt and despair, and say "we cannot get out," for it is possible to get anywhere we ought to be if only the effort is exerted in the proper manner. The power within ourselves, a mighty force awaits development that will enable us to remove every hindrance from our path, and dissipate the teachings of heredity that have been woven into our very being. When we practically utilize the pre-eminence of spirit or mind over matter, and make it available in harmonizing our own lives and of bringing into harmony every discordant condition in exist-

ence, then we shall see the true redemption of the race.

Those who stand at the helm, a little apart as teachers consecrated to spiritual work, should be practical in their teachings, else they will fail to accomplish what they desire, and their methods of therapy will perish from lack of spiritual substance, pure and unadulterated from the living fount of perpetual supply. Stepping out from the depths of the past into the light of the present, brings to us a far superior interpretation of life, and to the extent the soul is liberated from bondage, so the body becomes responsive and approaches its rightful condition. We need not wait for some special Christ or Moses to appear and lead us out of the phantom light of the "midnight sun," but become our own savior so far as in us lies the power to be and do. We need not wait for some wonderful message to come to us, for some special development to arise, but begin to obey the command to "go and sin no more," by perfecting the temple that the divine may become receptive to truth.

When one says, "this is the way, walk ye in it," learn if it be right for you. Does someone else believe thus and so, and therefore it must be true. Accept to the extent of your spiritual development and then go on step by step. As we approach the realm of invisible intelligence, we need clear heads, pure bodies, clean hearts, a spiritual conscience and a wise conception of spiritual things. Deficient in these we shall fail to reach the acme of truth that dwells in undeveloped youth, waiting the magic touch of spirit to open the door for all.

The leaves and buds of mighty truths are unfolding and opening in this new century that ushers in the age far more spiritual than any preceding it. The laws controlling the vast world before us are more refined than those in material things, and we, according to our ability, are called upon to labor faithfully in this progressive work.

Let us not sit with folded hands, and lives out of harmony, protesting there is no more to learn, but awake from the dream life in which we dwell spiritually, no matter by what name we are known or what our accepted creed. Let us arise and work; be alive and not dead; prepare to live and not die; use our own talent that others become developed. Let us know ourselves body, soul and spirit, then we shall begin to live in a new world and life will have undreamed of meanings for us. From our lives will emanate a power that heretofore has been a stranger. A force of illumination will be ours that will spiritualize all things; harmonize and heal not only ourselves, but our words, our voice, our presence, our thoughts, the touch of our hand will each and all bear a spiritual power that will directed will disperse the most scientific therapy the world has known. A therapy that commands to not only "be healed," but the higher law to purify "the temple of God," then "go and sin no more!"

## What is Dis-ease?

C. H. Weiber.

The present medical law, which the Medical Board managed to foist upon the people, has hinged upon the word "medicine." They even went so far as to claim that the personal electric or magnetic forces from a masseur's hands, (inasmuch as it gave relief to an ill), came under the term "medicine," while they could not see that food appeasing one's hunger was in like manner a medicine, or that a barber's shampoo would likewise be a breakage of the law. In fact, they desired to put their own construction upon the meaning of the law, and aimed to make the law apply specially in cases where the opportunities of collegiate M. D.'s to collect a few were affected.

Barbers but a few years ago were the recognized doctors and surgeons, until outsiders (now M. D.'s) managed to steal the business from the barbers. Fearing that the occupation may be lost, by even more improved methods, the Board of Registration, composed of the class that stole their trade from the barbers, now desire that Blue Laws be so iron-bound that the race of mankind be prevented from progressing beyond the present barbarous schools of Materia Medica.

At a recent hearing on this question at the State House, I claimed that food came under the term "Medicine," and that an inn-holder could be prosecuted under the wording of the law.

"Do you call corned beef and cabbage a medicine?" asked the chairman of the legislative committee.

"It has saved many a person's life," I replied. "When a man is suffering from hunger, he is in a bad stage of disease, and medicine is defined as 'any substance administered in the treatment of disease.'"

No one objects to the collegiate M. Ds. protecting their college title or collegiate honors, so long as they do not infringe upon the sacred rights of men, which stand above the prerogatives of institutions which are but secondary to that greatest of all other institutions on earth—the great and glorious Commonwealth established for the common weal of the State of Man, in which we live, and move and have our being.

In that state, dis-ease is included, and, when man, individual or corporate, is in a state of dis-ease, he is in a mighty poor state.

The old Blue Laws created disease. To cure these ills, they were finally overcome, but the Medical Board of Massachusetts is trying hard to get them once more in force, by the opening wedge of the present medical law, and the still other enactments which they are furthering under House Bill No. 882.

This bill hinges on the word "disease." Bear that word in mind, and analyze it. Do not be fooled into the idea that man is diseased, only when he has the crump, chickenpox, or measles. Greedy hallucinations, bigotry, swelled heads, purse-pride, egotistic presumptions, bombastic pretensions, political graft, swindlings, hair-snipping and jim-jams, all come under the term

"disease." Who would be safe under the newly proposed bill No. 882, which says:

"Any person shall be regarded as practicing medicine who is engaged in the work of treating and attempting to cure disease, whether by the use of drugs or otherwise."

Don't forget to note the "otherwise," which includes both tongue and pen. The clergyman in the pulpit, giving consoling words to relieve the mental ills of his parishioners; the lawyer in his office as counselor, trying to bind up wounded feelings; the merchant, with an offended customer, trying to pour oil upon the troubled waters; the editor or journalist, trying to allay public alarm; the moralist of every shade of opinion, who undertakes to overcome sin and ignorance, which are the greatest of all diseases to which mankind is heir.

Oh, pshaw! don't say that the bill does not mean that. Bear in mind that it is a legal document, and legal documents are supposed to mean exactly what they say, and the true interpretation of the word "disease" would depend upon the court in which a case is tried, and all courts do not by any means agree, except in cases where papers are so worded that there can be no misunderstanding.

Disease means Dis-ease, and whosoever is not at ease is diseased. There are bodily diseases, sentient diseases, mental diseases, spiritual diseases and soul diseases. While the M. Ds. graduate only in the school of Materia Medica, they lay claim to exclusive knowledge and patent right to every form of disease.

The Medical Board has been forced in this bill to legislate upon the meaning of the word "Medicine," in the old bill; the people will now force them to define, by legislation, their meaning of the word "disease." When they get through with their street-corner meaning of the terms which they use, they may be able to learn that there are people engaged in curing diseases of which they have no practical knowledge, and in behalf of which they have received no titling honors.

If they wish to draw distinctions between their classical snobbery and the rank of plebeians, who are able to cure "minds diseased," without following the lines of Materia Medica; then let them use the abbreviation, C. M. D. meaning of collegiate rank, while the others use I. M. D. as independents. Then, if C. M. Ds. are able to match ability, skill and success, among the people with the I. M. Ds. then God be praised, but "conscience makes cowards of us all," and that seems to be the disease with which the Medical Board is at present affected.

When the Medical Board is able to frame a law that will protect collegiate honors from being imposed upon, without abridging the natural born rights of others, engaged in holy work, as well as the natural born rights of the people, then their present opponents will hold up both hands in support of purity in all manner of works.

## Charity of Judgment.

William Brunton.

Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount wisely and kindly says: "Judge not, that ye be not judged," and this is one of the sayings we call hard to understand, because it goes against the grain of our desire to do it.

It says we get back in equal measure to our giving, that is the law. If we are evil to others it returns to us—it is a ball we throw against the wall of hate, and it comes bounding back and hits us as it was intended to hit and hurt the other. So in judging others we are judging ourselves, and condemning ourselves.

Let us think for a moment it might be one of the jewels of thought brought from the far East, from the Celestial kingdom. The Chinese are given to proverbs in their common speech and are just as wise as Poor Richard. Here are a few of their sayings:

"Oblige and you will be obliged."  
"Don't put two saddles on one horse."  
"More trees are upright than men."  
"A near neighbor is better than a distant relation."

Let us suppose that our text was in such a list of sayings, how should we look upon it? We know the Chinese had the Golden Rule with Confucius, in its negative expression, five centuries before Christ. Should we respond to it as to the word of Jesus? Perhaps not. We might admire the sentiment or its phrasing; we might even go so far as to say "it was a pretty good rule to live up to—but nobody will ever do it as long as we live. What, judge not at all, pass no criticism on those about us? Why it is simply impossible. We have got to measure men and put them in their own class and we have got to let them know what we think about them, or how are they ever going to improve? It is altogether beyond the average man to keep a law like that."

So we might fend off the force of the word, but our plea does not hold as against his word—it authorizes itself as possible of being lived—since He and millions of men since His day have actually and really done this very thing, of showing forth charity of this peaceable character and bearing—and more than ever are men finding out they cannot neglect this great righteousness. It is pressing upon us for fulfillment, it is something we are to do because the one who went about doing good has given it to do. It is not a curious saying, a pretty proverb, it comes out of the life of one who illustrated it.

You reply: "But how can we help judging; we have got brains and we must see the difference between a good man and a bad man, and we simply speak what we know. We simply must make a distinction between light and darkness, right and wrong. Of course, we must; it is our only chance of teaching some by giving them a chance to know what others think about them. It might do for Jesus—because He seems to be the exceptional kind of man—a visitant from another world, but here and now we have to hold on to our gains of civilization by fighting and fighting hard for what we wish to rule!"

Much reasoning on this vein comes in as justification of our free manner of passing harsh judgments on others—and which

we in return get back upon ourselves, for this is an echo valley in which we live and when we call out to one in the distance as knave, cheat, hypocrite—and all the rest, back come the words to us with a mockery most provoking and punishing. "Of course we do not deserve them, indeed we do not, and we are angry at the imputation, the blot sought to be made on our good name; it is simply impertinence for busy-body to say such things to us. What we said was all right; we know the facts, more the pity!"—and so on and so on—world without end.

There is no custom without much at the back of it which seems to substantiate it, and makes it difficult of removal. The Chinese could laugh at the idea of women in the Western world walking on their natural feet instead of having them squeezed into dainty littleness, which fitted their women for the hobbling about in their limited circle of home. All the same the cruelty has been shown to them of such marring of nature—and their pride and prejudice will have to go down before that fact. It is so with any custom which has grown out of ignorance, or perverted ideas of duty. And our judging of others has been the age-long inhumanity of man to man.

Shakespeare said something by Hamlet—which in the midst of his ramblings strikes truth—when he said to Ophelia, "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." And it has been the fate as history and romance and drama show to prove this true. Take the story of Othello, and it fills the heart with immeasurable pain to see the wicked calumnies work the ruin of Desdemona. One following the play can see the secret envy, spite and undoing, but in real life, like tragedies go on without discovery, as here, until it is too late. The love of smirching what appears fair is the lingering barbarism in us, and it seems to work only harm, because it is taken as a matter of course among politicians, office-holders and others. The public conscience is blunted as to the disgrace by the cry against everybody in general, where none are white, to be black is not any blame. And it begets a habit of suspicion and misinterpretation which is the bane of society. You say you do not know whom to believe, and so you disbelieve everybody but yourself, and if you listened to what some of your best friends said about you, you would be in danger of being uncertain there. This telling the truth, as it is called, by plain, blunt people, who would rather say it behind your back than before your face—is anything but commendable. And it generally is the shortest cut to the untruth, as Tennyson shows in the story of the Grandmother. I suppose it has wrecked more lives than all the tempests that have swept our coast since shipping came into use. And it has all been done in the ancient and honorable way of simply telling what they knew or couldn't help being sure was actually so. The worst possible construction is put on words and ways instead of letting the matter alone as not being our business, or speaking of it as we would like to have been spoken of in the same situation. The unanswerable argument why we should not judge—we do not see the whole circumstance and have not the right of judgment from inadequate information. If so and so did so and so, from the motive I may attribute, then of course he is blacker than the ace of spades—but if he did not this or that, to impute it and give dark motives, only leaves us in the predicament of wrong not easily excused or condoned. All such judgments are misjudgments as being directed against persons and not sins—and as being a sin in itself. Marcus Aurelius says: "Our anger and impatience often prove much more mischievous than the things about which we are angry or impatient"—and we can say our judgment of people as to their faults and failings often prove us much more of weakness and folly than the things are of which we complain.

And we are to understand that "we have not to make the world over, but only ourselves"; while "many a one, by being thought better than he was, has become better."

It has dawned upon us that we cannot be here for antagonisms to each other. We each have equal right to existence, and in the white light of fact, of rigid analysis no one has any claim of supremacy over another. No man is to blame for his birthplace or his gifts, and no man has personal boast for advantages. And measuring the use of talents, the man with two, if using them, is just as praiseworthy as the man with five. We are readjusting our ideas about this and cannot be overlavish with condemnation or commendation. We must be just and that would in modesty bring us to not judging at all.

"Well, now, does not that defeat its own end, by making it ridiculous to think of keeping still about everything? It would make us move about as if, we were deaf and dumb—a most silly affair in the name of religion? And would it not be very convenient for wrongdoers to get away from their just dues? And would it not empty our prisons and leave us at the mercy or rather cruelty of crime?"

You see what a difficult thing it is to adjust our conduct to the real world. We simply cannot treat wolves as lambs, and they have got to be put out of the way. We justify hanging on this plea. We justify the wiping out of the savage and the semi-civilized, all done, however, with the big protests of the modern conscience, which cannot be at rest while acting on this apparently proper plan.

Well, we are sensible that harshness does not cure the disease of sin. It is not the method of reform approved by students who wish to make the most of man. We have forsaken the shames and cruelties of convict plantations—we are reducing the punishments and increasing the temptations to virtue. When we get it settled in our minds that it is just as much a crime to injure one man as another, we shall stop shouting for blood and strive to make ourselves responsible for the ignorance, drunkenness, dishonesty and crime of the world. We shall put the strength we have used against persons, as more properly needed to be used against the things that lead to wrong, and we shall spend more for education. Our schools and churches will have the enormous resources of crime add-

ed to beget the new faiths and virtues. Take the money applied to war, or to drunkenness, for ten years, and give it to the cause of the better ideas of education and religion, and we should see such a changed world as we should hardly know it. It would be like winter changed into spring. And it lies just here that while we allow the blind forces of passion full play, we have little right to punish—if any right. We are to give the man a chance, and our interest should be friendly so as to remove causes of sin and suffering, of disease and death. And this calls for the full play of all our powers of intelligence. This is what modern science is seeking to do—and we must approve its aim as the divinest work the world has undertaken.

And then we come from harshness into the temper and disposition of charity. This is the sunlight of our world. What it can do we have not had a fair chance of knowing, but we begin the proof in ourselves and we shall be convinced without any doubt the path of peace is illuminated by love. Now love is not blind so that it cannot see—it is sensible of defects—and knows with the artist the difference between this picture and that, but it is interested in the good of men, and makes more of attainments than failings. It seems like a new humanity to have men wishing each other well, and being anxious to speak a word of kindness and approval. We are simply struck with amazement at the persistency of the unforgiveness of some people—and then to notice some one with the power to make the lives of others bright, is a revelation of joy to see how easily it can be done.

And this is working on us so that we are taking up the good side of men for ourselves and others. We look in our nature and we see it finds its expression in goodness and good will. This is not a sham, it is the real article of manhood. And men will take to virtue as naturally as a duck takes to water—they want helping, guiding and keeping to the task—and we are to suggest the heroism and holiness of this so that they shall see its beauty and desire it. We must praise the qualities we would have flourish, the bravery, benevolence, uprightness, truth and purity we desire to see in all lives. And then we shall have no call for the carping criticism of the old days. We sense this and it is the plain-spoken philosophy of the hour—a sunrise of thought with a long, long day before it.

I am pleased that we are awake to the need of the soul in this uprising of faith. We may hear a thing spoken against ever so much—but if it persists in trying to show the way to better feeling and conduct—that will make it go, for it is a present salvation. And we like to feel that we have blundered some way in our judgment about man and men in the depravity doctrine—and the helplessness of God in the face of our wickedness. What we are to learn to do is to let these notions drop and we get out of our theological dilemmas.

Our ideas suffer change—and instead of wanting material good for selfish use, we are coming to the generosity of goodness, and wanting all great things for public use—water, electricity, railroads, baths, parks—so many things that belong to the town and state—and which by benefiting all benefit each one. We are throwing out our love to our neighbor as being the proper thing for us to do. In the idea of the good citizen is the thought of his impress on his friends and acquaintances. It is not a matter of wealth, or learning, or position; it is a matter of goodness of heart which makes a word and a smile of more moment than gold and bonds. We are to do the kind thing and to say the kind word constantly, to all, and without any fear that if will encourage evil and wipe out the lines of virtue. It will get wrong by that much out of our own lives—and so sweeten the earth and bless it.

So we get the idea of friendship with everyone. We see that we ought not to allow the foolishness of separating ourselves from others, because they are near of kin—they all are our brothers. I am aware that some are troublesome and all that, but we have them, and must get along with them, and when we have the right charity to do it, it simply makes the task a source of pleasure and progress. It places us in the same great world where we are to work side by side and instruct and encourage each other.

And it is in this sphere of individual working that the reform of our conduct begins. If we undertake to cultivate a great farm—we should have to use rough implements to do the work—but if we are caring for a little flower bed or a rosebush, a trowel or our fingers will do. And the administration of justice by the state is of this rude sort. It cannot finely discriminate shades of wrong and responsibility, and it has to do as well as it can, making no pretence to accurate justice. We are all the time, however, aiming at the proper treatment of criminals, and seeking to prevent the children falling into the evil ways of the parents. We have made much progress in this fine art but, oh, so much more is called for. And every new thought we have of our moral obligation to live on a high plane as from the law of love, helps the larger working of the world. I am persuaded that I owe more to men than I have given—still striving to find out how I can best serve and best help.

Well, is there not danger in putting on one side the forces that have been operative for improvement, even if rude and painful. Has not war crushed out the animal in man and made a man of him by putting in, subjection his passions—and keeping them in due bounds? I should agree to it. It tempers the greed of Europe being such a costly experiment of gain. But it is none the less manifestly wrong and counts the Creator's child altogether too cheap.

Then scolding, whipping, prisons and fines, together with public opinion in its fiery flames, may have had formative power over mind and behavior, none the less it is true that we have come to a better day—and that love will travel further in one hour by electricity than discipline did with its feet. The higher power takes the highest place, and demands to do the work the ruder forces did aforetime. That is the long, and the short of it. If it has taken

(Concluded on page 3.)







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## Banner of Light

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1906.

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

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

"The fast of Lent typifies to us the  
struggles of Truth, the darkness. It is the  
Wrestling with the Adversaries. The re-  
curring season shadows forth a constantly  
recurring struggle. It is the Fast of Con-  
flict: of wrestling with evil; of the endeavor  
to overcome the world."

There are married folks who never seem  
to learn the art of harmony. To outsiders  
they live the average good and useful life,  
but to themselves, things are not to their  
liking, and they hardly know where the  
blame is.

Most likely it is from several causes.  
People too much in each other's company  
are apt magnetically to weary each other.  
One will drain the other. And this of  
course has the selfishness of the individual  
at the back of it. One arrogates the right  
to rule, wants submission and enforces it,  
or one wants praise and worship—and hard  
times are in that house unless it is forth-  
coming.

Harmony of married life when each is  
free is a noble sentiment of love and ser-  
vice—and when each wants what is right  
and just.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union will ob-  
serve the "Anniversary" on Saturday,  
March 31, in the great Spiritual Temple on  
Exeter Street, Boston.

The program is not yet determined in  
full, but it is safe to say it will be worthy  
this great event in modern history. In ar-  
ranging for your celebration of Anniversary  
week you will be safe to put this on your  
list of engagements.

Friday, March 9, at 10.30 the "Hearing  
on the proposed bills giving the M. D. ex-  
clusive power to heal (or play "dog-in-the-  
manger" on healing) will be held at the  
State House.

If you are not prepared to accept this  
imposition you had better protest, at least  
by your presence display your interest.

And now the ministers are starting for  
a "Union." In the Eastern Maine Confer-  
ence of the Methodist denomination the  
ministers propose to lay aside any fear of  
being considered mercenary and compel the  
Board to face the fact that the average sal-  
ary of about forty men is barely \$500. We  
trust the movement will extend until the  
workmen in Spiritualism receive proper  
recognition and in the coin of the realm.

Bishop McVickar, of Rhode Island, in  
speaking at the Sunday Lenten Service, in  
Trinity, from the words, "Inasmuch as ye  
did not," gives this appropriate word:

"A mere benevolence of disposition, a  
sort of dilettante philanthropy, which stirs  
neither hand nor foot to minister to the  
helpless makes no appeal to Christ. Nor  
does he give a place in his kingdom to  
those who plead that they have lived harm-  
less and innocent lives. He tolerates no  
such weak, negative element. In this age

of sin and misery from sin the world needs  
something more than people who haven't  
injured any one; it is an age of the despoli-  
ing of the weak which has yet to learn its  
duty to the least of God's little ones.

"How many of our Christian citizens,  
when some important measure to prevent  
child exploitation is up at the State House,  
will even take the trouble to attend the  
hearing? Why, you can almost count them  
on the fingers of your hands. The great  
multitude of Christians and church mem-  
bers do not attend to such things. They  
just go about their worldly business."

Secretary McCormack, of the "Congo  
Reform Association," speaking in Dr.  
Edward Everett Hale's pulpit on the sub-  
ject made the telling point that the Ameri-  
can people were instrumental in bringing  
about the present conditions in the Congo  
State, as we were parties to the Brussels  
Conference that placed the state in the care  
of the King of Belgium, and because of this  
we are bound to leave nothing undone to  
prevent further inhumanities toward the  
blacks in the Congo.

Mr. McCormack said that chains were  
placed about the necks of the blacks, and  
they were driven back into the woods to  
bring out rubber, which is sent to the King  
of Belgium, and by him turned into gold.  
Not one tithe of the villainy practiced in  
the Congo he said is known to the civilized  
world, all for the purpose of enriching an  
old king, 70 years of age, with a fondness  
for ballet dancers, and who sets the pace  
of today for licentious living.

Is there nothing that can be done?  
Pretty humiliating for our boasted civiliza-  
tion to sit staring at these horrors.

When we were urged to become reconciled  
to our permanent hold in the Philippines,  
we heard much of being a "World Power,"  
and the strength of an Anglo-American al-  
liance that could "police the world." Then  
we decided to not technically "ally" but  
just stand shoulder to shoulder and prevent  
any bullying anywhere.

"Jonathan's" palms are itching  
Can John Bull come out?

### Proposed Medical Legislation, 1906.

To the Great and General Court of Massa-  
chusetts:

Gentlemen: We permit no man to excel  
us in our admiration of learning. The pro-  
fessions which we once, as they are still,  
called "learned" should remain both "pro-  
fessions" and "learned." They should not  
be allowed to be belittled into mere trading  
methods of earning a livelihood, nor should  
the ignorant, however smart, be permitted  
to become prominent in their ranks.

Especially is this latter remark true of  
that profession which strives to soothe the  
pains and cure the ills of physical man. It,  
of all others, should be learned and every  
honorable and reasonable means to insure  
this should be fostered and encouraged.

But true learning is never law made.  
There is no royal road to it. Nor is there  
any road by which it can be attained  
through legislature. It must be fostered  
only by the stimulus which love for it and  
for it alone, can give. It cannot be hedged  
in and guarded about by any man-made  
laws. If you attempt it, the result is but  
narrowness and repression. True science  
knows no limits, needs no limitations. It  
is only the false which seeks to set up  
bounds and say to the omnipotent mind  
"thus far and no farther." A great hier-  
archy made itself ridiculous when it at-  
tempted to proscribe the science of Galileo  
and the Legislature of Massachusetts  
should profit by that example.

Monopoly in trade is the one great evil  
which is engrossing the mightiest efforts of  
legislatures and reformers, sociologists and  
political economists. The cry of "Down  
with the Trusts" is but a denunciation of  
their monopoly. Yet in House Bills, Nos.  
882 and 883 now before you, we see an at-  
tempt, however it may be shrouded under  
another name, to limit the healing art, to  
keep it in certain hands only, to create a  
sort of medical trust and make a monopoly  
in medicine.

The object of the profession of medicine  
is one thing only. Its existence is for but  
one purpose. That purpose is the same as  
Jesus of Nazareth practiced when on earth,  
one of the things which he commissioned  
his disciples to do when he last addressed  
them with his "Go forth into all the world  
and heal the sick."

The art of healing is the one purpose, for  
which the medical profession exists.

Look at these bills like logical men.  
Consider their object and analyze their mo-  
tive and their purpose.

Their purpose,—speaking now as a lawyer  
and a law-maker should view them,—their  
purpose is to make more stringent rules for  
the practice of the art of healing and to  
compel those practicing that art to be better  
educated. Ah, but stop a moment. Is it  
"to be better educated" or is it to be edu-  
cated in a particular way? Here we run into  
a situation where it is imperative to in-  
quire, "Does the profession of medicine in-  
clude all the methods of true healing?" If  
it does, then the law to make the profession  
of medicine more learned might have a rea-  
son for its existence. If it does not, then  
the law is a violation of the Bill of Rights  
of our Constitution wherein it declares  
"Government is instituted for the common

good; for the protection, safety, prosperity  
and happiness of the people; and not for the  
profit, honor or private interest of any one  
man, family or class of men."

Who then is to decide which of these two  
"ifs" is the correct one? You, gentlemen,  
and you alone. Are you competent, skilled,  
expert, scientific to that degree and extent  
that you can declare, as you will if these  
bills are passed, that outside the profession  
of medicine there is no healing? That no  
one unless he is an M. D. can cure disease?  
That a man must be a graduate of such  
medical colleges as the Board of Registra-  
tion in Medicine approves of, before he can  
heal diseases?

This is the exact position in which you  
place yourselves if you pass these bills. We  
do not exaggerate nor do we spin the  
thread too fine. Examine the bills carefully  
and you will find the position you are in to  
be exactly as we have stated it.

Should you pass these bills, what do you  
ignore? You ignore the power which Jesus  
had and which exists today in many men  
although in a far less degree. You deny  
that marvelous cures have ever been ac-  
complished by Christian Scientists, Mind  
Healers, Hypnotists, Clairvoyants, Spiritual  
Healers. And to do this you must close  
your eyes to the facts all about you. There  
is not one in all your numbers who does not  
personally know of cures performed by  
"irregulars," many times, after the family  
doctor had given up the case; and you also  
shut your eyes to scores of cases of wrong  
diagnosis, wrong treatment and blundering  
loss of life through some "regular" prac-  
titioner's misunderstanding of his case.

Now if the "learned" sometimes err, and  
if the "irregulars" can cure one case in a  
thousand which has been given up as lost,  
what right have you as legislators to so  
trifle with human life as to forbid to any  
one of the people of this state that one  
chance in a thousand and condemn them to  
a possible death through the blunder of  
some regular licensed physician?

Dr. William Osler, the leading physician  
of the world today, said that "the best medi-  
cine a patient can have is faith in the at-  
tending physician." When a patient has  
more faith in a clairvoyant than in any  
"regular," what right has the Legislature of  
Massachusetts to say, "I believe you ought  
to have a regular doctor; therefore a regu-  
lar doctor you shall have." What right  
have you to say that any sick man in this  
Commonwealth shall be deprived by law of  
the best medicine he can have?

Ah, but our puritanical friend, Harvey,  
who wants everybody to give up their doxy  
and adopt his, "Ah," he says, "but Chris-  
tian Science causes people to die for lack  
of medicine."

Does Dr. Harvey agree with his greater  
brother, Dr. Osler? If so, why does he  
wish to condemn others to the same death  
he complains of?

But does he not also know of cases where  
the wrong treatment caused death or where  
the best treatment did not prevent it? If  
he does, then this law is oppression.

Clairvoyance, Mind Healing, Spiritual  
Healing are all as much scientifically  
proven powers as are the effects of mor-  
phine as a drug. And the methods of heal-  
ing which these psychic powers give re-  
quire no knowledge which the Board of  
Registration compels.

Clairvoyance long antedates its creeping  
counterpart, the X-ray. It is much clearer,  
much more accurate and as well under-  
stood.

We are therefore talking of nothing ex-  
perimental or scientifically doubtful. The  
"Regular" is a mere experimenter, and one  
whose means of learning his diagnostic  
facts are, when compared with clairvoyance,  
as the ray of a snuffed-out candle to the  
broad daylight of the sun.

Suppose these laws are passed.  
With this legislation on the Statute  
Books, how will Massachusetts appear a  
half-century from now?

Judging of the future by the past, Massa-  
chusetts will then condemn by law the very  
practices and methods of medicine which  
she is today compelling her people to adopt  
on the theory that there is but one set of  
scientific facts which are true.

If the Board of Registration in Medicine  
had all possible knowledge, these laws  
might be justified as police regulations. As  
the practices and methods which that  
Board now advocate are practically certain  
to be condemned as absolutely wrong in  
fifty years from now, it is oppression of  
the most tyrannical sort to cram these down  
the throats of an unwilling people.

And, lastly, who demands this legislation?  
Do the people whose agents you are and  
who as your masters elected you to deal  
justly, ask this? Is there any body of men  
or single man except the Board of Regis-  
tration or their agents who wish this done?

None.  
We are familiar with the plea which the  
Secretary of that Board is wont to advance.  
That it is necessary for the good of the  
people to strengthen the hands of his power  
with laws more stringent still. And when  
we hear that, we are ever reminded of our  
Milton when in Paradise Lost he says—  
"And with necessity,  
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish  
deeds."

### Pure Food.

By the almost unanimous vote (63 to 4)  
by which the Pure Food Bill passed the  
Senate, it looks as though this form of  
highwaymanism is to be arrested. For the  
results so far attained the "National Con-  
sumers' League" should have full recogni-  
tion for its untiring efforts to force the  
facts on the attention of the people. It  
would seem as though in the provisions of  
the Heyburn bill, making it a misdemeanor  
to ship the adulterated products from one  
state to another or to a foreign country, a  
practice by which the state laws are now  
defeated,—it would seem, as though in this  
bill a lever may be applied effectively. Now  
that the Senate has been moved so success-  
fully it is to be hoped that Congress will  
be prodded so that without serious delay or  
obstruction action may be taken by that  
body. It is well to note here that the con-  
fusing argument advanced against the  
measure, that by it "too much power would  
be put into the hands of the Department of  
Agriculture," is not in line with the facts.  
The Heyburn bill places with the courts the  
determination of what are contraband  
goods.

Any legislation aiming to prevent the  
sale of poisonous or injurious foods and to  
protect the purchaser against the swindling  
greed of the manufacturer should have  
heartily endorsement from every honest citi-  
zen. This is just what is provided for in  
the Heyburn bill and nothing more.

If the prominent physician quoted by  
Senator Heyburn as declaring that "not  
less than 200,000 children lose their lives  
every year as the result of impure or mis-  
branded drugs alone," if this is anything  
like a statement of fact, it seems high time  
for action.

### The White Christ and the Devil.

The keeping of Lent is a growing cus-  
tom, and for forty days seems to put an end  
to the wild life of society. It tempers its ex-  
cesses with this season of rest, gathering  
together its forces in the name of piety,  
for the dissipations of what summer and  
travel may bring. It seems on the side  
of religion and the renunciation of the  
flesh and the devil—and it may be nothing  
of the kind, however ardently and faith-  
fully it be observed—for the test is in the  
final balance of the just life and the sur-  
render of self to its own noble ideals. The  
ideals it has won in the wilderness when  
in the white light of truth it has had to  
fight darkness.

Doubtless it puzzles many to know how  
Jesus could be carried into the wilderness  
to suffer this trial. It might help us to dis-  
miss the old way of putting it—quite natu-  
ral to them—but not to us. It is figura-  
tive, symbolical, and the poetry of the re-  
ligious life that we can soon spoil by hard-  
ening it into fact which occurred in that  
particular way. It is a phase of man's life  
when he faces its serious purpose and set-  
tles with himself how he will meet it. It  
is just that soul searching which is to de-  
termine on what lines he will live, what  
shall be the spirit ruling him, what the  
things he will try for. When a man comes  
to this, then he is having the life of the  
wilderness.

Jesus is just from His home in Galilee,  
that land of all beauty to our mind's eye,  
the land of hills and dales, the lake and  
the river, and the richness of nature in  
the luxury of the sun. He had come to  
Jordan and John. He had received of the  
baptism of water, but more largely of the  
spirit—and the beauty of the Lord was  
upon him. He was in the bliss of the ex-  
perience that life had a mission of healing  
and helping, and the hour of his call and  
answer had come.

It is the supreme moment in a man's  
life to realize he is not an accident of time,  
he is not a straw upon the water; he is  
a force of good to co-operate with God  
in His grand design of binding all the  
hearts of men in loving service. It is an  
irresistible vision of beauty to the soul; it  
is all compelling in its grace, it whitens  
the soul as the lily is white in its flowering.

And to be a real man there must be this  
escape from the flesh to the consciousness  
of spirituality. The finding of self is the  
finding of the soul; and the identification  
of all we are with that. It is the letting  
of the other things go for the hour and  
feeling the sway and the strength of this  
kinship with God. It is the great awaken-  
ing, it is the true knowledge.

But it brings duty with it immediately.  
The pebble on the beach is only a pebble;  
the diamond is a gem, which when seen  
must take the place of its preciousness.  
The good man, so discovering his soul to  
be, must be ready to go about doing good  
in a world that so sorely needs what he  
can do on its behalf. And he must have  
time of meditation and resolve and face  
all his difficulties before the campaign that  
he may not be routed at the outset.

So it was the natural thing for Jesus now  
to go into the solitude, away from men  
and the tumult of the crowd and the senti-  
ments of the multitude, to settle with self  
what was to be done and how. Mark's gos-  
pel gives a brief word of it, Matthew un-  
folds it, and Luke is like, saving for the

transposing of the third temptation of Mat-  
thew into the second place. It shows us  
this is parable of the soul's struggle to light  
on the way of duty.

Can we render these temptations in the  
vernacular of our own experience? Cer-  
tainly. There is first the making of a liv-  
ing which is represented by hunger and its  
supply. It is not merely for the saint to  
settle—it is for any man to determine that  
he will do right to supply bodily needs—  
whether he is workman, shopkeeper or in  
a profession. He has to settle that his call-  
ing shall be in honesty and for the good of  
the community. We have not yet risen to  
the ethical standard that the labors of the  
years must be for man's good, not for the  
getting rich and all the rest of it. The  
devil has a pretty strong pull on men who  
think that here is just where they cannot  
afford to do other than they say everybody  
else does. Shakespeare says:

"Corruption wins not more than honesty."  
And Wolsey said: "If he had served God  
with half the zeal he serve his king, his  
fate would have been different."

Then the second temptation is the method  
of doing. Should Jesus win by miracle?  
The wonder of men gives submission to the  
seemingly miracle worker. And fanatics have  
played with this superstition. Jesus puts  
it on one side as the presumption of the  
child against God. The sweet, orderly ar-  
rangement of the days with their sensible  
service is enough. And this is a test to  
the modern man of whether he shall re-  
sort to trickery and self-advertising to get  
along. To play a little deception—of course  
for the good in view—why that cannot be  
so bad, devil or no devil. It goes and  
the man goes with it, and there is the  
separation of purpose from the divine end,  
which is to make man in the divine image  
and not into the cunning of the beast.

Then the devil places him on the Mount.  
It is the vision of kingship, of dominion  
and power which sects have and for which  
they work under specious pleas and false  
when compared with the renunciation of  
Christ for the kingdoms of this world. It  
is not given to many men to have this  
dream offered as a reality—it came to  
George Washington and he grandly re-  
jected it. It comes to the ultra rich, and  
they do not always reject it. But the man  
of small means may sell himself as com-  
pletely to the devil by making his greed  
go as far as it can in his limit. He has  
sold his life to the devil, and the pay is  
impoorishing and exceedingly disappoint-  
ing. And it has only the ashes of this  
world on the hearthstone of his hopes.

The white Christ is the spirit of man in  
its prayer and purpose of love and service,  
and if it fights for its own, then the angels  
of God minister to it as the Soul Victorious.

### Are We Not All Christians?

Jesus Christ was not the founder of  
religion. Religion existed long before his  
time. He was not the founder of a special  
religion. Each special religion has its  
creed, its ritual, or its ecclesiastical orga-  
nization—generally all three. One looks in  
vain in the four Gospels for either. Jesus  
Christ was a giver of life. "I am come,"  
he said, "that they might have life, and  
that they might have it more abundantly."  
To take this life which he imparts—the life  
of faith that looks upon the things that are  
unseen and are eternal, the life of hope that  
sees in every today a better tomorrow and  
aspires toward it, the life of love that counts  
all experiences as opportunities for service—  
this is to be a Christian. To have his  
spirit; if not to have it then to desire it  
above all else, this is to be a follower of  
Jesus Christ. And the men and women  
who possess this spirit, and have banded  
themselves together to give it to others,  
are the Church of Christ. This spirit of life  
transcends all rituals, is greater than all  
definitions, overflows all Church orders and  
organizations. It is in the Roman Catholic  
Xavier and the Protestant Zinzendorf, the  
Armenian Wesley and the Calvinistic White-  
field and the Quaker Fox; it sings in the  
Catholic "Lead, Kindly Light," and in the  
Calvinist "Rock of Ages," and in the Uni-  
tarian "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

We believe in the historic faith of the  
Christian Church. We believe that for us  
men and for our salvation Christ came down  
to earth. We see in him the supreme  
manifestation of the Infinite Father. We  
bow before him as the Son of God, the  
express image of his Person, the brightness  
of his glory. We offer to him our heart's  
highest adoration, and count it all too poor  
an offering. But to believe this is not  
Christianity. Christianity is the spirit of  
Christ, the spirit of love, and service, and  
self-sacrifice. He that hath not the spirit  
of Christ is none of his. Orthodox defini-  
tions will not make him Christian. He that  
hath the spirit of Christ is Christ's. Un-  
orthodox definitions will not prevent his  
being so. For ourselves, we will work with  
all who profess and call themselves Chris-  
tians if they will work with us. We will  
work with any man who is trying to do  
Christ's work in Christ's spirit. We will  
gladly accord to him liberty to work in his  
own way, we will insist on our liberty to  
work in ours. And in this liberty of the  
spirit, not in any conformity in a common  
ritual or to a common creed, we will find  
the bond of our unity as we find the inspi-  
ration of our service.—Outlook Editorial.



## The Subconscious Self and Telepathy.

Charles Deubner.

We all know that manhood is a mystery, and none the less so when scientists begin to add a subliminal and a subconscious self to the everyday mortal of yesterday, today and tomorrow. Of course all life, in every form, from unit to man, is a mystery, but we know more about that mystery than was known by our grandfathers. We know, for instance, that every unit is a blending of intelligence, energy and substance, and we cannot conceive of any form that does not combine the eternal three in one.

We have advanced into the knowledge of the perpetual manifestation of energy by motion, affecting both intelligence and substance, which motion we nowadays speak of as vibration. We know at least so much of man as to perceive he is intelligence manifesting through brain substance by vibration. This brain manifestation we call mind, which is rigidly limited or affected by the rate of vibration. For instance, a certain rate of movement penetrates from his ear drum to his brain and is interpreted as sound. His brain receptivity then ceases, and there is for him a huge gap of silence. But at last the vibrations once again compel his brain to a movement which he calls sight. Once again the limit is reached, just as was the case with sound, and the poor mortal finds himself once more in what is for him the eternal silence. We are speaking, of course, of the mind with a brain in perpetual motion, which combination we call "mortal man." So far all is plain sailing, not a rock in the way, we do not need even a chart.

We next note that if energy be eternal and infinite it is man's brain that is limited, for the vibrations are as busy as ever—outside his limit. Many an animal senses vibrations that man cannot catch, and even the insect world has eyes that behold wonders to which man is blind. So much is again an everyday truth. Our object is to try and learn the lesson of these truths that so limit and otherwise affect mortal man.

We first recognize that the limit is in the brain and not in the intelligence. But there are certain mortals who sense these vibrations beyond the average limit. They are often marked as more intellectual than their fellows. But whether that be so they are to just that extent abnormal. But without much imagination we can easily conceive the effect of such an outreach of vibratory sensation beyond the normal.

Here is a man whose natural sight, beginning with red and ending with violet—with just a perception of ultra red and ultra violet—finds himself, as it were, moved forward a few octaves. Much that he used to see would be left behind, but who can conceive the glories in form and color that would open before him, glories to which he is blind. Let us remember that when he is so advanced he carries his intelligence with him, outside into that region whose vibrations know no limit. The trouble with that man is that though he now sees and hears amid new vibrations and experiences his mortal brain has its own rigid limits which it is very dangerous to attempt to pass, and in most cases even impossible. So that man may have a hold upon earth while experiencing this expanded life, but since that expansion is impossible to mortal brain he cannot connect his dual experiences. In other words, he has experiences which he cannot tell to us because our brains cannot receive them.

In process of time that man goes on advancing, and reaches still higher vibrations, necessarily at the same time letting go at the other end, when suddenly, or gradually, we recognize that the brain cannot get back at all, or at least so imperfectly it is with the greatest difficulty we can force ourselves to remember it is really the man we knew. In other words, so entirely behind we call him "dead," for his old body misses the old presiding will and goes to pieces. He has now moved forward into the gap between sound and sight, and out beyond our present limit of vision. His intelligence is now working so entirely beyond our limit that so far as he impresses himself at all on those he has left behind it is by stimulating mortal imagination.

So far that is simply Spiritualism, with perhaps a favoring of Theosophy. Now let us go back for a while and study the position of this mind man while in earth life. Nature has no rigid dividing line in any direction, and no rule or law that we can discover prepared for the special welfare of man, either as a race or an individual. Man is man, but he is not run in a mould, and turned out by the million exact to pattern. No two are exactly alike, and once in a while appears one of these humans who outreaches the mortal brain boundary and thus leaves reason behind. But there is fierce attempt by himself or others to make the connection or at least to find out what has happened to him. The fact that such a sensitive does overstep the boundary has been demonstrated a thousand times by hypnotism, and there has been a sort of fashionable man hunt recently where the fun consists in chasing that part of a man which is just outside the control of mortal brain. The scientists have given the chase a name. It is an effort to catch what they call "subconscious man," and there is no doubt they now and then catch up to him.

Here is where the trouble begins. The man outside the line and the man inside are not chums. They cannot or won't do much talking to each other. As we have said the line which separates them is not a rigid boundary, with a fixed fence to climb over, so sometimes a common mortal, like the writer and reader, gets outside for a while. While thus outside he discovers he cannot use the mortal brain in the old manner, but there are some things he can do which are impossible to the brain man. He cannot reason inductively, but give him an asserted fact and he will follow it up into heaven, or down the other way without grumbling. He is as self-conscious as you are, but too near the line to be independent, and yet, being across, he can't work in the old way. He has really become what we have long called "a psychometrical sensitive." But it

is now fashionable among scientists and the S. P. R. to call him "the subconscious self." We remember he is what he is because he is amid different vibrations to those of the brain man who is the eminently respectable and normal citizen. We herein discover an interesting fact. We remember the brain man is as rigidly limited by vibration on his side of the line as is the subconscious self on the other. So we perceive that nearly every organ in the body vibrates outside the limit of brain man, and so near to the fence that the outside self has more control over it than the inside self we call mortal. And the inside or brain man has a very imperfect hold on that portion of his brain which records memory. He often forgets, or even fails to remember at all. But the outside man is so near those vibrations that he could not forget if he wanted to. With him memory is perfect.

We now notice that—in spite of the proclaimed discovery of the S. P. R. and kindred scientists—there are not two men, but just one, living astride a fence. One side of him is in the sunshine, the other in the shade. And all that we have so far learned of him is that at some unknown point of vibration he loses control, or at least use of his mortal brain, and has to get along without it. We know the scientists and our friends of the S. P. R. are moving heaven and earth to get both sides of him into such impossible harmony that the brain will tell the whole story for both.

We have so far dealt only with an acknowledged fact. We believe absolutely in an outside self, but we object to the term "subconscious," for we find it is actually and precisely the same self as the everyday one, only working for the time amid different vibrations. But in consequence of that very difference it has some powers that might be very useful to the mortal. The trouble is that the vibrations outside are not adapted to the brain of the self inside. All the same our excursions outside the limit bring back a lot of very interesting facts which are, and must remain for the most part without rhyme or reason.

We have seen that man under certain conditions is privileged to reach out beyond his mortal sense limit into regions where telepathy and wireless telegraphy are of little value because there is no brain at this end able to play the receiver to more than a few flashes of such intelligence. And the further the outreach the greater the difficulty. For this reason the real service possible from the outside self will always be one sided. Sometimes when it is for the moment at the very dividing line, perhaps at the exciting incident of accident or death, a message is received which is truthfully and even clearly transmitted to the brain.

So far we have not been discussing "telepathy," by which learned word its authors mean the outreach of the brain man to another brain man, and the reception and exchange of brain thought. Personally I am not quite prepared to deny "telepathy," but I do know it is very rare, if it occurs. I have made at least fifty attempts to demonstrate it through different mediums by thinking clearly and distinctly of the name of a friend, WITHOUT ONE SUCCESS. I know there are cases said to be satisfactorily demonstrated but I claim that every such case is much more satisfactorily explained by assuming the message to have been carried by a spirit messenger. Let us illustrate this.

The recent experiment by Prof. Hyslop is a case in point. It was designed to send a telepathic message from America to England. The arrangements were carefully made, and the English sensitive was waiting the message at the time appointed, and with a committee to oversee. The message was received—the very message as telepathically dispatched from America. So far it might be called a triumphant success, but alas! and alas! The message was dispatched in good honest English, and arrived in classical Latin. Neither sensitive is a Latin scholar, so there was really nothing telepathic in that experiment. Some outside intelligence, one with a classical frame of mind, just transposed the message into good Latin. We can imagine how the peace of heaven (or —) was disturbed by uproarious laughter over the joke, which evidently was intended, and actually did give the doctrine of "telepathy" a very black eye. In fact, I repeat, every asserted proof of telepathy might be more rationally explained by assuming that an outside intelligence bore the message. The very word was coined to smooth the feathers of those who have declared they would accept any explanation rather than acknowledge immortality and spirit return.

We must remember that such an intelligence must be right at the dividing line, with one foot across, or he could not reach the mind of the brain man. He therefore belongs to what the S. P. R. would teach us to call "subconscious intelligences." And just as soon as he vibrates a little further away from the mortal his subconsciousness ceases, so far as we are concerned. It was, at the best, very imperfect, easily suggested into absurdities, and accepting as truth any thought that reached it. In fact it was a very weak selfhood, save in its giant memory.

I want just here to once again repeat and emphasize that this precious "subconscious self," of which the S. P. R. and Hudson are so proud, is only the everyday self at the boundary where mortal vibrations are commencing to grow feeble. A few steps further and this so-called "subconscious self" has crossed the line too far to even make himself an exhibit for the scientist. In other words, the subconscious self of the mortal has become a conscious self—with independent selfhood—living amidst vibrations that sense beauties and unfold powers of which the brain man knows nothing. If he has a thought, or even an expression of love he wishes to send back he must—when the gap is once fully entered—employ some intelligence yet sitting on the fence with a vibration that can possibly reach a mortal brain. Your subconscious man is then dead, and by way of an epitaph I would say, "He did not amount to much practical to the mortal while he was alive." It is claimed that he is today lord and master of so much of the mortal organism as the brain man cannot directly control.

I do not recognize that claim, for I see the aggregated intelligences of every organ doing their work in their own way. And we all know how the white corpuscles (phagocytes) are perpetually on guard, and attacking every invader. So far as I can see, this wonderful "subconscious self" doesn't trouble himself about the home worries and domestic duties, but if his attention can be called to necessity for action he can usually add vibratory energy to one organ, and perhaps reduce that of another. When he does that it is proclaimed to be an exhibition of "mind power," "mental healing," or "divine influx." Such healings are often turned into religious capital, and with many a prayer, carefully stored in celestial "safe deposits"—away from worms. But these venerating souls, as we now see, are just worshipping the powers that inhere to so much of their own selfhood as can cross the line, and which has now been proclaimed, with scientific plaudits, "the independent subconscious self."

After death we discover this "subconscious self" has attained a full independent selfhood, which, like John Brown's body, goes marching on. It had been the mind evolution of the mortal man, that is to say, it was an intelligence manifesting through mental substance. There was the mortal brain at one end of the brain man's selfhood, and this evolved mental brain at the other. You may call it, if you will, a mere difference of vibration of substance, and so it is, but the outwrought senses of one body have a limit they cannot pass. And this limit means, sooner or later, a certain disintegration to mortal brain, with the result we call "death." It will equally mean disintegration to that mental brain when in its advance it has reached vibrations beyond its sense limit. But it will, in its turn, have evolved a self-conscious selfhood, all ready for the next step in eternal progress.

No law of nature, now known to us, will be violated. Selfhood will, and must continue to have its fulness and its limits. But this means woe to what we call "spirit return." If the subconscious self of today is erratic and limited in its relation to the brain of mortal man, the outstretched senses of mental men will in their turn merge into a spirit selfhood yet more refined, further away from earth, and always limited to its lower self, and at every step getting further away from the mortal self and its coarse material brain.

Our relation with the invisible must be first through our own outer selfhood at the divide, which self can still touch our mortal brain, though imperfectly. Through that self, all imperfect as it is, other selves a step further advanced must tell the tale of their experiences, so far as they can find echo in mortal life. Surely we can now see that there can be no possible harmony between the vibrations of their brain and ours by which thought could pass direct from one to the other. Hence it is natural that when a selfhood has been severed by death it may for a brief space give possible proof that it is alive, and that it is carrying with it memories that were encysted in the subliminal self. But those very memories must soon lose the possibility of repetition amidst the higher vibrations of that self's present life. That growing self will soon be too far away, and leave little but mystery surrounding its old identity. The dweller at the threshold, who keeps close as possible to the divide, may message and test to its heart's content through your subconscious self. He will tell some truthful stories, and many a fiction. He may catch the echo of your loved one's thought, and even picture the form that is bereaved to you. But it will only here and there be more than a simulation of the glorious truth of human immortality.

The law of vibrations, as we have seen, is death to the old brain selfhood, but eternal life to the spirit self, born anew out of the subjective self which we all evolve, and sometimes contact in earth life.

Such seems to me the history of every subconscious or subliminal self, or whatever other name it is supposed to wear. It is the extreme vibratory output of a self whose brain headquarters are occupied by a few senses that cannot travel far. We discover through hypnotism, suggestion, genius, and sometimes accident, that the extreme vibratory output of mortal man is really a self, but with very different powers to those of the mortal. We presently discover the limit of its power to send back its own experiences. We also learn that occasionally it can be of real service to the mortal. We see, yet further, that when entirely freed from the mortal it will have a selfhood with powers that are but dreams to poor mortals, like the reader and writer. And we can discern that under the law of vibratory energy such embodied intelligences will ever be advancing into higher and more powerful selfhoods, with the gap ever growing wider between the mortal and such advancing spirits.

San Leandro, Cal.

### Breaking It Gently.

He is a rather serious-minded boy, who has more sense of responsibility than many grown persons. So when he was sent to his grandmother's to break the news of her aged sister's death, he did so with gravity and no little self-importance.

"Now, Alfred," his mother said, "you mustn't tell grandma suddenly, because it might shock her, even though she knew Aunt Martha was ill. Tell it to her gently."

"All right," assented Alfred, starting out on his mission with mingled solemnity and eagerness.

Arrived at his grandmother's house, he greeted her with a sober "Hello," and then proceeded to "break the news" by saying:

"Aunt Martha's dead, grandma! But you mustn't feel bad, 'cause she was pretty old anyhow. You'll be the next one, I s'pose."

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### Report of the Editor-at-Large.

For the quarter commencing Dec. 1, 1905, and ending March 1, 1906.

To the Executive Board, N. S. A.: Respected Sirs: I have the pleasure of reporting the work for the first three months of the year.

My attention was called by Hon. R. A. Dague to a lecture by Henry Frank, before the Psychical Society of Los Angeles, in which he spoke of Spiritualism in language I do not care here to repeat. My reply in the Banner of Light called out a denial from Mr. Frank. He asserted that he had been falsely reported by Mr. Dague. It became a matter of veracity between the two gentlemen, and Mr. Dague in his reply proved that his report was correct. Mr. Frank, in a lengthy response, admitted that Mr. Dague had reported correctly and made his plea on that line of defence.

My last reply was based on this admission, and was given in the Banner of Light. In that reply I held to the statement I had at first made, that the time had gone by when Spiritualists were to remain silent when their belief was libeled or meekly apologize for their Cause.

The following articles have been furnished for publication:

Review of Passing Events: "Interesting to Flesh Eaters." "Speak for the Creatures of the Wood and Field who Cannot Speak for Themselves." "A Comparison." "Straws Showing the Trend of Public Opinion." "Banner of Light and Progressive Thinker."

Review of Passing Events: "Devilism." "Felix Schelling a Worthy Example." "Magnetic Healing." "Prof. Larkins Hits Out with His Shillalah." "Banner of Light, Progressive Thinker, The Sunflower."

Review of Passing Events: "Bibles Scarce." "An Outgrowth of Old Theology." "The Great Church Trust." "Banner of Light and Progressive Thinker." "In Regard to Kellar." Chicago Record Herald. "Response to Evangelist Daniels." Anaconda Standard, Montana. (This reply was printed separately by the ardent worker, W. J. Hicks.) "A Creed!" "Banner of Light and Sunflower." "Spiritualism" (written by request of the Iowa State Spiritualists' Association). "Doctor Funk and His Critics." The Sunflower. "Growth of Catholicism in the United States." "Banner of Light."

Review of Passing Events: "Illustration of the Test Proposed by Mr. Myers." "Atavism." "Banner of Light and Progressive Thinker." "Mr. Myers' Test Illustrated." The Banner of Light. The Two Worlds, Manchester, England. "Messages from the Unseen." Boston Globe. "Spiritualism: Do the Spirits of the Departed Come Back to Earth Again?" Reply to Rev. McFarlane in St. James' Gazette, Minnesota. "A Test of Little Importance to Spiritualism." Boston Herald.

Review of Passing Events: "Source of the Psalms." "Messages from the Unseen." "A Hopeful Sign." "Banner of Light and Progressive Thinker." "Status of American Spiritualism." The Two Worlds. "The Profound Wisdom of the Christian Editors." "The Message of Life." New Zealand.

I wish to say by way of apology to correspondents who have sent clippings from Catholic papers, defamatory of the Cause, that I have not attempted to answer, for such papers will not admit replies. Nor will secular newspapers admit anything opposing Catholicism, although articles on Spiritualism find a more ready hearing since public attention has been awakened by the recent interest taken by several men of note in Psychical Phenomena.

Criticism of Catholicism is barred from every secular journal, and the Spiritual press offers the only means of publication. The most optimistic cannot fail to discern in this subservency of the Press the stealthy hand of Theocratic despotism.

Hudson Tuttle.

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

### Two Important Peace Documents.

We wish to call the attention of the "Banner" readers to two remarkable peace documents issued by the effective house of Ginn & Co., and for sale at a trifling cost. One is the rectorial address of Andrew Carnegie, delivered to the students of the University of St. Andrews in Scotland, "A League of Peace." As an argument in behalf of a union of the civilized nations to

### New Edition. Just Out.

With a beautiful portrait of Pearl, the Spirit Heroine.



## In the World Celestial

BY DR. T. A. BLAND.

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

This book has a brilliant introduction by that distinguished preacher, Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., president of the American Congress of Liberal Religions, who gives it the weight of his unqualified endorsement. He says: "This beautiful book will give us courage to pass through the shadow of death to the sunlit clime of the world celestial."

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

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

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For Sale by the BANNER OF LIGHT.

enforce the peace of the world, we have seen nothing more telling.

The other is designated as "Old South Leaflet," No. 162, and is made up of extracts from letters and pamphlets of Franklin in behalf of peace. His earnest advocacy of peace is characterized by his invariable reasonableness. As a sample, let us quote from his letter to Lord Howe, written in 1776:

To me it seems that neither the obtaining nor retaining of any trade, how valuable soever, is an object for which men may justly spill each other's blood; and that the true and sure means of extending and securing commerce is the goodness and cheapness of commodities, and that the profit of no trade can ever be equal to the expense of compelling it, and of holding it by fleets and armies."

These Old South Leaflets can be obtained for five cents each, and unless one is overawed by the attack on these "demagogues of peace," which has recently been made in high places by our more strenuous statesmen, much impressive thought on this subject can be obtained in this literature.



## Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY  
MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

### Dream Life.

Mrs. Nicholas Williams.

(Written for the "Banner of Light.")  
In the solemn night, 'mid its silent things,  
I hear the whirring of unseen wings,  
And wafted down from celestial bowers  
Are odors sweet, from a thousand flowers.

A martial band, with its great drum mute,  
The occasional note of a sweet voiced flute,  
An organ's tone, as it rises and swells,  
And a dreamy ringing of silvery bells.

The veil seems gossamer that hangs between  
Our mortal vision and things unseen,  
And strains of music and voices of yore  
Are re-echoed back from that far-off shore.

My soul hears the music of heavenly spheres  
And sounds unfamiliar to mortal ears.  
And a spirit divine, on my own sheds its  
beam,  
Till the world melts away in its beautiful  
dream.

### A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.

THE PURE, THE GOOD, THE TRUE  
IS REVEALED TO THE PURE IN  
HEART.

It was a beautiful day in midwinter and  
the streets of the great city were radiant  
in plate glass and sun-lighted windows.  
Like a wonderful gem of purest gold the  
State House dome glistened and sparkled  
on Beacon Hill. Far out across the blue  
water of the bay the fleet-winged vessels  
were speeding merrily on their way, and  
everywhere the hum and music of life, like  
a ceaseless song of energy and power and  
love awoke the dreamer from his dreams  
and the idler from his fancies.

The great railway station opened its doors  
and an eager, hurrying crowd poured into  
the streets.

In little companies they came, with now  
and then a solitary traveler walking among  
them, unheeding and unheeded.

One of these, a young man, with face  
like the morning, stepped out into the glory  
of the sunshine and looked about with ques-  
tioning eyes; up and down the busy streets  
he glanced and with expectant air read the  
glistening signs of shops and conveyances,  
bill-boards and hotels. Close following in  
his footsteps was a youth no older than  
himself, who walked with shuffling, sham-  
bling gait, toward the bright faced young  
man, and, touching him familiarly on the  
shoulder, began to talk.

"Is this your first trip to Boston?" he  
said, by way of introduction.

"Yes; when did you get here? I thought  
I saw you at the village this morning before  
I left."

"That's right; you did. I came down on  
the same train you did, but I met a man  
who knows all about Boston and I wanted  
to find out the best place to go to have a  
dandy good time, so I buzzed him all the  
way down."

The bright faced youth laughed. "Oh,  
you're too slow for any use," he said. "I  
had my trip all planned before I started.  
I knew just the places I wanted to see, and  
I've done a little reading on the subject  
and I rather guess I can do the town with-  
out much trouble."

"What are you going to do first?" care-  
lessly asked the Careless Traveler.

"Well, I'm going to get some dinner; then  
I'm going up to the Natural History  
Rooms; it's Saturday and I can go in free  
and I want to see some of the stuffed birds  
up there."

The Careless Traveler laughed immoder-  
ately. "Mamma's little boy wants to look  
at the birdies," he said sneeringly. "I  
suppose you'll go to church tomorrow morn-  
ing and to Sunday School in the afternoon  
and to prayer-meeting in the evening."

The bright faced young man blushed, but  
not with shame. He knew the Careless  
Traveler's opinion; he would not take on a  
matter of so small importance as the color  
of a windmill, and he was indignant that he  
should express it about the way he was to  
spend his time in a new and to him wonder-  
ful country.

"What are you going to do?" he asked,  
with just a tinge of temper.

"Me, oh, I'm going up to the Dime Mu-  
seum and see some of the freaks, and then  
I'm going to walk up town and see the  
pretty girls, and I'll probably go to the the-  
atre this evening, and tomorrow I don't  
know what I'll do yet, but I'll find some fun  
somewhere."

Then the two separated, but they met  
again.

Strangely enough, when the bright faced  
young man took the train a week later, the  
Careless Traveler was already on board and  
made room for him as he passed his seat.

With a weary body, an empty pocket and  
an aching head, he was going back to the  
old familiar scenes to tell his friends about  
the great city he was leaving behind.

"Horrible place, Boston is," he said, spit-  
ting the words out as if the very name of  
the city left a bad taste in his mouth.

"I was just thinking how much I enjoyed  
it," replied his seatmate. "I never dreamed  
that there were so many things that I  
wanted to know about and would be inter-  
ested in. Why, I couldn't half see the li-  
brary and the colleges, and, dear me, the  
ministers knew so much I wanted to have  
a talk with every one of them and ask  
questions by the dozens; they knew so  
much more than I did. And I never heard  
such music, and I went to the flower show  
and it made me crazy to try the grafting  
process on some of our plants. Everybody  
seemed so happy and good-natured, too, I  
thought it was because they were happy in  
the things they were doing."

"Oh, pahaw, what are you talking about?  
You must have been with a pretty slow  
crowd. You should have had a taste of  
the sporting set. I found. I don't know  
as they are any happier than the folks down  
at the village, but they are speedy, and that  
is what I like. I guess you've been asleep  
and dreaming, or else you fell in love. Yes,  
I'll bet that's it. You fell in love," and the

tired Careless Traveler laughed boister-  
ously and long.

But the bright faced young man knew he  
was wrong and deep in his heart he held  
the secret fast, nor did he try to talk of  
the things he had seen and loved the most.

They were too sacred and too dear to  
be expressed to one so dull and so care-  
less.

So the two lads went back from the city  
and told the towns-people of what they had  
seen. And some of the towns-people fore-  
ever after condemned Boston as a resort of  
evil-doers and pointed to the Careless Travel-  
er as an example of what contaminating  
influences would do for a young man, who  
but for his visit to the scenes of sin would  
be an honor to his native town.

And some of the towns-people sat long  
hours and listened to the bright faced young  
man as he told of life in the city, with its  
marvelous opportunities for growth and un-  
foldment and learning and companionship,  
and they longed for that larger life and  
they entered into all their tasks and pleas-  
ures with that picture of larger life al-  
ways before them as an inspiration and an  
incentive.

Out from the narrow life of creed and  
custom, with its perfunctory performances  
and petty conventionalities, come men and  
women to spend a holiday with the Spirit-  
ualists who live in a city of beauty and  
light, of resource and opportunity, but who  
have no restrictions or restraints for any  
one who seeks shelter in their midst.

Under the very shadow of the white tem-  
ple of truth, a lying mob may wait to steal  
away the sense of purity from the way-  
farer who seeks the shrine, but no crafty  
spirit, seeking with lying tongue to beguile  
the inexperienced, the unwary, the youthful  
or the innocent will succeed when the ear  
is attuned for spiritual harmonies.

They could as well offer a stone for  
bread, a prison for a palace, or bitter herbs  
for sparkling water.

The man who is pure in heart will find  
the pure, sweet waters of truth flowing into  
his soul from the eternal heights of spirit-  
ual life, and yet the world is full of alleys  
that lead to darkest slums.

A pure heart will grow a pure Spiritual-  
ist and a pure Spiritualist will find abundant  
evidence of the pure and good and holy in  
Spirit-land.

A vile heart will make a vile Spiritualist  
and a vile Spiritualist will find ample proof  
of the low, the ignoble and the unclean in  
Spirit-land.

Why? Because Spirit-land is an inhabited  
country and its inhabitants have lived and  
grown and had their free will to be and  
do what they most desired, and no miracu-  
lous or instantaneous change of character  
came to them as they sped from one life  
to the other.

Death is not a chemist, but a conveyor.

When one whispers in your ear or loudly  
proclaims to the world the fact that he has  
found nothing but great evil or imbecile  
littleness in the communications from Spirit-  
land, beware!

Don't mourn and weep, but let him alone  
until the earnest desire to know the good  
inspires him to shun the evil and seek dili-  
gently for the truth.

M. M. S.

The following lines were written by Mrs.  
J. B. Herrick, a friend of the Home Circle,  
and were suggested to her by the giving of  
two beautiful black and white kittens to a  
lady who grieves for her lost pet.

### KITTIES' PETITION.

We're two timid little kitties,  
And we have come to live with you.  
You will be kind to us, we know,  
You loved your own lost kitty so.

We know we'll miss our own old meow,  
And our mother's tender me-ow, me-ow;  
She nursed us fondly when we cried,  
We were more helpless then than now.

A cruel fate on cats does fall  
When they leave mother, home and all;  
But you'll be kind to us, we know,  
You loved your own lost kitty so.

A cushioned chair will do for bed,  
We'll go to sleep when we are fed;  
Nor make a noise till break of day,  
Then to your arms we'll find the way.

We'll kiss your hands and face and brow,  
We'll sing our sweetest me-ow, me-ow,  
And so we'll speak our gratitude  
For bed and love and care and food.

Dot and Ted.

### In a Sugar Camp.

Frank H. Sweet.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)  
During the last days of February or early  
in March, when the atmosphere is still and  
dry and there is a northwest wind blowing,  
the sugar-maker goes into camp and be-  
gins tapping his trees and setting the buck-  
ets. He is very particular about the  
weather, and if the wind is from the south-  
west he busies himself in putting every-  
thing in readiness in the sugar-house, and  
waits. But just let a bright warm day  
come, with a light northwest wind, and he  
becomes a new man. There is no slowness  
or lethargy about him now, and he is eager  
to lengthen his day as far as possible into  
the night, and is content to snatch an hour  
or so of sleep whenever and wherever he  
can.

The traditional sugar weather is freezing  
nights and thawing days, with occasional  
light, feathery snowfalls, known by sugar-  
makers as "sugar snow." If a freeze suc-  
ceeds a snowstorm, the sugar-maker is  
happy, for then the sap will start with a  
spurt and run freely when the thaw, that  
must quickly follow, comes. A steady flow  
of sap that will fill the buckets inside of a  
day is regarded as good running, although  
twice this amount is often obtained in ex-  
ceptionally favorable weather.

Trees are tapped by boring holes into the  
trunks with a half-inch bit, about one and  
one-half inches in depth and from one to  
four feet above the ground. After tapping,  
spouts of wood or iron, fitted with hooks  
for holding the buckets, are driven firmly  
into the holes. The older growths produce  
the sweetest sap, while a tree under a foot  
in diameter is not considered large enough

to tap. Buckets of wood or tin are hung  
on the spouts, and it is not uncommon to  
find as many as three or four buckets with  
two spouts to each hung on maples of large  
size. It is said that a tap on the north  
side of a tree will produce less sap than  
a tap on the south side, and sap that runs  
during the day will make less and inferior  
sugar than the same quantity of night sap.  
An acre of ground should not be called  
upon to support more than thirty trees to  
be tapped for sap, and scientific sugar-mak-  
ers affirm that if the acreage is limited,  
a few trees will produce as much sap as  
a good many—in other words, that "trees  
standing close together divide the aggre-  
gate flow made possible by the acres of  
soil they cover, which aggregate would be  
as great as if there were half so many  
trees draining the spot."

As it comes from the tree maple sap  
is like water in appearance and with a not  
very pronounced sweetish flavor. It is  
gathered with large wooden tanks placed  
upon sleds and drawn by horses or oxen.  
These sleds are dragged from tree to tree  
through the orchard during the gathering  
process, and when full are taken to the  
sugar house and the sap spouted into a large  
holder, or supply tank, from which it is fed  
into the pans or evaporators, in which the  
sap is reduced to syrup. A barrel of good  
sap will make a gallon of syrup, which is  
equivalent to eight pounds of hard sugar.

The modern sap evaporator makes it pos-  
sible to do a great deal of sugaring in a  
short time. It is made of tin, copper or  
galvanized iron; and sap flowing in at one  
end is, by means of partitions a foot or  
more apart, extending nearly across the pan,  
made to take a zigzag course to the other  
end, where it is drawn off in syrup. The  
proper consistency of syrup to be drawn  
from the evaporator is about eleven pounds  
to the gallon, and this degree of density is  
reached at 210 degrees. In large orchards  
two men are required to do the boiling—  
one to keep the fire brisk and hot, and the  
other to watch the pan and take care of the  
syrup. Not more than half an inch of sap  
covers the evaporator during the boiling.

The sap is never made into more than  
syrup in the evaporator. It wanted for hard  
sugar, it is placed in a sugaring kettle and  
the boiling continued until the thermometer  
indicates from 232 to 238 degrees, when the  
mass is removed from the fire, stirred  
briskly a short time to give it the proper  
grain, and is then poured into tin pails or  
cane moulds, as the case may be, to harden.  
When cold it is removed from the moulds  
and is ready for market. The very best  
maple sugar is a light, clear, dry, glassy  
brown, so very light that it much resembles  
clarified sugar.

Vermont is one of the greatest sources  
of the country's sugar supply, and has the  
reputation of producing the finest quality of  
sugar in the market.

Nothing short of a visit to a maple sugar  
camp will give one a clear idea as to just  
how the sap of the maple is converted into  
syrup, and if one can spend several days  
and nights in the camp it will be an ex-  
perience he will not soon forget.

Vermont has very few farms that have  
not a group or an orchard of rock or sugar  
maples somewhere on the premises; and as  
sugar season comes at a time of the year  
when the farmer could not profitably em-  
ploy his time otherwise, there are naturally  
a great many sugar camps in the state.  
Some of the farmers only look upon sugar  
making as an incident of the year's work,  
while others give it the study and attention  
necessary to its development as a large and  
profitable industry. The sugar orchards of  
Vermont vary in size from a hundred to  
three or four thousand trees, and occasion-  
ally there is an orchard of as many as six  
or seven thousand.

### Scared Quaker.

The elder Booth, the American actor, once  
took the fancy to be an absolute vegetarian,  
and while possessed of this craze he was  
traveling on the Western steamboat, and  
happened to be placed opposite a solemn  
Quaker, who had been attracted by the elo-  
quent conversation of the great actor. The  
benevolent old Quaker, observing the lack  
of viands on Booth's plate, kindly asked:

"Friend, shall I not help thee to the breast  
of this chicken?"

"No, I thank you, friend," replied the  
actor.

"Then shall I not cut thee a slice of the  
ham?"

"No, friend, not any."

"Then thee must take a piece of the mut-  
ton, thy plate is empty," persisted the old  
Quaker.

"Friend," said Booth, in those deep sten-  
torian tones, whose volume and power had  
often electrified crowded audiences. "I  
never eat any flesh but human flesh, and I  
prefer that raw!"

The old Quaker was speechless, and his  
seat was changed to another table at the  
next meal.—Our Paper.

Walking one morning after a heavy snow,  
I overtook a colored brother whose coat  
was much the worse for wear, but he sang  
such a glad song as he trudged through the  
snow that I could not forbear saying: "You  
seem to be happy."

"Always happy, Boss."

"Don't you ever worry?"

"No, sah; got a good place to sleep—  
nuf to eat and good white folks for friends."

"How about money?"

"Don't want much, Boss. All de rich  
men what I work for never smiles."

God pity all who bargain "contentment"

for wealth and ambition—who, burdened  
with the care of it all never smile.—Ford's  
Christian Repository.

### The Careful Doll.

When Frances goes to bed at night,  
Her dollies all go too;  
They lie beside her, very still,  
And sleep the whole night through.—  
That is, the Paris doll and all  
The other fine ones do.

But there's one old and careful doll  
Whose eyes stare open wide  
All night to see no harm comes near;  
She really takes a pride  
In sleeplessness. "What sleep?" she says,  
"I couldn't if I tried!"

Selected.

## 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 steno-  
graphically by a representative of the "Ban-  
ner of Light" and are given in the presence  
of other members of the "Banner" staff.  
These circles are not public.

### To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify  
such communications as they know to be  
based upon fact in these columns. This is  
not so much for the benefit of the "Banner  
of Light" as it 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 Spirit-  
ualists or subscribers to the "Banner of  
Light," so may we ask each of you to be-  
come a missionary for your particular lo-  
cality?

### INVOCATION.

O Spirit of loving kindness and tender  
wisdom, we reach up through our clouds of  
discontent; up through the mist of doubt  
and tears, to the shining heights where  
Thou dost dwell. Our yearnings are after  
righteousness, our strivings are after peace,  
our efforts are to find that supreme joy  
which comes from perfect living and can  
only come when we have learned of Thee.  
We may not fathom the depths of Thy be-  
ing, we may not comprehend Thy wonder-  
ful infinity, but we can feel that in Thy  
love and care we have an eternal bidding  
place and that we may grow and grow into  
that perfect expression of life after which  
we yearn and aspire. So we would do our  
little work just as faithfully and just as  
perfectly as it is possible for this work to be  
done. With all trust and love and faith  
and joy, we come into this circle and want  
to help those who are seeking to under-  
stand more of life, and to express their  
love, and to grow into joy through their  
expression and their declaration and their  
proven identity. Help us, our Father, to  
help them. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

George Bradford, Seattle, Wash.

The first spirit that comes to me this  
afternoon is a man about sixty-five years  
old. He is medium height, not very stout  
and has gray eyes and gray hair and beard.  
His beard is not long, but is well-cared for,  
and everything about him speaks of care  
and thought. He says that his name is  
George Bradford, and that he lived in Se-  
attle, Wash., and he says, "Well, it is such  
a comfort to be among Eastern people and  
to be able to express myself in a way I  
shall be understood. To tell you the truth,  
the last of my life I had very few friends  
and very much trouble. It sometimes  
seems as if when one has the most trouble  
he has the fewest friends; anyway, that  
was my case. My wife, Katie, passed away  
ten years before I died, and from the time  
of her death until I died, I seemed to have  
nothing but bad luck and unsettled prob-  
lems. I am one of the men who can say  
that he is glad the battle is over. I haven't  
yet begun to make any plans for the future,  
but am resting with my friends and trying  
to understand just what I had better do to  
bring out the best in my life. I have a  
son; his name is Harry, and he would have  
done more for me had he known, but I was  
proud and kept things to myself, and so  
he had no opportunity. Now I want to  
send him a word from my new home and  
tell him that it gives me pleasure to see  
him so earnest in his life-work and so con-  
siderate of those about him. They have  
been very good to him, and I am glad that  
he is not forgetful of their kindness. I was  
there in January and I know of the bit of  
good fortune that came to him and it is a  
pleasure to me to tell him about it. Please  
remember me to Mary and tell her that I  
somehow can get nearer to her than all  
the rest in the way of giving her impres-  
sions for her helpfulness. Thank you very  
much."

Lucy Chase, Lynn, Mass.

The next spirit that comes to me is a  
woman. I should think about fifty, very  
straightforward in her manner and clear-  
cut in her speech. She is medium size and  
not particularly old-looking. She seems to  
have been a woman who made a great deal  
of effort to keep everything just as it ought  
to be around her. Her name is Lucy Chase  
and she lived in Lynn, Mass., and she says,  
"This is not a new thought to me, although  
I was not what you people call a Spirit-  
ualist. I had heard more or less about  
spirits and their manifestations, but it was  
of little interest to me, for I didn't think  
it amounted to anything and my life was full  
of other cares that seemed a good deal  
nearer to me than a new religion. It is  
pretty hard work to leave your friends and  
your church associations and join hands  
with a lot of people who are doing pioneer  
work. There were some people who started  
West and built up homes for themselves in  
a new country, but there were others who  
wouldn't move away from New England if  
they had nothing but a crop of rocks for  
their harvest in the Fall and had to eke  
out their living with some other business.  
I was one of that kind. I preferred to  
stay as I was because I didn't like the  
idea of making a change. I can see my  
mistake now, for I might have helped my  
children to come into an understanding  
of truth. I wish I had. But I want to say  
that Thomas is with me and that we both  
send our love to our many friends, and of-  
ten wish that we could sit down with them  
in the old way and talk to them face to  
face. I am still working. I had lost a boy  
before I came over here and I found him  
here, and I just set right about taking

care of him as if he had never gone away.  
But I don't forget the children I have left,  
and I want to bring them a mother's bless-  
ing. I thank you very much for this op-  
portunity to speak."

Clara E. Walters, Binghamton, N. Y.

The next spirit that comes to me is a  
woman. I should think about thirty-five  
years old. She is very fair in complexion,  
cheeks on just the tint of pink and her  
hair a reddish brown; she is very sweet in  
her manner, and she says, "O please may  
I come and send a message to my friends?  
My name is Clara E. Walters and I lived  
in Binghamton, N. Y. My mother is so  
anxious to get some word from me, but she  
doesn't know about this paper or about you  
people. She knows that spirits can return,  
because some friend of hers had their  
friends speak to them, but she does not  
know just what to do or where to go. Some-  
times I am so close to her that she feels  
me, but she doesn't know how to make a  
definite connection with me. I want to  
do something more than just to send my  
love to her. She knows I do that any-  
how, wherever I might be, but I want to  
have many talks with her and make my  
life a part of hers, so that she won't be so  
lonely and unhappy. Uncle Charlie is just  
as helpful to me as he can be, and says,  
'Tell Jessie that he isn't discouraged yet  
over her affairs, because he thinks they  
haven't had time to mature and that in a  
little while everything will look brighter  
and better'. I am doing a lot of things.  
I don't embroider the way I used to, but  
I love to make flowers grow in particular  
patterns just as if they were embroidered  
on the grass. It seems so good to be  
strong enough to do what I want to, for  
I was always so weak and bothered so be-  
cause of my weakness. I have seen Ben-  
nie and I am going to see some of our  
people who live 'out West' some day when  
I feel that I can leave the home life long  
enough and not be missed. I wish I could  
say more, but I hope there is enough in  
this to make my mother feel that I am  
still her child and still interested in every-  
thing she does. Thank you."

Carrie Shaw, Lincoln, Neb.

There is a woman who comes close to me  
now and she is very earnest in her desire  
to reach her friends. She says that her  
name is Carrie Shaw and that she lived in  
Lincoln, Neb., and she seems so eager to  
get to George and she says, "I don't know  
what to say. I would like to give him some  
message that will be a help to him and yet  
I don't know what to say first. If he could  
only be sure that I am with him, he would  
be very much more concerned about the  
things he is doing, because he would feel  
that someone had an interest in him; as it  
is now, he just lets the things pass along,  
making the best of what comes and think-  
ing that it doesn't matter much whether he  
gets ahead or not. Why only last week I  
was with him when he went away. He will  
know where I mean. He went on the train  
and I felt as if I must make a protest, but  
he is so matter of fact and unconcerned  
about the spiritual life that it is hard for  
me to make him feel my presence. I am  
sending this message to awaken his inter-  
est. Of course I might settle down and say  
he would know all about it, but that  
wouldn't satisfy me. I want him to know  
as soon as he can because it will make him  
make more of his life. I am able to see  
and do a great many things, but I could do  
much more if he would only help me."

### Two Ways of Dealing with Erring Boys.

Seven years ago, before there was such  
a thing as a juvenile court, a boy of nine  
was arrested in Denver for burglary. He  
was brought into the criminal court, tried  
as a burglar, and sent to jail. He served  
a term of years, during which he learned  
thoroughly the trade which he had been  
accused of plying. When he was released  
he began to practice in earnest. He was  
re-arrested, recommitted, and, after a sec-  
ond term, turned loose again, a more ac-  
complished burglar than before. A few  
months ago he was shot at by the Denver  
police in an attempt to escape a third  
arrest. He was captured and brought into  
the juvenile court, still a mere child that  
ought to have been going to school.

Judge "Ben" Lindsey, who presides over  
this tribunal, was confronted by a bold,  
hardened, and unnaturally sharp young ex-  
pert in crime who had mystified the police  
by telling half-a-dozen different stories.  
Judge Lindsey began by telling the boy  
that he didn't believe him to be half as  
"tough a kid" as the police had made him  
out, and that he would not be "sent up"  
if he was "square with the court" and made  
a clean breast of his trouble with the  
"cops."

This new treatment got from the boy his  
real story. He had been led into his first  
offense by a desire for a knife with which  
to make a kite. His father refused to get  
him one, and he broke into a barber shop  
and took a razor. According to the letter  
of the criminal law, the boy had committed  
a burglary. As there was no "juvenile" law  
at the time, he was dealt with as a profes-  
sional housebreaker. Asked about his first  
trial, he said to Judge Lindsey:

"Aw, de guy wid de whiskers, wot sat  
up on de high bench, looked over at de  
'cop,' and de 'cop,' he says, 'Dis is a very  
bad kid; he broke into Smith's barber shop  
and took a razor, and he admits it, yer  
Honor.' Den de guy on de high bench  
sends me up widout givin' me a chanct to  
say a word."

Thus, the boy was well started on a crim-  
inal career before he was ten years old.  
Fortunately, he fell into the hands of the  
Denver Juvenile Court, which had been es-  
tablished in the interval between his second  
and third arrest, while he was still able to  
"pull up." Instead of telling him that he  
was a bad boy and sending him to jail again,  
Judge Lindsey told him that he was a "bully  
fellow" and set him free—on probation. To-  
day that boy is still going uphill as fast  
as he was going downhill before.—From  
"The Children's Court in American City  
Life," by Frances Maule Bjorkman, in the  
American Monthly Review of Reviews for  
March.







## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1906.

## Societary News.

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

## Topic for the Progressive Lyceum.

For Sunday March 11, 1906.—Gentleness Bespeaks Bravery.

## Gem of Thought:—

"Be kind and be gentle to those who are old,  
For kindness is dearer and better than gold."  
Be kind to the young, they give promise of good,  
Be kind to the old, well,—because you should.

J. W. R.

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

## Boston and Vicinity.

The Cambridge Spiritual Industrial Society held a sale and entertainment Feb. 28. A very enjoyable evening was spent. The ladies had a generous supply of fancy articles, cakes and home made candy and a snipping table. Ice cream and cake were sold during the evening. Miss Ada M. Came had charge of the entertainment, which consisted of readings by Miss Alice Bonney; fancy dances, Miss Gretchen Nunn and piano duets by Misses Came and Bonney. After the prizes were drawn Miss Came played for dancing. The next meeting will be Wednesday, March 14. Mrs. Willis, speaker.

Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society. Mrs. Belcher, president. Business meeting was well attended and the supper tables were well patronized on the evening of March 1. The speakers on that evening were Prof. Clarke Smith, who opened the exercises with an invocation, followed by remarks and astrological readings, Mrs. Carbee gave readings, also Mrs. Morgan, Mr. Debois and Mr. Gilbert helped entertain. March 8 there will be good talent.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston held its regular session in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont Street, Sunday, March 4, at 11:30 a. m. After the discussion of the lesson and the march, Harry Vinto, Queenie Knowles, Olive Sharp, George Fogg, Gertrude Wellington and Ethel Cooley gave readings. Pauline Wagner sang a song. Then the circle was formed; messages were given by several young mediums. There were fifty in the circle. March 18, in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont Street, there will be a Patriotic concert, given under the direction of Prof. W. Milligan for the benefit of the Lyceum. Tickets 10c. Try and be present and help the Cause.

American Psychical Research Society (Inc.), Harvey Redding, president, held its midweek meeting at the home of the president; the first half hour was devoted to healing, followed by an invocation by the president. Mrs. Emma Wells gave a piano selection and read a poem. Communications were given by the president. Mr. Parker, Mrs. Hawly, Mr. Skinner and Mrs. M. E. Dean answered mental questions. It was a very harmonious meeting. Church Social the last Friday in March. Sunday meeting opened as usual with song service, followed by an invocation by the president. Mrs. Frank Vickery presided at the piano. Mrs. Emma Wells read an inspirational poem. Mr. Redding gave an address which held closest attention of the audience. Mrs. E. F. Coote sang "Face to Face." Vice President Mrs. Abbie Burnham gave an address and was listened to with interest. Meeting closed with benediction.

First Spiritual Science Church, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, pastor. Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street. Morning, Test and Healing Circle. Afternoon, Mass Meeting on the subject, "Abolition of Capital Punishment," the case of Charles L. Tucker especially noticed and a concentration of thought given that he might receive justice. Evening devoted to messages and readings. Mediums of the day: Mr. Hicks, Mr. Lindsey, Dr. Blackden, J. Newhall, Mrs. White, Mrs. Nutter, Prof. Mahomet, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Brewer, Prof. Matook, Mr. Privoce, Jennie Rhind, Prof. Clark-Smith, Dr. Combs, Mrs. Bell Robertson, Mrs. M. Knowles, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Whittemore, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Carbee. Poem by Mr. Starkey. Music by Mrs. Nellie Carleton-Grover.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, Mrs. Alice M. Whall, president. Thursday evening, March 1, the Circle opened at 8 p. m. with a praise service and invocation. Mrs. Mosier, Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Whall gave many messages. Sunday, March 4, the Lyceum opened at 2:10. The subjects, "Mild Measures are Better than Force," "Love," "Helpfulness," and "What Has Spiritualism Done for the World?" were discussed with much interest. 3:30 p. m., at the afternoon circle, Mrs. Whall presided, with Mrs. Andrews at the piano. The circle opened with a praise service and an invocation, and address by Mrs. O'Neill. Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Whall gave many interesting messages. 7:30 p. m., at the evening meeting, Mrs. Whall presided, Mrs. Andrews at the piano. A good sized audience welcomed Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding, who gave a very able and eloquent address. After this able address, Mrs. Harding gave many beautiful messages. Mrs. Alice M. Whall will occupy the platform next Sunday, March 11.

Dwight Hall, Feb. 28, The Ladies' Lyceum Union met for the business meeting in the afternoon, supper being served, with tables well filled. After the social hour, Mrs. Weston, 1st vice president, opened the evening by introducing Mrs. Waterhouse, Mr. Gilbert, Mrs. Morgan. It being the birthday of Miss Emma Corbett, Mrs. Weston, voicing the thought and friendliness of the Union, presented to Miss Corbett a beautiful bunch of flowers in appreciation of her many kindly deeds and her ever ready help, in words that touched the hearts of all. Mrs. Kneeland, Mr. Packard and Mrs. Fisher voicing messages, poems or words of encouragement, each in his own way contributing to the enjoyment of all.

First Spiritual Church of Boston (Inc.), Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor. The president, Walter I. Mason, gave the opening address. Mr. Jackson spoke and gave messages. The pastor spoke and the spiritual influence that controlled her was very impressive. Mrs. Peake-Johnson spoke and gave messages also Mrs. Bolton and Dr. Willis. Miss Jenny Rhind gave words of truth. "The Spirit of Meekness" was the subject of the president's message in the afternoon. Mrs. Matilda Trask Boynton sang sweet music which was much enjoyed. Mr. Adams spoke and Mrs. Bolton and Mr. Roberts gave messages. Mrs. Morgan and Miss Strong gave communications. "Spirit of Love" was the subject for the evening and those present felt the thoughts uttered put Spiritualism in a new and better light. Messages were given by Mr. Tuttle and Mrs. Morgan. Solos were interspersed by Miss Boynton to the delight of the audience. Messages were given by Miss Strong.

The Brighton Psychic Society, 14 Kenrick Street, held a very interesting meeting Wednesday evening, Feb. 28. Mrs. Fannie Marriner of Roxbury being the medium for the evening. Every one present was well repaid for braving the extreme weather. Wednesday evening March 14. Mrs. Ida M. Pye and Mr. C. Dearborn of Wakefield will be with this society.

The First Spiritual Ladies' Aid Society held its weekly meeting Friday, March 2, at 9 Appleton Street. Carrie Hatch, vice president, presiding. Mrs. Waterhouse opened the meeting. Mrs. Mason made interesting remarks. Mrs. Cunningham followed with messages, that were all recognized. Anniversary exercises will be held Friday, March 30. List of talent in next week's Banner.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall.—Sunday, Feb. 11th, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham was the medium, and was greeted with her usual large audience. Mrs. Cunningham is a great favorite with this society and her work always gives the best of satisfaction. Feb. 18th Mr. Thomas Cross was warmly greeted by his many friends. Mr. Cross is a gifted and eloquent lecturer and should be kept constantly employed. After each lecture, Prof. R. A. Macurda of Lynn gave very convincing proofs of spirit return. Feb. 25th Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitcomb was engaged, but owing to the passing away of her mother, was unable to serve, and Prof. Macurda was secured to fill the vacancy. He gave short but able addresses and voiced a large number of most accurate messages from the spirit friends. The concerts which are held each night before the evening service, under the direction of President Chase, are very entertaining, and attract large numbers. Mrs. Cunningham will be with this society again on March 11th.

## New England States.

The Progressive Society of Spiritualists of Greenfield, R. F. Churchill, president, met in the parlors of Mrs. Haslam, 6 Union Street, on Jan. 28. It was a social meeting of great interest. The president opened with an invocation and appropriate remarks. Mrs. Haslam followed with a review of Prof. Hyslop's book, "Science and a Future Life." Henry Lee and Dr. Griffen both spoke with interest. Mrs. Haslam gave psychometric readings. Feb. 4 was another special meeting, held at Grinnell Hall. The president opened the meeting. Mr. F. B. Woodbury and Dr. Griffen both filled the evening acceptably. Many excellent tests were given by Mrs. King of Fitchburg. Feb. 11 and 18 these dates were filled by Mrs. Carrie S. Thomas of Brooklyn, N. Y. Both the lectures and tests following were most pleasing and satisfactory. Mrs. Thomas is well known in Greenfield, having spoken several times and always filled the hall with an interested audience. Feb. 25, Wellman C. Whitney of Springfield was the speaker and his lecture and tests were pleasing to all. The meetings have all been well attended this winter and a general good feeling of interest prevails. Miss Hartman, a soloist, and Miss Dyer at piano furnish good music.

Providence, R. I.—The Ladies' Progressive Aid Society held its regular circle Tuesday evening, Feb. 27, with a large attendance, with Mrs. Brown, the president. It was a very interesting circle; communications were given by Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Harcourt and Mrs. Stackpole of Providence, Mrs. Mack and Prof. Maniere of Pawtucket, who also rendered a solo. The next circle will be held at Mrs. Fuller's, 34 Hudson Street, Tuesday evening, March 13, and is public. All are welcome.

Fitchburg, Mass.—The First Spiritualist Society had a good attendance at both services Sunday, March 4. The speaker, James Lucas of Fall River, took for his subjects, "Let Us All Work Together to Uplift Humanity" and "Sowing Seeds of Love and Good Will." They were presented in his usual interesting manner, and were followed by many convincing spirit messages. The piano selections by Miss Howe and the special song service were much appreciated. Mrs. M. A. Jacobs of Lawrence, test medium, will address the society next Sunday.

The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell had for a speaker on Sunday Mrs. Anna M. Coggeshall of Lowell. For nearly two hours both afternoon and evening "Shining Star" gave messages and every one was recognized. Next Sunday Miss Annie M. Foley of Haverhill will occupy the platform.

First Spiritualist Society of Portland, Me.—Mrs. Annie L. Jones of Lowell, Mass., delivered very interesting lectures on Spiritualism Sunday afternoon and evening. There was a large attendance. Mrs. Jones is a very able speaker and test medium and has many friends in Portland who gave her a warm welcome. Sunday, March 11, Mrs. Bryant of Worcester will occupy the platform.

## Field at Large.

Washington, March 4, Miss Susie Clark gave the address, followed by tests from Mr. Terry. Mrs. Mary T. Longley, our favorite home speaker, occupied the platform in the evening. She took for her subject, "A Reed Shaken by the Wind." Mrs. Collins was the message bearer. Mr. Maxham of Boston sang. Mrs. M. J. Stephens holds classes Thursdays. Mrs. Wm. Bockman holds developing classes Wednesday afternoon.

## Announcements.

The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Minnie Merve 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 in the medium for this work.

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.

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

Public Spiritual Circle, every Friday afternoon, 2:30, at 446 Tremont St. Mediums welcome. Mrs. Nellie Carleton-Grover, conductor.

First Spiritual Science Church, M. A. Wilkinson, pastor, Commercial Hall, 604 Washington St. Services, 11, 2:30, 7:30. Tuesday 3 p. m., Indian Healing Circle. Thursday, 3 p. m., Psychometry.

Chelsea Square First Spiritualist Church, Gould Hall, 280 Broadway, Mrs. Nutter pastor. Meetings: Sundays, 2:30 and 7:30; Fridays, 3 p. m.; Indian Peace Council, Monday, March 12, 8 p. m.

The Mass. State Association will hold meetings in Worcester on Tuesday, March 20, afternoon and evening. The following talent is expected to be present. Pres. G. A. Fuller, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, Mrs. Maude Litch and Mrs. Alice M. Whall. All Spiritualists in the surrounding towns are cordially invited to attend. The admission is free.

The Massachusetts State Association will hold anniversary exercises in Berkeley Hall, 3 Berkeley St., on Tuesday, March 27, morning, afternoon and evening. A fine array of talent has been invited for this occasion and a list of the same will be published in the next issue of the Banner of Light.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor, holds services every Sunday at America Hall, 724 Washington St., up two flights. Conference 11 a. m. Services at 3 and 7:30 p. m. Matilda Trask Boynton, soloist; Mrs. Carrie D. Chapman, chairman.

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 conference at 8.

## Movements of Platform Workers.

Mr. L. A. Edmester will speak before the Metaphysical Club on Tuesday evening, March 13 on the subject, "My Experience with Spiritualists and Spiritualism." Mr. Edmester has had many interesting manifestations in his earlier days and will relate many of them, besides adding some of his later experiences.

Mrs. Anna M. Coggeshall, of Lowell, Mass., gave a seance at the First Spiritual Temple, Boston, Mass., to a large audience, Sunday evening, February 25th, and all messages were recognized.

Kate R. Stiles has a few open dates for the spring and summer months. She is making engagements for the season of 1906 and 1907. Address her at 151 W. Newton St., Boston, Mass.

## A Word from Washington.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dear Sir: It gives me pleasure to report the successful engagement of Oscar A. Edgerly with the First Association of Spiritualists, Washington, D. C. He served our society during the entire month of February in his capacity of trance speaker and message medium.

We found Mr. Edgerly's spirit guides to be of a high order of intelligence, the lectures given were eloquent, logical and convincing, and that our people appreciated his work is evidenced by the fact that we have re-engaged him for the month of March, 1907.

Our society has been generally prosperous this season. We have had Mr. and Mrs. Kates and Mr. and Mrs. Sprague with us, true and tried workers whose labors ever redound to the benefit of our Cause. Next month Mrs. Mary T. Longley, Secretary of the N. S. A., will be our speaker. We call her "our Mrs. Longley" as we ever take pride in the fact that her name is enrolled in the membership of our association. During the month of April Mrs. Bade of Detroit, Mich., will occupy our

rostrum. We look forward to her advent among us with pleasant anticipations.

With best wishes for the "Banner of Light,"

I am fraternally,

H. D. Morgan,

Secretary of the "First Association of Spiritualists," Washington, D. C.

P. S.—On Sunday, March 4th, Oscar A. Edgerly will begin a two months' engagement with the "First Spiritual Church" of Baltimore, Md.

## Unity Camp Benefit.

The Lynn Spiritualists' Association is about erecting a new auditorium at Unity Camp, which is to be a most commodious building, capable of seating 800 people, with comfortable seats, either chairs or settees, and with the sides so arranged that they can be open in pleasant weather and closed in case of storms or showers. As the purchase of the grove, building face wall and other extra expenses has used up nearly all the funds of the Association, a subscription has been started to assist in raising money to pay for the new building. Quite a large number of mediums have offered to give benefit seances for that purpose, the first of which was held in Freedom Hall, Friday evening, March 2, by Prof. R. A. Macurda of Lynn. This seance was very liberally patronized and a goodly sum realized, for which the committee are very grateful to Prof. Macurda, and also to Miss Wilson and Mr. Roberts of Boston, who kindly assisted him. The next benefit of the series will be given by Mrs. Dr. Caird, Mrs. Helyett and others, and will take the form of a tea party, at Freedom Hall, afternoon and evening of Friday, March 16. If any medium or friend of Unity Camp feels to help us in this manner or by direct contribution, the same will be very gratefully accepted. These meetings have been carried on for five years free and solely for the advancement of the cause of Spiritualism, and all help rendered is for the good of the same.

## Notes from Galveston, Texas.

The influence of the Spiritualist Temple in Galveston, Texas, is felt for the good of Spiritualism, throughout the city. Its reading room and general work, with the public, inclines the public's attention most favorably. Max Hoffman, of Des Moines, lately held six seances for clairvoyant descriptions there with marked success. Never has anyone so aroused the general attention of the public. The crowds increased each night and yet the people are speaking of the wonderful powers manifested by Mr. Hoffman; for he made himself popular with all. He gave two meetings in Houston with general satisfaction.

Miss Rosa Baumann, a young lady who has grown up in the Lyceum, and Arthur Behrends, were married at the Temple Sunday, February 25, and there are two weddings booked for March.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the observance of the anniversary the last four days of March. Anyone who will kindly send articles to Mrs. K. McGraw, care Spiritualist Temple, Galveston, Texas, will be helping a worthy cause, as the proceeds are to help to finish paying for the Temple, which is a valuable piece of property formerly owned by the Methodists.

Mrs. Carrie M. Hinsdale of Fort Worth, president of the Texas State National Spiritualist Association, was lately in the city and lectured at the Temple in the interest of a proposed camp meeting in Texas early next fall.

Mr. John W. Ring, regular speaker at the Temple, also National Superintendent of Lyceum work, has consented to attend a few camps during the next season, although the Galveston people reluctantly allow him to remain away any length of time. Camps desiring his services should address him care the Temple.

Many Spiritualists from the north have visited Galveston during the past few months and enjoyed the wonderful climate, not enough cold to damage banana trees and the yards are full of flowers.

## First Spiritual Science Church.

The Sunday conferences of this active centre are becoming felt in the city and state for their earnest work on lines of good citizenship, humanitarianism and spiritual purpose.

The Boston Daily Post says of their work there last Sunday:

"The members of the First Spiritual Science Church held a special session of prayer yesterday afternoon for Charles L. Tucker."

"Over 150 people gathered in Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street, and gave the convicted murderer of Mabel Page encouragement in speech and prayer."

"With one accord they voiced opposition to capital punishment and besought Governor Guild to show clemency."

"With bowed and bared heads all joined in the prayer to Governor Guild, led by Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor of the First Spiritual Science Church."

"Neither Charles L. Tucker nor his mother knew of the meeting, though many kindly references were made to the 'mother's patience and fortitude in spite of the shadow of gloom which overhangs her.'"

"Out of the gathering arose many people who made stirring appeals that Charles L. Tucker be held in prison until he has a chance to clear himself of the murder stain."

"Abolition of capital punishment was strongly urged and by unanimous vote those present agreed to voice their feelings next Wednesday forenoon at the State House hearing on the bill introduced by Representative Davis of Salem for the abolishment of the death penalty."

"The bill specifies that where a conviction is secured on circumstantial evidence in the case of murder in the first degree the penalty shall be imprisonment for life."

"After a silent prayer that justice of the right kind be rendered Charles L. Tucker the meeting closed."

## 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.]

MARY A. WILLARD.

Mrs. Mary A. Willard passed to spirit life Feb. 7, 1906, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Kate W. Eddy in Amherst, Mass., at the age of nearly eighty-three years. After suffering from the effects of a shock for one week, she quietly passed away. She leaves four children, Mrs. Clara J. Chamberlin of Amherst, Mr. William C. and Benjamin Willard of Orange, Mass., at which place she was tenderly laid away. Her friend and pastor, Rev. J. Harry Holden of Meriden, Conn. (formerly of Amherst), officiated. Although she was advanced in years, she was young in spirit, and retained her faculties to a marked degree. She was of a cheerful disposition, with a kind and pleasant word for all, and ever ready to help in time of need. Her love and devotion for her family was strong and her loss will be keenly felt by all, especially the daughter with whom she has lived so many years. She will also be missed by many friends and campers at "Lake Pleasant," where for years she was a constant attendant. May the dear ones left find comfort in the thought, "She is not far away," but ever near, with the same fond mothers love and ready to welcome them when they, too, shall pass to their "Immortal Home."

Mabel A. Eddy.

MRS. C. A. DAVIDSON.

From her home in Parkersburg, W. Va., Dec. 26, 1905, Mrs. C. A. Davidson, aged seventy-seven years. Caroline A. LeRow was born in Otsego Co., N. Y., Dec. 16, 1828. She was united in marriage with T. T. Davidson of that place Jan. 24, 1850. They came to West Virginia in 1853. To them two sons were born, Clarence E. and Edgar I. The former preceded her to the spirit land fifteen years ago. From him she received many loving and comforting messages. She was one of the earliest and most earnest advocates of Spiritualism and a reader of the "Banner" for forty years. Death had no fear for her; it was merely the going home to join the loved ones who had gone on before. She and her husband were yearly visitors at Lily Dale Camp for many years. Her companion, who is eighty-two years old, rejoices in her freedom and looks forward with joy to the time of reunion on the other shore. Funeral services conducted by Rev. Coil of Marietta, Ohio.

B. M. Davidson-Full.

SUSAN ANN BUTLER.

From Onset, Mass., Saturday, Feb. 24. Mrs. Susan Ann Butler, aged sixty-five years, two months and thirteen days. For many years Mrs. Butler had made her home at Onset with one of her daughters, Miss Fannie Butler, although her home had been at one time at New Haven, Conn., and later at Belchertown, Mass. Years ago her husband preceded her in the other life. In coming to Onset to make her home there was this advantage, she could be with her two daughters, all that remained of the family. One daughter had married one of the well-known business men of Onset, Mr. L. E. Bullock. Mrs. Butler was a constant attendant at the meetings in the summer time and had endeared herself to a large circle of friends by her many charming qualities. She will be greatly missed not only by the residents but also by hosts of summer visitors. The funeral services were held at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Bullock, on Union St., at 3:15 on Monday afternoon, Feb. 26. After the rendition of appropriate music the funeral address was given by the writer.

George A. Fuller.

As the legislative bill relative to control of prophecy has not yet been enacted, we prophesy that House Bill covering "licensing of Clairvoyants" will not be recommended by the committee. A life insurance agent and a lawyer advertising a \$10,000 case he did not win comprised the support of the bill. Hundreds of Spiritualists, with Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Aurin F. Hill, A. P. Blinn and Dr. Wm. A. Hale, speaking against it, swelled the opposition. On this showing we base our prophecy. But you had better fill out the blanks for this purpose as printed in another column and mail to Chairman of Committee. If you act promptly they will reach him before answer is given by the Committee.

FILL OUT THIS FORM AND MAIL TO CHAIRMAN OF PROBATE AND CHANCERY COMMITTEE, MASS. LEGISLATURE, STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

I desire to be recorded in opposition to House Bill No. 672 and 801, relative to "Licensing Clairvoyants, etc."

Name .....

Address .....

FILL OUT THIS FORM AND MAIL TO CHAIRMAN OF PUBLIC HEALTH COMMITTEE, MASS. LEGISLATURE, STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

I desire to be recorded in opposition to House Bill No. 882.

Name .....

Address .....

Mr. H. H. Rogers scored a point on the value of silence.

The usual Wonder Wheel article is unavoidably delayed this week, through no fault of Mr. Webber.

It will be printed next week.